

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, December 29th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXV. 31-46: The last Judgment. EXODUS XV. 1-21: Triumphant Song of the Israelites. Recite—MATTHEW XXV. 14, 15.

Sunday, January 5th, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVI. 1-16: Mary anointing the Saviour. EXODUS XV. 20-27: The waters of Marah sweetened. Recite—MATTHEW XXV. 31-33.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

- 103. In what words does our Saviour prescribe a sovereign remedy for trouble of heart, and what is that remedy?
104. Name a passage to prove that the exercise of mercy is closely connected with salvation.

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 101. Enoch. He "walked with God." Gen. v. 24; Jude, verses 14, 15.
102. When Jehoshaphat honoured the God of Israel, by consulting his prophet Elisa, who declared that for his sake the two idolatrous kings with whom he was leagued in battle, should be victorious over their enemies the Moabites; and that water to relieve the famishing armies should speedily be given them. 2 Kings-iii.

Song for Christmas Evening.

Air—Old Dog Tray.

The Christmas time has come;
In many a happy home,
It beams the light of childhood's merry smile;
And we are met to-night
With youthful spirits light,
The evening hours to beguile.
Joy in our hearts is ever springing,
Hope o'er us sheds her glad ray,
We celebrate the birth of our Saviour on the earth,
On this happy Christmas day.
We are a favored band,
Born in this Christian land,
Where beams the light of the blessed word of truth;
And we may early learn
From ways of sin to turn,
And tread the path of peace in youth.
Joy in our hearts, &c.
But many sorrowing ones,
In this dark world alone,
Know nought of the joy which doth our bosoms fill,
No word to them is given,
To show the path to heaven,
Or teach the blessed Saviour's will.
Joy in our hearts, &c.
Oh, let us then rejoice
With thankful heart and voice,
That unto our world a Saviour was given;
And we His tender care,
In youth and age may share,
And find with Him a home in heaven.
Joy in our hearts, &c.

The Christmas Tree.

BY LIZZIE M'INTYRE.

DR. GRANTLEY sat alone in his office, his head resting on his hands, thinking deeply. He had not been thus solitary many minutes, for a frail, delicate girl had just left him, his eldest daughter and his darling, who had filled the place of mother and sister too, to the younger children of the Doctor. Marion Grantley carried from this interview a heavy heart. It was the old, old story—she loved, was beloved, and her father frowned upon her lover. There was no personal dislike between Dr. Grantley and Morton Loring; but, in years long past, Amos Loring, the young man's father, and George Grantley, rivals in love, had sworn an undying, bitter hatred, and for this old quarrel, though Amos Loring was numbered with the dead, Dr. Grantley was breaking the heart of his gentle, dutiful child. Her last words, as she left him, uttering in low, pleading accents, were: "Father, you know I will never disobey you; but it is Christmas Eve; for the day's sake, by the memory of my mother, who was taken into heaven seven years ago this evening, by the love I have ever tried to show you, forget this old quarrel. Let me bring to you one who, for my sake will be a son in your old age, who loves and respects you. Father, do not break my heart!" In reply, the Doctor merely waved his hand toward the door, and quietly, sadly, with no violent outbreak of passion to tell her bitter grief, Marion passed out. From the office, across the entry, she went into the parlor. There was a blaze of light there, and round the centre-table were clustered four little sisters and one brother, her mother's legacy to Marion. Grace, the one next Marion, a pretty blonde, just entering her nineteenth year, looked up as her sister entered. There was no discontented, fretful glance to throw back her loving one; gentle, serene, and tender, Marion smiled upon the group, stifling back her own sorrow to give them a Christmas greeting. "Oh, I wish it was to-morrow!" cried Eddie, the youngest, a boy of eight years old, the pet and darling of all the five sisters. "To-morrow evening?" said Fannie, the next in order, "to-morrow evening! O such fun! A Christmas tree!" "I am sorry I did not have it this evening," said Marion. "If you are so impatient; but Aunt Lizzie's box of presents from New York always comes on Christmas day, and we can

make a much prettier tree if its contents are hung upon it." "Won't it be fun to dress it?" whispered Grace, who was to be the only one admitted to this delightful task. "Oh, Marion, will it have my work-box?" cried Hester. "And my doll?" said Fannie. "And my set of china tea things? You know you promised me a new set." And fairly started, all the children joined in the list of demands making a perfect Babel of the parlor. The little mantel clock struck nine. As the last stroke died away, Marion pointed with a smile to the clock, and the children rose, kissed their sisters, and went merrily up stairs to bed Fannie leading Eddie, while Hester and Lizzie, little girls of eleven and twelve, went up arm in arm. "There is so much to do to-morrow, Grace," said Marion, as the chamber door closed shutting out the sound of the merry voices, "there are so many things to attend to that I think we will dress the tree this evening. We can shut the folding doors, and keep the children from the back parlor to-morrow, and it will not take many minutes to hang Aunt Lizzie's presents upon the tree, when they arrive in the morning." "O yes, we will dress it now. I'll call father." And the young girl danced off to the office, humming a merry tune. Marion, in the meantime, went out to a closet in the entry, and brought in a large baize covering for the centre of the floor. It was green, and meant for the foundation of the beautiful show Marion's tree always made. Grace and the Doctor soon came in, and the process of making a Christmas tree commenced in good earnest. The square of green baize being tacked down a large stone jar was placed in the middle of it and in this the tree stood nobly erect. Damp sand was put round the stem till the large green tree stood firmly in its place. A founce of green chintz round the jar concealed its stony ugliness, and over the top, round the tree, was a soft cushion of moss. It was a large ever-green, reaching almost to the high ceiling, for all the family presents were to be placed upon it. This finished, the process of dressing commenced. From a basket in the corner, Marion drew long strings of bright red holly-berries, threaded like beads upon fine cord. These were festooned in graceful garlands from the boughs of the tree, and while Marion was thus employed, Grace and the Doctor arranged the tiny tapers. This was a delicate task. Long pieces of fine wire were passed through the taper at the bottom, and these clasped over the stem of each branch, and twisted together underneath. Great care was taken that there should be a clear space above each wick, that nothing might catch fire. Strings of bright berries, small bouquets of paper flowers, strings of beads, tiny flags of gay ribbons, stars and shields of gilt paper, lace bags filled with colored candies, knots of bright ribbons, all homemade by Marion's and Grace's skillful fingers, made a brilliant show at a very trifling cost the basket seeming possessed of unheard-of capacities, to judge from the multitude and variety of articles the sisters drew from it. Meantime, upon the wick of each little taper the Doctor rubbed with his finger a drop of alcohol, to insure its lighting quickly. This was a process he trusted to no one else, for fear the spirit might fall upon some part of the tree not meant to catch fire. Marion, unconscious that her father's eye followed her in every movement, tried to keep up a cheerful smile, for her sister's sake; yet sometimes a weary sigh would come from her over-charged heart as the contrast between these gay preparations for festivity and the weight of her own sorrow struck her. At last, all the contents of the basket were on the tree, and then the more important presents were brought down from an upper room. There were many large articles, seemingly too clumsy for the tree, but Marion passed around them gay-colored ribbons till they formed a basket work, and looped them over the branches till even Hester's work-box looked graceful. Dolls for each of the little girls were seated on the boughs, and a large cart for Eddie, with two horses prancing before it, drove gayly amongst the top branches, as if each steed possessed the wings of Pegasus. On the moss beneath the branches Marion placed a set of wooden animals for Eddie, while from the topmost branch was suspended a gilded cage, ready for the canary-bird Dr. Grantley had purchased for the pet-loving Lizzie. Various mysterious packages, wrapped in paper and marked Grace, Marion, or Papa, were put aside, that all the delicious mystery of Christmas might be preserved. At length all was ready, and carefully locking the doors, the trio went up to their respective rooms. It was Christmas evening. All the presents were on the tree, and Marion was alone in the back parlor, waiting for the Doctor's return from a professional visit, before she lighted the tree. The children were in the sitting-room, and their eager, merry voices came faintly to her as she sat sadly waiting there. Hark! A voice in the entry. The door of the large closet opened and shut again, and then her father's voice summoned her to open the door. "Marion," he said, taking her hands in his own, "you have thought for all the others this Christmas evening; I have a gift for you." "She said 'Thank you,'" quietly smiling, yet without much appearance of interest. "I wish to place it on the tree myself, and then this year I will play lamplighter. You bring the children into the next room." Dancing feet soon sounded on the stairs, and eager voices shouted, "Merry Christmas," as the little ones followed Marion into the front parlor. It was entirely dark. Standing them

in a row, at some distance from the folding-doors Marion spoke to tell her father all was ready. The doors flew open. The tall tree, one blaze of light, covered with tasty gifts, stood in the middle of the room, and behind it was a figure which Marion at first took for her father; only for a moment, dazzled and confused as she was by the sudden blaze of light. A second glance sent a full tide of happiness to her heart. "My Christmas gift," she said, softly, stepping forward. "And I claim mine," was the reply, in a deep manly voice, from behind the tree; and Morton Loring came forward to where Marion had paused, awaiting him. Christmas was surely not a time for quarrels, sanctified, too, as it was to the Doctor and Marion, and Dr. Grantley repaid long years of devotion to himself and his children by making Marion happy on Christmas-day.—Lady's Book.

Native New Zealanders.

The following extract from a Maori Address to Sir George Grey, the newly appointed Governor of New Zealand will be interesting to many of our readers, not only because it indicates favorably for a termination of hostilities, between the natives and the British government; but on account of the similarity of style, it exhibits to the North American Indian forms of expression. It will be borne in mind that Sir George Grey's former administration of the government of New Zealand was highly successful, and did much to promote harmony between the English and Maoris (Natives).

We copy the article from The New Zealander of Sep. 7, 1861 for which we are indebted to our friend Levi W. Eaton, formerly of Pughwash.

[TRANSLATION.]

We Native Chiefs heard, on the 28th of July, at Auckland, that you were returning hither to your own home [i.e., New Zealand].

Welcome hither. Bring with you the mental affection [you still feel] for your own people, the Maoris. Bring back the spirits of your loving friends who have died—gone into night [i.e., bring back to our minds the remembrance of our friends who have passed away into the world of spirits—those whom we all loved].

The dogs of Governor Browne and of Pota-tou are here biting one another. Their keepers have acted foolishly. The chains of the Pakeha dogs have been loosened, and they have bitten the Maori dogs, which have turned upon seeking satisfaction, after they felt the pain.

You left those things which are good in this Island [i.e., peace, prosperity, &c.]. You established schools for both Maori and Pakeha. It is well, therefore, that you are coming back to administer affairs, so that the two peoples may live in peace.

Friend, we shall be saved by your coming hither, both Maori and Pakeha.

Welcome to the shore, that you may see your people, all the chiefs of New Zealand. It is well that you are coming to undertake the Government of both Natives and Europeans. Let our power or man-influence, or man-authority (mana tangata), be with us [i.e., grant us local self-government]. Come hither to see us who are holding the good counsels of the first king, and second king [i.e., King George and King William of England], extending to the third sovereign, Victoria the Queen of England.

As you are coming the second time to the shores of New Zealand, let a careful inquiry be made respecting the grievances of the land, by you and by us Maoris.

Do you drive hence from your councils —, who have made Governor Browne rebellious or perverse. The Maoris have likened this Governor to a mill, the handle of which each man takes hold, and turns it round [i.e., the Governor is misled by each party in turn].

We know the bad Europeans and we know the good ones. So likewise the Maori; there are five foolish Natives, and six who are retaining wise or just ideas, and who retain the laws which protect men.

Come hither to allay the burning fever, the effects of which are visible on the skin of both Maori and Pakeha. You will establish [i.e., legalize] the Maori Runanga or Councils; also the schools you will cause to be reorganized; whilst we attend to our own Maori affairs, you being our director or guide (to matou kai urungi). You will also think of a Maori Runanga at Auckland, but this matter rests with yourself [i.e., you know better about this affair than we who write to you, your decision, therefore, will be the wisest and best].

Come hither and water the roots of the vine which Governor Browne, Mr. Richmond, and the Interpreters have torn up out of the soil. This explains the reason why all the Chiefs of this Island have run away [i.e., have lost confidence in the Government]. Are we Maoris to blame, or the Government itself, who caused the defection by its heedless wickedness in disturbing the peace of the country? Do you search out the meaning of this our song:—Thou comest back in grief, O youngest and best beloved son. Once were the people sportive, Like the tide that ebbs from off the strand. Alas! the influence, like unto that Which women hold o'er men, Has vanished: and the people now Are wanderers in the world-wide world, Subject to its capriciousness and hate, Like withered plants scorched by the noontide sun. Thou wert drifting [i.e., the Government], Borne along by tidal streams Whose waves run high And overest the prowess.

Now thou art broken—cast upon the shore. I he d thy jasper stone on high So, when the face is beautiful as that of Napo [i.e., Sir G. Grey]. We gaze upon it: Twain were the tidings of my doings [i.e., tidings, of good and evil, relative to the conduct of the Maori people]. I put forth my hand in playfulness, To stroke the face marked by the Maori's black [i.e., the black pigment used in tattooing], And anger showed itself, As it has ever wont to do: O ye thousands, know ye not That lips are ever quick to move? [i.e., "The tongue is an unruly member, full of bitterness," &c.] And e'er delights to publish All its scandals to the listening crowd. Welcome to the shore! Make the grass spring up which has been parched by the heat of the sun [i.e., the Maori who have been neglected since you left New Zealand].

A Column for Sunday School Teachers.

WHAT CHARACTERIZES THE INTELLIGENT TEACHER.

The intelligent Teacher is marked by his modesty. This is his obvious and almost uniform feature. There is no assumption; there is no forwardness; no pretension; no airs are assumed. There is no inflation; no swagger; no self-conceit. The intelligent teacher is sensible of one thing,—how little he knows—how much he has to learn:—and this consideration makes him humble, and keeps him humble.

The intelligent Teacher is marked by his good sense. He has nice preception; his judgment is sound, is unimpeachable; his tact is obvious.—He knows what he has to do, and the best manner in which to do it.

The intelligent Teacher is marked by his discrimination of character. He reads his own mind and the minds of others.

It is this discrimination of character, which is so important to the intelligent educator, and which gives him so superior an advantage over the ignorant and ill-instructed teacher.

The intelligent Teacher is marked by his always making progress. He cannot recede; indeed he cannot remain stationary. He is ever correcting some error, subduing some prejudice, acquiring some lesson, supplying some defect, gaining or heightening some excellence, securing some intellectual and moral advance.

The intelligent Teacher is marked by his dissatisfaction with himself. He uniformly observes something to lament. There is always seen by him some error to counteract—some deficiency to supply—some prejudice to subdue—some infirmity to remove—some excellence to attain—some evil to annihilate.

The intelligent Teacher is marked by his desire to communicate knowledge to others, and in the wisest and most efficient manner. He is from principle anxious to impart something of these stores to the inquiring minds of youth, which he has himself accumulated. He longs to be the instrument of giving soundness of thought to a child; to aid in forming and invigorating; to teach the boy how to think, compare, discriminate; to imbue him with a taste for reading and reflection, with a love as he grows up, for literature and science, and with a fondness for everything that is truly instructive and valuable.

He has been taught himself, and he wishes to teach others, and to render them, in a great degree, their own instructors. While surrounded by the light of knowledge himself, he cannot bear that any should remain in darkness. He considers, and most justly, that a sound and well-directed education is one of the most precious treasures which a young person can command; one whose value will be continually growing and which cannot be estimated too highly.

We are exceedingly and growingly solicitous that all our teachers, whether associated with day or Sabbath-schools, at the present important and critical period in our history as a nation, with the advances we are continually making—with the discoveries of art, science, and philosophy, with the strange revolutions which are occurring,—the peculiar temptations and dangers by which our youth are surrounded, and the wide and brilliant prospects stretching before them, should be, in the most emphatic sense, Intelligent Teachers.

And, above all, Teachers! be sure that you understand the Bible; form clear and large views of Revealed Truth; be well acquainted with its character, spirit, and laws, that you may teach Christianity to your youthful charge—that you may explain to them the narratives of Scripture; unfold to them the characters of Scripture, elucidate the principles of Scripture; adduce the warnings of Scripture; present the motives of Scripture; and furnish the encouragements of Scripture;—and in this way, by the benediction of Heaven, produce a most powerful, holy, and lasting impression.

Teachers, thus taught, and thus acting, not merely enlighten the youthful mind, but discipline and purify the youthful heart. These are the teachers we everywhere want, and such teachers we cannot too highly value.—Eng. May.

COTTON MATHER'S LIBELS.—Dr. Cotton Mather was remarkable for the sweetness of his temper. He took some interest in the political concerns of his country, and on this account, as well as because he faithfully reproved iniquity, he had many enemies; and many abusive letters were sent him, all of which he tied up in a packet, and wrote upon the cover, "Libels!—Father, forgive them."

If Christians would work all they can for the Saviour and his cause, they would have no time to call one another hard names.