

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 3RD, 1863.

Read—ACTS vi. : The seven deacons chosen. JOSHUA xiv. : The claim-of Caleb.
Recite—ACTS v. 30-32.

SUNDAY, MAY 10TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS vii. 1-16 : Defence of Stephen before the Council. JOSHUA xx. : Cities of Refuge appointed.
Recite—ACTS vi. 1-4.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

17. Mention twelve remarkable dreams-recorded in Scripture.

Answer to question given last week :—

- 16. The Eagle, described in Job xxxix.—an emblem of wisdom and zeal. Ezekiel i. 10. Rev. iv. 7. of kings. Ezekiel xvii. 3. of God's care for his church. Exodus xix. 4. Deut. xxxii. 11. Rev. xii. 14. of the saints' rapid progress to heaven. Job ix. 26. Isaiah xl. 31. of the melting away of riches. Prov. xxiii. 5. it was the standard of the Roman armies. Matt. xxiv. 15, 28.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 26.

You oft may find, 'tis very plain,
The SPEAR among the heaps of slain.
Nor yet does it require much food;
Although 'tis said to thirst for blood.
Divide with me, the head don't spare.
When s is gone, I've got a PEAR.
Transpose, and lo! the angel's feat,
For John in Patmos saw him REAP.
Cut off the head again, and see
If shaking you don't find a PEAR.
Then take your pen, give one more shake—
You'll quickly find you've got an APE.
As first it stands out on the E;
'Tis useful then on every sea.
And, glist'ning like a wintry star,
In natural caves you'll find the SPAR.
Transpose, and get the workman's RASP.
Take off the R; but shun the ASP.
Then take the s and p from spear,
And make yourself another EAR.
And if you wish to find the name
In scripture, I can show the same.
Though oft repeated, once will do,—
If you have read first Samuel through;
In chapter twenty-sixth, 'tis said
That David, when from Saul had fled,
Though urged to end, by death, the strife,
Took off his SPEAR; but spared his life.
S. J. B. W.

Horton Academy, April 17th, 1863.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 27.

In the historian's page my name is recorded,
And the palm of victory to me is awarded,
I am sung by the poet, accursed by the knave,
Superlative gladness I gave to the slave.
I roam o'er the earth, despense blessings untold,
I also cause sorrow to hearts young and old.
My abode is on earth, yet I often arise,
From these lower regions, and dwell in the skies.
I once was so changed in my nature and look,
That my friends who had loved me before, now
forsook.
And left me, but not without sad lamentation.
To see me subjected to such transmutation—
But, being restored to my former estate,
My old friends embraced me as warm as of late.
It is said, too, that once I deceived a great army,
By showing false colors, while they look'd upon
me
Were led into ambush; and so put to slaughter
When one his own son a burnt offering did offer.
At one time I proved to be very obnoxious
To friends who had loved me, and soon they
grew anxious.
So with a strong rod was our friendship restored
At the ready suggestion of Israel's Lord.
Again I was metamorphosed to the letter,
My friends, much astonished, but loved me the
better
My power to give pleasure was greatly aug-
mented
For this transmutation, no person lamented.
Once I was lost which caused consternation,
Among my friends, now in dreadful privation,
Being found in a manner surprisingly strange,
I was taken up by them, and kept within range.
Again it is said I relieved a great army,
Who sorely perplexed were in great distress for
me,
At my appearance their fears quickly vanished,
They rushed to the strife, and their foes were
soon banished.
But the strangest of all the things of my history
Is of those who behold in me so much mystery,
That my feeblest touch by priestly direction,
They say, makes men heirs of the first resurrec-
tion.
Yarmouth.

DALETH.

We learn that the youthful portion of our readers were much pleased with the beautiful story in the Messenger a few weeks ago—"A Mother's last words." We have consequently procured another poem by the same author, which we think will be found equally interesting. It is faithful picture of a portion of London life.

Our Father's Care.

BY MRS. SEWELL.

'Tis five by the clock on a wintry morn,
And dark in the east lines the lingering dawn;
The populous city is slumbering still,
And silent the whirl and the tramp of the mill;
The shuddering, wrestling, struggle of life,
The pitiless crush, and the perilous strife,
Have paused for a moment—with daylight, the
strain
Of London's great city, will go on again.

The old parish clock had just finished its stroke,
When suddenly starting, poor Nelly* awoke:
So young and so little, so slender and spare,
What work can she do in this city of care!
She wakes up to poverty, hardship, and pain,—
Poor child! nestle down there, and slumber
again.

But no—she is rising—there wants nothing
more,
To rouse her from that humble bed on the floor:
She catches tight hold of a rickety chair,
And stands for a moment unconsciously there;
And then, as her little limbs shiver and shake,
The light of her spirit begins to awake.

The gas lamp that burns in the alley below,
Just gives light enough in the chamber to show
Her poor mother, quietly laid on her bed,—
So quiet, that Nelly thinks—Is mother dead?
And creeps near to listen—"Oh! no, she's at
rest,

And there's pretty baby, asleep on her breast;
And I will not wake her—poor mother! oh! no,
She says, I am now all her comfort below;
And we should soon perish of hunger, she said,
If I was not able to work for the bread.
The Hospital Doctor was sure yesterday,
That father would still have a long while to stay,
And then, must not take to his work as before;
And poor father said, he should do it no more,
And then he cried sadly, and 'Nelly,' said he,
'You'll all be starved, darling, as sure as can be,
' says I, 'Father, cheer up, and don't be afraid,
For you may depend on your own little maid;
So now, I'll be going to Farringdon Street,
That we may have fire, and something to eat.'

She takes up her clothes, that had lain on the bed
No blanket had Nelly, they served her instead;
She puts them as decently on as she may,
But many a fastening had broken away;
And many a rent, often mended with pain,
Through age and long service, had worn-out
again;

'Twere doubtful if one scanty garment could
claim,
In form or in fashion, the right to a name.
To fasten them close, they were folded and
pinned,

To keep them from blowing about in the wind;
And over the whole was a red woollen shawl,
And mother's black bonnet surmounted it all.
The poor little figure looked offish and wild,
With nought but the size, that bespoke it a child,
And quaint with her speeches, and womanly wise;
While courage and cheerfulness lit up her eyes.

"Ah! Nelly, my blessing,"—the sick woman
said,

"And are you now ready, my good little maid?
The happiness lay there, at the end of the shelf,
And mind, love, and don't over-weary yourself,
But get to the market before it is late,
And don't let the loiterers tempt you to wait.
Use plenty of water to wash the cress sweet,
And tie all the bunches up, pretty and neat;
And speak the truth, Nelly, whatever you do,
And don't touch a thing, not belonging to you;
Remember that God keeps you always in sight,
And sees through the dark, just as well as the
light.

And come back as soon as you can in the day,
'Tis lonely up here, child, when you are away;
And I shall be glad of a hot cup of tea,
And nice little fire, to warm baby and me—
So run off with my blessing, and don't be afraid,
For God will take care of my good little maid."

"Good-bye," said the child, "I shall run all the
way,
And buy the first cress in the market to-day."

She takes the cress-basket up under her arm,
No longer awakens, or feels an alarm;
Or if they should notice a step on the stair,
Or cold-creeping in from the hill morning air,
'Tis but the poor water-cress girl, they will say,
Who goes to the market before break of day;
And turn round to sleep with a sigh of regret,
Not selfish or careless, but glad to forget.
And so she goes forth in the dark and the cold,
A brave little girl of but eight years old,
Through street and through alley, both narrow
and wide,

Without a companion, a light or a guide,
With shivering limbs, and her pattering feet,
She's running along in the desolate street.

Oh! bitterly cold did the piercing wind blow,
And bore on its wild wing the sleet and the snow,
Round eddying corners and shadowy ways,
Dim lit by the distant lamp's flickering blaze.

*The age, occupation, and early maturity of Lit-
tle Nelly are sketched from life.

No smiling face looked from those windows so
high,
To cheer the brave child—who was hurrying by;
The windows were curtained—the shadows were
deep,

For still the great city was buried in sleep.
But rapidly onward, her little feet go,
Through street and through alley, by market
and row;

She knows all the turns, and the readiest beat,
That brings her the soonest to Farringdon St.
She's past the Exchange, and the Bank, and
Cheapside,

To where St. Paul's rises in towering pride;
Nor heeds she the deep frowning shadow that
falls,

Nor whispering echoes that talk by St. Paul's;
She's used to the echo, she's used to the shade,
There's nothing in them to make Nelly afraid,—

But at the great prison, she quickens her pace,
She once saw a gibbet set up in that place;
—She knows a bad boy in confinement there now,
Who once lived beside them in Whitechapel
Row.

She saw him herself on the very same day,
When two strong policemen had dragged him
away;

She saw how he struggled, how white his face
grew,

When told of the place they were taking him to;
She wonders whenever he'll get out again,
And if he is fettered, and cries with the pain;
She listens a moment—there is not a sound,
Except the wild wind, that is whistling round,—
Is that Billy screaming? What sounded so
shrill?

She's off like a dart to the foot of the Hill.

[none,
None speak to poor Nelly, and she speaks to
Through all the great City, she's passing alone.
The morning patrol, on his earliest beat,
Sees fluttering garments and hurrying feet;
And lets her pass by with a half-dreamy eye,
Nor asks her a question, nor seeks a reply.

And what are the thoughts that are filling her
mind,

As street after street she is leaving behind?
Thinks she of a dolly, a book, or a ball?—
She never had played with a dolly at all:
Thinks she of a game, when the school hours
are done— [fun?

Of school-fellows romping, and laughing, and
She never had been in a school-room to learn:
Poor Nelly has long had a living to earn—
She's thinking perhaps 'tis a hardship for her
To get up so early, and travel so far;
Whilst other girls always have plenty of food,
No—trifles like these are not filling her mind,
As street after street she is leaving behind—
She's thinking about the poor baby that's come,
And mother so weak, and so helpless at home;
And says, with a shake of her little rough head,
"But I'm the woman that works for their bread."

Good, brave, little girl, with your old tattered
shoe,
And toes on the cold pavement, frozen and blue;
Despite your poor dress, and that careful young
face,
You're worthy to rank with the noblest race!

The Farringdon market is open at five,
To sell to a hovering, shivering hive
Of destitute children and indigent poor,
The fresh water-cresses, they cry at the door.
The bright flaring lamp in the cress-market
shows,

Their thin eager faces, and old tattered clothes.
Ah! look at them now, as they handle the green,
Was 'ere such a pitiful company seen?
With only one thought,—how to earn for the
day,

Enough to keep cold and starvation away.
But see—pushing thro' the confusion and din,
That mite of a child is now hurrying in:
She elbows her way on to look at the cress,
And chooses her lot, be it many or less.
She stops not to question what others may do,
If they purchase many, or only a few.
She carefully reckons her number of pence,
And that is the measure for Nelly's expence.

There's none to advise her; there's no one to feel,
'Tis each for himself, and 'tis all for a meal.
She pays for her bundle, and hurries along,
And pushes her way through the jostling throng;
Then squats on her heels in the slippery street,
To pick the cress over, and tie it up neat.
Then off to the pump she courageously goes,
Ah, me! for those poor little half-frozen toes;
The cold water streams on her fingers and feet,
And splashes below, on the stones of the street,
A sob and a shudder, that nobody heard,
A quiver of anguish, but never a word.
She dashes away a poor trickling tear,
'Tis childish to cry, although nobody's near;
And now they are pretty, and all of them look
As if but this moment they came from the brook."

She slings on her basket, the washing is done,
She stamps on the pavement, to make the blood
run,

Then raises her voice in the dim London street,
So plaintively trilling, so simple and sweet,
That angels might listen, and cherubim weep,
Whilst half the great city lies buried in sleep.
And now for long hours she's wandering on,
Repeating,—repeating the very same song,
'Fresh water-cress-e-s! sweet water-cress-e-s!'
Oh! ye, who have plenty, look out and behold,
This brave little girl of but eight years old!

And Nelly's poor mother is sick and alone,
No neighbour to visit her; no, she had none.
She could not rise up from her comfortless bed,
But this was the prayer she constantly said,
"Lord give us this day our daily bread!"

"We have not a friend in the world but Thee,
And we are as poor, as the poor can be,
Oh! Father in heaven, take pity on me!"

"I have not a warrant, or merit, or claim,
Except that I come in my Saviour's name,
And I have Thy promise to hear the same.

"I bring unto Thee my trouble and care,
A burden too heavy for me to bear;
I bring it to Thee, and do not despair.

"Look down in Thy mercy, and feed us to-day,
Thou knowest our need, and Thou knowest the
way;
Thou knowest that I can do nothing but pray.

"Oh! give to my poor little Nelly success,
That she may find custom to-day for her cress;
I do not ask more, and I cannot ask less.

"And guard my poor lamb in these wilderness
ways,

And bring her to Christ in her earliest days;
For ever, my Father, to live to Thy praise.

"Thy hand has supported me many a year;
Through sorrow and trouble, through danger
and fear,
I've known that my Heavenly Father was near.

"I've known my dear Saviour was pleading for
me,
A poor worthless sinner accepted by Thee;
Accepted in Him who was nailed to the tree.

"Now Father, I wait for Thy mercy to move;
I watch for the sign of Thy pitying love,
And all my dependance is settled above."

And thus she prayed on in her desolate home,
And counted the hours till Nelly should come.

A gentleman sat in his low window seat,
And often looked out in the dim, foggy street,
And then looked within at his bright-blazing
fire,

And round on his room, and its costly attire;
At well-cushioned sofa, and soft easy-chair,
At beautiful pictures, and ornaments fair;
And then his eye fell on his plentiful board,
With many a luxury carefully stored;
Then turned to the Bible that lay on his knee—
"And these precious promises too are for me;
I rest in the love of my Saviour and Friend,
Which time will not alter, and death cannot end.
Oh! what can I render, my Father, to Thee,
For all Thy unmerited mercies to me?"

The gentleman thought of his silver and gold,
And then of the destitute, hungry and cold;
He thought of the friendless, surrounded by sin,
Temptation without, and temptation within;
And then of the aged, deprived of their stay,
Alone and neglected to wear life away;
Of widows and orphans, unpitied, unaid,
In sin, or in suffering earning their bread.
He thought of the thousands whom poverty's
frown,

With heart-aching sorrow was lowering down.
He thought, till the colour rushed into his face,
And he walked to and fro with a resolute pace.
"Poor creatures!" he murmured, "and shall I
sit here,

And waste on myself all this bountiful cheer?
Was this, my dear Saviour, Thy love unto me?
And this the return that I make unto Thee?
Shall Thy needy children, in sorrow and pain,
Be looking for succour, and looking in vain?"
He walked once again to the low window seat,
And earnestly gazed in the dull, foggy street;
When sweetly and clearly there fell on his ear,
The cry of a water-cress girl, drawing near.
"Fresh water-cress-e-s! sweet water-cress-e-s!
Four bunches a penny, sweet water-cress-e-s!"
How often he'd carelessly noticed that cry
Draw near to his dwelling, and then pass it by!
But now, as he listened, the words seemed to
bear
A message for him as they rose on the air.

And still little Nell kept singing her song,
And thought to herself, as she trotted along—
"They're nearly all sold, I have only a few,
And I shall sell them in a minute or two."
Then smiling, she nodded her little rough head—
"It folks only work, they'll be sure to have bread,
Because the kind Father who lives in the skies,
Can see us down here, with His wonderful eyes;
And He can see father, and mother, and me,
And knows all our troubles as sure as can be;
And He has made victuals for every one,
And we must go tell Him if we have got none.
I told Him that mother was hungry and sick,
And begged He would send me some customers
quick,
And then in a minute they came for my cress.
All wanted a penn'orth and none wanted less;
And soon I'll be having some buyers for these—
Four bunches a penny, sweet water-cress-e-s!"
Again up on high she carolled her cry,
"Come buy my sweet cresses, my sweet cresses
buy!"

The gentleman stood by the low window seat,
And saw the poor child in the dull, foggy street:
"Oh! Saviour," he said, "and this infant may
be

A lamb of the fold, who is looking to Thee;"
And hastily tapped with his hand on the pane,
As Nelly was turning the end of a lane.

"All right," thought the child, as she nodded
her head,
"Sure I am the woman that earns mother's
bread."

The gentleman came down himself to the door.
A handful of bread from his table he bore.
He looked at the poor little shivering thing,
And marvelled that she had the courage to sing.
"Here's bread, my poor child, for your break-
fast," he said;
"And will you kind Sir, take some cresses in-
stead?"