

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 3rd, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXVIII. 1-15: The treatment of Paul and his companions. I SAMUEL IX. 1-17: Saul directed to Samuel.

Recite—ISAIAH XI. 29-31.

Sunday, April 10th, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXVIII. 16-31: Paul's interview with the Jews at Rome. I SAMUEL VIII: Samuel communes with Saul.

Recite—PSALM CXXV. 1-3.

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word;
As thistle down it seemed as light;
It paused a moment on the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer;
It galled and weighed, as on it sped—
That careless word, in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain;
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a wildly tortured brain.

And then another page of life
With burning, scalding tears was blurred;
A load of care was heavier made—
Its added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, oh! how it scorched
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire, that searched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountain stirred;
It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

—Pine and Palm.

WHEN DOES EDUCATION BEGIN!

When is character formed? Is it not during the first third of human life? How is it formed? Is it not by education? This education begins with the life of childhood. Parents are its first educators. "We must begin the education of our child early," said a gentleman to his wife, when their first born was three or four months old. "Its education is already begun," replied the mother; "it commenced with the first day of its being. During the first three nights of its life a light was kept burning in my chamber. On the fourth it was extinguished, and the child became restless and clamorous for the light." The quick eye of the mother saw that her child noticed, willed, cried to accomplish its desire. The refusal of that mother to relight her lamp began the training of that child's will and the formation of its character. Thus from the first is character formed chiefly by the parent. In due time the teacher also becomes its educator, and plies his formative task with good or ill effect, until the bent of the new grown-up child-life is fixed, and his character determined.

TALK WITH THE OLD LOOKING-GLASS, A Fable.

Many years ago I occupied a small chamber in a humble wood-colored house. The head of the family was an old clergyman, whose tall, fine form, and soft white hair, and venerable face made one silent as he looked upon the good old man. Every article of furniture seemed to have come down from former generations. Everything was very neat, but nothing was fresh and new. In my little room in the midst of antique furniture, hung a very ancient looking-glass. Its frame was carved curiously, and you had but to look at it to feel that it had lived many generations. What would I not give could I now own it?

At the twilight I was sitting alone in my room when the beams of the moon came in through the east window and fell upon my glass. I was in a dreamy kind of state, and looking into the new bright face of my old friend, I said aloud, "I wish, old glass, you could speak, and tell me your history!"

"Very willing sir," said a soft voice, which I knew must come from the glass. "Very willingly, sir. Where shall I begin?"

"Begin! why I want your history, or as men say, your biography."

"Very well, sir, I'll try, though I am in the habit of revealing others characters and not my own. I can't exactly say where I was born, though I am told they made me out of sand, and then dug quicksilver out of the mountains, and applied it to my back as a kind of sticking-plaster, to make me reflect. The first time I remember anything, I was hung up in a shop with a string around my neck, in the midst of a great many more like me. This was a very long time ago. If I was not choked by the string it was not because I did not bear my whole weight on it. One day there came in a lady who seemed to be full of airs, and having examined all my

sisters, selected me and carried me off. I soon found that she was an actress, and that my duty was to make her satisfied with herself. When she came in as a queen, dressed for some play, all spangles and gold, and a crown on her head made of gold leaf and velvet, now she would straighten up and seem tall on her high-heeled shoes, and now she would turn and twist, and look and peer into my face, and at last smiled upon me—then it was easy to please her. But when, the next day, she came with lustreless eyes, and a haggard face, and worn-out look, she was out of patience with me, and would only glance at me, as if I were to blame; when I always tried to put the best face on everything. She had some grievous failings, which I had to witness, but I never spoke of them."

"Did you never speak to her about them?"
"O, no sir, I was not given to speaking, though I was to reflection. I reflected on them. But I could not make her see them, because my business was with the outside of people. I could show them specks and flaws on the outside, but could never get to the bottom of things. It was my duty to make people satisfied with them selves, and not, like you ministers, going into them and bringing out things that even a looking-glass would abhor!"

"Did you flatter people?"
"Why, as to that, it was my business to make people like themselves, and if you push me hard sir, I must own that I have in multitudes of instances seen people stand before me a long, long while, and then say, 'this is a very good glass.' This might be called flattery, perhaps, among men, but we looking-glasses think it a great virtue if we can make people happy. But my poor mistress wore out in less than two years, and then I was put up with her finery and actually sold at auction. So I went from one hand to another, sometimes hung up in the best chambers, sometimes in the attics, sometimes gazed on by lovely children and beautiful ladies, and sometimes, by the coarse eyes of a drunkard. I have lived with nobles, and then with ordinary people, till at length a lady brought me over into this country. I believe she gave me to one of the ancestors of this family. At any rate, I have lived in it ever since. I beg you to remember, sir, that if I ever flatter it is not my intention. I only try to make the best of everybody. But I am growing old, and you are young. Will you allow me to give you a few hints?"

"Certainly. I shall be delighted to have you."

"I am not sure of that! But,

"1. If you want to do people good you must keep them good-natured.

"2. You can see and hear and learn a great deal when silent yourself.

"3. All human beings are very much alike. Good night, sir."

The old glass became silent, and I never heard it speak since. But these maxims have been of great use to me ever since, as they may be to every one of my readers.

THE FATAL TREASURE.

It is related that once the city of Pleurs stood in a quiet valley of the Alps, beneath the shadow of the snow-crowned summits, a pleasant and prosperous town. Above it hung the avalanche, threatening destruction. One night a wakeful man heard the ominous sound breaking on the still air which heralds the descending mass of ice. Starting from his repose, he awoke his daughter, and with her hastened towards the city-gate. There she recollected that her casket of jewelry had been left in the house, and turned back to secure the treasure. In another moment, the overwhelming deluge of the avalanche fell with the noise of thunder between father and daughter; burying the city beneath it. When the morning dawned, the spires of the churches alone rose above the cold, white grave of the just before busy town. The maid perished with her idol, while he who sought to save her escaped.

We are reminded often, in a revival of religion of this story. Not only does the charmed victim of worldly pleasure, with whom the eternal Father is striving, grasp a toy, and seal the doom of the soul, but the unseen line of destiny runs between the abandoned sinner and the weeping friend, who, like the angels when Lot was led from Sodom, had almost rescued, under God, the reluctant trifer with mercy.

"How far may we go on in sin?"

"How long will God forbear?"

"Where does hope end, and where begin

The confines of despair?"

"An answer from the skies is sent:

"Ye that from God depart,

While it is called to-day repent,

And harden not your heart."

HYPOCHITES & UNBELIEVERS.

Men often affect to justify their opposition to the claims of the Gospel by asserting that so many professed Christians are hypocrites—they, for their part, want nothing to do with them.

Hypocrisy is an odious sin, hateful to God and men. No one is to be blamed for wishing to keep as clear of such villainess as possible. But those who make this a reason for persisting in impenitence ought to remember that by continuing in that course they are certain to be associated forever with the persons they so much dislike. Hypocrites and unbelievers have the same portion. So our Lord has impressively taught us. Unbelief is avowed by the one and is dissembled by the other, but in both it is sin, and will be so adjudged and punished by Him who has said, "He that believeth not

shall be damned." Of the unfaithful servant it is said, in one of our Lord's discourses, that he shall have his portion "with the unbelievers;" and in another discourse that his portion shall be "with the hypocrites." The two classes of sinners have the same eternal doom. Whoever, then, hates hypocrites, and would keep himself from association with them, let him see to it that by God's grace he becomes himself a sincere and genue Christian.

TO THE AGED.

Suffer one who has passed his "threescore years and ten," to say a word! And verily the year and leaf of Autumn appears.

"Days of our youth, ye are passed away!
Hairs of our youth, ye are frosted and grey!
Joys of our youth, how have ye fled?
Friends of our youth, ye are silent and dead."

May heaven avert us from what Shakespeare dreaded!

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in the stead
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,"

Why should we be disheartened? Since the voice of Inspiration declares "the day of man's death is better than the day of his birth." The beauty of old men is the grey head. And "the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." An aged gentleman is a favorite in every virtuous circle, provided he is easy and unaffected in his manners, tidy in his apparel, of a cheerful benignant countenance, having a fund of anecdotes and sage sayings; who can appreciate progress, and is delighted with the thought that the present is an improvement upon the past. It is the croaking, morose, fault-finding old man, ever declaiming that nothing interesting or important has taken place on earth since the days of his youth, that is despised and deserted. Who will not say that the grand-parent was as much in fault as were the children, who upon inquiry whether grandpa was going to heaven, were answered in the affirmative by their mother, and said, "then they did not want to go there." For he never spoke a kind word to them, but always with an angry countenance, and with cross upbraiding words, would drive them from his presence.

It becomes us to be ready to exchange worlds! "While our memory is good and our mind sane," we shall do well to make our will. And in our bequest to remember the cause of Christ; for to Him we owe our being, and well-being, our hope of eternal life. If no treasure in heaven, poor indeed we shall eternally be. Does it not become us to lay up in store a good foundation against the time to come? This will not be done if we neglect Christ's poor. Let us study as never we yet have done, Matt., 26th, 31st verse, to the close. And remember the poor widow in our bequests, who is obliged to consume the midnight oil, to keep her orphaned children from the almshouse; and not bestow the whole, as is the case too frequently, upon legatees sufficiently well off, or who would spend the amount in revelry and dissipation. Happy the man whose sins are pardoned, whose heart is renovated, and standing upon Time's last point, enjoys that purity which insures a sight of God! He sweetly sleeps in Jesus; and awakes "in the palace of angels and God!"

"With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
The Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of his truth."

DESECRATIONS AT JERUSALEM.—The proceedings of M. DeSauley in the "Tombs of the Kings" Jerusalem, have excited considerable attention, and still greater indignation, among the Jews of the Holy Land. The desecrations with which the Frenchman is charged have been altogether denied; and Mr. Williams, of King's College, Cambridge, has written to *The Times* to vindicate M. DeSauley from his charge. We regret to say Mr. Williams is in error. Authentic news has reached London, placing the fact beyond all doubt. In a letter to the Board of Deputies, from the heads of the Jewish community of Jerusalem, these desecrations are minutely described. We, too, have received a letter to the same effect, bearing the signature of a very respectable rabbi of Jerusalem—Rabbi Sneersohn, known also in Europe from his extensive travels—in which an account is given of these proceedings. We may add that, as we are credibly informed, the Porte has put a stop to those proceedings, and that the tombs of Joseph and Joshua, which M. DeSauley had singled out for his operations, are at present safe from the hands of the spoiler.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

PENMANSHIP OF AN AUTHOR.—The late Mr. Thackery was an accomplished penman and used to pride himself on the neatness and dexterity with which he could cram the greatest possible number of words into the smallest possible space. A few weeks before his death he was present at the usual Saturday dinner, at which the contributors to *Punch* are accustomed to meet and arrange the programme for the next week's number. The conversation turning upon Mr. Thackery's skill in this way he was challenged to give an illustration, whereupon he produced a fourpenny piece, and having marked the circle of the coin with a pen on a piece of paper, he drew in the centre a crown, and filled up the remaining space with the Lord's prayer, which he transcribed without a single contraction except in the case of the word "which," spelling it "wh." Singular to relate, too, the pen used was an ordinary goose quill which happened to be in the room.

VARIETIES.

IMPORTANCE OF A VOTE.—In Foster's Lives of the British Statesmen occurs the following passage:—Cromwell had offered himself as member for Cambridge; his opponent was John Cleveland. The contest was obstinately fierce, and ended in Cromwell's return, at last, by the majority of a single vote. "That vote," exclaimed Cleveland, "that vote—that single vote—hath ruined both Church and State." Everybody the least versed in English history knows to what extent the prophecy was fulfilled. That vote cost Charles I. his head.

NUNS AND THEIR MONEY.—An interesting case has been decided by the Master of the Rolls. A Miss Thomson, who has become a nun of the Carmelite order, has had 5347. consols bequeathed to her. She has executed a deed assigning all her property, including the bequest, to Mr. Hope Scott and Serjeant Bellasis, as trustees, for the use of the Superior of the Oratory at Brompton. She now presents a petition to the Court of Chancery, praying that the 5347. should be paid out of court to her trustees. The trustees of the will by which the bequest was made argued that Miss Thomson was now civilly dead, and could not make a bequest; while her brothers and sisters objected that the deed of assignment could not be considered the spontaneous act of the petitioner, and prayed that no order might be made upon it, so that Miss Thomson might hereafter be better advised, and return to the Church she had abandoned. The Master of the Rolls declares that the petitioner is not civilly dead because she is a nun. The deed of assignment could not, however, be enforced, as she must be considered to have made it under duress, and though the residuary legatees did not theretofore acquire any right to the money, the required order could not be made. The money is to be invested, and there is liberty given to make future applications respecting it.

HER MAJESTY'S STYLE AND TITLES.—There has been laid before Parliament a convention, concluded in October last, between the Queen's Government and the Government of the Bey of Tunis relative to the holding of real property by British subjects in Tunis. Her Majesty is thus described in the convention:—"The descendant of glorious Sovereigns, the Crown of the illustrious great, who holds at her command the sword and the pen, the great and august Princess the fame of whose virtues is spread over the universe."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—occurred at the New Haven barracks the other day. A woman desired to see her husband—embraced him, began to cry violently. Husband gave her his handkerchief to wipe her eyes, after which she curiously manipulated it under shawl and returned it to him. Husband took it as if it were a brickbat. Officer of guard investigated, and found a bottle of old rye whiskey in the handkerchief.

PROTESTANTS.—The Diet at Worms, about the year 1520, condemned Luther, and enacted persecution against all engaged in the Reformation. In 1529 a Diet at Spires enacted that the edict of Worms should be enforced; but there was a strong minority that entered a protest. ably worded and signed by eminent persons. From this protest the reformers received the name of Protestants, which those opposed to the Romish system have held ever since, a period of 335 years.

CAREY'S LAP-STONE.—The lap-stone used by the missionary pioneer, Dr. Wm. Carey, when he was a shoemaker, is now among the highly valued relics at the Baptist College, London. When Carey was insulted by the *Edinburgh Review*, as "a cobbler," it little reflected that his very lap-stone would become famous over all the earth.

Love, it has been said, flows downward. The love of parents for their children has always been more powerful than that of children for their parents, and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us.

Never was a truer remark than this of Dr. Canning's: "Woe to that church that looks round for forms to wake it up to spiritual life. The dying man is not to be revived by a new dress."

A most excellent Christian lady, to whom it was an effort to lead in prayer, once said, "It always put strength in me when I hear any one decline to pray."

SABBATH-KEEPING.—Some people disregard the Sabbath on the ground, ostensibly, that "all days are alike holy." But a travelling correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer*, writing from a town in New Hampshire, where he finds the Lord's-day very generally desecrated, well remarks that "regarding all days unto the Lord, when it begins with disregarding the Lord's-day, generally results in disregarding the Lord on all days."

SPECTACLES AND BIBLE-READING.—The will of Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, has just been proved. It contains the following clause:—"I give to the President and managers of the New Jersey Bible Society 200 dollars, to be laid out in the purchase of spectacles, to be given by them to poor old people, it being in vain to give a Bible to those who cannot obtain the means of reading it."

A CARELESS PRINTER.—The lady principal of a school, in her advertisement mentioned her female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears," but the printer—a careless fellow—left out the "which," so the advertisement went forth, commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."