

**Youths' Department.**

**BIBLE LESSONS.**

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, June 13th, 1869.

CONCERT.

Sunday, June 20th, 1869.

MATTHEW xviii. 6-14; MARK ix. 38-50; LUKE ix. 49, 50; Jesus exhorts to humility.  
Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 23, 24.

**ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.**

No. XII.

- W-ealth . . . . . Prov. xiii. 11.
- I-mlah . . . . . 1 Kings xxii. 1-17.
- S-bishak . . . . . 1 Kings xi. 40.
- D-eborah . . . . . Judges iv. 9.
- O-uri . . . . . 2 Chron. xxii. 2; xxiii. 15.
- M-anasseh . . . . . 2 Chron. xxxiii. 13.

"WISDOM."—Prov. iv. 7. Eccles. vii. 11, 12, 19.

We need not envy noble birth,  
Nor all the riches of the earth,  
For both alike are vain;  
Unless another boon is given,  
Which as a special gift from heaven  
Then poor as oft obtain.

Earth hath not any sight can be  
More sad than one we often see—  
A spotless ancient name,  
Ancestral acres, broad and fair,  
Descended to a foolish heir,  
And brought to scorn and shame.

And folly ever brings disgrace,  
While wisdom leads to higher place;  
And though it may not find  
Honour, nor wealth, nor even fame,  
It keeps an unstained, honest name,  
A pure, contented mind.

**SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.**

No. V.

What servant lied and lied again,  
A little wealth to win;  
And found a dreadful judgment when  
Detected in his sin?

What man kept in his tent concealed  
The cause of Israel's grief;  
And only by his shameful death,  
Did Israel find relief?

Who for a little money did  
Creation's blackest deed;  
And found his hirers gave him scorn  
In his remorseful need?

Let these three stories prove a text,  
Which warns us of the pain  
That stings the hand out-stretched to grasp  
At sudden, sinful, gain?

**FINDING A BABY.**

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent could understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, I hurried off, the first thing, to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her toy.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile away from town, and settled down as dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I knew of. I could have felt my way though, I remembered it so well. I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me.

I'm not superstitious—not very. But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, and at such an hour. It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groping that way, sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour, when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the door-yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear at heart, five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw my room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me, she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him." "What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?" "A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted up the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

**COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.**

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

No. XVIII.

THE TWO WORLDS.

"But" said Grace. "How is it that so many good people do contrive to make their religion disagreeable to others, and so cause their religion to be blamed? Sometimes, of course, it is, as we were saying, that they do not live enough in the sunshine; but this would not account for all the difficulties one meets with, I suppose?"

"There are other causes, dear Grace; some of those I have remarked will all be best illustrated by an example; and I think I have here something to the point."

"What are you looking for, Cousin Mabel, in your drawer? What a bundle of letters!" said Sophy.

"Yes, I have found what I was looking for; some letters which your conversation has brought to my mind, and which I think would interest you and do no harm to anyone, as you are not likely to meet those concerned."

"Oh, what are they, Cousin Mabel? I do love old letters."

"They are not of very ancient date; I received them while I was living abroad a few years ago from a young friend of mine, whom I shall call Bertha Westbrook. She was left early an orphan and an heiress, and was brought up and educated till she was nineteen with an excellent lady, an old friend of her father's, who took half-a-dozen young people to educate with her own daughter. At the time I speak of, this lady's daughter married, and she was then obliged to break up her establishment to go abroad with a sick sister. Bertha had three guardians: the chief was an old bachelor uncle, who led a wandering kind of life, and could not conveniently take her to live with him; the other two were Mr. Mordaunt, a country clergyman in easy circumstances, living in a pretty rectory in the south of England, and a Mr. Bouverie, a man of fortune and property, who lived chiefly in a very fashionable watering-place. Both had families, and it was settled that Bertha should reside with whichever she pleased till she was of age, or till some other plan should be formed for her. Now I must tell you that Bertha had been under very strong religious impressions while under Mrs. Lawson's care, and was, I believe, sincerely anxious to give herself wholly to God. She was therefore much inclined to give the preference to the Mordaunt family, because she knew them to be very decided Christians: she had, indeed, once heard Mr. Mordaunt preach, and believe herself to have received great blessing from his sermon; and she was prepared to find in his family her ideal of a happy Christian home."

"Why, that is like the dear old story of 'Anna Ross,' which I used to be so fond of when I was a child," said Lucy; "the heroine having to choose between her good uncle Murray and her worldly uncle Ross. I suppose the other set of guardians were all gay, dissipated kind of people."

"You have settled the story very easily, Lucy; but you are so far right. Mr. and Lady Frances Bouverie were quite in the gay world; and I remember, when Bertha and I used to talk over her plans, just before I left England, that she used to say how decidedly she had made up her mind. Now I am going to read you her first letter to me, describing her visit to the Mordaunts. Here it is:—

"I promised you, dear Cousin Mabel, to give you a very minute history of my life, so I will begin at my arrival. They sent their pony-carriage to the station for me, and I had a pretty country drive up to quite a 'story-book' looking rectory, a low, rambling house, with in-and-out gables and bow-windows, and covered with creepers, and a charming old-fashioned garden, all bright colours and sweet scents. In the hall Mrs. Mordaunt met me, and received me very kindly; but I can't tell why, she made me feel

the least bit in the world shy; there is a kind of almost sternness in her manner, or perhaps I should merely say gravity and 'particularity,' which makes one feel one must think twice in talking to her, and one could never venture to rattle away as I do to you; I know, however, you will say this will all be very good for me. Laura and Charlotte Mordaunt are sixteen and fourteen; there is, I believe, an elder son at college. They are nice-looking girls, but looked shy and frightened. They took me to a very pretty little room, with a lattice window hung round with roses, and everything looking fresh and cheerful. When we met at dinner, Mr. Mordaunt joined us. I had been so struck with his preaching, that, I suppose, I expected something wonderful from his conversation, and, as often happens, I was disappointed. He has the same pleasant, benevolent face that I had remarked in the pulpit, but he looked fagged and preoccupied, and hardly spoke a word at dinner. After we left the table, Mrs. Mordaunt asked me to come and take a turn in the garden. It was a delicious, bright summer evening, and I was only too happy, but I asked, as I got my hat, if Laura and Charlotte would not come. 'Oh no,' she said; 'they had lessons to prepare, and practising, which would employ them most of the evening.' We walked about, and Mrs. Mordaunt was kind and attentive in showing me the garden and orchard, and everything worth seeing. After ten, Mr. Mordaunt went to his study, and when I had done my part in the musical way, the girls were made to play duets till prayer time. I am sure they were glad when the bell sounded. Mr. Mordaunt's exposition was excellent as to matter, but it was not nearly so interesting as his preaching; some good preachers, you know, are rather heavy in their family readings, and I could not help finding it rather long. However, we retired early, and met at an early breakfast next morning. After prayers, Mrs. Mordaunt kindly showed me the library, and told me at what hours I should find the piano free, and where I should find the key of the garden gate. 'I must leave you a good deal to yourself,' she said, 'for I have household and parish business to attend to, and the girls have a daily governess, who comes every day and stays till one. But in the afternoon I will take you a drive, and show you something of the country.' The drive was a very pretty one: we visited one or two poor people, and she took pains to point out every view or place worth seeing. She told me the girls went in the afternoons alternately to French and German classes, which were held in M—, the nearest town; and also twice a week to a music-mistress. Their walks to and from these lessons, she said, gave them exercise enough, and the rest of the day was entirely taken up by preparations of lessons and practising, except an hour's needle-work, while they read history by turns under their mother's superintendence. 'Indeed,' she said, 'they have scarcely a moment free, but I feel theirs is such an important time of life, and there is so much to be learned, that not a moment should be lost. Our time is too precious to be wasted; I am sure you found that at your school, my dear.' All this, of course, was very true and right; but I could not help thinking we should have considered it very hard at Mrs. Lawson's, if we had had all recreation time cut off, and no walks allowed but to and from our lessons; and I was not long before I found the girls were of the same opinion. Saturday was the only day there were no afternoon classes, and I happened that day, as it was lovely weather, to ask the girls, after luncheon, if they could not take a walk with me in the tempting-looking woods we saw from the garden, which I had not ventured to explore alone.

"I am afraid not," said Laura, "we have always more to do with mamma on a Saturday, and then I have my German lesson to prepare for Monday."

"And so have I; and a horrible piece of music to get perfect for Miss Burley," said Charlotte, impatiently; "every one here is afraid of a moment's leisure."

"Her sister checked her; I begged pardon. I thought, I said, Saturday was always a half-holiday; it was at Mrs. Lawson's."

"Ah, yes, that's the comfort of schools; one gets holidays sometimes, and regular vacations too; I wish we went to school."

"You need not," rejoined Charlotte, with some bitterness; "if we had vacations, mamma would take care we had lessons enough to fill up all the time."

"But don't your teachers expect a little recess at Christmas, for instance?" I said.

"Oh, yes; two or three times in the year they get let off for a week, but we don't; we get double lessons from mamma. And they have Sunday free, and our Sundays are the hardest worked days of all. We never have any respite, from one week's end to another, unless it is for some lecture or weekday sermon."

"Except when our cousins come; you should remember that, Charlotte," said Laura.

"But that is so seldom, and for a short time; and the rest of one's life it is learn, learn, learn. Oh, how sick one does get of it!"

"I felt Charlotte's manner was very improper, and I tried to say something about its being all for her good; Laura added she ought to be very thankful to be able to do her lessons so quickly. I am so slow," she said, "I am always getting into trouble."

"Well, the more I do, the more I am given to do," said Charlotte, "so I don't see that I am much of a gainer. Helgho! I wish it were all at an end, but I see no prospect of it; but, hush, there's mamma!"

"This is just what goes on day by day. Laura is meek and patient, but low spirited, and seems really crushed under the weight of her lessons. Charlotte is perfectly submissive be-

fore her parents, but being very high-spirited, and rather irritable, she secretly rebels against the strictness of her mother's rule. I cannot defend her way of speaking about it; but I think she has some temptation to feel her privations, for, certainly, her's is a trying life for a lively young girl of her age; but I am interrupted, and must close my letter."

"I don't think that description is at all exaggerated," said Lucy, "I am sure I have seen just such ways of going on."

"Not at home, I fancy, Lucy?"

"Oh, no, mamma is all indulgence; my aunt says she is too indulgent! but our neighbours, the Thompsons,—you know them, Grace,—they go on just that way with their girls. Helen and Maria never have a moment free."

"Yes," said Grace, "and I remember how sorry I felt to hear George Thompson say to my brother Harry, when Harry was talking about the delights of coming home in the holidays, 'Ah, that's all very well for you to say, but I get so much harder worked at home than at school, that I always dread the vacations, and am glad to get back!'"

"I am sorry to say I fear it is not a solitary instance," I remarked; "I heard a gentleman say the very same thing in speaking of his early days."

"And yet," said Grace, "Mr. Thompson is really a very good man, everybody who knows him esteems him, and he is not only pious but benevolent. He is always doing good wherever he can."

"Except at home," said Sophy; "and I think charity should begin at home. I don't understand those good people who have none of their benevolence to spare for their own children. I can't call them good. I think it is all cant and humbug."

"I don't think it is with Mr. Thompson," said Grace. "You have not seen as much of him as I have. No one could know him well, I think, and doubt his being a real Christian; and papa says he hardly knows any one who is more devoted and self-denying. And I am sure he loves his children truly, and is most anxious for their welfare; he is always thinking and caring for them, though it may not be in a very pleasant way."

"I have no doubt," I said, "there are many such parents; it is not right, dear Sophy, to charge them with want of love because they show it, we may think, unwisely."

"But what can be the good or advantage of working their poor children in that manner, and allowing them no recreation?"

"They conscientiously believe it to be for their highest good. In many cases, I think, it may be that a parent has suffered from his own education being neglected; he looks back to the evils and inconveniences he has undergone from his early deficiencies, and resolves his children shall never have to complain of the like. He looks only on one side and forgets there are dangers on the other; this is a very common error. It is like the mistake of many of the settlers in the American backwoods: they feel so keenly the inconvenience of being choked up with trees, which hinder cultivation and make their homes unhealthy from damp, that they cut down every tree they meet, till at last none remain to give them shade in summer, and they suffer from the opposite evil. Very few, we find in ordinary life, are alive to the dangers on both sides."

"But it is a great pity," said Grace, "when they press them so hard, for the children can't help feeling it a hardship; and without a little freedom, one can't find out what a child really is. I am sure Harry and I know more of the Thompsons' minds than their parents do; they don't mean to deceive, but Mrs. Thompson told mamma the other day that Helen and Maria did not care for amusing themselves with young friends, and were quite satisfied to be always at their books. Now Harry and I knew the contrary perfectly well."

"Yes, parents are not aware how often over-strictness tempts young people almost unconsciously to deceive, from the dread of displeasing them; and they forget, too, that occasional liberty of action is an essential part of the moral training, just as wholesome bodily exercise is of the physical. But, Sophy and Lucy, you should keep in mind, that the mistake is often made by those who are actuated by the truest affection and the highest sense of duty, and we should not, therefore, judge harshly of those who commit it, and above all should be careful not to encourage children to rebel against rules enforced with a view to their welfare, even though in error. But I will go on to Bertha's next letter."

**AN UNDIVIDED CHURCH.**—Take a mass of quicksilver, let it fall to the floor, and it will split itself into a vast number of distinct globules. Gather them up, and put them together again, and they will coalesce into one body as before. Thus God's elect below are sometimes crumbled and distinguished into various parties, though they are in fact members in one and the same mystic body. But when taken up from the world and put together in heaven, they will constitute one glorious undivided church for ever and ever.—*Toplady.*

**Johnson's Anodyne Liniment** may be used to advantage where any Pain Killer is desirable in cases of severe Cramps and Pains in the stomach, it is undoubtedly the best article that can be used.

Habitual constipation leads to the following results: Inflammation of the Kidney, Sick and Nervous Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Piles, Loss of Appetite, and Strength; all of which may be avoided by being regular in your habits, and taking, say one of *Parsons' Purgative Pills* nightly, for four or six weeks.