

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, July 17th, 1870.

JOHN xiii. 1-20:—Jesus washes the feet of his disciples.

Recite—Scripture Catechism, 120, 121.

Sunday, July 24th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvi. 21-25: MARK xiv. 18-21: LUKE xxii. 21-23: JOHN xiii. 21-36: Jesus points out the traitor. Judas withdraws.

Recite, S. C., 122, 123.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLIV.

- 1. Eli, the offering or lifting up . . . 1 Sam. iii. 1
2. Ed, witness . . . Joshua xxii. 34
3. Exel, going abroad . . . 1 Sam. xx. 19
4. Heli, ascending . . . Luke iii. 23
5. Ezekiel, the strength of God . . . Ezekiel viii
6. Hiel, God lives . . . 1 Kings xvi. [34; see Joshua vi. 26
7. Lehi, jaw-bone . . . Judg. xv. 9-19
8. Zelek, noise of him that strikes . . . 2 Sam. xxiii. 37
9. Melchi, my king . . . Luke iii. 24, 28

MELCHIZEDEK.—Psalm cx. 4.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XLV.

Who was sent, first of all the princes and then by the king, to fetch an important document? Who took much trouble to find a prisoner, and greatly refreshed his spirit?

A man who slew six hundred Philistines, and set his people free from their yoke.

The grandfather of a man who treacherously murdered a governor and all who were with him, and then escaped to the Ammonites.

Who wrote in three languages a truth which displeased many?

A Bethelite, in whose family a prophecy was sadly fulfilled.

The initials give the name of a man in high rank,—the finals that of his aged father.

PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

There was a large bunch on Martin's side, and when he ran something chinked.

"Ah! I know!" said Dr. Gabriel, coming up behind him. "Somebody has a pocket full of marbles."

Martin looked up astonished. He thought his grandfather must be a conjurer.

"I know it," said he. "So I have. But I didn't think you were there. I didn't see you."

"Where is there?" asked Dr. Gabriel.

"Why, out on Miss Peachy's side-walk don't you know? That is the most hunky-dory place on the street for marbles; it is so smooth. And I had all the luck this morning," replied Martin, rattling his pocket with an air of satisfaction. We played for keeps and I began with five and left off with thirty. See here! Isn't that pretty good? he continued, stopping and emptying his pocket on the side-walk.

"Pretty good, pretty good, Master Martin," replied Dr. Gabriel, patting the boy on the head. "I didn't know I had so smart a grandson. But that is hardly as good as a man did on a Mississippi steamer one morning before breakfast."

"At marbles?" asked Martin, his little round face sparkling with eager interest.

"No—no, not marbles, exactly. Same thing though. He was playing for keeps; and what do you think, Martin? He began with a suit of old clothes and a dog, and he left off with a handsome house, a splendid carriage and a pair of horses, three shares in a coal mine and three thousand dollars in gold. Wasn't that pretty good?" concluded Dr. Gabriel in a triumphant tone.

"Why, grandpa, he got it gambling, didn't he?" returned Martin doubtfully.

"Well, yes! yes, you might call it gambling I suppose. He used bits of pasteboard instead of marbles; that was all the difference; they amount to the same thing."

"Why, but grandpa, gambling is wicked. It was just the same as stealing the money and things away from the other man," persisted Martin, shocked at his grandfather's light tone.

"I suppose some people would call it so. I dare say your father has some such opinion. He is a minister and rather particular, you know. And, yes I suspect it was rather hard for the man's partner to lose all his property in one morning. Made it a little bad for his wife and children. He had a very nice woman for a wife as I heard, and several quite young children, beautiful children too. But then all the luck happened to be on the side of the other man, and I can't see for my part why it wasn't just as fair and right as it is for one boy to get all the marbles. I suppose the other boy hates to lose his marbles, but the luck is against him and he has to stand it."

Martin walked the length of a whole block before he spoke again. Then he said:

"Grandpa, what became of man that lost all his money and things?"

"He felt so ashamed and dismal that he blew his brains out, and when his wife heard of it she went crazy. The children had to be sent to the poorhouse?"

"Why, Grandpa Gabriel! What a dreadful thing! Didn't the other man feel awfully?" asked Martin in horror.

"I don't know. Gamblers lose their feelings after a while, pretty much. I suppose he thought it was in the way of luck. But anyhow the money was a curse to him," said

Dr. Gabriel. "God has so ordered the world that we have to pay somehow for whatever we have, or get no good from it. This property coming so suddenly into the hands of a man who had not earned it, turned his head. He spent it all in less than a year, and died in a drunken fit."

Martin did not speak for a long time; then he said in tone full of awe,

"Do you think, grandpa, just playing marbles for keeps, makes a boy likely to do such things as that?"

"I think," replied Dr. Gabriel, "it is the first step on the same road. A boy might not go the whole length of the road, but he would be a good deal surer if he never started on it."

Martin went home without another word, but all day long he kept thinking and thinking of what Doctor Gabriel had said; and the next morning when he went out to Miss Peachy's side-walk with his bag of marbles in his hand, he had made up his mind.

"Not for keeps," said he, when the game began. "I won't play for keeps."

"Oh, how mean!" cried the other boys. "He is afraid he will lose his marbles."

"Tisn't that either," answered Martin flushing up. "Grandpa says it is the same as gambling, and he doesn't think it is right; neither do I."

"Oh, oh! Mart is setting up for a minister! How was it about getting our marbles yesterday? That was all right, wasn't it?" sneered the boys.

"I didn't think anything about it, then," returned Martin, bravely. "Here they are, each boy can take back his own marbles. I don't want to keep them."

Martin had had a very hard struggle in his boyish heart before he could bring himself to say this; but he had asked the Lord to help him, and when one is sure the Lord is on his side, he can do anything.

But "the first stroke is half the battle," and it seemed making up his mind was harder than anything else.

The boys knew Martin was more likely to win than to lose marbles, and now he had so freely given up those he had already won, they could no longer say he was stingy or mean.

"Well, I don't care," said Jacques Simoneaux, "I had just as lief play not for keeps as anyway."

Boys are so much like sheep, that they all followed the one who started first.

"I too," "I too," said they all.

And there was no more "playing for keeps," on Miss Peachy's side-walk, for all the rest of the season.—Congregationalist.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

They had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grand-children had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second sight" had now come and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would be for weeks untouched on the shelf in the morroccosc case, the flap uplifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of her primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, and wondered who rode it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanished away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever before seen on the horizon, and on the top of it a king's castle. The motion of the rocking chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spoke again. Second sight had come! Her vision had grown better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now through a glass darkly! Grandmother has no more need of spectacles.—Rev. Thomas De Witt Talmage.

GIVE LOVE TO CHILDREN.

The Anti-Slavery Standard conveys a word of encouragement to parents in the following paragraph:

Don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seem to have been born liars and thieves, yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women. Whatever else you may be compelled by your circumstances in life to deny your children, give them what they most crave and need—plenty of love.

"Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." I believe it is the best article in the world for rheumatism.

If a horse has a good constitution, and has once been a good horse, no matter how old or how much run down he may be, he can be greatly improved, and in many respects made as good as new, by a liberal use of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A CRITIQUE: ARTICLES AND DOCTRINE.

(Continued.)

Mr. O. seems greatly exercised because there are Baptist Associations composed of "churches of Christ," and declares, what, if true, ought certainly to be known, that "if any of the churches of Christ in Nova Scotia are associated with each other . . . they do not compose the Nova Scotia Baptist Association," p. 17. Further on he affirms that he does "not intimate that the Baptist churches are not churches of Christ." But if Baptist churches are churches of Christ; how Associations composed of these churches are not Baptist Associations, it will require a mind as astute as Mr. O. to determine. He believes that the Baptist churches are "not in order," that there is "something wanting" amongst them. Of course he is well qualified to sit in judgment, and to admonish, "Remember therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent," &c. Certainly he and his associates must be well qualified to correct all the abuses among the sects, since they are Christians, and Disciples, and Reformers besides. We would respectfully suggest that they take the name of saint also, as it is eminently scriptural. If they are not such, they can neither be christians, nor disciples, nor true Reformers. The world needs many such in these degenerate days. Pure churches is the want of the age, and to secure these, is it not the grand desideratum to find for them a proper scriptural name? Have we not illustrations of the salutary effects of a good name? We remember hearing of a sect in Halifax a few years since that were then thought very heterodox, but yet they were "Bible Christians." We have some acquaintance with another people who, widely differing from these, rejoice in the same designation. Another denomination, vaunting that they have no creed, desire to be recognized as Liberal christians, and another, whose adherents have made themselves notorious, has the name of Saint inscribed upon its banner. Are not these hopeful signs? When all the christians and saints move in harmony together, what consternation will they cause through the ranks of "the king's enemies!" Then shall all the "creed" worshippers, and the hosts of sects, who presume to denominate themselves by unscriptural names, be put to flight, and the millennial reign be introduced.

Our very critical friend affirms that "to speak of a Baptist church or a Baptist Association, is a perversion of language," because, as he avers, a Baptist is one who baptizes, and the term properly belongs to him who administers the ordinance, and not to the church. We had always thought that Baptist churches professed to baptize, or immerse believers. It is true the minister performs the ceremony, but does not the whole church participate in the act? Members of the churches who never officiate in the sacred rite are accustomed to say "we baptize," or "we immerse." This, however, is not the meaning of the word Baptist. Whatever may have been the origin of the term (see C. M., April 27); as employed at the present time, it signifies a baptized person, or in its wider signification, a baptized church, in contradistinction to those churches or congregations of professing christians that have not conformed to the gospel rule of baptism. The term Baptist, i. e. a baptized believer, is correct, and essentially scriptural. It indicates that the person so distinguished has been guided by the Scripture rule, and been baptized "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." The term christian does not necessarily include this idea. It is true in baptism we "put on Christ," but whatever be the meaning of that expression, it is not equivalent to the phrase "in Christ." The apostle teaches, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature," and that those who are "in Christ are those who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit;" and further that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." These are believers, for John teaches, "As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on his name." But one may—he must by scriptural rule—be a believer before he is fit for baptism. He must become a son of God by regeneration; he must be led by the Spirit; he must be in Christ; he must be a christian. The error that baptism is a condition of pardon, once embraced, renders it impossible to recognize an unbaptized christian. God forbid that we should accept a creed so narrow—so intensely sectarian.

We profess to be disciples of Jesus; we hope we are christians; we ought to be saints; but we lay no claim to peculiar sanctity. How can we, when there is among us so much that is "wanting to make" us "conform perfectly . . . to the Divine standard."

Baptists know that there are multitudes of believers who ought to be baptized, and that many who, notwithstanding their failure in this respect, are eminently holy and earnest in the cause of Christ. True they deem it strange, and almost unaccountable, except from the fact of early education, that those who have the love of Christ in their hearts cannot see their duty in the word of God, when that duty is so clearly revealed; but the fact is too patent to be denied that if there is any such thing as the life of holiness in the world at the present day, illustrations of this life may be found amongst christians of various names who have not been baptized. This does not prove that the command of Christ is unessential; but it does, so far as facts can prove anything, confirm the doctrine that holiness is the result of grace in the heart, and not of submission to outward rites. Let Mr. O. and his friends exhibit with equal clearness the doctrines of the gospel, let them furnish proofs of piety equally decisive; and they too must be recognized as belonging to "the household of faith;" as christians in reality, and not merely in name.—Let Baptists exhibit in its purity the religion they profess; let them be holy, loving, zealous for souls, and jealous for the honor of the Saviour, and all must acknowledge them as christians indeed, even though they may not arrogate for themselves that peculiar distinction.

M. P. F.

For the Christian Messenger.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES. THE METHODISTS AND SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER. THE FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF PRESBYTERIANS. THE BAPTIST ASSOCIATIONS. DR. EYBE AND THE INSTITUTE. THE POLITICAL HORIZON, &c.

The period for the annual gatherings of the great moral and religious societies of the Dominion has come, and our papers, secular as well as religious, are to a large extent, filled with abstracts of resolutions, discussions, and sermons. To attempt anything like a sketch of the proceedings of the various bodies, or an estimate, however brief, of their respective standings in respect to numerical strength, or religious activity, as brought out by these gatherings, would be too much with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. Toronto, the flourishing metropolis of Ontario, seems to have been specially favored as the seat of the various assemblies. Never before in its history has it been so highly honoured in this respect. Within the course of the last two weeks it has been the seat of the Wesleyan Conference, the Primitive Methodist Conference, the Congregational Union, the Episcopal Synod, and the Canada Presbyterian Assembly. The fact, and it is in itself a pleasing one, seems to be that most of these bodies are now becoming too large to be conveniently accommodated, except in towns, or very populous districts. Another equally pleasing circumstance in connection with them is the increasing respect, goodwill, and even brotherly affection, which they are learning to cherish for one another. This sign of the times has been strikingly manifest in Toronto, in the interchange of cordial christian greetings.

The Wesleyan body, influential in point of numbers, and mighty through tireless activity and perfected method, derives no small additional lustre from the presence of the distinguished pulpit orator, now president of the Conference, Rev. Mr. Punshon. The most exciting feature in connection with the public deliberations of this body was the attack, well deserved, no doubt, of the President and that "astute politician," Rev. Dr. Ryerson, upon the Minister of Militia, in consequence of his cavalier treatment of the request for permission to send a chaplain with the Red River expedition. The last named of the two Rev. gentlemen, so long at the head of Public Education in Ontario, and so fully entitled to the epithet above quoted—an epithet flattering or not, according to the point of view from which it is regarded—was particularly severe and even threatening in his remarks. Sir George Cartier may yet learn, as unfortunate politicians have learned before him, that such a threat, from one so influential with a host so well disciplined as the Wesleyans, is by no means to be despised.

In the Episcopal Synod the struggle between laity and clergy in reference to the right of patronage still goes on. The giving to congregations a voice in the appointment of clerical incum-