

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 20th, 1864.

Read—LUKE x. 25-42: The good Samaritan. 1 SAMUEL xxv. 1-17: Samuel's death. David's doings.

Recite—PSALM xix. 7-10.

Sunday, November 27th, 1864.

Read—LUKE xi. 1-13: Prayer. 1 SAMUEL xxv. 18-31: Abigail's entreaty with David.

Recite—HABAKUK ii. 18-20.

BUSTER AND BABY JIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE FLAG," ETC.

"With God all things are possible."

CHAPTER IX. THE CONFESSION.

Buster's sorrowful, anxious thoughts did not prevent him from having a sound, refreshing sleep. The glimmer of early dawn recalled him to himself, and to the anticipation of the painful duty before him.

"What, up already?" said Mr. Jillard, as he heard a stirring in Buster's room as he passed. "That's a good sign. When you are dressed, come down stairs, my lad, and we'll have prayers at once."

In the large clean kitchen Mr. and Mrs. Jillard were sitting when Buster made his appearance. They were side by side, and together looking over the pages of a great Bible, as if to decide where to begin in their morning reading.

"No, sir, not all through; but I know the place where it tells a fellow to speak the truth, and that's what I want to do, right straight, no matter what becomes of me."

"Speak out, and never fear," said the kind host. "This is your home, and the very place to tell what's troubled you."

Mr. Jillard spoke warmly, but there was a sad misgiving at his heart that he was going to hear something that would give him a disagreeable surprise.

We will not follow Buster through his short, painful story. He did not hide the fact that though he did not steal the purse, he had been familiar with deeds of the kind, and merely chanced that time not to be the real culprit.

Buster stopped. "Poor boy!" exclaimed honest Mrs. Jillard. "My heart ached for you when I turned my back on you, for I saw they were not going to let you off. It feels tenderer still to you now. Go away from here! Indeed you sha'n't. You shall stay, and be an honest western farmer. It was just thinking of those little fellows I saw when I was in the city that made me tell Hicks. When that lot of boys comes through here you must take one, and we'll do by him as if he were our own, and God will add his blessing. That was what I said, was n't it, Hicks? We'll stand by it, wont we?"

Hicks Jillard had been perfectly silent while all this was going on, but now it was his turn to speak, and he stood up to give his words their full force. "I had a good mother, a real pious, smart woman. She set me right when I first put my two feet on the floor, and told me what was what and which way to walk. She told me to be good, and made my pray at her knee before even I knew what the good words meant. I had the best kind of a bringing up; but the Lord have mercy upon me! Where would I be, if, at the judgment-day, the wickedness of my boyhood was to stand against me? Many a wrong thing I did which it cuts me to think of now, I who had the right way just chalked out for me, and nothing to do but let her that loved me lead me along in it. It little becomes me to be hard on you, my poor boy. God bless them that took you in and made you with His help what you are. May be we be just a father and mother to you. That's all I have to say. Your name I told you was Paul Jillard. I believe you'll do credit to it yet; and if you should n't, I'll never be sorry I gave you my right hand and called you my son. Here, let me hear if you can say 'father,' and 'mother' too. A'n't she a woman any boy might be proud to call mother?"

Poor Buster almost shrank away as he said "I a'n't fit. You are too good to me." "We a'n't any of us fit. We all have what's too good for us. We ought all to be on our knees thanking God for the least of His mercies

to us, and asking him to help us do our duty to one another. Let us pray."

That was a real prayer, a true, faithful speaking to God on the part of every member of the kneeling group. When Buster rose, it was as if a great load had been rot'ed from his soul.

When he went off to his work that morning, Mrs. Jillard called out cheerily, "Good-by, my son; look out for your father, and do n't let him drink out of that cool spring when he's overheated."

"Aye aye, mother," was Buster's reply. "Mother! What a thrilling, lingering, soothing echo that word called up in the heart of this once wandering orphan-boy."

CHAPTER X. LETTERS.

Buster had been three months at the farm when Mr. Jillard called him to his side one evening, and said, "I got a letter when I was up in town yesterday. May be you'd like to have me read it to you. It is from the gentleman who brought you boys out here. So sit down there and listen."

Hicks Jillard had not wasted his time at school, and he was not ashamed to read before any body; indeed, it was rather a pleasure to him, he thought he did the thing so well. In a clear voice he began:

"MR. JILLARD: Dear Sir—You may perhaps remember the ten dollars you gave me to use for purposes connected with our society."

"I wish it had been twenty," interposed the reader. "I want to tell you how it has lately been appropriated. A few weeks ago, one of our citizens was awakened at night by some one entering his open window, which was at the back of the house. He drew a pistol from under his pillow, and shot at once at the spot from whence the noise proceeded. There was a sound of something falling into the little yard below. The gentleman sprang up, summoned the police from the front window, and then hastily dressing himself, went to the yard. There he found the apparently lifeless figure of a little boy, who had been employed by older villains to climb the light grape-trellis under the window, that he might either steal for them, or give them an entrance into the house. The guilty rascals ran off, leaving the poor little fellow to his fate; one of them, however, was afterwards taken, and through him the police are on the scent of the whole gang. The boy was badly injured. His right arm had to be amputated, as inflammation set in when he was wounded; and in addition his whole frame was so jarred and bruised by the fall, that he will be a sad cripple for life. He does not sit up at all yet. We have him at the asylum, and are doing all we can to bring about a cure of mind and body. Your kind donation has been applied to his benefit, and I am sure you will feel a special interest in him and give him the help of your prayers. We do not know his name. When asked to tell it, he said he never had any; folks called him just what they liked, and changed it pretty often too. I am glad to hear that Buster is doing so well. We never sent out a boy in whom we had more confidence. Tell him his last letter was read to all the boys and they were greatly interested in it. He must let us know from time to time how he is getting on. Yours very truly,

Mr. Jillard had had a very attentive listener, and when he closed, Buster burst forth, "Oh, Mr. Jillard, if that should be Baby Jim! That was what they were getting him ready for; I knew it very well, though they never said it in words. Wont you write and ask just how he looks? I sha'n't rest till I know certainly about it."

The very day after the arrival of Mr. Jillard's letter, Buster himself had one from the friend who understood better than any one else his deep anxiety for his brother. It was as follows:

"Dear Buster—I believe we have found him. I have been on the watch for him ever since we parted. I think we have Baby Jim with us, though he will not own to the name. He was badly wounded, as you heard through the letter to Mr. Jillard, and if he ever recovers he will be without his right arm, and crippled otherwise. I wish I could tell you something hopeful about his mind. He seems hardened and indifferent, and all the kindness we have shown does not appear to have moved him at all. Do n't be discouraged, my boy, God has so far answered your prayers; persevere, and he may yet give them a perfect fulfilment. You will wonder why I am sure that it is Baby Jim. He corresponds to your description, and when I first called 'Baby Jim' in his presence, he started and was much confused. The poor child seems constantly fearing detection, and afraid to speak out frankly. I told him we once had a boy here named Buster, whom we all loved. You should have seen his eyes open and glisten, when I spoke of you. Ye the was perfectly silent, and has never asked me a question about you. Perhaps it would be well for you to write to him."

Buster did not need to have it twice suggested to him that he should write to his long lost brother. Again and again he wrote, but received no word from Baby Jim.

Buster heard that he listened in silence while his brother's letters were read to him, keeping his face covered with his only hand so that no one could see the working of his poor pale features, but never offered to send even a message in return. This was a hard time for Buster. He longed to go at once to see Baby Jim, and strive to bring up in his eyes that pleasant old look of other days. He knew the thing was impossible, and did not dare to speak out the yearning that was daily increasing, until it was almost uncontrollable.

"Our Buster is worth two common boys."

said Mr. Jillard one day, while talking with a neighbor. "I never saw the lad like him for work; so steady too."

This praise, spoken in his hearing, was very welcome to Buster; it had for him a double value. That evening he said to Mr. Jillard, "Do you really think I am a good worker?" "Indeed I do," was the hearty reply.

"May-be I could do the work of two boys, if I were to try. I'd be willing. I'd get up early and keep on after night. If I could do for him and me, and had a place where I could keep him and see him sometimes. The lot in the barn Baby Jim would think plenty good. If we could only get him here," said Mr. Jillard.

"My Mrs. Jillard would n't rest with a poor cripple sleeping in her barn, while she was on the leather-bad her mother gave her when she was married. Be industrious, my boy, and there's no knowing what you may be able to do when you are a man. We'll see; we'll see."

"When you are a man!" That seemed a dreary distant time to Buster. Who could understand the impatient yearning of his impulsive young spirit?

A princely Abstainer.

Xenophon relates an interesting circumstance, relative to the young Prince Cyrus, which occurred during a visit which the latter made when a boy to his maternal grandfather, Astyages. Cyrus was asked by his grandfather why he did not take the wine which was offered to him.

"Because, truly," replied the youth, "I was afraid there had been poison mixed with the cup; for when you feasted your friends upon your birthday, I plainly found the Sacwan (slave) had poured you all out poison."

"What!" exclaimed Astyages; "what mean you, child?"

"I mean," replied Cyrus, "that I saw you all disordered in body and mind. First, what you did not allow us boys to do, that you did yourselves; for you all bawled together, and could hear nothing of each other; then you fell to singing very ridiculously, and without attending to the singer, you swore he sang admirably; then every one began to tell stories of his own strength; you rose, too, and fell to dancing, but, without all rule and measure, for you could not so much as keep yourself upright. In short, sire, you all entirely forgot yourselves—you that you were king, and they that you were their governor. You might indeed, have been celebrating a festival where all were allowed equal liberty. This it is which makes me think that the cup must contain poison; for what but poison could have produced so great a change? Sire, I will have none of it."

A non-sectarian.

Rev. Alfred Taylor tells this story of a little boy whose case is like that of many others who are lured to churches and Sunday schools by the vision of picnics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday school, Jimmy?" the little fellow replied,

"Why, marm, I go to the Baptisses, and the Methodisses, and the Presbyteriums, but I've been a trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to jine them too, now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gets berries, and hymn books, and all that; and when they have picnics, I goes to every one of 'em."

A hard Text improved.

I heard a preacher take for his text, "Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do this unto thee?" I wondered what he would make thereof, fearing he would starve his auditors for want of matter. But hence he observed:

1. The silliest and simplest being wronged, may justly speak in its own defence.

2. Worst men have a good title to their own goods. Balaam a sorcerer; yet the ass confessed twice that he was his.

3. They who have done many good offices and fail in one, are often not only unrewarded for former service, but punished for that one offense.

4. When the creatures, formerly officious to serve us, start from their wonted obedience (as the earth to become barren and the air pestilential), man ought reflect on his own sin as the sole cause thereof.

How fruitful are the seeming barren places of Scripture! Bad plowmen, who make balks of such ground! Wheresoever the surface of God's Word doth not laugh and sing with corn, there the heart thereof within is merry with wines, affording, where not plain matter, hidden mysteries.—Thomas Fuller.

A CAT HINT.—When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it around her neck and make her wear it for a few days. Fasten it securely, for she will make desperate efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time and the cat is cured; she will never again desire to touch a bird. This is what we do with our own cats and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experiment they and their pets are secure from danger henceforth.

RATS.—If you are troubled with rats, set an earthen jar, as are used sometimes for "putting down" butter, with a small quantity of honey therein, enough to cover the bottom of the vessel. If placed where rats abound you will soon find the jar one of the best rat-catchers yet invented. Try it; it is worth the experiment. One of my neighbors successfully finished the mischievous tendencies of a round dozen of the vermin above named in two or three nights.

Scientific.

Messages from the Moon.

Of all the heavenly bodies the moon is the nearest to us and the easiest to observe. It is especially interesting as the boundary between astronomy and meteorology; every thing above the moon is in the celestial heavens, and consequently belongs to the former science; every thing below the moon is the terrestrial sky, in the atmosphere, and, therefore, lies within the domain of the latter. The connection between the moon and the earth is closer than is often suspected. If a line be drawn from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon, there lies in it a point (much nearer to the moon than to us) where the moon's and the earth's attraction on any material object are exactly equal. If the object be removed a little towards us, it will fall upon the earth a little the other way, it will be drawn towards the moon. Arago has calculated the force necessary to shoot a body from the moon to reach this intermediate point of equilibrium, and finds it by no means an impossible or unattainable force. Consequently, it is not improbable that many (though perhaps not all) of the meteoric stones that fall are sent hither from the moon. It would be very possible for an inhabitant of the moon, supposing such an inhabitant to exist, to keep up a daily communication with the earth by means of projectiles. For us to reply to the correspondences would be immensely more difficult.—All the Year Round.

LONGEVITY GEOGRAPHICALLY CONSIDERED.—Some interesting statistics as to geographical distribution of health and disease have been published. According to these the chances of longevity are greatly in favor of the more northerly latitudes. Near the top of the scale are Norway, Sweden, and parts of England. Of cities, Vienna stands the lowest, and the highest is London. A cool or cold climate near the sea is the most favorable for longevity. While formerly, one out of every thirty of the population of England, France and Germany, died in each year, now the average is one in forty-five. The chances of life in England have nearly doubled within eighty years.

ANOTHER ORDINANCE INVENTION.—Hitherto, as all the world knows, the plan has been to load the gun where it is fired, and for this purpose it has been found necessary for naval constructors, such as Ericsson and Captain Cole, to construct immense cupolas on the decks of their iron monitors for the purpose of protecting the guns and the men who work them. A new genius who has entered the field proposes to do away with all this; and his scheme appears feasible and likely. His system, which may be called "fighting made easy," consists in having the guns mounted in pairs upon moveable platforms, which will work alternately between the deck and the interior of the vessel in such a way as that when the one is descending the other will ascend, almost like the opposing scales in a balance. The gun would then be loaded, not upon deck but deep in the cavities of the interior of the ship, where it and all connected with it would be protected by the thickest of iron plates from the shot of the enemy. As soon as the piece was ready, it would be hoisted by hydraulic pressure into the upper air, with the necessary complement of hands standing upon the platform beside it, and as it had delivered its shot, would again descend into the recesses of the vessel, like a duck diving under water to escape the aim of its fowler.—Shields Gazette.

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.—M. Mary has introduced into London a system which some time since caused much interest in Germany, for teaching dumb persons to speak. To the majority of the community this may appear a startling, nay, an absurd proposition, but it is one nevertheless which we believe will stand the test of proof. Having obtained a perfect aptitude for the finger alphabet, the pupils are gradually trained in the system adopted by Mr. Mary, which is carried on without mere signs, the basis of the system being what is termed artificial lip pronunciation. We were invited some few days since to M. Mary's residence in Bulstrode-street, where we met two pupils, one a little French girl, of only eight years of age, who spoke several sentences in French, of which we understood nearly every word, and replied to questions addressed to her by M. Mary merely from watching the action of the mouth. Whenever M. Mary pointed to any article of furniture, &c., in the room, she immediately gave the word by which it was known. A young man, another pupil, who had been for some six years in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and who of course was perfectly au fait at writing answers to questions put to him, had only received fourteen or fifteen lessons, was able to articulate many words, and to understand what was said to him by watching the movement of the mouth of his preceptor; but having received so few lessons it could not be expected that he should have made much progress.—Standard.