

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 5th, 1868.

MATTHEW iv. 23-25: viii. 2-4: MARK i. 35-39: l. 40-45: LUKE iv. 42-44: v. 12-16: Jesus with his disciples goes from Capernaum throughout Galilee. The healing of a Leper.

Recite—ISAIAH lxi. 1-3.

Sunday, July 12th, 1868.

MATTHEW ix. 2-8: ix. 9: MARK ii. 1-12: ii. 13-14: LUKE v. 17-26: v. 27-28: The healing of a paralytic. The call of Matthew.

Recite—ACTS x. 39-43.

Prejudice; or, the Black Polyanthus.

CHAPTER I.

'Now then, young ladies,' said the English teacher, 'go up stairs; the second bell rings.' Accordingly, we all hastened to take off our bonnets, and proceeded to the school-room, where we found Miss Palmer already in her place.

The afternoon, for the time of year, was unusually warm, and the sun being full upon the school-room windows, the blinds were all let down, excepting one, which was on the side that looked into the garden. Our class was reading, and the children were writing copies; we got on very well to a certain point, and then became very inattentive, lost our places, and miscolled the words; the fact was, that our eyes were so irresistibly drawn to the window, that it was quite impossible to keep them on the book. Something white had been seen gliding in and out among the flowers; it was very distant at first, and so silent and light in its movements that it might have been taken for the ghost of a last winter's snow-wreath; but it shortly drew nearer, and had the audacity to lie down among Madame's best anemone plants. We knew very well what it was, namely, a rabbit, Speck by name, the favorite pet of little Nannette, Madame's youngest child. The whole school, by means of glances and signs, soon became aware of his escape; but we were in such perfect discipline during school-hours, and the rules enforcing silence were so strictly enforced, that not a word was said; even the little owner of the rabbit, though tears ran down her cheeks, blotted her copy and wetted her chubby little hands, continued to work away at her porthooks, only venturing now and then to cast a glance at the lawn with a distressed and crimsoned countenance.

At length, as I with earnest diligence was trying to ring my r's and run my words sufficiently into one another, while I read a speech from Racine, after Madame, a loud and sudden sob sounded through the school-room, and little Nannette burst into a storm of tears, which was all the more vehement for her long restraint. Nannette was such a good, sensible child, and such a scene was so uncommon in the school-room, that the teacher and Madame rose instantly, anxious to ascertain what was the matter. 'The walk was too much for her,' exclaimed the English teacher.

'Something has hurt her,' cried Madame. 'The ink,' said the other teacher, 'may have spirted up into her eye.'

The little girl struggled to speak, and at length contrived to sob out, in her native language, 'O mon lapin, mon cher Speck! O mon lapin!'

The mystery was now solved; Madame hesitated; we all looked eagerly at her, but no one stirred. It wanted a quarter of an hour to the time of dismissal. 'We could catch him, Madame,' said Miss Ward, 'if we all went at once.'

A murmur of assent ran through the classes.—The rabbit had now got a long way off; Nannette's sobs burst forth afresh. 'Well, young ladies,' said Madame, 'for once you may.'

We did not need a second bidding, but down went papers, pencils, books, and out we rushed into the sunshine, teachers and scholars.

What a joyous chase it was! We had lost sight of the rabbit, and had rushed almost to the very end of the house. Back we ran; off he went into the shrubbery; many times one and another seemed to be just upon him. We cleared the little flower-beds; he turned, we doubled, whooping and crying to one another. No one ran like Belle. We thought she was sure to catch the rabbit; she dashed through a clump of laurustinus shrubs; but just as we were sure she must be upon him, down she came with a loud crash and such a scream that we all rushed to the spot with beating hearts.

Alas! poor Belle had forgotten Miss Palmer's flower-pots, had caught her foot against one, broken another, and scratched her arms and face all over with the gravel.

The English teacher picked her up; at first she cried, more through fright than pain, and while the elder girls consoled with her, rubbed her bruises, and put her torn dress a little to rights, the children continued the chase after their rabbit. Belle soon left off sobbing, shook back her curly hair, and declared she was not much hurt; but, though she tried to laugh at her scratches, they were evidently painful, and she was obliged to sit down on the grass before she could limp homewards.

'Such a violent fall!' said Miss Quain, the English teacher; 'it was a mercy Miss Belle did not break any bones. How came they here, these pots, just in the middle of the walk?'

Every eye looked towards Miss Palmer. 'Are these your flower-pots?' asked Miss Quain.

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the new pupil; 'at least—' and then she hesitated.

'At least what?' asked Miss Quain.

'At least—I paid for them.'

'If you paid for them, of course they are yours; why could you not have said so without this prevarication?'

Miss Palmer looked extremely uncomfortable, and began to pick up her pots; two of them were broken, and the purple auriculas that they contained were all torn from the stems, crushed, and completely ruined.

'I am sorry to have spoiled your auriculas, Miss Palmer,' said poor Belle.

'There is no need to apologize,' replied Miss Quain, rather sharply; 'they ought not to have been left there; a most dangerous thing to do when so many children are playing about here. Whereabouts is your garden, Miss Palmer?'

'Behind these shrubs, ma'am,' said the culprit.

'Then carry them there directly; let the flowers be planted at once, and then take the pots to the coach house.'

Still Miss Palmer hesitated. 'If my orders are not obeyed at once, I shall forfeit the plants,' said Miss Quain.

Thereupon the broken auriculas and the other plants were slowly lifted up by their owner, and carried away, as well as the pieces of pots and the scattered leaves. This little episode had almost made us forget the white rabbit, till we saw the hunting party returning slowly towards us, with failure plainly written in their faces.

They had chased the rabbit as far as the hedge which divided the garden from the hop plantation, and the cunning little animal had crept into the very middle of it; so that, as it had not been trimmed that spring, they could not reach him, though they watched him, and surrounded him on both sides. After nibbling some of the green hawthorn twigs, he sat up and began to rub his face in the most placid style, till at last, when their patience was nearly tired out, he deliberately ran through the midst of them, and bounded away among the hop poles, till they lost sight of him.

We could distinctly hear the sound of Miss Palmer's spade behind the trees. Belle presently rose from the grass; perhaps, as she had unintentionally spoiled the auriculas, and as she knew that the possession of them had already been somewhat embittered to their owner by the remarks we had made, she wished to show some interest in the operation of planting them, or to see how far they were injured.

However this may be, she asked Juliet and me to give her each an arm, and we all proceeded behind the laurustinus shrubs to Miss Palmer's garden. Belle was vexed at the mischief she had caused; but in our inmost hearts I believe we were both secretly pleased at it, as an instance of what seemed such strict poetical justice. Miss Palmer had taken advantage of our absence to purchase plants which had been brought for us, and now these very plants were broken and spoiled by one of us; and she herself was scolded, instead of being compassionated on the occasion.

Belle, limping slightly, advanced between us; but Miss Palmer continued to dig, and did not look at us.

The afternoon sun, already getting low, was shining full on her flushed face, and it seemed to me that she held it inconveniently high, because her eyes were full of tears, and she wished to prevent them from falling.

Her spade went in several times, while she continued to look steadily before her; at last she set it in so close to a pretty little plant that I thought she would dig it up, and exclaimed, 'O Miss Palmer, do you see your little heartsease?'

On this she looked down, and the tears dropped on her cheeks. She lastly dashed them away, and then stooping, moved the earth from her heartsease, and taking up the flower-pots, began to turn out the plants and set them in the space she had dug over.

'I am afraid the auriculas are spoiled for this spring,' said Belle.

'Yes,' replied Miss Palmer, without looking either at us or at them; and there certainly could not be any doubt, about the matter, for every stalk was snapped and every leaf was broken.

'Well, certainly,' said Juliet rather sharply, 'Belle has been severely punished for tumbling over them; she has hurt her foot very much.'

'I am very sorry, and I said so at first,' said Miss Palmer, still without looking at us.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' answered Juliet; 'I did not hear you, and I thought, as Belle had said several times that she was sorry about the plants, it seemed odd that you did not say—'

'Juliet, I wish you wouldn't,' interrupted Belle. 'I did not come here to make her say anything. I am sorry, and I did not remember that the pots stood there.'

'Very well,' said Juliet, 'then that is all, it seems; your foot will soon be well, and if it was worse, perhaps Miss Palmer would think it served you quite right.'

There is no saying what passionate rejoinder might have been made to this, nor how far we might have forgotten all kindness and propriety, if the children, backed by Miss Ashley and Miss L'Estrange, had not dashed in upon our counsels, declaring that the rabbit had reappeared, that he was behind the yard palings, and that if we would come and help, they were sure that he could be surrounded and caught. Accordingly, Juliet and I ran away with them. Belle limped home to the house, and Miss Palmer was left behind to reflect on what had passed, and plant her broken flowers.

Of course we did not catch the rabbit; but our zeal satisfied little Nannette that we were sorry for her loss, and anxious to repair it.

Many tears were shed that night by Speck's little mistress on his account; but the next day

Miss Ward gave her another rabbit, quite as white and much less wild than Speck; so she was completely consoled, and he was forgotten.

That fine day was succeeded by a very rainy night, and it rained all the next day, so that little Nannette's rabbit had been bought through the gardener, whose apprentice had one for sale, and who was allowed to bring it into the hall, and exhibit it to us there, as Madame said, 'for once'; a phrase by which she preface nearly every indulgence of the many she gave us.

The next day was also wet, and it was not till the following morning that we could go out. The leaves had expanded so much during the soft rain, and everything looked so fresh, that while we were dressing we speculated as to whether we might venture to plant out our young geraniums that Madame was taking care of in the frames, and were full of hope for our different plants and seeds. What, then, was our consternation, on reaching our little gardens, to find Belle's beautiful polyanthus, her black polyanthus, which was the pride of her heart, and of which even Madame had condescended to ask for an offset—that very black polyanthus which we had left so blooming, with every leaf, stock, and flower cut clean off level with the ground, just as if a knife had been passed over them by some person, who, contented with despoiling the plant, had left its ruins lying just where they fell! The whole school stood round lamenting, with the exception of Belle and Miss Palmer; for the former, though her foot was nearly well, could not run yet; and the latter had exhibited no wish to come into the garden. On the contrary, she had expressed her disappointment that we were not going to take a walk instead, and, as we well remembered afterwards, had said, 'She was sure she should never take any pleasure in her garden again.'

Everybody's exclamation was, 'Who can have done this?' and poor Belle, when she arrived at the spot, stood silent for a while with vexation; and then could not help remarking how curious it was that her plant should have died so soon after she had destroyed the lovely auriculas. However, she took her mistletoe very well, and began to pick up and examine the flowers.

'This has evidently been done with a knife,' said Juliet.

Just at that moment we observed that Miss Palmer was standing among us; we had been too much absorbed to notice her approach.

'A knife, and nothing but a knife, has done it,' exclaimed Miss L'Estrange, stooping down more closely over the plant; and here, Belle, is a foot mark close to the root—not a new foot-mark.'

'Oh,' said Miss Palmer, 'that might have been made in the chase after the rabbit.'

'We never came this way,' said one and another; 'no one came near these gardens but Belle herself, just before she fell.'

'Then she made the too-mark herself, perhaps,' remarked Miss Palmer.

'How could she?' replied Miss Ashley, steadily; 'don't you see that it points the other way?'

'I was only trying to account for it,' said Miss Palmer, reddening under Miss Ashley's eye.

'Well, I see no use in accounting for it,' said Belle, mournfully; 'no accounting will make it grow again.'

'I do see the use,' replied her sister, 'for it could not possibly have been cut without hands.'

Upon this, Miss Palmer fixed her large eyes for a moment on Miss L'Estrange with a peculiar expression, and a thought flashed into my mind which I would not for the world have expressed, but which I saw plainly written on the faces of all my companions, and was conscious that Miss Palmer saw it too; but she did not continue to meet our gaze; she turned hastily round, and snatching up her rake, began diligently to work in her garden; but so timing the strokes of her tools, that she could hear every sentence we uttered, and sometimes turning half round, the rake suspended in her hand, she appeared intently to weigh our words.

'Well, this is a very mysterious thing,' said Miss Ashley at last, 'and I wish we could account for it.' We all mentally assented to this, but no one said anything, till one of the youngest children exclaimed, after whispering to the others, 'I have no knife; I hope Belle does not think I did it.'

'Of course not, child,' said Belle; here the rake was worked very diligently.

'I did not do it,' said another little girl; 'and besides, Belle has always been so very kind to me.'

'There is no one that Belle ever is unkind to,' said Miss Ward, who was always the first to say a generous thing.

'No,' said little Nannette, 'not on purpose; she did not spoil Miss Palmer's auriculas on purpose.'

What an unlucky thing it was that Nannette's conscientious qualification should have been made just at that moment! There stood the little gardens opposite to one another, the mould artificially heaped up towards the centre of each; one was crowned by the broken auriculas, the other by the cut polyanthus. 'I can only say,' said Miss Ward, breaking the awkward silence, 'I can only say, that I wish I had never seen this foot-mark; I don't think that all the years I have been at school anything has happened that has made me feel so uncomfortable; for you see that this is not the foot-mark of a grown-up person: it is not Belle's foot-mark either, it is shorter and wider; there are no hobnails in it, therefore it could not have been done by the gardener's boy; the polyanthus stands so far from the edge, that it could not have been reached but for the foot-mark. And that the plant was spoiled for mere malice and mischief, and not for the sake of

getting the flowers, is evident; for they were all left just where they fell.'

All this was perfectly true, and Miss Ward did not say it unkindly; but we were no nearer to the unknown culprit, and there was another pause, during which Miss Palmer continued her operations with her back turned towards us, till some one said, 'Who was the last of us at these gardens?'

Several remembered who had been left behind while we ran after the rabbit, and Belle went into the house, and there was a general though silent nod towards Miss Palmer; who, however, did not turn round till little Nannette, with her brown eyes wide open, exclaimed bluntly, 'But Miss Palmer—did Miss Palmer do it?'

'No one said she did, child,' exclaimed Miss L'Estrange, checking her instantly and angrily.

Miss Palmer had dropped her rake on hearing Nannette's speech; she now picked it up, and gathering her other tools together, turned and faced us; she was deeply flushed, and as she passed us, she said in a low voice, but distinct enough to be heard by us all—'But no one said she did not.'

To be Continued.

Different kinds of Givers.

A little boy, who had plenty of cents, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a tin penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so, looked around with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a brass penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a silver penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his cent with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For Thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen whom Thou lovest will believe in Thee and become Thy disciples." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of love.

How many of our readers give golden pennies?—*Spirit of Missions.*

Engaging Manners.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty and inestimably enhances the latter, if it does exist.

A new church was being built in the vicinity, where little Milton H— lived. The work went on very slowly, and sometimes stopped for days. At last Milton's patience was exhausted. "I do wish," he said "they would finish that church." "Ah!" said his grandmother, "don't be in too big a hurry. The world wasn't made in one day." "I knew it wasn't," Milton replied, "but when the Lord commenced to make it, he never stopped until he finished it."

M. F. B.

HE SEES, AND I SEE—A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; but I see going into that pipe, brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carelessly puffed away in smoke.

SUSPENDED EVACUATIONS.—Nothing is more fatal to health than Costiveness. Strange that it should be so common when Riddway's Regulating Pills can be procured at every drug store on the continent. They cure the worst chronic form of the complaint with marvellous rapidity. This fact is proven by testimonials without number, and is admitted, without dispute, by three-fourths of the medical profession.

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Incalculable harm is inflicted on great numbers by the use of Purgatives which contain mercury or mercurial matter. Parsons' Purgative Pills are free from all such injurious matter, and are the mildest in their operation of any known purgative.

A CYNICAL EXPRESSION.—Speaking of a widower who was about to marry, Dr. Johnson said it was "a triumph of hope over experience." The triumphs of Grace's Salve, however, would have led Dr. Johnson, were he now living, to have extolled its virtues in a long dissertation. This Salve is an old remedy; and a few applications of it cure, to entire satisfaction.