

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 19th, 1870.

MATTHEW XXV. 31-46: Scenes of the Judgment day.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 111, 112, 113.

Sunday, June 26th, 1870.

MATTHEW XXVI. 1-13: MARK XIV. 1-9: LUKE XXII. 1, 2: xii. 2-8: The Rulers conspire. The supper at Bethany.

Recite, S. C., 114, 115.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XL.

- 1. J-ne-l Judges v. 24.
2. O-se-e Rom. ix. 25.
3. A-bitu-b 1 Sam. xxii. 9-20.
4. B-aash-a 1 Kings xv. 17-22

JOAB, ABEL.—2 Sam. xx. 10-15.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLI.

A bird once connected with a deeply touching incident.

A precious stone, an article of commerce between Syria and Tyre.

A wily Syrian, to whom God spake in a dream.

A holy man, whose prayer that a wondrous sight might be presented to his companion—was answered.

A man who courteously handed parched corn to a stranger from a distant land.

The initials give the name of a man who expelled three giants from a city that was given to him; the initials that of his younger brother.

ANSWER TO LITERARY PUZZLE.

BONFIRE.

A DOMESTIC PUZZLE.

My first an insect is, but not a butterfly; My next a son of Judah who did in Canaan die; My whole will name a friend that shielded me when young, And often smiled to hear the prattle of my tongue.

A LESSON IN CONTENTMENT.

In the Child's Paper for June, 1870, is a nice picture of Aunt Lucy on a handsome pony, and her nephew, a little boy named Johnny, astride of a stick:—

"What will you take for your horse, Johnny?" said Aunt Lucy, looking down quite grandly from the back of her horse.

"Well," said Johnny, "I do not wish to trade."

"Would you not like to swap?" asked Aunt Lucy.

"Why, no, thank ye," said the little fellow archly. "My horse has so many advantages over yours that I will rather keep him."

"Ah!" cried Aunt Lucy.

"You see he does not have to be combed; he never loses his shoes; he does not eat oats; he does not have to drink; he does not catch cold; he never runs away; he stops where I put him, and he goes as fast as I let him. All that is more than you can say of your horse, Aunt Lucy."

"Why, yes," said Aunt Lucy; "you have made a strong case of it."

"So, you see, he is a good horse enough for me," cried Johnny, whipping up, and galloping down the lane.

"That's a lesson for me," said Aunt Lucy, looking after the little fellow—"that's a lesson for me. Instead of finding fault, and hankering after what we cannot have, how much better to look out the good points of what we have. It is the secret of true contentment, I verily believe;" and Aunt Lucy turned round and whipped up after Johnny; but whether she ever overtook his happy spirit, I do not know.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT MIND SATAN.

"Is there anybody in the world who has never done what Satan wished?"

There was one child who never did a bad thing in all his life. There is one man who never did a wrong thing in all his life.

"Who was it?" The Son of God, who came down to live here a little while. His name, you know, was Jesus. But Satan wanted to make him wicked. He tried very hard to. Jesus once went into a lonesome place, called a wilderness.

Nobody lived there. There were no sheep or cows, no cornfields or fruit-trees, no rivers or brooks; only rocks and sand and serpents. Jesus was here a long while, and all alone too; nor had he any thing to eat or drink all the while. How long do you think? Forty days. You could live four days, perhaps, without eating or drinking. You would, I think, die in seven days. But God kept Jesus alive.

At last he was very hungry. The devil then came to him. How did he dare to? Oh, he dares any thing. He is very bold, you know. He told Jesus to make the stones into bread.

Jesus could, but he would not, because it was not the will of his Father.

Then Satan tried another plan. You see, he wanted to make Jesus mind him. He took him to the top of a high tower, and asked him to throw himself down, telling him God would keep him from being hurt. What a silly thing to do! But Satan makes people do very silly as well as very wicked things. Jesus would not do it. Satan then took him to the top of a very high mountain. There are very fine views from the tops of mountains. Jesus saw a great deal and a great many beautiful things—grand houses and sweet gardens, ships and carriages, gold and silver. Satan told Jesus that he would give him all these fine and rich things if he would only kneel down and worship him.

Were they Satan's to give, do you think? No, indeed. Satan is a liar, and always was. He is always promising, and never performing. But would Jesus do as Satan said? No. He would worship no one but God. It is wicked to pray to anybody but to God, or to bow down to pictures or images.

When Satan found there was one person he could not make mind him, he went off; and the angels came and fed Jesus. How beautiful must it be to be fed by angels!

Are you not thankful that Jesus did not do as the devil wanted him to? He tries to make people proud and unkind; he likes to have children fight and swear and tell lies. You see he is very miserable himself, and upon the principle that misery likes company, he likes to make others miserable, as they surely will be if they do wrong and mind Satan.

If Jesus had been wicked like us, he could not have saved us. I am sure you want to be saved. I am sure you wish above all things to live with Jesus. Ask him, then, ask him now to be your Friend, Saviour, and Helper.

THE THREE LITTLE BOYS LOST.

The names of these little boys were Anthony aged nearly 10, Warren aged 8, and John aged 5 years. Their father lives in a log-house on the mountain east of Wynockie, in Pompton township, Passaic county, New Jersey, about ten miles from Paterson.

On the afternoon of New-Year's day these three little boys started from their home to go up into the woods, about a mile from the house, to gather nuts. Towards evening their mother went out and called for them, but could hear no answer. Soon their father came home, and with a lantern went up to the nut-tree, seeking and calling for his little ones, but could get no answer. He then sought and obtained the help of some neighbors, who with him kept up the search nearly all night. The next day proved to be a very rainy Sunday; but through the heavy rain some forty or fifty men were traversing the mountains in search of the lost children. For days multitudes of men, sometimes two hundred or more, were out seeking to find the lost ones; but at the close of each day the announcement was "The children are not found!"

At length, on the 2d of February Mr. William Ramsey found their bodies lying in the woods two or three miles from their home. All the bodies when found were lifeless and frozen. I will not attempt to describe them. The sight was enough to bring tears to eyes unused to weep.

I am sure that children who, in the comfort of their homes, sit and read this sad account, will feel sorry for those little boys as they wandered about in the darkness, not able to find their way home, until, weary and cold, they laid themselves down to sleep the sleep of death; and I am sure that parents will feel sorry for those anxious parents, as day after day they sought for their loved ones, but could not find them. What an anxious month was that for them! Every one in the community deeply sympathized with them. All did what they could to find the lost ones.

While thinking of these little ones lost in the woods, my mind has dwelt much on the thought that all our little ones by nature are lost—lost in a far more solemn and awful sense—lost, not as to their bodies, but as to their souls! Until you, my dear young friends, are renewed by God's Holy Spirit, and give your hearts to Christ, you are wandering over the dark mountains and through the deep forests of sin, and if not found and saved, you will in a future life be eternally and irrecoverably lost. But oh, what a precious truth it is, that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost.—Child's Paper.

ON SWEARING.

Cowper wrote some lines about swearing, which it would be worth while for every one to learn:

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme, Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme, Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise, You would not swear upon a bed of death: Reflect! Your Maker may now stop your breath."

A CHILD'S REPLY.

A little boy, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young, that he might fall back when he was only a little boy. To this he made the following touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms; as I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

"Pretty babies" often make the ugliest men; and it is well for a young Christian to outgrow his plainness; for he is then far more likely to keep his beauty than if he were beautiful all at once.

Missionary Intelligence.

MISSION TO ASSAM.

LETTER FROM MR. STODDARD.

Cry for Teachers.—Gowalpara, Assam, Jan. 18, 1870.—The doors of usefulness are opening wide and wider, in every possible direction. We feel crushed here for want of laborers. The cry comes daily to our ears from new points in heathen lands, "Come over and help us."

A few days since I spent a night in a large Garo village, with a small band of disciples.—O, how these few faithful ones begged and prayed with tears that I would send them help; "just one Christian brother, who can read and teach us the Bible words: our only Bible reader, an old man, is now dead, and now no one can read the book." A lone Christian man from the hills came fifty miles to see me, and ask for a Bible-reader, a teacher of religion for himself and his people. He said: "I cannot read; I have a family to support; I know nothing; still I talk to the people and I pray such things as Christ puts into my heart, and some begin to believe." And sure enough, while at Rajasimola, three weeks ago, eighteen were baptized, among whom was a neighbor our earnest man Bago had brought down from his village. How radiant with joy was this good man's face, to see one neighbor obeying Christ! A year ago his wife was baptized; this year he leads a neighbor to Christ. And the day we left Rajasimola, Bago came hastening from the hills early in the morning, to announce to us the joy of his heart in the conversion of his own sister. Almost breathless, he asked when we would leave. I said "in about an hour," as the tent and baggage were then being packed.

Converts multiplied.—He left and soon returned with his sister, wife, and two young children, who had fallen a little behind in his haste to find us. It seems that this sister had been listening to the words of her brother several months: at length, in the midnight hours, she found peace in Christ, and at once arose to be baptized. Hence, long before day, and while there was still fear of wild beasts, they started with the two children on their backs for the Christian village, though Bago had only late in the evening before returned home.

This man of faith said, "God is good. I love Him and His Son Jesus. He is giving me back my friends and neighbors, one by one, though at first all forsook me and fled." A year ago, when I visited this man in his mountain home, his neighbors had actually left him, and started a new village, half a mile or more from the old one, and they said, "We be all dead men if we stop with this madman, who will no longer sacrifice to demons, but has built a house for unknown gods." But the Gospel light is entering dark places, and the word of this man, taught of the Spirit, is finding its way to their hearts, that it may be manifest that the power is of God and not of man.

Since Dec. 22d, twenty-two have been baptized, making forty within the past month. The Lord is still showing mercy to the Garos, and all along the line of our travels there is a spirit of inquiry among the people. And up to the day of our leaving Damra, the people were coming from far and near to inquire, and some are asking for baptism.

Call for help.—I am collecting materials for a small house at Gowalpara, that will accommodate our normal school and a theological class during the rains. We have work here, constantly growing in interest, and we must have help. Our waiting eyes are unto the Lord of the harvest. Men of God! help! help! or we perish! O that American Christians would only give to the Lord even in the same ratio as He is blessing and enriching them. There would be no doubt or lack of funds.

JOURNAL OF MR. COMFORT.

Tour among the Garos.—Dec. 13, 1869.—Br. Stoddard and myself have planned for a trip together among the Garos. The work among that people, as is well known, is one of deep interest and great encouragement. It has been a source of joy to hear of it, and to meet from time to time some of the converts of that mission. But I anticipate a greater pleasure in visiting the people and travelling among the villages from which recruits are being gathered for the ranks of that great host of Christ's redeemed ones who are to come from "every kindred and tongue, and people and nation."

Garo Christian Custom.—I met the deputy commissioner from Gowahati this morning. He is out on his cold season tour, inspecting his district. Crossed a beautiful mountain stream to-day called Singira. We torched it, the bridge erected within the year by the government having been carried away during the last rainy season. Met a number of Garos taking cotton to sell at the Pulosbari market; among them one of our converts. He had heard of my expected arrival, and at once made himself known by coming forward to shake hands. This is now the prevailing custom among the Garo Christians, br. Bronson having introduced it at the time of his first visit. It is greatly in contrast with the method in use among the natives generally. I learn that br. Stoddard is at Damra, looking for my coming, and that a letter from him awaits me at Rongjuli; I shall try to reach either that place Rajasimola to-morrow.

Dec. 18.—I am here in this Christian village of Rajasimola, of which I have heard so much in connection with the Garo work. This is where Omed, the first ordained native preacher in the Assam mission, resides and cares for the spiritual interests of a growing Christian community. The place is of his own selection, though made at a time when it was all jungle. But it is in the converging angle of two roads,

or rather foot-paths,—for most of the so-called roads in this country are nothing more,—by which his countrymen came down from the mountains to the markets in the plains. It was therefore a convenient point for meeting them to make known the "glad tidings" which he himself had heard.

The Work and its Results.—What great and joyful results have followed, many know. I wish our people at home would be so inspired by it as to give freely, bounteously of their substance for the work of publishing the gospel to the heathen. Then they would know the joy of which our Lord speaks, when He said "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and we would not be disheartened by the thought of a burdensome debt, cumbering the work of our Society. But if our Christian friends have no desire to share in the honor, no less than the pleasure, of helping on the work committed to our hands, then surely it does not become me to represent God's cause as bending in beggarly attitude before them, as though it would bring money from their purses by sheer importunity.

Physical Features of the Country.—After leaving Dhophdhorah, we passed through a section of country the natural features of which were very beautiful. The landscape had the charming variety of rolling upland, winding lines of lowland for rice culture, and occasional ranges of woodland. The soil is rich, and there is material for farms that would vie with Western New York. I could have imagined myself there, if I could have seen here and there a farmer's neat white cottage. But no such grateful sight as that greeted my eyes. After two hours' march, we crossed another fine mountain stream, called Drobhila. On the bank of it stood a large village, named Macang, a place of some trade, the stream forming a means of communication with the great Brahmaputra. West of Macang, Kandura with the men turned from the main road to go to Rajasimola by a path that followed the base of the mountain. I hastened on to Rongjuli, in order to get the letter from br. Stoddard awaiting me there. In it he urged me to hasten on to Damra, and not turn aside to Rajasimola. But it was too late to alter my arrangements, and I came here, purposing if possible to start from this place early enough in the morning to reach Damra in time for the services to be held there to-morrow.

Baptismal Scenes.—Mounting my pony, and with one of the Damra school boys as my guide, I set out for this place. I reached here by 12 o'clock, and found that all the congregation had gone to the side of the large and beautiful stream that flows by the school compound. As I appeared upon the bank, I found them standing in silence below, with bowed heads and reverent attitude, while br. Omed was offering prayer in the Garo language. When he closed, br. Stoddard saw and welcomed me. His greeting was followed by one equally cordial from the native Christians. My brother desired me to take part in the baptism, a gladsome service which I was not loth to perform. We had the pleasure of burying in the liquid grave sixteen who had been received, eleven men and five women, br. Omed baptizing alternately with ourselves. In a short time afterwards, about fifty assembled in the school-room to commemorate with glad hearts the dying love of that Saviour who had made American and Garo, black and white, one in Himself.

This morning a man and his wife were baptized. They live in a village several miles distant, and were unable to come yesterday. They had heard the truth from the brethren at Damra, and had been present at several of the meetings held by br. Stoddard previous to my coming. They came to-day desiring baptism. They were examined, received, and baptized by Omed, and then returned to their mountain home, where the truth had found them in their wild seclusion.

Visiting the Disciples.—Dec. 21.—This has been an interesting day. Br. Stoddard and myself, accompanied by several of the native preachers, have been visiting those recently baptized. We went to their villages, threading our way through the jungle, across streams, and over hills. My pony's back had become sore, therefore I walked. An hour and a half brought us to the village of Bungli. The men were absent at work. We rested briefly upon the "deka sang." This is an institution peculiar to the hillmen, I believe. It is a building roofed, but not enclosed, where all the young unmarried men are compelled to sleep at night. The custom is retained at Rajasimola.

Impressive Scene—Baptism.—On Sabbath evening the Lord's Supper. It was a scene long to be remembered, occurring, as it did, in a spot but a few years since reclaimed from the possession of wild beasts, and where the people only recently came out of their heathen darkness into the light of the gospel. Upon mats spread on the earth-floor were seated nearly four score and ten persons met to commemorate the death of their beloved Lord. Br. Stoddard read a passage of Scripture, Rungko spoke of the significance of the ordinance, I broke the bread, and Omed poured the wine. In silence, but with deep feeling, did we partake of these emblems of our Saviour's broken body and shed blood.

On Monday morning another meeting, when thirteen were accepted for baptism. At noon they were baptized by br. Stoddard and Omed in one of the beautiful streams that flows close at hand. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of heathen Garos, who were returning from the "hat" or market at Rongjule, held every Monday morning. They made a good audience for Omed to preach to, which he did, before the baptism. On Monday evening was a prayer and conference meeting, which it was a precious privilege to attend.