

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, November 27th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 30-44; MARK xv. 20-32; LUKE xxiii. 35-43; JOHN xix. 25-27; The Jews mock at Jesus on the cross. He commends his mother to John.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 166, 167.

Sunday, December 4th, 1870.

MATTHEW xxvii. 45-50; MARK xv. 33-37; LUKE xxiii. 44-46; JOHN xix. 28-30; Darkness prevails. Christ expires on the cross.

Recite.—S. C., 158, 159.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LV.

- 1. I-r-a . . . . . 2 Sam. xx. 26.
2. N-ath-a-n . . . . . 2 Sam. xii. 7.
3. S-ep-har-a-d . . . . . Obad. 20.
4. A-b-ed-neg-o . . . . . Dan iii. 19.
5. C-a-l-f . . . . . Exod. xxxii. 3, 4.
6. R-e-p-roo-f . . . . . Prov. i. 23.
7. I-n-cen-s-e . . . . . Isa. i. 13.
8. F-a-t-h-e-r . . . . . Matt. vi. 9.
9. I-r-i . . . . . 1 Chron. vii. 7.
11. C-a-l-o-n . . . . . Gen. iv. 3, 5.
12. E-ve-n-i-n-g . . . . . Psal. civ. 23.
13. S-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-e-s . . . . . Heb. viii. 3.

IN SACRIFICES—AND OFFERINGS. Heb. x. 6.

BIBLE SCENES.

No. IX.

We have several historical descriptions of the following picture in the Sacred Oracles. Where are they?

A vast irregular mountain triangle, which nearly fills the peninsula, having to east and west a narrow yellow margin between it and the deep blue sea. Rugged passes lead to the table-land, from which the mountains rise, first gently, then sharply. They stand in groups, each with a central peak. Red and dark green predominate in the rich colouring. Here, purple stripes run from crown to base; there cliffs of black and yellow granite wall in a deep ravine; yonder, a grey green peak springs from ruddy lower masses. The eye is bewildered by the varied ridges and jagged peaks like "an ocean of lava, which, whilst its waves were rolling mountains high, had suddenly stood still." The valleys which divide the heights are worn by fierce winter torrents, and look like dry rivers. Intense stillness reigns, and every sound produces wonderful reverberations, increasing the impression of grandeur and desolation which awes the gazer on these "unclothed alps."

As the day dawned, thick darkness wrapt the mountains, while dense smoke rose to heaven. Lightnings flashed through the gloom, and mighty thunders echoed from crag to crag. Long and loud the trumpet pealed, and the whole mountain shook from the base to its burning brow. The awestruck thousands far below saw no presence, only heard a voice whose least word can never pass away.

SWIFT'S HUMOR.

Dean Swift was walking in the Phoenix Road, Dublin, when a thunder-shower came on, and he took shelter under a tree, where a party was sheltering also, two young women and two young men. One of the young girls looked very sad, till, as the rain fell, her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding-day; they were on their way to the church, and now her white clothes were wet and she couldn't go. "Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean; and took out his prayer book, and there and then married them, their witnesses being present; and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

"Under a tree in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together, Let none but Him who rules the thunder Sever this man and woman asunder, "JONATHAN SWIFT, "Dean of St. Patrick's."

DOVES' MILK.

Shakespeare has often been ridiculed for having spoken of "dove's milk." But he was right; for there is such a thing. At the time of the young birds, both male and female parents fill their crops with corn, and holding it there a long time, it changes into a creamy fluid; when coming to their nests, they open their mouths, and the young are able to drink this "dove's milk" so provided; and this they are able to do because the orifice is shorter at this time than at others. Hence they become very fat, and are grown as squabs. When it is time for them to be weaned, they are reluctant to leave and provide for themselves, and the parents are obliged repeatedly to push them from their nest. Then being obliged to live on other food, they quickly fall away; they get very poor and are unfit for eating.

A DUST STORM IN INDIA.

BY LADY BARKER.

Just as we had settled down quietly for the day in our tent, we were startled by hearing the "tap tap" of the kelasse's heavy wooden hammer on the tent-pegs. As they never require to drive the pegs further home, except in case of a sudden storm, we knew at once that they expected something of the kind; but as there was no symptom of rain, we could not imagine why these precautions were necessary. However, all was bustle and activity; the horses were led round to the lee-side of their owners' tents, and instead of being fastened to a peg in the ground, each stood by his horse's head, holding tight on to the halter, so as to soothe and pat it when it got frightened. All the servants who had nothing to do, huddled themselves together in a corner of the verandah; the saddles were brought under the same shelter, and at last the preparations were completed by the Khansamah bringing in the candlesticks, with the candles alight, and placing them in the centre compartment of the tent. My ayah was hovering about me with a long strip of white muslin in her hand, and at last I made out from her incoherent speeches, that she wanted to tie up my head in it, but before I consented to this, I took one more peep out of doors. From the weather-quarter a dense black cloud was moving swiftly up, and every now and then the wind rose in a sharp, short gust, which whistled and screamed among the cordage and flaps of the tents. All around me I saw hasty preparations for shelter going on, and my last glimpse was of the poor, much-enduring cook abandoning the little mud oven he had just constructed as a substitute for a kitchen-range, and hurrying, with his assistants and quantities of pots and pans, towards a little bell-tent which the kelasses were pinning firmly down to the ground with great wooden pegs. It is of great importance in a dust-storm to have the tent firmly secured all round, for if the wind once got underneath the canvas, the whole tent would be whisked off to the sky in a moment! I am very much afraid I should rather have liked to see some one else's tent flying away, it would have looked so funny; however, the kelasses had made such good arrangements that no accidents happened.

I had just time to see in the camel's camp all the drivers making their charges kneel down with their backs to the coming storm, whilst the men themselves crouched on the lee-side of the camels, but there was no time for me to notice what the elephants were going to do, for the storm was almost upon us; the outer air already felt suffocating, so I very reluctantly retired to get my turban put on. Scarcely had the servants fastened firmly to the ground the large curtain which formed our tent-door, and which was generally festooned back with green wreaths of mango-leaves, when the tent shook and swayed backwards and forwards, and in a few moments everything was covered, more than an inch deep, with the finest dust, which had filtered through the numerous folds of the canvas. It was impossible to read or work, the candles only gave a little gleam of light through the thick atmosphere, and all we touched was gritty. For four long hours our imprisonment lasted, and it was not until sunset that the kelasses pronounced it safe to release us. As soon as the tent-flaps were lifted up, we all burst out laughing at each other,—such objects you never saw! No one had an eyebrow or an eyelash to be seen; the bronzed and red complexions which outdoor life had produced, were all hidden under a thick coating of dust, and we needed only a few streaks of paint to have looked like Clown in the pantomime, for our faces were quite as white as his. We could see the dense cloud moving on to the southwest, but all was beautifully clear behind it; only a slight haze between us and it showed that the atmosphere was not quite free from dust a little beyond us. I looked at the horses,—they were all as white as if they had been powdered with flour; so were their eyes, and the "bheesties" or water-carriers were very busy filling the large goatskins which serve them as water-jugs, to give every live thing which had been outside a good drink, and to wash the dust out of their eyes and ears. The camels had buried their noses in the sand, and did not appear to have suffered at all.—Good Words for Young.

"MY SUBSTITUTE."

"When I was a boy at school," said a distinguished speaker to a deeply solemnized audience. "I saw a sight that I never can forget—a man tied to a cart, and dragged before the people's eyes through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For many offences? No, for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offence bore the penalty all alone. It was a penalty of a changing human law; for it was the last instance of its infliction.

"When I was a student at the university, I saw another sight I never can forget—a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face already pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend loose the rope, and say, 'Put it around my neck, I die instead?' No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offences? No, for one offence. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of a changing human law in this case also; it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that offence.

"I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner standing on the brink of ruin,

deserving nought but hell. For one sin? No, for many, many sins, committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus, my substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the cross for me. I looked and cried, and was forgiven. And it seemed to be my duty to come here and tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also look and live."

PREACHING TO THE MASSACHUSETTS CHINESE.

BY THE REV. DR. C. K. TRUB.

On Sunday, September 18th, I had the pleasure of preaching my first sermon to a pagan audience through an interpreter. I attended the Sunday school of the Chinese at Mr. Sampson's shoe-factory, in North Adams. It is under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Griffin, who arranged to have the exercises close in time for me to address them. Ah Sinn, their foreman, mounted upon a bench with me, and rendered into Chinese, sentence after sentence, a short sermon and prayer.

I said: "Supposing you were to cross a river in a dark night, into a strange country, would you not be very glad if some one would ride through the river first, and come back and take you over in safety? Now, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, suffered death for us, and was buried in the tomb, and then awoke to life again, and rose up and came to his disciples, and then ascended into heaven in their sight, to show them that there is no danger for those who put their trust in him. This is why we love Jesus so much and are willing to die in God's time, that we may be with him.

"Besides, he died as a sacrifice for our sins. We have done wickedly, and we owe to the government of God more than we can ever pay; but Jesus died in our stead, and he pays all our debt, if we ask God to forgive us through him. This is what makes us Christians so happy. Our hearts burn within us when we think of the death and resurrection of our dear Lord!"

Ah Sing translated with perfect ease, and the simple discourse, which I meant for the gist of the Gospel, was listened to with much interest and emotion by the seventy boys and young men who make up the establishment. They are learning to talk and to read English very fast. All the churches are interested in their welfare. Let all Christians pray that these men of strange speech, and all others that have come into our land, may here find Christ, go forth by letters and in person to proclaim his Gospel in their native land.—N. Y. Methodist.

I LOVE THE PRAYER-MEETING.

1. Because, after the toils and perplexities of the day, my mind finds a sweet relief from the burdens that have oppressed it. The privilege of praying for others relieves my own heart. My repinings are lost in anxieties for them. "When I went into the sanctuary, then understood I their end."

2. There I often obtain new views of truth. A spark is struck from the Word of God that kindles a flame in my heart. A vein hitherto hidden is open. My soul bows down to drink the reviving element, and is refreshed.

3. It brings me near to God. It is the place of special promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there I will be in the midst of them." If any are absent God is God always there. I am never disappointed in this. He never stays away. If but "two or three" meet, he condescends to make "one." And what a "one" he is! We see him not, but we feel his presence; we hear him not, but something seems to say, "Lo, I am in the midst of you."

4. It brings me near Heaven. Like Jacob, we are often constrained to say, "This is the gate of heaven." Here I come to look upon my Savior, and the glories of my future eternal home.

ADAPTED TEACHING.—A little girl was asked whether she would visit Aunt Mary or Aunt Jane. She chose to visit Aunt Jane, "because she made lots of ginger-snaps, and kept them on the lower shelf." So the lesson should be made interesting to the scholar.

IMPORTANCE OF TEACHING.—The teacher is like the switchman, who holds the key to the switches on the railroad. If he does his duty faithfully, the train will reach its destination safely; if he neglects it, disaster and ruin follow. A misplaced switch, or a wrong signal, may send hundreds into eternity unprepared.

"God is love." JOHN 4: 8.

His name—that by which he is known, is not "Power," but "Love." Love guides his omnipotent power, employs his unerring wisdom, regulates his perfect justice, and itself constitutes his majesty. This is the greatness of God—the greatness of his love, which is finite, yet so infinite; which a little child can take into his heart and feel, but which an arch-angel cannot take into his mind and comprehend.

Butter and cheese are almost indispensable articles of food. Properly used, they are nutritious and healthy; but an inordinate use of either cause indigestion and dyspepsia. "Pursons' Purgative Pills," judiciously used, will remove both of these troubles.

Have you ague in the face; and is it badly swollen? Have you severe pain in the chest, back, or side?—Have you cramps or pains in the stomach or bowels? Have you bilious colic or severe griping pain? If so, use "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

GLASGOW GREEN, ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

Mr. Editor,—

On the right bank of the Clyde, above the city of Glasgow, is a park, called "Glasgow Green." It is the resort of the labouring people of the city, who employ themselves at this place in a very peculiar and praiseworthy manner. Their exercises are at least suggestive of the out-of-door schools of the ancient Athenians.

By chance I passed over this "Green," during the prolonged twilight of a beautiful day; and there I saw thousands of people, who having finished their daily labours had gone, as usual, to this favourite resort to breathe the fresh air, and to engage one with another in intellectual pastimes. The thousands who had come out that evening were assembled in groups, varying in numbers, from a few hundreds to thousands; and each group was quietly but earnestly engaged in something which fully engrossed their attention. In passing from one to the other, in order to ascertain the nature of their employment, I found that each assemblage was engaged in either hearing a man make a speech or read from a newspaper something of general interest; or, as was the case in some instances, debating clubs had been extemporized, and the exercises were regulated accordingly. It was a pleasing novelty and led me to enquire into its origin and the success of the operations. I found that it was not the creature of a day, but was a permanent and duly recognized institution. The fact of its long standing and the experience which had been consequently gained, had produced a public sentiment which operated to govern and control this remarkable institution; and to it all held themselves amenable, and bowed in quiet submission. The fairness, and order of the proceedings are not surpassed even in formally organized assemblies which are governed by constitutions, bye-laws, and appointed officials. Here there is no written-law, no chosen chairman for the purposes of order, and yet every thing is most orderly.

I passed from one assemblage to another, listening to each for a short time, so as to ascertain the subject, and its manner of treatment, to which the attention of the several groups was given. All the subjects were different, but the spirit and style of the proceedings, so far as justice and order are concerned, were everywhere the same. One orator had for his subject temperance, another one, the war. A Roman Catholic and a Protestant, pitted against each other in earnest but orderly debate, each labouring to sustain and defend his own religious system, were the centre of attraction for one of these circular congregations. Another crowd gave their attention while two men exercised themselves, the one in defending some heresy and the other in upholding orthodoxy. The speaking of those who declaimed and the wit and tact of those who debated, were by no means contemptible. The speakers evidently possessed a good deal of accurate knowledge of the subjects under consideration. The knowledge of the Scriptures, and the skill and ability with which objections to their authenticity and teachings were met and answered, were remarkable, and showed, that the disputants of the orthodox class, had given a great deal of study to the word of God.

The people assembled here, belong to what is called here the lower classes; but the order of their proceedings, and their intelligence and fairness would do credit to any class. Freedom to exercise independent thought and liberty to express independent opinion, as well as liberty of conscience in matters of religion, were evidently most fully appreciated and freely conceded to all. Here no dogmatism, except the dogmatism of God's word, received any quarter. It was fully maintained that God spoke with authority, withholding when it pleased him all reasons and causes; but every man was required to render a reason, which if he failed or refused to do, he at once exposed himself to sallies of wit and ridicule which were sure to be directed against him.

The Roman Catholic had been taught to hear patiently all the unpalatable things which could be said against the papacy; and the sceptic bore with equal patience, the exposure of his fallacies. Nearly all the speeches and discussions were more or less seasoned with wit. The aphorisms of Burns were freely used to parry the blows of enemies, and point the darts of ridicule and irony. Any cleverness or wit displayed by a speaker was promptly and briefly applauded by the hearers.