

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 16th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 1, 2, 11-14; MARK xv. 1-5; LUKE xxiii. 1-5; JOHN xviii. 23-38: The Sanhedrim lead Jesus away to Pilate.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, C., 147.

Sunday, October 23rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 15-26; MARK xv. 6-15; LUKE xxiii. 6-25; JOHN xviii. 39, 40: Jesus before Herod. Pilate seeks to release Jesus. The Jews demand Barabbas.

Recite.—S. C., 148, 149.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. LII.

1. G-ilga-l Josh. v. 9.
2. O-mr-i Micah vi. 16.
3. D-oe-g 1 Sam. xxii. 9.
4. I-saia-h 1 Kings xix. 9.
5. S-hapha-t 1 Kings xix. 9.

GOD IS LIGHT.—1 John i. 5.

BIBLE SCENES.

NO. VI.

Find in the Sacred volume who the parties are—a prophet and his visitor—mentioned in the scene here described.

Look at this city: a sacred and secluded place, built on a slight eminence in a wide plain, and surrounded by hills, save on the south where a narrow valley runs to the east.

Follow that sorrowful woman carrying a burden, who enters the city and crosses the threshold of a blind old man. His strange and sudden greeting startles her. She has no need to ask the question which trembles on her lip: he knows both what she seeks to hide and what she yearns to learn. Sadder words never fell on woman's ear than those to which she listens; and when the Divine message is given, she rises to go her weary way and meet the present shock and wait the future woes.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

A real horse is good,
But a horse made of wood
Is a much better horse for me;
For he needn't be tied,
And he is steady beside,
And never gets tired, you see.

When pulled, he will go;
And he stops when you "Whoa!"
If the fellow who drags will behave;
And though you may stay
By the water all day,
Not once for a drink will he crave.

Not a handul to feed
All his life does he need;
And he never wants brushing or combing;
And after a race
All over the place,
He never stands panting, and foaming.

He doesn't heed flies,
Though they light on his eyes;
Mosquitoes and gnats he won't mind;
And he never will shy,
Though a train wizzes by,
But always is gentle and kind.

If the fellow who drags
Gets tired or lags,
He can just take a seat by your side.
Away then we go,
With a licketty-ho!
I tell you we have a fine ride!

A real horse, some day,
Will be running away;
A donkey is so apt to kick;
A goat will upset you,
A doggie will fret you—
Your wooden horse hasn't a trick!

No chance of a crash,
Or a runaway smash,
Though never so playful and free,
Oh! I like when I drive,
To be brought home alive—
So a fine wooden horsey for me!

Hearth and Home.

A Quaker told a young man just married "Friend, thou art now at the end of all thy troubles." The bride turned out a vixen, and in a week the young man came back with the upbraiding remark: "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did my friend, but I did not say which end."

An Irishman took the cars at Boston for Worcester. On jumping from the cars he remarked that if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time he would have walked afoot.

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sung most piously the hymn

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution box!

FAITH.

The first beams of the morning sun streamed into the wretched attic where Nettie, a little five-year old maiden, knelt at her morning-prayer. She had stolen out of bed softly, so as not to waken her invalid mother, and hungry and cold, knelt down beside her to repeat the Lord's Prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread." The sacred words sounded like a mockery as they fell from the lips of the starving child, but not a shadow of doubt dimmed the wasted little face. When she had finished, she rose and looked around her; not a crumb was to be found in the cold, comfortless room, and "Mamma" had told her if she asked her Father who lived up in the beautiful blue sky for bread, he would give it to her. Her heart sank for a moment, but suddenly a bright thought struck her; she must go and look for it. To hurry on the shabby little cloak was the work of a moment and pater, pater went the little feet down the long stairways, through the dark court and dingy alley, out into the crowded street. It was a lovely morning; the promise of a perfect day was shining in a cloudless sky; the wind blew fresh from the sea. It brought a tinge of color to Nettie's pallid face. She had been frightened a little at the throng of strange people at first but God would take care of her, and she trudged bravely on. Presently her eye fell on a baker's window, and the child's heart leaped for joy. Plenty of bread for hungry wayfarers there. Oh, how nice they looked, the crisp rolls, dainty cakes, and fresh pastry, that lay behind the crystal panes. She did not know how famished she had been. It was early yet, and the baker, a big man, with rosy face and keen gray eyes, was alone in the shop when she entered. He glanced smilingly at the little waif standing there, with the sunlight shining softly on her tangled golden hair.

"I've come for it," said she, confidently.

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," pointing to the snowy loaves temptingly displayed on the counter. "I'll take two, if you please—one for mamma and one for me."

"All right, said the baker, folding them up in brown paper and handing them to his little customer, who started at once for the door.

"Stop, you little rogue," he cried roughly; "where are your pennies?"

"I hav'n't got any," said the child simply.

"Hav'n't got any!" he repeated, impatiently.

"You little laggage, what brought you here, then?"

The angry words frightened the child: the poor little mouth quivered, the blue eye filled with tears.

"Mamma's sick, and Nettie's so hungry," she sobbed, piteously, "and mamma said God would give us our daily bread, and so when I got up this morning I asked him for it, and then I came here."

Simple, trusting faith of childhood! No wonder that the rough baker was softened by it; and sent the little maiden back with light heart and well-filled basket to her mother's side. No wonder that to the poor sufferer "her face was as the face of an angel," and as she listened to the simple story, she murmured softly, "The God of the fatherless answereth prayer. I should have called you Faith, my child."

DR. CHALMERS' DAUGHTER.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighborhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying: "Why do you pester us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers with her lantern going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved, and bringing them out to her reform meetings. Insult her do they? Never. They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to her Thursday-night speech on temperance.

One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking with the intemperate father, and and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though uninterested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, staggered up to her and remarked: "I shall get to heaven as easy as you will: do you not think so?" Helen answered not a word but opened her Bible, and pointing to the passage: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian stratagem ended in the man's reformation.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

Keep ahead rather than behind time, for it is easier to keep ahead than to catch up.

There is no disease flesh is heir to more troublesome to manage than Rheumatism. It comes when you least expect it, and generally remains till it gets ready to go away. The most conspicuous remedy for this complaint is "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

Two or three doses of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders," will cure a horse of any common cough or cold, and the very worst cases may be cured in a few weeks. We know this from experience.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

JAMAICA CORRESPONDENCE.

FOUR PATHS, CLARENDON,
JAMAICA, Aug. 29th, 1870.

Dear Brother Selden,—

Since last writing you, God has been pleased to set some seals of approbation on our work.

At Thompsontown a large and influential Baptist church was rent asunder, 17 years ago this month. All the repeated efforts of the Baptist Missionary Union failed to reconcile their differences, or induce them to reunite.

On consenting to assume the Pastorate of one of these churches, I expressed my unwillingness to perpetuate the strife, but on the contrary, my determination to do all in my power to effect their reconciliation and reunion. The prospect seemed discouraging, for the old bitterness was still apparent, and the old men assured me that in no instance in Jamaica, where a church had thus separated, had they ever come together again. Still I had read the prayer of Jesus, "that they all might be one;" the injunction of the Apostles, "to forgive one another, if any one had a quarrel against any," &c.; and the assurance, that "The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God;" and I felt hope.

Tuesday and Wednesday last, we had a church meeting, and baptism, &c. Feelings of desire and willingness had increased, in both the churches to become one again. Bro. Moodie, the Pastor of the other church, was about to leave on account of illness. And thus the Providence and Spirit of God united in the work of reconciliation. On Thursday, by mutual arrangement, the officers of both churches met, and unanimously passed resolutions of reconciliation and reunion. The resolutions were simply:—

1st. That the two churches unite, under the name of the Thompsontown Baptist church.

2nd. That the Deacons and Class Leaders of both churches be continued in office.

3rd. That of the church thus formed, the Rev. W. H. Porter assume the Pastoral care for the present.

4th. That under the above conditions, and articles of union, we agree to co-operate, and combine our energies and sympathy, for the advancement of God's cause and glory in our midst.

Passed unanimously and heartily.

By this event, the pastoral care of about 200 additional church members, with a number of inquirers, is "for the present" devolved upon me. My field of labor is become truly important, and, with but the sufficient means to engage the services of an assistant, would be one of surpassing interest and promise. Indeed, were it not for the assistance and co-operation of the Teachers, Deacons, and Class Leaders, I would find the labor requisite, entirely impossible. At Thompsontown I baptized 16 interesting young men and women, and added several to the list of inquirers. One of these was a young man, noted in the community for his wickedness, who professed to be converted at the baptism. He came to me with tears, confessing his sins, and expressing his determination to live differently.—The following morning his wife came, expressing her joy and gratitude at the change wrought in her husband, and said that he who had been such a cause of grief to her, and had hitherto persecuted the saints, was now praying for them.

Bro. Moodie was to baptize 23 candidates on Sabbath before leaving. He is a colored man, and has labored at Thompsontown, first as a School Teacher, and then as a minister, for about 30 years. The experience which he read to me, of some of the candidates whom he was to baptize, was exceedingly interesting and intelligent. I expect to baptize again at Jubilee a week from next Sabbath. Eight have been received as candidates. The course pursued by the churches of Jamaica is as follows:—Persons who experience religion, or become awakened, on applying to the class leader in their vicinity, are recommended to the Church Officers. If they approve of receiving him, he is presented for an interview to the minister. If he approves, it is put to the church to receive him, whereupon he becomes a member of the Inquirer's Class. After a satisfactory probation, generally of about two years, more or less, on applying through his leader, or being encouraged by him to do so, he is introduced to the Church Officers for examination. If they are satisfied with his experience, he is referred for further examination to the minister. If he is satisfied, the church appoints a committee to visit, and obtain all possible information from the relatives and neighbors concerning the candidate's general character and deportment,

&c. If the report is satisfactory, the candidate is received for baptism. Thus, by cautious receiving, careful and organized training and instruction, and faithful and prompt church discipline, the churches of Jamaica,—especially considering their social condition and advantages—are tolerably pure and consistent.

With the exception of a little intermittent fever with the children—prevalent at this season—we are enjoying about as good health as ever we did, and are increasingly satisfied that God by his Spirit and Providence led us here.

Anxiously waiting to learn what the Convention is doing with the Foreign Mission,

I am as ever,

Yours truly,

W. H. PORTER.

For the Christian Messenger

A VINDICATION.

Mr. Editor,—

I was surprised to find in your issue of last week, under the head of "Bridgetown Correspondence," copied from the *Christian Visitor*, certain remarks on the action of the late Convention in reference to the Foreign Mission. I do not, of course, question the extent of Mr. Armstrong's knowledge as to the reception of that action by the Baptists in Nova Scotia; but from what little intercourse I have had with them on the subject, I believe it will be pretty generally approved.

I am sorry that in a letter so replete with the spirit of goodness, and the sweetness of charity, a reflection should have been cast upon the wisdom and love of the delegates. Mr. A. thinks that "the course adopted" was "neither the wisest nor most brotherly." This is a very grave insinuation, Mr. Editor; and I am surprised that it appeared in your columns without a dissenting word from yourself. Others can defend themselves, but I, for one, acted in singleness of mind, with all the wisdom I had, and as far as I can analyse my motives with no unbrotherly love whatever.

The method taken by Mr. A. is, it seems to me, to be deprecated. With no shew of reason for doing so, he takes the liberty of endeavoring to colour public sentiment with the hues of his own mind. He resorts to the ancient operation of throwing cold water upon the glowing energies of a great body of his brethren, and then stigmatises their action as unwise and unbrotherly. Apart from the facts, with no statement of what the Convention did, he tries to convey the impression that something "in favor with the Convention will not be looked upon favorably by many in Nova Scotia," that is, as I understand him, not many will sustain "its action in relation to the Foreign Mission."

What was the action on which the *Visitor's* correspondent sets his veto? What did they do that the denomination in Nova Scotia cannot support them? Have they strangled the babe Independence? Did there appear any desire to do so? Not the slightest. On the contrary, they appointed a committee composed of delegates from the three Provinces, of aged fathers and young brethren, to consider the whole subject of an Independent Mission in all its ramifications and details, and report next year. What is there about this which the people can not endorse? So far an Independent Mission is a vision—a bright and glowing one, it is true—but nothing more. If the Committee can see their way to make it a reality, I presume they will tell us so at the next session in Yarmouth. Our friends of Missions will be slow to expend their money where they have nothing tangible on which to lavish their funds.

I do not believe that Bro. Armstrong objects to that part of the action which directs its Committee to enquire into the propriety of withdrawing funds from the native assistants. He is too good a friend of missions not to be in unison with his brethren on that point.

The third part of the resolution hints at the advisability of removing the Missionary Board to some more central locality. Is this the action which Bro. A. deems all the people will inveigh against? How many Baptists in Annapolis and Kings will weep if that Board were to meet in St. John? What difference could it make to them? The members of the Board all reside near one another, and could go over now and then in a body—as they have steam all the way. And then look what a gain there would be.—Those noble New Brunswick pastors are longing to be more closely allied with this great matter, that their churches may be interested to the measure of their ability. The New Brunswick people say, with good reason, "You have the College over there, and it seems to us like a Nova Scotian institution; and you have the Foreign