

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1863.

Read—Acts xv. 6-22: The council at Jerusalem.
JUDGES viii. 19-35: The death of Gideon.

Recite—Acts xiv. 19-22.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1863.

Read—Acts xv. 23-40: The resolution of the apostles and elders. JUDGES ix. 1-20: Abimelech made king at Shechem.

Recite—Acts xv. 6-9.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

36. What uncommon power was possessed by a large number of brave men who belonged to the tribe of Benjamin?

Answer to question given last week:—

35. That of Judas Iscariot.

Weak and sickly Christians.

The apostle, addressing the Corinthians, says of them, "Many are weak and sickly among you." Whether he here refers to spiritual or physical infirmities entailed upon them, or to both, this one thing is evident, there are many spiritual, which are only the counterpart of physical, infirmities among Christians. The Saviour met those who were lame, and deaf and dumb, and blind. So that we find now, among Christians, those who are well in some parts, and lame in others; well in the congregation on the Sabbath, but lame in the prayer meeting during the week; well in professions, but lame in practice; who can carry no burdens, cannot stand erect, nor run the Christian race; who are blinded by the god of this world; who cannot hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, and who, like "dumb dogs, cannot bark." He might meet, or the apostle have reason to complain, among other diseases, of spiritual debility—of those whose blood moves sluggishly, who are weak, having not strength to lift the cross; whose faith, which ought to "remove mountains," staggers at the least difficulties. Others are troubled with *ague and fever*, are hot and then cold; live near the low marshes, the horrible pit and miry clay, not on the high lands; who go by fits, and starts, and stops, instead of abounding in the work of the Lord.

There are also *consumptives*—those who have a cold so often, that it has settled on their vitals. They do everything feebly, can talk and act but little, or breathe easy in a religious atmosphere. Others are troubled with *dyspepsia*. They have fed on the dainties of religion till they are distressed by any solid food; can partake of the pleasures of religion, but not of sufferings; of its promises and blessings, but not its toils and duties, which shows that they are diseased. Some are troubled with *contraction of the heart*. Religion enlarges the heart, and if it comes to be contracted, it is diseased. *Melancholy* is another disease. If you are not a joyous Christian, you are not a wholesome Christian. An efficient, growing Christian, will be a rejoicing Christian—"rejoice in the Lord always."

These are a few of the diseases which are sometimes found among Christians, and the Bible is a book of prescriptions, suited to every case; but there are some things which especially conduce to a healthy state. One of these is *pure air*, else it breeds all manner of disease. He who lives by the mouth of the "pit," will soon take on the contagion. The Christian cannot live out of the atmosphere of pure devotion. Another thing is *sunlight*. As with plants so with men, out of the sunlight they grow pale and sickly, and physiologists make it a rule of health not to occupy any apartment where the sun never enters. As plants open to the sunlight, and drink in its warmth, and unfold their beauty, so should our hearts unfold to the Sun of Righteousness. One other thing is *exercise*. We acquire strength by exercise. An arm carried in a sling loses its strength. What, then, must it be, when the whole body is in a sling, or laid by on the shelf. These three things, especially, will conduce to a healthy state, and we do well to bear them in our mind when our desire begins to be, "O that the Lord would 'restore the health of daughter of my people.'"—*Examiner*.

WEAK CLERGYMEN.—"Assisted by."

The London *Punch* thus satirizes the custom which is becoming somewhat common, of having several clergymen to "assist" at marriage ceremonies: "Men and women now-a-days appear to entertain a great unwillingness to marry—at least, it one may judge so from the way in which the nuptial knot is generally tied. Happy couples now appear so loth to be united that officiating clergymen are forced to be 'assisted' when they perform the ceremony. Two parson's power at least is needful for the purpose, and indeed an extra clergyman is frequently called in to help his reverend brethren in the laborious work. From reading the advertisements, one might imagine that nine weddings out of ten were solemnized by force; and that to prevent the bride and bridegroom from bolting from the altar, they had each a clergyman appointed to look after them. We can picture the poor bridegroom held fast by one assistant, while another standing opposite keeps firm hold of the bride, thus preventing all escape until the service has been read which is done by a third parson, the clergyman-in-chief."

A Sermon with an application.

It is said that, at one time, when Lorenzo Dow preached under a large spruce pine, in South Carolina, he announced another appointment for preaching in the same place, on that day twelve months. The year passed, and as Lorenzo was entering the neighbourhood the evening preceding his appointment, he overtook a coloured boy who was blowing a long tin horn, and could, as I have often heard them, send forth a blast with rise, and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills.

Overtaking the blower, Dow said to him, "What's your name, sir?"
"My name Gabriel, sir," replied the brother in ebony.
"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church hill?"
"Yes, massa, I've been dar many time."
"Do you remember a big spruce pine-tree on that hill?"
"O yes, massa, I knows dat pine."
"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow had an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?"
"O yes, massa everybody knows dat."
"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go, to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine-tree, and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"
"Yes, massa, I takes dat dollar."

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in due time. An immense concourse of persons, of all sizes and colours, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of the resurrection and grand assize, at the call of the trumpet-peals which were to wake the sleeping nations. "Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour, suppose you should should hear, at this moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet." Sure enough, at that moment, the tramp of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast some ran; others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt, for a time, that the judgement was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the driving storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the coloured angel who had caused the alarm quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying, "I forbid all persons from touching that boy up there. If a coloured boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when ye shall hear the trumpet-thunder of the archangel? How will ye be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?" He made a very effective application.—*Taylor's Model Preacher*.

Hints to Teachers.

Partiality to scholars on any ground but that of uniformly meritorious conduct, is pernicious. A pupil who always tries to do right is entitled to respect and personal favor; but there are errors arising from partiality which well nigh ruin a teacher's influence. A pretty face, goodly apparel, or a sweet voice, are not proper subjects for praise or favor; but even the Scriptures award honor to "patient continuance in well-doing." How liable are we, as teachers, to allow the blame for all wrong actions to fall upon those who are apt to do wrong; it is natural—almost excusable—but it should be carefully guarded against. Never, if possible, give a pupil the opportunity of saying, "He always lays all the mischief to me."

THE MITE.—A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution. "Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man. "You mean the widow's mite, I suppose," replied the other. "To be sure I do." The gentleman continued, "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars," he answered. "Give me then a check for thirty-five thousand, that will be just half as much as the widow gave; for she gave all she had. It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant."

WHEN TO PRAY.—Gail Hamilton, one of the Atlantic's best contributors, tells us, in her usual out-spoken style, when a man should pray:—

"What's the use of praying when a feller can touch bottom with a pole?" roared the Mississippi boatman, with a blind, instinctive perception of the true relation between faith and works. I do not think God wants us ever to pray for things that we can get ourselves. We are not to ask him to plant. Paul is the one to plant. We are not to ask him to water. That is Apollon's business. But God alone can give the increase. Therefore, having planted and watered, our fervent and unceasing prayers should arise that God would bless our labours with increase."

TRUE.—"It will kill me."—A gentleman gave his little son some whiskey to taste; but the moment it touched his lips he flew back, clapped his hands upon his mouth, and cried out in agony of pain, "O, papa! papa! it will kill me!"—Had the little fellow been inspired by Heaven, he could not have spoken more truly. Kill thee, my little friend? Yes, as it has killed millions already, and will kill millions more.

A wise man will desire no more than that he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live upon contentedly.

The Mother of Dhuleep Singh.

"Died, on the 1st inst., at Abingdon House, Kensington, her Royal Highness Maharanee Jeudan Kour, widow of the late Maharajah Runjeet Singh of the Sikhs, and mother of the present Maharajah Dhuleep Singh." In these few and formal words, only noted by a reader here and there, by reason simply of the curious nature and unfamiliar names of the announcement, the death of a Princess has been chronicled whose word once shook kingdoms and made war or peace. Nay, not even the corner of the obituary is humble enough for the widow of a King, for the notice of her demise is misprinted, as might be that of a common person. Chunda Kour, as her name should have been written—that is to say, "the Silver or Moonlike Queen"—was the wife of the Lion of the Punjab and the mother of the little Prince whom we deposited from the throne of the Five Waters. Had any of the astrologers of her husband's court at Lahore told her that she should die an exile in the land of the Feringhees; that the name and line of her Sikh lord should become extinct; that her son for whom she schemed and sinned and murdered should abjure the creed of "the Goo-roo" and the precepts of the "Grunth," and become a Christian in the country of his conquerors; and, finally, that she herself, at her decease, should have no other notice or mourning than a paragraph in the daily papers—his vocation would not have saved his ears or head. For a quarter of a century ago, this faded Sikh woman who has just passed away among us so silently was the most powerful Sultana in Asia. She was the favourite wife of Runjeet Singh's zennana, and, ruling him, she ruled all Northern India, from the Khyber Pass to the Sutlej. To have pronounced her name, far more to have mis-spelled it, would have cost the life of the audacious offender; and in her quarrel all the Punjab chivalry would have drawn their swords as for an oriental Maria Theresa. When she decked her person to worship at Umritsur, or for the revels in the palace gardens at Lahore, the "Mountain of Light" glittered upon her forehead. Twice, of her own imperious will, intruding with restless ambition for her family, she declared war upon the English in India. In the great game which she has played in her time, the lives of men were regarded by her as mere pawns; she swept them from the board at a whim—cruel as a Locusta, lustful as Messalina, proud and pitiless as Catherine. Now she dies unregarded in a London suburb—her king a memory; her son dethroned and in her eye an infidel; her dominion a province of the English; her splendid jewel, the Koh-i-noor, an ornament in the English Queen's Treasury—as wonderful an example altogether of human vicissitude as history often exhibits. Our sensation writers need not travel out of the realms of reality to find material for their public; any one of them catching a glimpse of the shawled and veiled figure which lately lay down to die, weary and remorseful, in the strange chamber and among the alien people at Kensington—any one of them merely hearing the querulous voice of the Queen-Mother of the Punjab, Chunda Kour, before death came upon her—has seen and heard enough to suggest to him a more wonderful story of life than he can conjecture out of his imagination.

A mere sketch of it will range through all the romance of poverty and splendour, crime, success and misfortune. Chunda Kour, although the wife of the Maharajah of the Punjab, was not, if report speaks true, very nobly born. One version of her birth makes her father a dog-keeper in the service of Runjeet; but at any rate she was selected as one of his harem, and came to be its mistress. From that time, if she could have written the history of her marvellous life, blood, and not ink, would have been the fitting medium to have used. Kurruck Singh succeeded Runjeet, and he was dispatched with acetate of lead and corrosive sublimate mingled in a curry. Nao Nihal Singh followed Kurruck on the throne; but as he passed upon his elephant under an arch, after his coronation, it was contrived that the masonry should fall and crush him. The widow of Kurruck still stood in the way, and her chamber-women were bribed to beat her brains out with a stone as they stood behind her, braiding and perfuming her hair.—Shere Singh, a son of the murdered princess, yet blocked the path to the throne against Chunda Kour's chi d, and he too was dispatched by an adroit treachery. An English rifle was shown to him as he sat upon the "gadi," and when its muzzle was turned to his breast in the course of examining it, the trigger was pressed, and four slugs were discharged into his heart. Thus at last the crown of the Punjab was won, and placed upon the infant head of Dhuleep Singh; his mother, the Princess, now dead, employing the influence thus obtained to revel in license. Sometimes, however, she was obliged to be the spectatress of murder, and not its accomplice, as when the troops at Lahore bayoneted her brother, the Prince Jewahir, as he reviewed them, sprinkling her robe and that of her son with his blood. But she replaced her brother with a lover, Lal Singh, and, in conjunction with him declared war upon the British by marching her Sikhs across the Sutlej. Moodkee, Aliwal, and Ferozeshah ended the first Sikh war, and reduced her to the mere guardianship of a protected prince. Then she commenced the network of intrigue with Moolraj of Mooltan, Golab Singh of Cashmere, and Dost Mahomed of Affghan-tan, which led to the murder of the English officers at the first-named place, and to the second Sikh war. Her emissaries, under pretence of fetching drugs from various cities, carried on correspondence for her with all the discontented in India. Confined to fortresses, she bribed the guards with costly necklaces of pearl and gold; her money and messages circulated in every Sikh barrack and village. So well was she serv-

ed, too that one of her messengers was executed at Lahore, his wife begged his armlet as a relic of love at the scaffold, and instantly took out of it one of the Maharanee's letters, tore it into a hundred pieces, and swallowed them to save detection. She was removed to Benares too late to avert the great war which she had fomented. Far away from the Punjab, pacing her prison in "the holy city" like a caged tigress, she heard the echoes of the cannon of Aboojerat, which deposed Runjeet Singh's dynasty for ever, and made the Five Waters a province of the victorious English. Thenceforward she passed from the eyes of men, a pensioner of the British power—her hundred lovers dead or degraded—her influence gone with her beauty and her youth—the son for whom she had sinned and plotted dethroned, an exile, and a renegade from the grand and conquering creed of the Khalsa. Before her swimming eyes, as she lately sunk in death, in the country whither she had followed her son, these scenes, and a thousand as full of Eastern splendour and crime, must have passed. Whatever the intoxications of power—whatever the delights of luxury—whatever the charms of unbridled self-indulgence, wealth, and influence that withered, silent woman had experienced them all. From the heaven to the hell of an Asiatic's reverie of life she had fallen, in the years which she must have reviewed: at one time the favoured wife of Runjeet Singh, carried behind him in a palanquin of silver to his huntings and his wars; at this other time the dying tenant of the back-room of a back street in London. There is pathos enough in such a change to make us forgiving to her crimes; dignity enough in such a sorrow to encourage the prayer that the Indian Sultana found in her death-hour a peace which her life did not bring.

The following extraordinary letter has been addressed to the editor of *The Times*—

"Sir,—Her Highness the Maharanee Jindkore of Lahore, mother of his Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, died on the first current at Abingdon House, Kensington, in the Hindoo faith, and we understand it is proposed to bury her. The practice is contrary to the religion of the Sikhs, and, as his Highness the Maharajah denies our right to dispose of the body according to our customs, we are constrained, as a matter of conscience, to appeal to the country for protection and beg you will kindly allow us a place in your spirited journal to enter a public protest against the intended desecration.

Agreeably to our rulers, the body ought to be burnt and the ashes given to the Ganges. The thing is simple enough in itself, and, as it infringes no moral or physical law, we certainly cannot believe the wisdom and intelligence of the land would oppose our acting as our religion directs.

Besides, the belief of all religionists is that no funeral is hallowed unless a priest, or, in his absence, a layman, of the religion of the deceased officiates at his obsequies. Now it is not competent to a Christian minister to afford the rites of burial to a Hindu Highness, and we, on our part, cannot render any assistance if the remains are to be buried. It is hard, then, her Highness should be deprived of the offices the meanest claim and receive throughout the civilised globe, and that we should be refused the consolation of discharging the last sad duty for our mistress that is the right of all, and that is not in the power of his Highness the Maharajah or any other Christian to pay.

Her Highness was particularly careful about everything relating to caste; indeed, so much so, that up to her demise she refused to eat when his Highness the Maharajah happened to be compromised, had a separate establishment of Indians, who attended to her table and everything connected with it.

In asking to dispose of her Highness's remains according to our religion, then, we feel we are fulfilling her Highness's wishes, and we are satisfied, had she known her dissolution was at hand, she would have left definite instructions for the disposal of her body after the forms of the Sikh religion.

Reiterating our protest in the name of the friends and relations of her Highness the Maharanee of the Sikhs in general, both here and abroad, and in the interests of civil and religious liberty,

We have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obedient servants,

UTCHER SINGH, Jagardar.

KISHEN SINGH, Khatri.

16, Craven-terrace, Lancaster-gate, Bayswater, Aug 4.

Lieut.-Colonel Oliphant writes to *The Times*, from Hatherop Castle, Aug. 6th:—"My attention has been directed to a letter in *The Times* of to-day, written by Utcher Singh and Kishen Singh, in which they would have it believed that it was the intention of his Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh that his mother, her Highness the Maharanee Jeudan Kour, should receive the rites of Christian burial. His Highness never had any such intention. Yesterday, at ten o'clock, the remains of the late Maharanee were removed from Abingdon House to be deposited temporarily in a vault at Kensalgreen Cemetery, following the course which was adopted in the case of his Highness: the late Rajah of Coorg. The remains of the Maharanee were attended by his Highness, myself, several of his personal friends, and by all the retinue of her late Highness. No Christian life was attempted; his Highness Dhuleep Singh, when the coffin was placed in the mausoleum, merely addressing his people in their own language with affectionate earnestness on the uncertainty of human life. Had the writers of the letter (two discharged servants) been present they would have seen that there was a scrupulous care on the part of the Maharajah to avoid offending the prejudices of his countrymen."—*London Daily Telegraph*.