

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 21st, 1867.

ACTS xix. 1-20: Miracles. 2 Kings xx. 12-21: Babylonian Captivity foretold.

Recite—1 PETER v. 5-7.

Sunday, July 28th, 1867.

ACTS xix. 21-41: Demetrius in trouble. 2 Kings xix. 1-16: Manasseh's wicked reign.

Recite—GENESIS, ix. 12-16.

Treasures.

I have some withered flowers
That are softly laid away,
Not because they were so beautiful
And fragrant in their day;
But little fingers clasped them,
And little lips caressed,
And little hands so tenderly
Placed them on a "mother's" breast.
The paper that enfolds them
Was white in other years;
But 'tis yellow now and crumpled,
And stained with many tears.
Yet, though they look so worthless,
This paper and the flowers,
They clasp and hold, like links of gold,
Memories of jewel-hours.

I have some little ringlets;
They are softly laid away;
Their lustre and their beauty
Are like the sun's glad ray.
But 'tis not for this I prize them—
It is that they restore
The tender grace of a loving face
That gladdens earth no more.
As shipwrecked men at midnight
Have oft been known to cling—
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,
To some frail, floating thing—
So I, in darkened moment,
Clasp, with a voiceless prayer,
Whilst wandering wide on grief's deep tide,
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings
That are softly laid away,
With some dainty little garments
Made in a long past day,
To each there is a history;
But this I may not tell,
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow
Again should rise and swell.
Now that the skies are brightened,
And the fearful storm is o'er,
Let me sit in tender calmness,
On Memory's silent shore,
And count the simple treasures
That still remain to show
Where Hope's fair freight, by saddest fate,
Was shipwrecked long ago.

I have another treasure
That is softly laid away,
And though I have not seen it
This many a weary day,
From every thing around me
Comes a token and a sign
That 'tis fondly watched and guarded,
And that it still is mine.
When the flowers lie dead in winter,
In their winding-sheets of snow,
We know they'll rise to charm our eyes
Again in summer's glow.
Thus I, in this chill season,
When frost and darkness reign,
Wait the blest spring whose warmth shall bring
Life to my flower again.—Home Journal.

Returning good for evil.

"Oh, mamma! oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Kate Frampton, rushing into the house with a dead white bantam in her arms, and sobbing as though her heart would break. "That wicked Dick Knowlton has killed my hen! My poor, poor Snowy! See here where the sharp stone hit her head;" and the weeping child took her apron and wiped the blood from the white feathers.

"What did he do that for?" asked her mamma, laying her sewing and examining the wound.

"Why, mamma, he said she was over in his garden scratching up his peas. My poor, poor, chicky! Oh, mamma, oughtn't he to be ashamed to kill her when she was all the pet I had. And I loved her so, for I have had her ever since she was a little chicken; and now she is dead, and we will get no more nice fresh eggs, which you say strengthen you so when you are weak and tired. Oh, what shall I do;" and she burst into a fresh torrent of tears.

"There is but one thing you can do," replied her mamma with a pale face and quivering lip, (for she was very poor, and regretted much the loss of the pet,) "and that is to bury her."

Kate obeyed, sobbing wildly, and all the while her hands were busily at work digging the grave and burying her pet, so were her thoughts as busy, and after she had planted a white rose-bush on the grave to mark the spot, she rushed into the house, a look of exultation gleaming from her dark eyes, and exclaimed, "I have just thought how I can pay Dick. He has a squirrel that comes over here every day. I will catch it and kill it, and throw it over the fence to him, just as he did my poor Snowy. Won't that be good? I will go out in the yard at once and see if I can't catch it. It is very tame."

"Stop, my child!" exclaimed her mamma, laying down her work and taking both of Kate's hands in her own. "Would my darling do such a wicked thing?"

"He killed Snowy," she replied, her eyes quickly filling with tears.

"Has Jesus commanded us to return bad for evil?"

"No, ma'am."

"What has he commanded us?"

"To return good for evil."

"And cannot my little daughter obey this command when Jesus set her such a beautiful example upon the cross?"

"Kate's tears were tears of sorrow now, and she said, "Oh, mamma, I will try! But let me go away and ask God to help me, or I can never do it."

Two or three days after this she rushed into her mamma's room, her cheeks glowing with excitement, and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I have just found out how I can pay Dick. I heard him say he only wished he had a house for his squirrel. And don't you remember mamma, that old squirrel house up in the garret, that used to be poor Charley's? Can I give it to Dick?"

"If you wish, my child. It is of no use to us."

"And wouldn't that be returning good for evil, mamma?"

"Yes darling." And Kate rushed to get the house, while her mother wrote on a slip of paper: "A present to Dick Knowlton from Kate Frampton." And they tied it fast to the cage and carefully set it over the fence in their neighbor's garden where Dick would be sure to see it. But day after day passed away, and Kate could see no more of Dick or his squirrel.

Two or three months must have passed, when one morning as Kate ran out in the yard, what should she see but a little white bantam hen. Almost wild with joy she clasped her hands tightly together and screamed, "Oh, mamma, do come quick! If here isn't my Snowy come to life again!"

Her mamma hastened out, saying, "That cannot be. But it does look very much like her. It must be one of the neighbor's. But there is a strip of paper tied round her neck. Go, Kate, and get some corn for her, that we may see what it is."

Kate soon returned with corn, and gently picked up the hen while it was eating.

"Oh," said her mamma. "It is a little letter to you, Kate. Let me read it."

Kate listened very intently while her mamma read.

"DEAR KATY:—I was so thankful for the squirrel house you gave me; but it made me so ashamed of myself that I couldn't show my face to thank you. Pretty soon after, I went to Uncle Dick's. I told Uncle all about your giving me the squirrel-house, and he said you must be a little Christian, or you could never have acted so well; and he said such a good little girl deserved another hen, and he gave me the best one he had, for you. Please forgive me, Katy, for killing your hen, and I will never be so wicked again. Come over this afternoon, if you can. I want to show you how my squirrel likes his house. DICK KNOWLTON."

Katy danced and capered around her mamma, exclaiming, "Oh, isn't it sweet to return good for evil?"

"Yes, darling, and you will always find it is sweet to obey any of our dear Saviour's commands.—National Baptist.

Suggestiveness of old Hymns.

The *Journal of Commerce*, in its "Table and Library Talk," discourses with beauty and pathos on the influence of old hymns. Three persons are conversing in a library, and we doubt not but their talk will excite the sympathy and memories of our readers.

THE DOCTOR.—An old hymn is a great thing. What voices have sung it! An old hymn book is suggestive—what emotion it bears record of! I'm not much of a literary man, and when I get an hour's leisure from the pains and sufferings that occupy my life, I very often find rest in reading old hymns. It is only once in a great while that I have a sensation. I've almost outgrown sensations. When I was fifty years old I thought it over and concluded that my profession had worn out the sensational possibilities of my soul. But an old hymn to an old tune convinced me I was mistaken. Last Sunday morning I was driving on my morning round, my mind intent on a case of surgery that had kept me up all night. I was passing a Presbyterian church in some street, when I heard a strain of familiar music, and I pulled up short, just in time to catch the last words of a verse in the hymn they were singing. Why, Philip, they speak of the war-horse starting at the sound of the trumpet; so my old heart started at the sound of that hymn and music.

PHILIP.—I understand you. Once I was walking listlessly of a Sunday afternoon through the narrow streets of Cairo, the heart of the Orient to this day, as in the days of the caliphs. I came accidentally near the house where some Scotch missionaries reside, and where they and their families were holding service. Out on the strange atmosphere of the old city, whose every stone and lattice, and whose very sky were mysterious, old and incomprehensible, floated with perfect distinctness the words of an old hymn. In an instant I was carried away to the old church in the up country village, and I leaned against the wall of a house, and thought, and thought, and thought, till the misty condition of my eyes reminded me where I was. And that wasn't half so powerful a sensation as I had some months later. I never knew a more tem-

pestuous night, for a starry one, than I had in Upper Egypt, when a fierce gale carried my boat through the pass at *Hagar Silitis*. About nine o'clock in the evening I was standing on deck, watching the stars, and listening to the rush of the boat through the brown Nile, swinging and swaying her great sail as she dashed along. Suddenly I caught on the wind the strain of an old tune, and I saw that we were passing a boat which lay near the shore. There were Americans on board, and the very words of the hymn came clearly to our ear; or else I imagined them. Either way, it was a startling interruption to the wildness of the scene. My Arabs were as heedless of it as of the wind. They lay on deck wrapped up in their bournoses, slumbering heavily. The Nubian pilot stood firm at the helm. But to me the sound was like the voice of an angel. What I saw, in the next moment's imagination, it would take hours to tell. We think swiftly. The vision was one of exceeding beauty and peace—such peace! Do you remember Dea. Stuart, Joe?

STERNBURGER (*waking from a doze*)—Dea. Stuart! What—here? Good heavens, Phil, I thought he was in glory forty years ago.

PHILIP.—Not quite so long, as we count time in this slow world. But twenty-five years ago they buried the man, then full eighty-five years old, and ripe for heaven. No, he is not coming here to-night, Joe; but it he didn't come to my Nile boat that night with his granddaughter Kate, then all I can say is that I had a powerful imagination. Don't you remember when she died? I was a boy. She was the prettiest girl in the whole congregation—older than I was by some five years, but I used to look at her in church and wonder if any thing more beautiful was ever seen in any age or land. When I read of Helen, and Cleopatra, and all the beauties of old times, it was always with the notion that each one, blonde or brunette, must have looked like Katie Stuart. She died very suddenly. One Sunday morning the church was unusually full, for there had been two deaths in the previous week, and a funeral sermon was expected. The day was bitterly cold. The thermometer was twenty degrees below zero all day. I remember how much emotion was visible in the church, for the deaths had been those of young persons very much loved, and there had been a story that one of them, a fine fellow, but long failing, had loved Katie Stuart very dearly. Whether she knew it or not no one could say. But when the minister had finished a touching sermon, leaving young and old in tears, and gave out the hymn to sing, it was hard to sing it. The preacher got along tolerably well till he came to the beginning of a verse where he found almost no one to help him, and he sang the first three or four notes with only two or three voices accompanying him, and then he broke down with a sort of sob. Then—I can hear it now—how delicious, how glorious it was! Katie Stuart's voice, clear as a bird's, floated up as if she was inspired, and the very atmosphere was filled with its melody as she sang:

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

It was five miles from the church to the deacon's farm. The old man drove, and Katie sat wrapped in buffalo robes by his side in the sleigh. I remember the black horses well. I owned them afterward. When they started I was looking at her face. I had watched her from the close of the service. She spoke to no one, but went directly to the sleigh, quietly let her grandfather wrap the robes around her, remained silent, and the horses went off at a bound. What the deacon thought of all the way home no one can imagine, but when he reached home Katie had gone far away. She was sitting wrapped in the robes with a smiling face, but cold, and calm, and dead in the sleigh. That hymn was her last utterance in our language, which, make it as passionate as we may, does not, cannot remotely imitate the songs they sing up yonder.

A pity to have an empty seat.

A few weeks ago a gentleman was obliged to go to a distant depot, at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary, and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a little way, he was overtaken by a gentleman and a little boy in a carriage. The fine horse was at once reined in, and his owner said, with a smile, "I presume, sir, you are going but a short way; but this little fellow insists on my asking you to ride with us. I told him I had no doubt you were going to the first station; but he said, 'The gentleman is a stranger, father; it is very easy to ask him. It always seems to me such a pity to ride with an empty seat!'"

Now, that ride, which cost the gentleman neither money, time, nor trouble, was a real blessing to a weary minister of Christ; and he told him so when he thanked him and the dear boy who prompted the kind civility.

"It is a way he has, and always had, sir," replied the father. "From his cradle, he could never enjoy what he could not share with others. If he has any new gift or pleasure, his first thought is for those less favored. It is a way he got from his mother."

"It was a truly beautiful way" that boy had; and it should be a lesson to all boys, and boys' mothers too, who hear of him. Remember this, you who have horses at your control to use for convenience or pleasure: "It is a pity to have an empty seat." Remember it, mothers, when training your boys for lives of usefulness. The little things of to-day will grow

into great things of years to come. The boy who is selfish with his toys and his comforts will be so with his money and his sympathies when a man; for the heart grows harder, rather than softer, by the flight of time.

A carriage is not the only place where "it is a pity to have an empty seat." It is a pity to have one in the church or the Sunday school; and there would be a less number so, if all boys had the spirit of the little fellow of whom we have written. Say, with him, "It is so easy to ask!" and then go among the boys you know, and urge them to fill an empty seat. You can do more in this way than your minister or your teacher can. Let every empty seat in the house of God and in the Sunday school have a voice for you that shall send you out into the highways and hedges to compel less favored children to come in; and in so doing, you yourselves will receive a blessing. The noble boy who insisted on offering a ride to a stranger, thereby made a new friend who will never forget him, and who may return the kindness a hundred-fold, in ways he little dreams of now; and better than this, he pleased God, who commands us to be careful to entertain strangers, and reminds us that many, in doing so, have entertained angels unawares.

The tomb of Beethoven.

The service in the Greek church over, which is much more simple than in the Roman, we went our way to the cemetery which is in the suburbs, west of the city. The streets are alive with people hastening from the churches to the beer gardens. The omnibuses are crowded with those who are going out to the beer gardens in the surrounding villages. It is a pleasure to turn from the hurrying multitude into the streets of a "silent city." The gate is closed, but a woman opens it, and we pass up the straight paths, with slabs and monuments on both sides, to the grave of Beethoven. It is by the Eastern wall of the cemetery. An iron railing encloses it. Against the wall a plain monument of gray sandstone has been raised, containing a panel bearing only the one word—BEETHOVEN. No date of birth, or time of death, or what he did. No eulogy or enumeration of virtues, but upon the slab simply a golden harp—no broken cords, as is often seen in other cemeteries, but a perfect instrument. The ivy is creeping over the stone which rests above his remains. Near by is the grave of Schubert, with a monument a little more elaborate, with a bust in bronze of that eminent composer. The birds are singing in the trees, the bees humming among the flowers, just as they were when Beethoven sat beneath yonder trees, listening to the sounds of nature. Nature was the inspirer of his genius. His sublimest compositions were written in the fields. How sad that spectacle, in the closing years of his life—with the sense of hearing gone—when he sat with streaming eyes by the piano, playing his own compositions, which he could not hear, but which have been the solace and delight of millions, and which will be rehearsed through all coming time! To-day his music has been sung in the churches of all lands, and it will continue to be sung so long as there is a human heart on earth capable of being stirred by harmonious sound.—Correspondent at Vienna to Boston Journal.

The best thing to come.

The best things of an unbelieving man are all in this life. The nearer he draws to the grave, the worse is his condition. The moment he dies, his worst things begin, and continue for evermore. When the worldly man dies, his sun sets and sets to rise no more. When the true Christian dies his sun rises, and will shine on to all eternity. The true Christian's best things are yet to come.

Yet a little while, and the believers shall part forever with sin. They shall no longer have to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts. They shall no longer need to watch and pray lest they fall into temptation. They shall no longer find the flesh lusting against the spirit. They shall no longer be constrained to say, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." They shall bid an eternal good-by to sin. This is one of their best things to come.

How it died.

"Died—in Laodicea, the Prayer-meeting, aged one year. The health of this meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But a few anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them.

"Discouragement at last prevailed, and the prayer-meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty were living within a mile of it, and not one was there.

"Had two only been there, its life might have been saved, for 'where two are agreed,' &c.

"Two-thirds of the forty might have been there, had they been so disposed; but they were not, and the prayer-meeting died."

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—An American paper, among other suggestions which will enable a person to avoid the cholera, says:—Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clear conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the larks, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all your dwellings and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't have too many in the same house with you."