

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1863.

Read—JOHN XX. 19-31: Jesus appears to his disciples. JOSHUA V.: The people circumcised. Recite—JOHN XX. 1, 2.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1863.

Read—JOHN XXI. 1-14: Christ appears at the sea of Tiberias. JOSHUA VI. 1-11: Directions for the taking of Jericho. Recite—JOHN XX. 19, 20.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

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

4. Mention the remarkable miracles wrought by the agency of wicked persons.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 3-1. Joseph forgave his brethren. Gen. l. 20, 21. 2. David forgave Saul. 1 Sam xxiv. 7. 3. Solomon forgave Adonijah. 1 Kings i. 52, 53. 4. Stephen forgave his murderers. Acts vii. 60. 5. Paul gave those who forsok him. 2 Timothy i. 16, and iv. 16.

A Mother's last words: or the orphans of London streets.

BY MRS SEWELL.—SECOND PART.

The second week was bleak and cold, A drizzling rain fell day by day, And with their wet umbrellas up, The people hurried on their way. And no one thought about the boys, Who patiently stood pawing there; And, sometimes over Christy's face There fell a shade of black despair, Discouraged, wet, and weary oft, Cold, shivering, to their bed they crept; But still all night, that Angel bright, Stood by to guard them as they slept. And these poor boys would sleep as well As rich men on their beds of down, And wake up with a lighter heart Than many a king who wears a crown. But winter time came on apace, And colder still the weather grew, And when they left the street at night, Their clothes were often wetted through. Their coats were almost worn to rags, Their bare feet went upon the stones; But still they always went to church, And to the school on afternoons. And never joined with wicked boys, And never stopped away to play, But tried to do their very best, And swept the crossing every day. One day a boy came up and said, "I know a dodge worth two of that; Just take to picking pockets, lad, And don't hold out that ragged hat." "What, thief!" said little Christopher, "Our dodge is twice as good as that, We earn our bread like honest folks;" And so he answered, tit for tat. "Well, that's your own look out, of course; For my part, I don't see the fun Of starving at this crossing here, When money is so easy won." "How do you manage that?" said John. "Oh! come with us, we'll have you taught You've but a trick or two to learn, To grip the thing, and not be caught." "But if you should be caught?" said John, "The end of that would spoil your fun." "Oh! we know how to manage that; Come on I'll show you how 'tis done." "What do you get to eat?" said John, Who pondered on these boasting words. "What get to eat!—just what we choose— We eat and drink away like lords. "Now, what d'ye say?—make up your mind; I'm waited for, and must be gone. We've pretty work to-day, on hand." "Well, I shan't help to-day," said John. "The more fool you," replied the boy, And went off whistling down the street; And black as night, a wicked Sprite, Went after him with rapid feet. John went back slowly to his place, And grumbling to himself, he said, "I half repent, I didn't go, It is so hard to earn one's bread. "I dare say, he gets in a day As much as we earn in a week: I wish I'd gone." John muttered this; To Christopher he did not speak. At night, as he went sauntering home, He loitered round a pastry cook's, Till Christy called, "John, come along, You'll eat the cakes up with your looks." "Well, Chris, I say 'tis very hard, We never have good things to eat; I'm tired of nothing else than bread, I long for something nice and sweet." "They do look nice," said little Chris, And lingering near, with hankering eyes; "Which would you have, John, if you could? I'd have these jolly Christmas pies." John answered in a grumbling tone, "Oh! I don't know, so let 'em be; Some boys do get nice things to eat; Not honest boys, like you and me."

"Well, never mind," said little Chris, "You're out of sorts this evening, John; We'll both be rich maybe some day, And then we'll eat 'em up like fun," "No chance of that, for us," said John, "Our feet are now upon the stones; We can't earn food and clothing too, And you are only skin and bones." "Tis hard to work and not to eat; But John you would not do 'what's bad'?" "No I don't mean to thieve—not I; But when thieves feast, it makes one mad. And so John grumbled day by day, And longed for something good to eat. And sometimes looked out for the boy Who went off whistling down the street: And oh; indeed, 'twas very hard, When tired, hungry, cold and wet, To pass by all the eating shops, That look so tempting in the street:— To see the people going in, To buy the sausage-rolls and pies, Whilst they could only stand outside, And look at them with longing eyes. 'Twas hard to see the smoking meat, And smell the vapors floating round Of roasting joints, and savory steaks, From steaming kitchens under ground. And sometimes little Christy cried, When limping on with chilblained toes, He saw five windows full of boots, And children's shoes in shining rows. But still he never would complain, And sometimes said, if John was sad, "We got on bravely yesterday, Why should you take to moping lad?" "But, John, I think if you and I Were rich, as these great people are, We'd just look out for orphan boys, And give them nice warm clothes to wear." "Just so," said John, "and we would give Poor little sweepers in the street A famous lot of half-pennies, To buy them something good to eat. "They'd never miss the little things, That would make kings of me and you; I wish that we were rich men, Chris, We'd show 'em what rich men should do." One night, between the dark and light, As they were going down a lane, And Christopher, with bleeding feet, Was slowly hobbling on with pain. John saw some shoes outside a door.— "They'll just keep my poor Christy warm" And quick as thought he snatched them up, And tucked them underneath his arm. Then pale as ashes grew his face, And sudden fears rushed on his mind, He hurried on with quicker pace, Lest some one should be close behind. "Do stop a bit," his brother cried, "Don't be in such a hurry, John," John darted round a frightened look, And from a walk began to run. He thought he heard the cry of "Thief," And swifter down the street he fled; And black as night, a wicked Sprite, With rapid feet behind him sped. The cry of "Thief" was in his ears, Through all the bustle and the din; And when he reached his lodging house, The wicked spirit followed in. He sat down pale, and out of breath, And locked the door into the street, And trembled when he only heard The sound of little Christy's feet. "There, Christy, boy—there's shoes for you, And now you'll cut away like fun; Come, let us see how well they fit— Just give a tug, and they'll be on." Then Christopher did laugh outright, "Hurra!—hurra!—now I am shod; But John where did you get the shoes? John put him off, and gave a nod. The little boy was tired out, And quickly to his bed he crept, And knew not that a wicked Sprite Scowled on his brother as he slept, John could not rest; the faintest noise Made all the flesh upon him creep, He turned and turned, and turned again, But could not get a wink of sleep. He strained his ear to catch the sound Of footsteps in the silent night, And when they came close by the door, His hair almost rose up with fright, At last his fear became so great, That in a cold, damp sweat he lay, And then the thought came to his mind, That he had better try and pray. "They tell us, at the Sunday-school, That we must beg to be forgiven; My mother used to say the same, Before she went away to heaven. "I wish I'd let the shoes alone; I wonder what I'd better do!— If I should take them back again, Poor Christy would not have a shoe. "Though I don't think he'd care for that, For he's a better boy than I, And he would sooner starve to death Than steal a thing or tell a lie. "Are you asleep, Chris? Can't you wake? I want to tell you something bad; I've counted all the hours to-night; I say, Chris, can't you wake up, lad?"

Just then, the child screamed in his sleep, And started upright in his bed;— "Are you there, John? Who's in the room? Oh, John! I dreamt that you were dead. "I'm glad enough that I woke up, I'm glad you're all alive and well; I'd such an ugly dream—I saw The devil taking you to hell." "And so he will if I don't mind, As far as that, your dream is right; And as to going off to hell, I think I've been in hell all night." "What have you done?"— "Why, stole some That very pair I gave to you; [shoes, But I can't rest about it, Chris, I want to know what we shall do?" "Why, take them back, of course," said Chris, "And put them where they were before; Let's go at once."—"No, stop," said John, "The clock has only just struck four. "There's no one stirring in the street, The shops will not be opened yet, And we should have to wait about For hours in the cold and wet. "And now, that I've made up my mind, I don't feel half so much afraid." Then took to flight that evil Sprite, And John lay down his weary head. At six o'clock the boys went out, The snow was falling in the street, And through the bitter morning air, They ran along with naked feet. They watched the busy town wake up, Undoing shutter, bolt, and bar; But full two hours they stopped about Before that door was set ajar. John quickly slipped the shoes inside, And then as quickly walked away, And with a lighter heart he went To face the labours of the day.

(To be continued.)

A Visit to the Great Pyramids of Egypt.

BY REV. D. A. RANDALL.

THE DESCENT FROM THE PYRAMIDS, AND VISIT TO THE INTERIOR.—I found the descent much more difficult than the ascent, for there was great danger of pitching head foremost down the awful declivity. Some persons, in looking down from the fearful heights, become so dizzy they are completely at the mercy of their guides, and the treacherous Arabs do not scruple to take advantage, whenever they suppose they can do it with impunity. Only a day or two after my visit, they extorted from one man about eight dollars, all the money he had with him, before they would help him down from his perilous condition. On his return to Cairo, however, he made complaint to the Governor; the money was recovered, and the guilty parties punished. I clasped the hands of my guides nervously, for I confess I trembled at the peril of my condition, though I endeavored to conceal it from them. I had promised them a backsheesh in addition to the pay of the Sheik, which was to be all their own, for the Sheik was not to know it, and hoped that would bind them to my interest. Anxious to impress me with the importance of their services, as we looked down the giddy stairway, one of them said, "What if we let you fall?" "But you will not let me fall," said I confidently, as I tightly clasped their hands. "Did any one ever fall here?" "Yes, one man, he fell. He stung. No pay for de guide. He fall down, down, down, way to de bottom. Smash him all in little pieces." I supposed this was their version of the story of an English officer who some years since, on his way home from India, visited this place. He ascended in company with a friend to the top, and while walking along the edge of the upper stones, suddenly fell. The attention of his friend was immediately arrested; he saw him roll down several steps, and as he caught for a moment, his friend met his upturned and imploring gaze. It is described as horrible beyond all description. He hung for a moment on the narrow stairway, then pitching head foremost, over and over he rolled, never stopping till he had reached the bottom. Every bone in his body was broken, and was literally pounded to a mass of jelly. It was supposed, from subsequent developments, the act was intentional. VISIT TO THE INTERIOR.—Our descent, thanks to kind Providence, was made in safety. As we approached the base, my guides led the way to the opening that conducted to the interior. This entrance is on the north side, about fifty feet above the base. It is certainly a low miserable doorway, for so magnificent a structure, but who expects anything but a dark and dreary passage to the tomb—for such is the place to which the opening leads—a tomb hidden in the most stupendous pile of stones the skill and labor of men ever erected. To understand fully the interior passages of this wonderful structure, a diagram would be necessary, which we cannot give in a newspaper article. The passage was a low one, and we had to stoop nearly double, for Death humbles all who enter his dominions. We had entered but a few feet, when the last glimmering ray of light from the narrow opening died away, and we found ourselves involved in total darkness. It was a strange sensation that came over me, as I stood in this lone, dismal passage to the sepulchre of the dead, with only two reckless, for aught I knew, treacherous Arabs for my companions, whose only desire was to get as large a backsheesh out of me as possible. Stopped by the total darkness of the place,

one of my guides said to me, in a tone somewhat of surprise, as though we had met an unexpected difficulty, "Did you bring any candles with you?" I had informed myself with regard to all tricks of the wily fellows, and had learned that one of them was when they got into the interior to suddenly extinguish the candles, and refuse to light them without a backsheesh. I had put into my pocket some matches and two or three small wax tapers; about as large as a pipestem, with which I knew I could find my way out, and thus bring them to terms, if they attempted to desert me. I struck a light. They at first looked a little perplexed, then set up a laugh at my puny candle. Declaring it no good, they drew from their pockets a couple of large sized sperm candles, and having lighted them, we started down the narrow, dismal passage. Having descended along the inclined pathway a distance of eighty feet, at an angle of 27 degrees, our attention was arrested by marks of violence upon the stone-work of the interior. Those who opened the way to those inner chambers, here found a passage turning upward, but closed by an immense granite stone, that had evidently been fitted in from above. This stone they could not move, so they forced a passage around it. From this point the downward passage continues, at the same angle, until it reaches the solid rock, it continues until you reach a small excavated chamber, directly under the apex of the structure, one hundred and five feet below the base, and five hundred and fifty-five feet below the top! But this passage and chamber we will not now stop to explore, but will take the ascending passage. This passage ascends at the same angle, and is of the same size as the one we entered. Ascending a short distance, the low narrow passage suddenly expands into a large, majestic hall, called the "Grand Gallery." Just as you enter this, another low passage branches off in a horizontal direction, leading to what is called the "Queen's Chamber." That also we will leave for the present, and pass on upward. At the point where these two passages intersect, the upward one was formerly closed by four huge portcullises of granite, sliding into grooves of the same kind of stone. These ponderous gateways closed and concealed the upward entrance. Every precaution that ingenuity could invent, was taken not only to secure this passage, but to conceal the knowledge of it from all inquisitive explorers. On you go, climbing along the ascending grade, admiring the magnificence of the great gallery, till it terminates as abruptly as it commenced, and you again bend down, almost upon hands and knees, and crawl a few feet along a horizontal passage, when all of a sudden you are ushered into THE KING'S CHAMBER.—This is the grand apartment, and no doubt the great sepulchral room of this astonishing structure. Its length is thirty-four feet four inches; the breadth, seventeen feet seven inches; the height nineteen feet two inches. The upper ceiling is flat, composed of huge blocks of granite reaching across from wall to wall; the sides are also cased with granite slabs, finely polished, and the joints very closely fitted together. The three chambers we have mentioned are all, of any note, that have ever been discovered. The rest of the enormous structure, so far as known, is one vast pile of solid masonry. The other two rooms are empty; this contains one article of special note—a great stone sarcophagus!—a chest of red granite chiseled from a solid block. It measures, outside, seven feet five inches in length; three feet three inches in breadth; three feet three inches in depth, while its walls are between four and five inches thick. Its size is just about equal to the doorway, but larger than the passage leading to the room, so that it must have been placed here when the room was built. "Was it," I said to myself, "for this sarcophagus this stupendous pile of stone was built?" That this great monument was intended for the dead seems evident, and this is the only tomb found in it. And what has become of the lordly occupant? When and by whom was it filled; and when did it give up its treasure? There it stands in mute and mock defiance of every effort to ascertain the history of its owner! I turned again and again, to view that curious old granite chest. Like the tomb of Joseph, after the morning of the resurrection, it was empty; the stone had been rolled away from the door, but no angel sat upon it, to give the anxious visitor tidings of its occupant! Whose dust was deposited here? What ruthless hands had invaded the sanctuary of the tomb? I stood by its side, laid my hands upon it, and gazed into it with a long, deep, earnest look! How long I should have stood thus I know not, had I not been aroused by A STRANGE INTERRUPTION.—One of my guides, seeing me thus interested in the old tomb, ventured to speak: "You like to hold piece ob dat?" I looked at it. Rude hands had hammered at it, till every edge and corner had been rounded off by the perpetual chipping. "What sacrilegious visitors," thought I. "But then what harm? and why may I not share with others?" When I set up my little cabinet of Eastern curiosities, away near seven thousand miles from this, will it not be interesting to add to the collection a little splinter from this old granite sarcophagus? a little bit of the tomb of Cheops, from the great valley of the Nile, transported to the great valley of the Father of Waters in the West, where, too, are buried cities, and monumental piles still wrapped in profounder mystery than any that gather around this wonderful land! Ah, little did that great monarch think, when he built this mighty mausoleum, with its secret winding passages and intricate chambers, and had his mortal remains so carefully laid away, and wonderfully walled in, that curious travellers, from a then far-off