

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 2nd, 1868.

MATTHEW xii. 1-8: 9-14: MARK ii. 23-28: iii. 1-6: LUKE vi. 1-12: The disciples pluck ears of grain on the Sabbath. The healing of the withered hand on the Sabbath.

Recite.—LUKE xiii. 14-17.

Sunday, August 9th, 1868.

MATTHEW xii. 15-21: x. 2-4: MARK iii. 7-19: LUKE vi. 12-19: Jesus arriving at the sea Tiberias and is followed by multitudes. Jesus withdraws to the mountain and chooses the Twelve, the multitudes followed him.

Recite.—MATTHEW x. 1-4.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Sketch.

Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.—Paul.

Beneath a ragged hemlock,
With the river rushing by
So near that it sprinkled the window
Whenever the stream was high,
"Auld Alick" pitched his cabin,
And dwelt, with his only child;
A maiden strangely lovely:
And he as strangely wild.

His eye was fierce; the eagles,
Hers, gentle as the dove,
His seldom speech, the lions:
Her every tone was love.

His heart was only Ebal:
Hers was all Gerizim.
He meditated cursing;
And she blessed ever him.

While life to him was dismal,
A wild and starless night;
To her it was the dawning
Of everlasting light.
His hope, his all, lay buried
In one moss-covered grave:
Hers in the Rock of ages:
She knew His power to save.

Time rolling as the river,
The day to part has come.
As the christian girl is dying,
Her father reaches home.
She clasps her arms around him,
And prays, him to repent.
He speaks of "others failings";
His life—"not all misspent."

"My Father! art thou perfect?
Hast thou no fault at all?
If thou hast but one blemish,
One spot, however small,
Thou canst not come to heaven
Without atoning blood:
Thou canst not, unrepented,
Confront the holy God!
Father! thou art not curseless:
Turn to the book and read,
"Woe to the self sufficient?"
That curse is on thy head."

Here suddenly, she ceases;
Her arms fall listless down.
A statue gazes on her,
Still beautiful; but gone.

Fixed as the rock he gazes;
The cabin still as death.
And calm as death that surface;
But Oh! the storm beneath.
He sees himself the sinner,
Condemned by every verse
Of that dear life; God's volume,
Just folded with a curse—
Accursed and forsaken,
By all around, above.
But there, while agonizing,
He saw the curse remove.

At once his song of rapture
Swelled upward and along,
Above the voice of waters;
And the angels joined the song:
And, still in upward swelling,
Not angels sang alone,
It swept those myriad harpstrings,
And trembled round the throne.

The cabin remains; and the hemlock;
And the river, rushing by:
But the spray goes in at the window
Whenever the stream is high:
And the spot looks changed, though lovely;
For the boatmen came once more,
And ferried the last of that trio
Away to the brighter shore.

By the Medway, July 13th.

Prejudice; or, the Black Polyanthus.

PART III.

The next morning Nannette was extremely ill, and Madame sent down to request that the lessons might go on as usual; but I felt scarcely able to do mine, and longed to lie down on my bed and rest.

I did not know that I was ill, but thought it strange that I should shiver when the sun was shining so brightly; afterwards I thought it

equally strange that I should be so hot, and feel so cross and irritable with everything and everybody.

The lessons appeared to go on in a dream that had many changes, and yet, when at length Dr. G—came in, and after speaking to the teachers, said cheerfully, 'Are there any young ladies here that have never had the measles?' and I answered, 'Yes, I have not,' I had no intention of deceiving him when I replied to his further questions that I felt quite well.

He informed us that Nannette had got the measles. Juliet and I were the only pupils that had not had this complaint. Juliet's parents were in India, but Miss Quain said she supposed that I should immediately be sent home.

'I must not have her sent home,' said Dr. G—. 'She is not in a fit state for it. Would you like to go and lie on the drawing-room sofa, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, very much,' I replied; and Miss Quain made no objection; so he led me to the sofa in the drawing-room, where there was a delightful scent of geraniums, and where, the green blinds being let down, there was a soft, cool shade.

I laid my head on the pillow; all those miserable feelings vanished, and I fell fast asleep.

When at length I awoke, Miss L'Estrange was standing by me, and I saw Massey coming into the room with a tray and some plates upon it.

'How are you now, my pet?' said Miss L'Estrange, kneeling down by me, and kissing me.

I answered, as before, that I was very well, and was very glad to find that now I was neither hot nor cross.

'Dr. G—says you may have your dinner if you like,' she then said; 'and after that you may go for half an hour into the sunshine.'

I opened my eyes, and repeated, 'If I like, I may have my dinner?—oh, yes, I like, of course.'

Massey accordingly put the tray before me, and I sat up and enjoyed my dinner; but after this I was by no means able to go out, and was very glad to let Massey carry me up stairs, and put me to bed.

There I lay very quietly watching Miss L'Estrange, whom Madame, at her own request, had constituted my nurse. She sat at work, and now and then spoke to me very affectionately and properly, telling me that I was going to be ill; that I must try to be patient, and pray that if it was the will of God I might shortly get well again.

I assented, and liked to hear her talk; but, in my childish heart, I felt all the importance of being ill, and having other people anxious about me, especially when the girls came in one by one on tiptoe to ask how I was, and to console with me. At five o'clock the second class came up stairs, and having dressed themselves, very quietly went into the garden. Between sleeping, and talking, and watching my kind nurse, a long time seemed to pass, till suddenly some very quick, and not at all cautious, footsteps came rushing up the stairs, and, to my great terror, Belle darted into the room, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break.

It was in vain that her sister alternately questioned and soothed her; she could neither speak nor control herself, and the room was half full of girls, some amazed, some crying, some arguing, before a single coherent sentence was uttered that threw any light on this strange proceeding.

Miss L'Estrange looked from one to the other, quite bewildered. At length I distinguished Margaret's voice.—'It was the rabbit,' she exclaimed; 'it was Speck.'

'Well, what of the rabbit?'

Several voices answered, some lamenting, some contradicting; till suddenly remembering me, and that she should have kept me quiet, Miss L'Estrange sent them all away excepting Belle, and used what means she could to calm and pacify her. Belle, however, could not attend to her entreaties; but throwing herself on her knees before her sister, she hid her face in her lap, and declared that she should never be happy again, and that the rabbit had done it all.

'What can this mean?' said Miss L'Estrange. 'Prosper,' sobbed Belle, 'Prosper said last night that he'd seen him.'

'Well, my dear,' asked her sister, 'what then?'

'We went,—we went between the rows of hops to look for him.'

'And you found him, I suppose,' suggested her sister, looking more and more surprised.

'And we peeped between,' proceeded Belle, 'and he was sitting—sitting up and eating; and Prosper said—here a fresh burst of tears, and it was some moments before she went on. 'But we startled him away, and he left his leaves and things lying on the ground; and Prosper said—'

'Well, what did Prosper say?' exclaimed her sister, getting out of patience.

'There were more sobs, then Belle went on—'And Prosper said he had cut off the parsley stalks as clean as if he had done it with a knife; and so—and so he had.'

I shall never forget the sudden change of countenance with which Miss L'Estrange heard these words. 'As clean as a knife,' she murmured to herself, with a sort of consternation; and then I remembered when and where I had heard this said before.

'Could a rabbit have done that?' said Miss L'Estrange, apparently quite shocked.

'He did those in the hop ground,' said Belle, crying piteously; 'and when he saw us, he left them lying round just like the leaves of my black polyanthus. Oh, Mary, what are we to do to make amends to Miss Palmer?'

Before her sister could answer, Miss Ashley came in, and quietly shutting the door, sat down

on my bed, and said, 'Is not this a terrible business, Mary?—what is to be done?'

'I suppose there can be no mistake?' said her friend.

'Impossible,' was the reply. 'If you had seen the leaves and stalks, you would have known at once that that was how the polyanthus was cut; and here have we absolutely hunted an innocent girl out of the school for want of knowing this before. Mary, why don't you speak?—what shall we do?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Miss L'Estrange, in a desponding tone of voice.

'It was a most cruel, unwarrantable prejudice from beginning to end; and oh, how I wish she was in the house to hear me say so! Oh, Mary, how could we give in to it?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' repeated Miss L'Estrange, more sadly still.

I listened with great interest; but the feeling of unreality was stronger than ever, and as my head ached, I was not very sorry when Madame, reappearing with Dr. G—, sent them all out of the room, and set Massey in their place; and now followed such confusion as I remember to this day. There was nothing but seemed to change as I looked at it: white rabbits were running over the coverlet, but I could not reach to stroke them; amber necklaces were under the pillows, but I vainly tried to find them; curious plants were growing all over the floor, and curious birds were walking about among them; papa and mamma were looking at me through the window, but they never came in, nor spoke to me; and I was always doing multiplication sums, that got longer and longer, and never came right.

The time did not appear to be long. Sometimes I saw a lamp in the room; then again the sun would be shining in; after that I saw three stars glittering in the cool summer sky, and watched them as they seemed to get entangled among the walnut boughs before they set.

At last I woke, and found that I could not lift up my head. It was morning; I thought what a long dream I had had, and felt very weak; but Massey was sitting by me; so I asked her why she had not put out my clean frock, as it was Wednesday.

'Wednesday,' said Massey, very gently; 'no, miss, this is Thursday.'

I was very much surprised, but thought I knew better than she did; and when I had drunk some tea, I remarked, that if this was next Thursday, I wondered where Wednesday was gone to.

'This is not next Thursday,' said Massey; 'this is the Thursday after.' So I thought it was of no use arguing with such a person, and asked her how far Miss Palmer had got by this time.

'What made you think of her, miss?' said Massey. 'Well, be she far, or be she near, I'll answer for it she has had the measles, for she was taken before she left just as you were.'

Just then I heard footsteps in the passage, for my door was ajar; I thought to myself, 'That is exactly how papa walks.' The footsteps came on nearer, some one entered, I opened my eyes, and saw that it was my papa, and that he was standing looking at me; I could not speak for joy, but Massey said, 'Miss West is wonderfully better this morning sir.'

Presently, the rustle of a silk dress swept softly across the floor, and my contentment was complete. I was sure it was my mother's dress, and so it proved to be.

In the afternoon of that quiet day, I was so much better that I could talk to my parents; I asked after Nannette, and was told that she had been very dangerously ill, and was recovering, but slowly; I then inquired about Miss Palmer, but my mother had never heard her name; so I was obliged to be contented for the present with my ignorance.

Very quietly, and, as it seemed, quickly, the time passed; and some time during the afternoon of the next day I awoke, and found Miss L'Estrange sitting by me; I heard mamma tell her that I was not to be fatigued, but that if she could say what she wished me to hear in few words, I might listen to it.

Almost as shortly, therefore, as I now relate the circumstance, Miss L'Estrange told me how anxious they had all been to write to Miss Palmer, and acknowledge their error; to tell her what they had discovered about the black polyanthus, and what Massey had told us of her buying the flowers for us. 'But we did not know her uncle's address,' she continued; 'and it was only two days ago that we happened to hear it, through a farmer, who knows him. So we have written a long letter to her,' she said, 'asking her forgiveness, and begging her to persuade her uncle, that we shall be extremely friendly and affectionate to her if she may come back again, and that we shall try to make up to her for our past unkindness; we have made up a little parcel, in which we have each sent her something to keep for our sakes, and we thought you would like also to send her something.'

I said I should, and chose a little locket out of my stores to be sent. The letter was then read, and all the pretty little presents were shown to me.

The parcel, she told me, was to go by railway; and then she left me to enjoy all the peace and rest of convalescence, doubly pleasant to me, because my parents were so constantly with me.

The next day I was so much better that I was allowed to enjoy the little consequence of seeing all the girls, as they came in, with my mother's consent, to speak to me.

I shall not soon forget that morning; I was beginning to understand that I had been extremely ill, and I saw in the faces of my father and mother something of that rest and peace seldom felt but after anxiety. My mother was

reclining on a couch where I could see her, my father sitting by me; he had been reading, and an open Bible was still in his hand. I reflected on what he had said, and was grateful for them, that God had spared their only child; and for myself that I might yet live to be useful and thankful.

Miss L'Estrange was sitting at the foot of my little bed. I had nothing to do but to lie still and rest; the flies were humming in the sunny windows, the birds were singing outside, the shadows of the trees were rocking across the white blinds; everything about me was orderly, cheerful, and quiet.

My thoughts naturally recurred to Miss Palmer; I wondered whether she would return to school, and began to consider what I could do to show my sorrow for the past.

Just then, Massey came in, and said to Miss L'Estrange, 'There is a parcel for you, miss, from the railway.'

My father, thinking perhaps that she would like to open it in my room, left us to ourselves and went out.

I could not help noticing that this was precisely like what we had sent to Miss Palmer. Miss L'Estrange hastily untied the string, and out came our own packet, precisely as we had sent it, excepting that the seals were broken.

She looked at first astonished, and then inexpressibly hurt. 'Is it possible,' she said, quite pale with the pain this prompt return of her own presents had given her, 'is it possible that she refuses to be reconciled, and declines to accept our keepsakes, or even to read our letter?'

My story is nearly concluded: I will not detail how we examined the seals of our letter, and saw that she had opened them; how we questioned with one another as to why she had returned them so quickly.

We were not to be allowed to make any reparation. I looked during the examination, and saw my mother's eyes fixed on a little note which had dropped from the parcel upon the bed.

At the same instant, Miss L'Estrange snatched it up, shivered as she opened it, and closed her eyes as if she did not dare to read it. I took it from her, for a terrible dread of what might be its contents struck through my heart. Our apologies and reparation had come too late. The writer said, she had been requested to return this parcel and its contents to the young ladies, for that Miss Palmer had died that morning at seven o'clock!

A genuine little Baptist.

A Cincinnati friend gives us this interesting little story, connected with the recent revival at Newport, on the Kentucky side, opposite to Cincinnati:—

Among the converts is a very interesting little girl of nine years. After she had found the Saviour, she went to her mother and asked permission to be baptized. Her mother objected that she knew nothing about baptism; but the little girl said, 'Yes, mamma, I do;' and hastening to her room, brought back her Bible, and pointed out the places where it tells of going down into the water and being buried with Christ.

'But,' continued the mother, 'you are not fit to be baptized—you are not a Christian.'

'Yes, mamma, I think I am.'

'What makes you so?'

'Well, I don't know as I can quite explain it all. But, mamma, I used to read the Bible so as to get praise for good answers in my Sabbath-school class; now I love to read it, because it is Jesus' word. Now I love to pray, I love to go to church, and I love everybody; and I think Jesus loves me.'

Her mother then proposed to her to come over into the city, and unite with one of the churches here.

But she replied, 'Mamma, I don't think that would be quite right. I am to live here, to go to school here, and be here every day, and I think I ought to confess Jesus right here.'

Would that all were as thoroughly converted as this little girl!

RUST, GILDING, AND POLISH.—Some people are rusty. Their harsh, ungainly manners eat out whatever is good in their own character, and saw the very flesh of those that come near them.

Some people are gilt. A very brilliant exterior they present; but the first touch of hard using rubs off the gilding, and reveals the base metal beneath.

A third class are polished. The polish, indeed, is on the surface; but it is a polish on the surface of solid worth, and in the multifarious crosses of human life, the more it is rubbed the brighter it grows.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—When the powers of life are suspended from any cause, whether it be a blow, a fall, a fit, a sudden rush of blood to the brain, a sun stroke, suffocation or partial drowning, instantly administer Radway's Ready Relief, inwardly, and apply it to the spine—persisting in the treatment until animation is restored.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

THE WAGES OF WORKINGMEN.—Whatever may be the justice or injustice of the wages paid the workman of our country, there can be no denial of the fact that 25 cents paid for a box of Grace's Celebrated Salve is one of the best investments a family can make. This remedy, for all cutaneous diseases, and eruptions generally, has no equal.