

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 9th, 1865.

CONCERT: or Review of the past months' subjects and lessons.

Sunday, July 16th, 1865.

LUKE XXII. 1-23: The Supper instituted. 2 SAMUEL XV.: Absalom seeks to rule in Israel. *Recite*—REVELATION XIX. 6-9.

Idle Girls.

Now, young ladies, do not sit with fingers idle the live-long afternoon—what if you are "spend-the-day-with-friends"—you may chat just as gayly and far more sensibly with your fingers busily employed. Where is your sewing or crochet work? "O mamma, or aunt Fannie, make my clothes, and I don't like to crochet." Indeed! it is no credit to you *not* to make your own clothes, and you ought to crochet or do something useful until you do like it. It is matter for sad regret that so many young ladies, daughters even of men who can scarcely "bring the year round," spend so much of their time in sheer idleness. I am not calling the hours spent in listless thrumming on the piano, idleness; there is much precious time when girls are not "practising," that is wasted, when it might be improved, something that may make somebody more comfortable, or relieve somebody that is overtaken.

But my dear idle girl, I do not forget while I am reproving you, that it is not all your fault—these alarming habits of idleness! True, your mamma did not (a thousand pities for her) persevere in requiring you to perform the tasks assigned you; but then you knew you could, by pleasant obedience, have made her duty lighter and thus have acquired habits of industry, notwithstanding mamma's weaknesses. But however much your parent may have been in fault, you should now *compel* yourself to improve your time in doing something profitable. Do not content yourself by reflecting blame upon mamma, but set energetically to work, to learn by yourself, what she certainly ought to have taught you! For, it is not impossible, notwithstanding the war, but you may be a mother yourself some day, and how important that you be prepared to sustain that blessed and blissful relation with faithfulness and honor.

Although I see most young ladies spending the major portion of their time in absolute idleness—yet I am glad to find now and then a happy exception. Two lovely and accomplished daughters of a wealthy man assured me once, when I applauded them for improving a half hour while waiting at a railroad station, in useful work—that they "always carried a little work, a book, or a piece of poetry, in their pockets, to fill up the spare moments while waiting." An example worth of imitation.

And now, girls, let me tell you a little secret—*Habits of idleness will never help you win good husbands.* It is the brisk, active, industrious girl that proves a healthy, happy wife—an untiring devoted mother. *Wise young men understand this, and will never choose for a companion an idle, selfish girl.*—*Morning Star.*

Intolerance.

Off the coast of Cornwall, fourteen miles west from the great naval station of Plymouth, and full in the track of homeward-bound ships sailing up the British Channel, there rises in deep water a great ridge of rocks, whose sharp and rugged crest, sometimes quite hidden by the waves, and at other hours of the tide appearing above them, was known and dreaded for ages under the name of the Eddystone. Many a good ship, bearing many a precious life, after having passed in safety the dangers of the outer ocean, was wrecked on those rocks, within sight of the English shore. For the danger was a hidden one: even by day, and still more by night, the poor sailor was in the jaws of destruction before he was aware. At last, means were taken to warn off from that peril. A lighthouse was built on the Eddystone; and so confident was its builder in the strength and stability of his work, that he was accustomed to say that he wished no better than to spend a night in it during the fiercest storm that ever blew. He had his wish. One afternoon, while he was visiting his lighthouse, a fearful hurricane arose, which lasted all the night. When the morning broke, the people on shore looked out for the well-known tower, rising from the waves; but it was gone—swept clean away: and no one that had been in it was ever seen again. Another lighthouse followed, built of wood, which used to bend like a tree before the gale; but after standing fifty years it was destroyed by fire. Finally came the present noble structure; which has borne the brunt of the fierce storms of the Channel, and cast its saving light over dark waters, now for more than a hundred years. It is pleasant to think of the religious spirit in which architect and workmen wrought together on that slight-looking, yet strong tower. Round the highest chamber you may read, cut in stone, these words: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it"; and the last mason-work done on the structure was the cutting on the topmost stone words in an ancient language, which mean *Praise to God!* You will think, I know, that it was a good and noble work, to erect, in the face of unheeded difficulties, in the midst of a stormy sea, and off an iron-bound coast, that lighthouse tower, to warn away from the fatal reef where

so much treasure and so much life had perished. My Christian friends, right in our track, sailing over the sea of life, there is (as it were) a perilous reef, on which many souls have been wrecked; and on which many more, that were not utterly lost, have suffered damage of spurs and hell. If I were called to name this perilous rock in a single word, I should call it **INTOLERANCE.**

(Then follows a touching account of the dispersion of Paul and Barnabas, which is so well described that all persons will be deeply interested in the extract, and be led more earnestly to avoid their fault.)

It is a sad story. We see two of the best men that ever lived on this world—who had long been friends—whose heart was in the same work—who had gone through weary journeys and hard toils together, cheering and helping one another through all—now coming at last to a split and a separation through a wretched little quarrel, in which we can see quite plainly that both were to blame. St. Paul and St. Barnabas had but lately told the Lystrians, that even apostolic friends were no more than men of like passions with others. And in the account of their quarrel, and in much more it leaves us to inter about it, we find sad proof that indeed it is so. "The contention was sharp between them"; so sharp, that after it they could not work together any more. Doubtless hard words passed between the old friends; doubtless it was "as the poet says so touchingly—

"Each spake words of high disdain,
And anger to his heart's best brother."

And you can easily see here, as in every like case, that there is something to be said on each side. Let us think of the circumstances. Paul and Barnabas, on Paul's suggestion, after a time of quiet work at Antioch, were about to start on a journey, in which they were to visit their brethren in every city where they had preached the Gospel of Christ; doubtless to offer them counsel and comfort. Barnabas determined to take with them his nephew John; no other than the man we know better as St. Mark the Evangelist. But Paul objected to this. Mark had already been tried, and found wanting. Why take, on this new journey, one who had failed before and might fail again? It was no child's play that awaited these apostolic travellers. Nerve and perseverance were wanted: why take a companion who had shown himself lacking in both? This was Paul's view. Then, on the other hand, you can think, how the mild, gentle Barnabas would say, that it was hard finally to condemn a man for one failure. Had not the great St. Peter failed far more shamefully? And yet that did not hinder his Lord's renewed commission, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs?" Let poor Mark be tried again. Many prayers, doubtless, Barnabas had offered for his young relative: surely all these could not be quite in vain! Mark was not such a lost child, such a black sheep, that he must be cast off altogether. There was hope for him in that he had now left his home at Jerusalem, and come to Antioch; and was willing to brave all that Paul and Barnabas might have to brave. You see, my friends, that each would have much to say. Each would cling to his own idea. Their feelings would get excited. They would attach undue importance to the matter of dispute; and persuade themselves that great principles were involved in it. Hotter and sharper the contention grew; and so, the old friends parted!

Yes, the Son of Consolation, and the great Apostle Paul, after days and months of love and fellowship and common cares and toils—after doing great good to others, and likely enough composing strifes among them—after "confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter in the kingdom of God"—did what the meanest and least worthy of mankind can do—quarrelled, and parted asunder!

Each went his way: neither, be sure, quite pleased with himself. It is not plain that they ever met again, "the beloved Barnabas and Paul," as the apostles and elders and brethren at Jerusalem called them in their letters. When Paul came to some of the old places where they had been in company, it would go to his heart when they asked him where was Barnabas. But we all know how St. Paul, as if repenting his severity, afterwards took pains to say a good word of Mark. To the Colossians he wrote, "Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas, touching whom ye received commandment; if he come unto you, receive him." Then kindly to Philemon, he writes of "Marcus, my fellow-laborer." And in the last lines he ever wrote, we find the great Apostle still eager to make amends for that old wrong: "Take Mark," he writes to Timothy; "and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry." Let us thank God for that: and thank God, too, that Paul and Barnabas have long since met where there is no difference nor disputing more: where we shall see eye to eye; and where all good men are one in heart—as, after all, they were one in heart, even here!

Now the whole story, as has been said, is as a beacon built on the rock of Intolerance: its great lesson no doubt is, that Christians ought to learn to differ without quarrelling. But there are other thoughts suggested, on which we may very profitably dwell.—*Country Parson.*

An Englishman's adventure with Italian Brigands.

Mr. T. C. Murray Aynsley, whose capture by brigands and subsequent escape has been already mentioned in a letter, dated, Naples, May 21, gives an account of his adventures. He says:—

"Having been informed that all the country round Salerno was free from brigands, I, with a friend and our two wives, drove from Salerno to Paestum on Monday last, the 15th of May, to take photographs of the ruins. Having finished our business, we left Paestum about 4.30 p.m., and had a pleasant drive for about an hour, when suddenly, about two miles on the other side of Battipaglia, I saw some men with guns walking through a cornfield on our right towards the road. In a few seconds more rose out of the corn, and looking back, I saw others hurrying through a field on our left. The carriage was stopped; and I and my friend were told to come down. The brigands immediately hurried off with us towards the sea, which is at no great distance from the road, leaving the carriages, with the ladies in it, untouched. We moved about woods and fields for an hour or two, the brigands breaking down the hedges to make it as easy as possible for us to get through. About sunset we set down, and cloaks were given us to put on, and others to sit upon. When it was quite dark we moved on again, passing through irrigated lands and over small streams, the brigands being very careful of us, lest we should wet our feet. At last we came to a stream which it was impossible to cross without wading, and one of them carried us over on his back. We soon afterwards crossed the road from Salerno to Paestum, and about one o'clock a.m. arrived at the banks of a stream some distance above the plain. The brigands told us to lie down among some bushes, but, on our objecting that the ground was damp, they let us lie down higher up, saying we must, however, conceal ourselves among the bushes when it was day. They collected dry roots for us to sleep upon, gave us an additional cloak to keep us warm, and one of them very tenderly and gently raised up my head, put some more dry stuff and a pocket-handkerchief under it, placed another over my eyes to shade them from the moon, and I think I should have slept soundly had not my friend whispered 'One of the men felt for my fifth rib,' and I kept some time reflecting—Can they get us now, and next minute murder us? Do these men indulge all feelings as they rise uppermost? After a time I succeeded in getting rid of these thoughts, and slept. At daybreak we moved down under a bank nearer the stream, the two men who had the best places giving them up to us. We had as much bread and sausage as we liked; tobacco was also offered. We now asked the brigands, as we had done before, what they could get by carrying us off, told them we were not what they supposed, 'rich English milords,' but poor men; that the money we had we would send them if they would let one of us go to Salerno to get it. They considered our proposal, asked what money we had with us; we took out three Napoleons and some silver. The captain of the band at once gave back the silver, but kept the gold in his hand. I offered him my watch and gold chain, but he would not touch these. After a time he gave us back our Napoleons. In answer to our questions, they told us they were soldiers of Francesco Secondo. Many of them said they did not like their mode of life; few, they said, did; once engaged in it, escape is next to impossible. We urged them to obtain a general pardon on condition of leaving the country; they told us they could not trust Government. We felt great pity for them, for nearly all seemed to have joined the band partly at least from loyalty to the former Governments, and before the present was fully established. We told them that Englishmen were not the enemies, but the friends of Italy, and that it was not right to treat their friends as enemies, and they seemed ashamed. We could not but consider them rather as political offenders than criminals, and talked to them a considerable time of England and America, and how much better for them it would be to leave their present life and go to another land. When we told them that in England there were no brigands, but that all were satisfied with the laws, they repeated this to one another, and some who had not themselves heard it came and asked if this were so.

"About 9.30 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday, the 16th, we started again, and walked a considerable distance through an open and cultivated country in a long line, with no attempt at concealment. For an hour or more we saw on our left Monte Corvino, a town of 7,000 inhabitants; at last we came to the bottom of a high hill, which we ascended, and about 1.30 p.m. came to a spring of water near the summit, where we stopped. After we had rested and eaten some bread and sausage, the brigands discussed what was to be done with us, and with two peasants, owners or relations of owners of land in the plain, whom they had carried off also. The captain of the band began writing letters to the relations of one; but he could not write easily, and my friend wrote two letters at his dictation in the names of the two prisoners, demanding a ransom, which the prisoners were made to sign. One letter was worded, 'Dear Brother,—I have been taken by the band; send a ransom of 12,000 ducats, or I shall be killed'; and the other, 'Dear Father,—I have been taken by the band; send a ransom of 9,000 ducats, or I shall be killed.' Our case was then again discussed, and the brigands agreed to send one of us (and the lot decided that I should go) and collect some money among the English in Naples, and in a week's time I am to send a letter to say how much we can collect. I do not know which surprised us most, the boldness with which the brigands in broad daylight marched through the open country as if it were their own, or the gentleness of their manners and their apparently honest and open countenances. I should guess the number of the band at from 30 to 50. They were dressed in uniforms of blue trousers, with coats of brown cloth. I had not left the brigands more than a

minute or two when, coming to the brow of the hill, I saw troops and national guards approaching. In a few seconds I was surrounded by soldiers with, as I thought, North Italian countenances, calling out, 'Are you an Englishman?' They seized my hand, and one cried, 'I must give you a kiss.' The good fellows thought I had escaped on their approach. In a few seconds firing was commenced by the National Guard. I hurried up some rising ground, and looking round when I got to the top, the brigands called out 'On, on, or we will kill your companion,' I, of course, obeyed, and on reaching Monte Corvino received an enthusiastic welcome. The inhabitants would not let me leave that night, but sent a courier to Salerno with a letter. The deputy of the town in the Italian Parliament received me into his house and took me to the cate, where the people all crowded around me, numbers seized my hand, one or two kissed me, and many looked as if they wished to do so. Had my friend escaped when the soldiers came up, I should now look on the adventure with pleasure; but he did not, and my position is one of terrible responsibility, anxiety and doubt, for the cruelties committed by the brigands upon their prisoners are sometimes horrible, and literally indescribable. They are untutored savages, without either forethought or principle, gentle and generous, or fierce and covetous, according to the whim of the moment. In Salerno a man was pointed out to us who had lost one ear in the following manner:—After his capture by the brigands, his wife having sent a smaller sum than they asked, the brigands sent her one of his ears, with the message that if the rest of the money did not come, his head would follow. The ransom demanded in our case is one impossible for us to collect."

President Lincoln's First Dollar.

In Philadelphia, on the 24th ult., the Hon. W. D. Kelley, who was upon terms of intimacy with the late President Lincoln from the day of his election to that of his tragical death, delivered an address upon his life and character, before the Girls' High and Normal School, in the course of which he related the following anecdote:—One evening, in the executive chamber, there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, Mr. Lincoln said, "You never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied he, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the 'scrubs'—people who do not own land, and slaves are notody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labour, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat large enough to take the barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S OATH OF OFFICE.—A Parliamentary return of the oaths required to be taken by any of her Majesty's subjects contains some that are little known, and rather curious. The following is the oath required to be taken by a very high functionary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—"You shall swear that well and truly you shall serve the Queen our Sovereign Lady and her people in the office of Chancellor or Under Treasurer. And you shall do right to all manner of people, poor and rich, of such things as toucheth your office. And the Queen's treasure truly you shall keep and dispend. And truly you shall counsel the Queen, and her counsel you shall lay in and keep. And that you shall neither know nor suffer the Queen's hurt, nor her dishonouring. Nor that the rights of the Crown be distressed by any means as far forth as you may let, and if you may not let it, you make knowledge thereof clearly and expressly to the Queen with your true advice and counsel. And you shall do and purchase the Queen's profit in all that you may reasonably do. As God shall help you."