

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 30th, 1865.

LUKE xviii. 1-13: The importunate widow. The Pharisee and the Publican. 2 SAMUEL vii. 18-29: David's prayer and thanksgiving. Recite—MATTHEW vii. 7, 8.

Sunday, May 7th, 1865.

LUKE xviii. 13-31: The ruler hindered by his riches. 2 SAMUEL viii.: David subdues his enemies. Recite—MARK x. 23-28.

The little Quaker boy's wish.

All our readers have at one time or another expressed a wish for something. Now we want to tell you of the wish of a little Quaker boy. He was once in a congregation of Friends, who had assembled for the purpose of worshipping God. They do not preach, as most ministers do, at a set time, but they sit still until they think they are moved by the Holy Spirit, and then any one in the congregation, whether male or female, may stand up and say what he or she desires. This congregation had been sitting in silence for a long time, when a little boy, between five and six years of age, stood up upon the seat, and folding his hands together, with a childish lisp gave utterance to the following:

"My friends! I wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."

He then took his seat.

Have you, my dear reader, ever had a wish like this of the little Quaker boy? If you have not, let me entreat you from this time forth to make it your daily prayer, that God, for Jesus' sake, would "take all the bad from your hearts, until there is none left." Pray that, as you grow in age, you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Funeral Customs in Norway.

Merry and Wise, a new magazine for the young, contains the first part of notes of a recent visit to Norway: "As (says the writer) we went through a street, in Christiania, we saw the pavement strewn with evergreens. We were told that a judge was dead, and that he was to be buried that day, and that twigs and branches of trees scattered on the ground was a sign of mourning. We waited till the procession came up. The hearse was an open car, festooned with evergreens, and in the centre lay the coffin, on which were beautiful garlands of fresh gathered flowers. Two little boys were the chief mourners, and then followed about a hundred gentlemen, many of them in robes of office. At the cemetery a band of twenty boys headed the procession, and immediately commenced a wild, weird, melancholy chant, which they sang in parts very creditably. As soon as the company arrived at the grave, the coffin was lowered without any ceremony. Then a priest, in a black robe and a large white frill, which the Lutheran clergymen still wear, delivered an extempore address. Although we could not understand it, we could tell by his impassioned eloquence, and by the emotion of the bystanders, that it was very beautiful; and when he stopped at the edge of the grave, and uttered the jarvel, there were few who had dry eyes. The boys then recommenced their chanting; and when all the followers had shaken hands with the representatives of the deceased and the priest, the whole ceremony was over, and the company dispersed. In walking through the cemetery, we were struck to see that nearly every grave had a seat beside it, intended for sorrowing relatives to come and sit beside their friends who had gone to the land that is very far off, and on nearly every grave there were bouquets of fresh-gathered flowers."

Power Of Imagination.

Alexander Dumas published, some time ago, in a daily Paris paper, a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the gradual symptoms were most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis de Calomieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story, now being published in the—?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course—dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You will have to make her live. You must change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's!"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy.

About five years afterwards, Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is!"

"That fine handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has had four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas: "so we are quits."

The History of General Lee's Surrender.

We have devoted but little of our space from week to week with the harrowing details of the battles between the late contending armies. We might have constantly filled our sheet with tales of blood, accounts of the ruin and devastation which have followed in the track of the thousands who espoused their country's cause by taking up arms against the rebellious South. The bombardment of the cities and the operations by fire and sword have filled the land with mourning and desolation. It is far easier to arouse the war spirit than to allay it, and we have deemed it more appropriate for us to confine ourselves generally to the laconic statements of the telegrams.

We are glad now to have something more satisfactory to convey to our readers. The history of peace is far more wholesome and pleasing. General Lee's surrender is given in a few brief notes between him and General Grant, which are highly creditable to both of these famous commanders. We copy them below;

April 7, 1865.

To Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

GENERAL:—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is, and so regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, Your ob't servant, U. S. GRANT, Comd'g Armies of the U. S.

April, 7th, 1865.

GENERAL:—I have received your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore before considering your proposition ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

(Signed) R. E. LEE, General. To Lieut. Gen. Grant, Commanding Armies of United States.

April, 8th, 1865.

To Lieut. Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Army:

GENERAL:—Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia is just received. In reply, I would say, that peace being my first desire there is but one condition that I insist upon, viz.: that the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you or designate officers, to meet any officer you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

Very respectfully, Your ob't servant, U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen. Comd'g Armies of U. S.

Lee denied that the emergency had arisen to call for the surrender of his army, and proposed to meet Grant to talk of a peace. Grant replied that he had no authority to treat of peace; but that if the South lay down their arms "they will hasten that most desirable event." Lee again wrote asking an interview to treat of the terms of surrender. These terms Grant stated in a letter written the same day:—

GENERAL:—I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army.—I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant, R. E. LEE, General.

To Lieut. Gen. Grant, Commanding United States Armies.

April, 9th, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Armies:

Your note of this date is but this moment, 11.50 a. m., received. In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road, I am at this writing about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant, U. S. GRANT, Lieut. General.

APFOMATTOX COURT HOUSE,

April, 9th, 1865.

To Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:—Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer as you may designate; officers to give their individual parole not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their command; the arms, artillery and public property to be paraded and stacked, and turned over to officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside.

Very respectfully, U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9th, 1865. Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding, U. S. Army:

GENERAL:—I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant, R. E. Lee, Gen.

Richmond, Virginia:

ITS EVACUATION AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT.

Now that President Lincoln is no more the scenes in which he took a prominent part will be surrounded with greatly increased interest. His visit to Richmond, the Confederate capital, so soon after its evacuation, was deemed by many a most hazardous one. Danger for him, far more to be dreaded, however, lurked in his own capital more than in that left by his enemies. Whilst partaking of the cup of pleasure, and in the greatest imaginable security, the fatal shot was to take effect, and plunge the nation, so full of joy at a cessation of hostilities, into the deepest mourning and gloom. The following graphic account of the evacuation of Richmond is from the Richmond Whig of April 5th.

Sunday morning, April 2d, broke upon Richmond calmly and pleasantly, and without anything portentous in events immediately transpiring. There were rumours of evacuation, but very few supposed the event was upon us and at hand. The church bells rang as usual, with nothing of alarm in their tone, and worshippers were as prompt and devout as was their wont. But by the hour of noon nervous people began to sniff danger in the air, and one's ears were filled by the most terrible rumors. Then there came an unusual increase in the number of wagons in the streets—boxes and trunks were being hastily loaded at the departments and driven to the Danville depot. Those who had determined to evacuate with the fugitive government looked on with amazement; then, convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the Government's example. Vehicles with two horses, one horse, or even no horse at all, suddenly rose to a premium value that was astounding, and ten, fifteen, and even a hundred dollars in gold or federal currency, was offered for a conveyance. Suddenly, as if by magic, the streets became filled with men, walking as though for a wager, and behind them excited negroes toting trunks, bundles and luggage of every description. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, bundles, band-boxes and their owners, a mass of hurrying fugitives, filling the streets. The banks were all open, and depositors were as busy as bees removing their specie deposits; and the directors were equally active in getting off their bullion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper money was destroyed, both State and Confederate. Night came, and with it came confusion worse confounded. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond on Sunday night. The rapid tramp of men upon the streets, the rattle and roar of wagons, the shouts of soldiers retreating through the city to the south side, went on the whole long, long, weary night. One of the pillaging soldiers engaged in robbing the stores on Main street on Monday morning was shot from the inside by the proprietor while he was knocking in the show-glass. A charge of buckshot entered his stomach, and it was believed he died in a short time, but we could not learn what became of the body. At the Government clothing store, corner of Cary and Pearl streets, a man, while pillaging, fell through the hatchway and broke his neck.

At daybreak, on Monday morning, the scene at the commissary depot, at the head of the dock, beggared description. Hundreds of Government wagons were loaded with bacon, flour, and whiskey, and driven off in hot haste to join the retreating army. Negroes with their peculiar "heave oh!" sweated and worked like beavers; but the immense piles of stores did not seem to diminish in the least. Thronged about the depot were hundreds of men, women, and children, black and white, provided with capacious bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, tin pans and aprons, cursing, pushing, and crowding, awaiting the throwing open of the doors, and the order for each to help himself. When the Government wagons had

gotten off all the stores possible, it was found that several hundred barrels of whiskey remained in the upper story. One after another, in hasty procession, the barrels were rolled to the hatchway, the heads knocked out, and a miniature whiskey Niagara poured continuously down, pouring into the dock in a current almost strong enough to have swept a man off his feet. Between two and three hundred barrels were thus poured out—a big drink to the finny inhabitants of the river. About sunrise the doors were opened to the populace, and a rush that almost seemed to carry the building off its foundations, was made, and hundreds of thousands of pounds of splendid bacon, flour, &c., went into the capacious maw of the public. And here we may remark that while the Confederate Government was making such a poor mouth over the reported failure of supplies—while the people were being starved that the army might be fed, this immense storehouse was bursting with fulness and plenty, to come finally to utter wreck and waste. While hundreds of families have been rendered homeless and houseless by the conflagration, a great many persons who live in sections spared by the flames have accumulated small fortunes by rescuing large quantities of goods from the burning buildings. Clothing, shoes, dry goods of every description, were saved in large quantities, and are now stored way in the houses of those who saved them. Part restitution would be the proper thing in cases where the owners were known. A whirlwind sweeping through dead leaves in autumn scattered them no more wildly than official documents, pamphlets, &c., were scattered on Monday morning. Confederate bonds, confederate notes, bank checks, bills, flecked and whitened the streets in every direction—all so worthless that the boys would not pick them up. While the city was burning, about 9 o'clock on Monday morning, terrific shell explosions, rapid and continuous, added to the terror of the scene, and led to the impression that the city was being shelled by the retreating Confederate army from the south side; but the explosions were soon ascertained to proceed from the Government arsenal and laboratory then in flames. The insurance offices being mostly located, in that portion of the town destroyed, are included among the buildings burned, with their books and accounts in many instances. Hundreds of the sufferers hold policies of insurance on their property in these offices, but whether they can ever realize a cent under the present circumstances is a grave question.

The following is from a Correspondent of the Boston Journal dated Richmond April 4th: ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I was standing upon the bank of the river, viewing the scene of desolation, when a boat, pulled by twelve sailors, came up stream. It contained President Lincoln and his son, Admiral Porter, Capt. Penrose of the army, Capt. A. H. Adams of the navy, Lieut. W. W. Clemens of the signal corps. Somehow the negroes on the bank of the river ascertained that the tall man wearing a black hat was President Lincoln. There was a sudden shout. An officer who had just picked up fifty negroes to do work on the dock, found himself alone. They left work and crowded round the President. As he approached I said to a colored woman:

"There is the man who made you free." "What, massa?" "That is President Lincoln?" "Dat President Linkum?" "Yes."

She gazed at him a moment, clapped her hands and jumped straight up and down, shouting "Glory, glory, glory!" till her voice was lost in the universal cheer.

There was no carriage near, so the President, leading his son, walked three quarters of a mile up to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters—Jeff. Davis's mansion. What a spectacle it was! Such a hurly-burly—such wild indescribable ecstatic joy I never witnessed. A colored man acted as guide. Six sailors wearing their round blue caps and short jackets and bagging pants, with navy carbines, was the advance guard. Then came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him and the correspondent of the Journal, then six more sailors with carbines—twenty of us all told—amid a surging mass of men, women, and children, black, white and yellow, running, shouting, dancing, swinging their caps, bonnets and handkerchiefs. The soldiers saw him and swelled the crowd, cheering in wild enthusiasm. All could see him, he was so tall—so conspicuous.

One colored woman, standing in a doorway, as the President passed along the sidewalk, shouted: "Thank you, dear Jesus, for this—thank you, Jesus!" Another standing by her side was clapping her hands and shouting: "Bless de Lord!"

A colored woman snatched her bonnet from her head, whirled it in the air, screaming with all her might, "God bless you, massa Linkum."

A few white women looking out from the houses waved their handkerchiefs. One lady in a large and elegant building looked awhile, and then turned away her head as if it was a disgusting sight.

President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutes of officers and soldiers and of the citizens, black and white! It was the man of the people among the people. It was the great deliverer, meeting the delivered. Yesterday morning the majority of the thousands who crowded the streets and hundreds of our advance were slaves. Now they were free, and beholding him who had given them their liberty. Gen. Shepley met the President in the street and escorted him to Gen. Weitzel's quarters. Major Stevens hearing that the President was on his way, suddenly summoned a detachment of the Massachusetts 4th Cavalry, and cleared the way.