

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 26th, 1868.

JOHN v. 25-47: Our Lord's discourse at Jerusalem.  
Recite—DANIEL xii. 1-3.

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.

## Pure Air.

Throw open your window and fasten it there;  
Fling the curtain aside and the blind,  
And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air—  
'Tis the life and health of mankind.

Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheums?  
Of headaches and fevers and chills?  
Of bitters, hot-drops, fomentations and fumes?  
And bleeding and blisters and pills?

Then shut yourself up, like a monk in his cave,  
Till nature grows weary and sad,  
And imagine yourself on the brink of the grave,  
Where nothing is cheerful and glad.

Be sure when you sleep that all air is shut out;  
Place, too, a warm brick at your feet,  
Wrap a bandage of flannel your neck quite about,  
And cover your head with the sheet!

Oh! prize not this lightly, so precious a thing,  
Till nature with gladness and wealth—  
The richest blessing that heaven can bring,  
The bright panacea of health.

Then open the window and fasten it there;  
Fling the curtain aside and the blind,  
And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air,  
'Tis the light, life, and joy of mankind.

## "The little Vine."

A few days ago I read a story about a little vine, children, and I liked it so much that I wanted to tell it to you, who I thought would like it, too.

The story is a kind of parable, and the most of you, I doubt not, know what a parable is.

The man who wrote the story said he was walking in the woods one day when it was very pleasant and shady, and where the tall trees stood close together stretching out their green leafy arms, only letting a few rays of bright sunshine down on the green moss and beautiful flowers at their feet.

Among the trees was one larger and taller than the others, a grand old oak. There it had stood for a hundred years, growing stronger as the hot sun drew the sap up into its branches; and as the fierce storms of winter shook it, it took still deeper root.

Down among the dead leaves, and on a mossy carpet, a little vine was creeping along; all at once it began to whisper. It said: "I am so tired of creeping along here among these dead leaves. They lie on top of me, and keep me down so that I cannot see the bright sunshine and blue sky. Why should I not grow straight up like the trees? So I will."

So it sent up a little branch in the air. Up it went into the warm sunshine, two or three inches; but it had used all its strength, and could not stand long. Then it said: "I will start again." So up it went a little higher than the first time, but just then a summer breeze blew over it and down it went on its side.

Once it asked a tall reed to help it, until it was strong enough to stand alone. But it bent the reed down before it had even climbed to the top. Then it said: "Why can't I grow up like the trees?"

"Oh," said the reed, "you must grow up stiff, and turn into wood."

"But I never seem to turn into wood," the vine said, "I am always tender."

"Then you will always be a vine, and you may as well give up trying," the reed said. So the vine gave it up, and lay quite exhausted, until it heard the old oak say: "Little vine! do you want to grow up into the sunshine? You are too weak? let me help you."

The little vine could hardly believe the voice at first, but it did believe, and crept along and reached out its tender grasping fingers and took hold of the bark of the oak tree and lifted itself up from the ground. How fast it grew up in the air and sunshine, and how delighted it was!

When the storms came how they beat on the oak, but the little vine clung still closer, and the oak put his arms down and helped it hold on.

Who is the little vine, children? You are all little vines—tender little vines; full of life and growth, but very weak indeed, so that you cannot grow in the right way without help.

You look up into Heaven and see how beautiful it is and long to climb up there, but the old leaves of bad habits lie on you and hold you down. Then you try to shake them off, but it is hard work. You would like to grow up straight into goodness, but, like the vine, you are too weak to stand without help.

Now who is the oak? Is it not Christ? He says to you, like the oak to the vine: "Come to me and I will help you to be strong and good. You are too weak and tender to stand alone;

take hold of my promises and cling to me, and I will shield you from the storms and all temptations."

This is the story I liked so much; is it not a pretty one? Now, if you are like the little vine, you will believe what Christ says, and you will creep up to Him, and ask Him to help you every day to be good children so that you can go to live with Him one day in His beautiful home in Heaven.—*The Herald of Peace.*

## An odd Thought.

Edmund Andrews was well known as a cruel boy. Cockchafers, butterflies, and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill used by him in their turn; and many a reproof had been received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burlington's barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, with his pitch-pettle and iron, marking the sheep which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B. for John Burlington.

"So you are putting your master's mark on the sheep, are you?" said Edmund as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson; "but their Almighty Maker has put his mark upon them before."

"What do you mean?" said Edmund, looking at the shepherd inquiringly.

"I mean," replied Wilkinson, "that our heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, has put his marks upon all the creatures he has made, and such marks as none but he could put on them. He has given brown wings to the cockchafer, spots to the butterfly, feathers to the bird, a sparkling eye to the frog and toad, a swift foot to the dog, and a soft-furry skin to the cat. These marks are his marks, and they show us that these creatures belong to him; and woe be to those who abuse them. We should never be cruel to any of them."

"That is an odd thought," said Edmund, as he began to walk away from the spot.

"It may be an odd thought," replied the shepherd; "but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act kindly to his creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better."

DISCOVERIES IN SYRIA.—A paragraph of late intelligence from the East is not without interest to the Christian reader. Lovers of Biblical antiquities will rejoice to hear that the excavations now being made in Syria has resulted in the discovery at Nadrid Sarape, of a Hebrew house dating from about the second century before Christ. Some of the rooms with their contents are in perfect preservation, among the latter being a number of Hebrew books, showing that the house belonged to a literary man. Besides the books of Moses and the Psalms of David, there is a collection of Hebrew poems, absolutely unknown to the Orientals of our day. These interesting remains, many of which bear traces of Egyptian origin, have been sent to the Asiatic Society of London.

## Prejudice; or, the Black Poyanthus.

## PART III.

Miss Morton was the first to recall the girls to themselves by reminding them that it was most absurd to be so sorry at Miss Palmer's departure, when we had found her presence so unwelcome, and when she had done so much to make herself disagreeable; besides, she said, "You know we did not adopt that cold manner which she had called unkind, till we felt quite sure that she more than deserved it."

"That does not signify at all," said Miss L. E. strange, sobbing; "it has ruined her prospects for life. Oh I am so sorry! Oh poor thing—poor thing?"

"Mary," said Miss Morton, giving her a slight push, "how can you give way so before these children! Pray be reasonable."

"And all about my rubbishy poyanthus," sobbed Belle, half resentfully; "I'll never be unkind to any one again, however much she deserves it!"

"I am sure she deserves it, and a great deal more," said Miss Morton, quite calmly; "her suffering from this fault does not make her innocent of it."

I believe this kind of conversation went on for more than an hour; and we had begun to wonder whether Miss Palmer's uncle might not be relating what had passed to Madame, and considering what we should say in our own defence, when Massey came in again, and said to me, "Miss West, you are wanted, if you please."

I went into the hall with the same dreary sense of unreality upon me, and there I saw Miss Palmer, her boxes, her music-books, her parrot in his cage, and all her possessions, standing at the street door. There was a chaise outside, and her uncle stood by it, giving some directions.

"Going! Miss Palmer?" I exclaimed, in consternation.

"I have taken leave of Madame," she answered; and pale as she still was, there was a peaceful kind of happiness in her face which went to my heart, for I felt how more than glad, how thankful, she was to be away from us. The parrot, as usual, was making a great noise—screaming, fluttering, and climbing about with his beak and claws. "Here's a state of things," he screamed out, as I went up to its mistress, "ha, ha, ha!" It was astonishing how often this sentence of his seemed appropriate to the matter in hand.

"Dear," said Miss Palmer, "I thought I should like to kiss you and wish you good by."

"Are you really going, then?" I inquired.

"Oh, then, let me tell the girls; they are some of them very sorry, particularly Miss L'Estrange."

She hesitated, and then answered with that same look of serenity, "I could not expect that they should like to see me after I have said that about them to my uncle; but I will send a message. I am going with my dear uncle, and I believe I shall be very happy. I shall never think that they meant me to know that they disliked me. They were not aware, I believe, how much they showed it. I was not brought up to be such a lady as they are, and they must see the difference, I know. I am so grieved that I spoke unkindly of them, now that I am going such a long, long journey. It seems as if what I said could not be true. When they know that I am never coming back any more, I am sure they will excuse whatever it was that they disliked."

She paused so long, that I said to her, "Is that the message, Miss Palmer?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I wish I could make a good message."

"It would be much better just to come and take leave of them," I pleaded; "and I will tell them about the message too."

She still hesitated; but as I took her hand and drew her towards the school-room door, she gave way, and suffered me to usher her in and explain her errand.

As she advanced into the room all her composure left her, and she burst into tears; the girls crowded about her, and all kissed her—some, perhaps, because they felt compunction some because they wished to be magnanimous at the last, and some because the others did.

She seemed struggling to speak, and said, in broken sentences, that she should always think affectionately of them, and that she hoped they would forgive her for going in this way; but the old shyness so much overcame her that she could scarcely make herself intelligible; and her uncle calling her from without, she drew down her veil, and after kissing me, hastily withdrew.

We followed her into the hall; her baggage was put into the chaise; and Madame took leave of her; Miss Palmer was lifted in, and the little chaise drove off.

Madame seemed depressed, and remarked that Miss Palmer's uncle had appeared rather in a hurry to take his niece away; and had said that as he should not be passing that way again for a long time, he hoped she would excuse it.

It was evident from her manner to us, which was not at all different from usual, that no other reason had been given.

The rain was over, and the wet flowers were bright in the sunshine; it was very warm, and I remember that there was so little wind that the fallen petals of the peonies lay in heaps under them, and were not blown away, and on the grass beneath the two hawthorn trees there were patches as white as snow.

Madame soon withdrew to her sick child, who was now awake; therefore we four of the second class went up to our own room.

I remember seeing Massey there, already beginning to take down the little blue bed that had been Miss Palmer's; my schoolfellows began to question her; but the curious sensation had so much increased in my head that I only wished she would make haste and finish her operations, that I might lie down on my own bed and rest.

I was soon able to do this, and Massey, looking very much surprised, inquired if I felt unwell.

"Oh, no," I replied; but I was very tired, and I had a curious feeling in my head. Massey observed that it was a strange thing, and she thought we were all going to be ill together; for when Miss Palmer came up stairs she was so giddy that she was obliged to take sal volatile, and thought she should have fainted.

Never had a bed been such a luxury before. I draw the quilt over my shoulders, and lay quietly listening to the conversation going on around me, till Massey returned to the subject of Miss Palmer's departure. "She seemed very much pleased to be going away, poor dear," said Massey, sagely shaking her head; "not that she said a word to me like that, but I know, I know."

"What do you know, Massey?" asked Belle.

Massey was counting the curtain rings, and did not answer till she had run them all on to a tape, and tied them up; then, with that unexcited quietude of manner which sometimes gained unusual attention for what she said, she observed,—

"If anybody had told me beforehand that you young ladies were so proud I wouldn't have believed it."

"Proud?" repeated Belle, with genuine surprise.

"I am sure I've been very sorry ever since," continued Massey, "that I told you about her uncle not being such a gentleman as your papa. That was just what Madame wished you not to know."

"What has that to do with our being proud?" asked Juliet.

"Well, miss," replied Massey, "if you are not proud, why did you always make Miss Palmer keep her distance, and always speak so coldly to her?"

"Massey, you are quite wrong—quite mistaken," cried Belle, whose blood boiled at the hint that we had ill-used Miss Palmer because she was in an inferior position.

Massey smiled with a tranquillity much more aggravating than direct denial would have been, and continued, "But I will say for Miss Palmer, that never was a young lady that gave me so little trouble, and always kept her drawers so neat."

"I say you are quite mistaken," repeated Belle.

"In thinking you and Miss Palmer were not comfortable together, did you mean, miss?" asked Massey, as quietly as before, and without looking off her work.

"Massey, you don't understand," said Juliet; "it was not because we are proud that we were unfriendly with Miss Palmer."

"Miss Palmer was never obliging to us," added Margaret.

"We were always uncomfortable from the very day she came," continued Belle.

"Indeed," miss," replied Massey, with respectful attention, but not as if she took any particular interest in the matter; "well, it's no business of mine, but I thought she seemed very obliging at first, young ladies."

"She never was," said Juliet, "never."

"Well, miss," said Massey, "excuse me, but I think you forget about those flowers that she bought for you; that was obliging, I think, for you never could have had them if it hadn't been for her."

"Bought them for us," cried Margaret, laughing scornfully, "for us, indeed! Why, Massey, she bought them for herself, and planted them in her own garden."

"I mean," said Massey, "those flowers that she bought of that man—you know, young ladies—the man that was going away before you came in from your walk."

"Well," said Belle, "so do we mean those flowers."

"But she didn't buy those for herself," said Massey, "because I helped her to choose them, and she asked me how much I thought you would like to give for them." Then looking up and observing our breathless attention, she continued, "Miss Palmer came to me as I was ironing in the laundry, and told me that the man she had heard talked of was come, and that you would be so disappointed, and hadn't she better venture to choose out the best for you. So I said, 'Yes, to be sure, miss,' and she asked me to come and help her to make a bargain, and she gave four shillings and sixpence for them; and after that I helped her to carry them to the gravel walk against you came home."

Belle drew a long breath, and stood gazing at Massey mute and motionless, while Juliet and Margaret began to cross-question Massey, which only made her more positive in her narrative. Miss Palmer had never hinted at meaning to keep the flowers herself, she said; and if she had not given them to us, it must have been because she was too shy.

Thus the ground on which we had founded all our prejudice against Miss Palmer was pushed from under our feet, and all her subsequent conduct seemed to change. We acknowledged that it was kind in her to have purchased the plants for us; but when Massey remarked that she wondered why she had not given them to us, we could not reply, for we felt that our behavior and our offended pride had so checked and embarrassed her, that she could not do it at the time; and, afterwards, they were so much broken and spoiled, that they were not worth giving.

My schoolfellows sat a while deep in thought; then they said they should go and tell all this to Miss L'Estrange, and I was left on my bed, where I presently fell into a sound sleep, and did not awake till the tea-bell rang.

That evening we were not left without the presence of the teachers; little, therefore, could be said about Miss Palmer; but it was evident that Massey's story had made a deep impression in the school, and Miss L'Estrange particularly declared that she would never rest till she had made some reparation.

To be concluded.

THE MASON AND HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—The success of Mason & Hamlin—of whose reed organs no civilized man in the United States is ignorant—we believe is not the result of chance, but of several combined causes. First, among these we place a rigid determination that every instrument that bears their name shall be exactly what is represented, and that if any man ever makes a purchase of them which he regrets the fault shall not be theirs. Second, the securing of every improvement that genius and skill could make, with a very free expenditure for experiments. Third, they have spared no pains to make superiority of their workmanship known to the world. Gold medals, silver medals, first premiums, &c., show with what success they have vindicated their excellence.—*Boston Recorder.*

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