

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 3rd, 1867.

Acts viii. 1-24: Simon the sorcerer. 2 Kings vii. 11-20: Elisha's prophecy fulfilled.
Recite—ACTS xvii. 24-28.

Sunday, February 10th, 1867.

Acts viii. 25-40: The Immersion of the Eunuch. 2 Kings viii. 1-15: The Shunamite's land restored.
Recite—PROVERBS xx. 1.

Milly's Lesson.

Twas a little room, and darksome,
Mid the noisome city's din;
Mid its warfare and its tumult,
And its atmosphere of sin.
As the footsteps in old Smithfield
Sounded dull and rumbling there;
So the spirit of old Smithfield
Seemed still brooding in the air;
For the room was bare and sombre,
And all destitute of grace;
And the woman sitting in it
Had a holy martyr's face.
In its high and pure resolving,
In its beauty grave and sad,
In its forehead, firm and thoughtful,
Calm, as ever martyr had;
Yet, withal, on looking deeper,
She appeared still more like one
Whose chief suffering is over,
Whose sharp trial has come and gone.
She was haggard, but not anxious,
And the maiden at her feet,
Of six summers, little Milly,
Could not smile a smile more sweet.
For her husband, Milly's father,
Though he hurt, had left her heart:
They had parted for the reason
That 'twas better they should part.
And now this, her life, seemed joyous,
And most bountiful and free;
Looking back on that sharp bondage,
Heart and spirit slavery;
And she sat serenely working
For the little Milly's bread,
While from out the Holy Bible
Gentle Milly softly read:
The wild and touching story
Of Ishmael sent forth;
Of Hagar in the desert,
Cast out in scorn and wrath;
How they went tired and thirsty,
Till Ishmael drooped his head,
And Hagar felt her darling
Would very soon be dead;
And how, when she grew hopeless,
And bitter in despair,
And turned away in anguish,
An angel form stood there.
She read to this unwearying,
But little Milly stayed
When thus far, and looked thoughtful,
Though with her curls she played:
"It says 'appeared,' mother;
So Hagar saw him, then;
And was he very lovely—
More beautiful than men?"
"Yes, darling, very lovely—
Of that we may be sure,
Since Heaven is all beauty—
A beauty high and pure."
Then little Milly pondered
Awhile, and then she said,
"Oh, mother! tell me, mother,
Are all the angels dead?"
"Or are we very naughty,
That so they turn away
All sorrowful and angry,
Nor on the earth will stay;
"No, childie, it is neither;
The angels ever live,
And still they hover round us,
And their protection give:
"And then, you know, my darling,
The angels had their name
As 'messengers' from heaven,
Because for that they came;
"But now we have the Bible
To tell all we need know,
And God's own Holy Spirit
The way of life to show."
"But, mother, is it naughty?
I should so like to see
A beautiful bright angel
Just once, to speak to me.
"Our room is very ugly,"
And Milly's artist eye
Went round the little chamber,
And she began to sigh.
"I think if only once here
Some glad some thing we'd seen,
Why then we could remember
The place where it had been;
"And that would still seem lovely,
And bright, and fair, and gay,
Although the angel's beauty
Had gone and passed away;

"But we have nothing, mother,
We even are too poor,
For just one growing flower
To stand upon the floor."

"Nothing beautiful, my darling?"
And the mother's eye was stayed
Where the sunbeams made a glory
Round her Milly's graceful head,

While down the rounded shoulders
Shining wavy curls strayed,
And around the fine small features
Purest spirit radiance played.

"No beauty here, my Milly?"
She murmured forth anew.

"No, there is nothing, mother,
Except the sun and you."

"Then, shall I tell you, Milly,
Of some things I have seen,
So beautiful, as to hallow
The place where they have been?"

"Oh! have you really? mother,
And was it long ago?
Or may I go and look too,
Oh! I should like it so;

"And did they make you tremble
Because they were so sweet,
Like once I saw a picture
They carried through the street:

"A picture of the country,
It almost made me cry,
Because it was so lovely
And went so quickly by."

"Yes, love, to all your questions;
They made me very glad,
And you may go and look too,
When we our talk have had.

"The first one was a picture
Which I saw in the street,
Just as the day was fading
And rain had turned to sleet;

"It was an old blind beggar
With patient face, and sad,
Delaying at a crossing,
Because no guide he had;

"Just when his dog grew jealous,
Of all uncollared curs,
A little child came gentle,
And put his hand in hers;

"And as they went together,
She looked up in his face,
And saw how every sorrow
Had left its furrowed trace;

"Her gaze grew very tender,
And sorrowful, and kind,
And tearfully she murmured
I'm sorry you are blind!"

"He heard the loving sorrow
Which trembled in her tone,
Its soft unstudied soothing,
Bade all his care begone.

"The old man's features softened,
And looked as though for years
The fount had not been opened,
Which held such happy tears;

"He said 'God bless thee, darling
For He has sent, by thee,
To tell me that he loves me
And feels my grief with me.'"

"Oh! mother, that was lovely,
And have you seen some more?"
"Yes, love, I saw another
Just close to our own door.

"A girl was selling flowers,
The early flowers of spring,
With hardened face and wicked,
And beauty withering.

"Just then a babe was carried
By nurse along the way,
Whose eye fell on the flowers,
And he began to pray

"That he might have a blossom,
One beautiful blue flower,
His fingers grasped the basket
With all their tiny power.

"Perhaps she saw a likeness
To some young brother dead!
Two tears to my amazement
Fell on the infant's head;

"Her face grew sad and loving,
The face I thought so cold,
In soft low tones and whispered,
She to the baby told

"How she was very naughty,
And 'twas not fit that she
Should give him holy flowers,
Pure, like she used to be.

"He could not understand her,
But he could see her grief,
With tender childhood's impulse,
He tried to give relief

"By springing to her bosom,
That heart so full of pain,
While lovingly he murmured
'Won't you be good again?'

"She let him take the flowers,
And as she turned away,
"Can you be good again, now?
I heard her softly say.

"And when her bold companions
Came round her for a chat,
Still to herself she murmured
"You'll not be good at that."

"Most hopeful was the sorrow
That panted in her breath,
I sometimes think that baby
Has saved a soul from death."

Little Milly's eyes were filling
And she clasped her mother's hand;
While she whispered low "Just one more;
But I think I understand."

"The last one was a story
Which I have heard, not seen,
'Tis to my spirit's eye like
The wood's refreshing green.

"Two boys were friends together,
With love like that of old,
Which made the love of women
Seem selfish, hard, and cold.

"They planned to live together,
But 'twas not so to be,
For one was placed in London
The other on the sea.

"But as they parted sadly—
They knew not for how long—
They promised, each the other,
That, as their love was strong,

"So it should prove ennobling,
Whenever they might meet,
They'd live so that the meeting
Should be all glad and sweet.

"Wide oceans rolled between them,
But neither one forgot:
True love, like any true thing,
Is firm and changeth not.

"That one pure, boyhood's feeling,
It made them good and wise,
For neither would do one thing
The other might despise.

"And each became a centre
Of good to those about,
By means of that one purpose
Kept firm and carried out.

"And though one was a traveller,
And one a student fair,
Yet every night and morning
Their souls were joined in prayer

"To Jesus, for each other,
That they might yet again
Live lovingly together,
And share all joy and pain.

"The prayer was heard and answered,
The wanderer came home;
The need was past for travel,
He meant no more to roam.

"He came to spend his fortune,
His time, and love, and strength,
In care of the poor student,
Who'd fallen ill at length.

"And, tender as a woman,
With wisdom as a man,
He came to do for him all
That human power can.

"And they were very happy
Though death hung o'er their bliss:
But happiness unshadowed
Is not for world like this.

"Their joy was in believing
That when they met again
Death would no more disjoin them,
Nor sickness give them pain.

"Two years passed swiftly over,
And peacefully and bright,
Until to fetch the student
The angels came one night

"And took him up to heaven;
He praying that his friend
Might still be blest and blessing
Until his life should end.

"And 'twas so, though the brightness
Of life for him was gone;
Yet he was as the sunlight
Which on the people shone.

"And deeds of love and mercy
Were daily work to him,
His life went up to heaven
In one harmonious hymn.

"It seemed as though there ever
Were angels at his side,
Of peace, and love, and mercy,
Till, peacefully he died.

"First building an asylum
For students old and poor,
The name of his dead lover
Inscribed above the door.

"I'll tell no more to-night, love,
I think you understand,
How there are deeds of beauty
Still scattered through the land;

"And I believe, oh Milly!
That every noble act,
All pure and holy living,
Each great eternal fact,

"Is God's own chosen angel,
His 'messenger' to man,
To teach him how to praise Him
And carry out His plan."

"Then, if it be so, mother—
And Milly's eyes grew bright,
"I, too, may be an angel,
Beginning from to-night."

"Yea, even so, my darling,
We may and ought to be
Proclaimers of God's glory—
Of his benignity."

But as Milly's eyes grew brighter,
And her cheeks a deeper red,
So the mother changed her posture
Till she sat with drooping head;

And she drew the child towards her
With a tender grasp and strong,
While she bade her never leave her
Lest their life might not be long.

For a fear came darkly o'er her
Which will oft to mothers come,
That ere long her little angel
Might attain the angels' home.

The child looked sad and wond'ring,
Until with lightened brow
She said, "No matter, mother,
God loves us anyhow.

"And he may love us better
When we get close to Him,
And holy, like the angels,
And sing their heav'nly hymn."

"Yes, Milly, God does love us,
And that should make us glad,
Though every day of living
Its own sharp trial had."

SADIE.

The story of THE CROSS is told with
truthful simplicity, in the following lines:

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth,

To them the sacred scriptures now display,
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them he bore
His Father's frown;
For them he wore
The thorny Crown;

Nailed to the Cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss,
Might be their gain.

Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor e'en dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,

Lest He declare,
"I know you not;"
And deep despair
Forever be your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died
And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

Bishop Colenso on a Visitation.

Bishop Colenso has been making a visitation of the coast, not for summoning the clergy and delivering a charge, but preaching in the churches to large congregations, and making himself acquainted with the people. While he was at Durban, the mayor's dinner was given, and was attended by the Administrator (the Governor being absent), the Colonial Secretary, and representatives of all the chief interests of the colony. The Bishop acknowledged the toast of "the clergy." The Bishop preached in the three churches at Durban without any interruption whatever. But at Verulam, a small town about twenty miles from Durban, there was "a scene." The rector had the altar furniture removed, leaving within the rails (says the *Natal Mercury*) nothing but a deal table, a soap box, and one chair in which he had seated himself, having first had the entrance within the rails fastened up by a bar of wood. The bishop removed the bar, went in, and sat down on the box, but a chair was afterwards brought. The incumbent beginning to read an address or protest, Dr. Blaine, resident magistrate and churchwarden, said,—"Sir, we are here for Divine service, and this is out of order altogether." The rev. gentleman, however, concluded his address, but made no further opposition, remaining in his seat, and taking no part in the service. At other places the bishop appears to have been well received.

THE WRONG MEN IN THE WRONG PLACE — It has been discovered that two young men condemned to nine years' imprisonment each for placing obstructions on the Eris railroad, were innocent of the crime, and they have been discharged, after a confinement of five years.

LONGEVITY OF MINISTERS.—The *Congregationalist* contains a list of 46 Congregational ministers of New England who have died during the year. Of these 9 were between eighty and ninety years old, 9 between seventy and eighty, 12 between sixty and seventy, and the average age of the whole at death was 64½ years.

Dr. Robinson of the University, Rochester, M. Y., has embarked on a year's tour of travel and study in Europe.

Orchards.

A correspondent of the *Northwestern Farmer* furnishes that paper some excellent suggestions for the successful planting and management of orchards, of which the following is a brief summary:

1. Be careful to plant on the higher and drier portions of the farm, and avoid low and wet places.
2. Ascertain the experiences of other planters in that region, as to the best, most reliable and hardy varieties, and plant no other except for limited trial. This information may be obtained from books and periodicals. For want of it many trees have perished or borne but little.
3. Give orchards good cultivation either with no crops at all between the trees, or with such crops as potatoes, beans and cabbages, that require the frequent use of the hoe or passage of the cultivator.
4. Shelter from severe or cutting winds, either by planting at a moderate distance from the natural forest or by planting belts of timber.