

Youths' Department.

Lessons for 1871.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1871. Unassuming Piety.—Ma t. vi. 1-15. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 183, 184.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. LXI.

Here are the six names described and the texts:

- I-chabo d 1 Sam. iv.
S-heb-a 1 Kings x. 1.
A-aro n Exod. iv. 14.
I-sh-i Hosea ii. 16.
A-rehit-e 2 Sam. xv. 32.
H-iddeke-l Genesis ii. 14.

Compare them with the description in our last, and see if they answer to it. Now take the initials and they form ISAAIAH. And the initials, and they form DANIEL.

Are they the same as you found? or were you too idle or too busy to think about them, and find them out?

BIBLE SCENES.

No. XVI.

Here is a picture of sadness which precedes one of triumph:

A royal city on the bank of a river which flows through sultry plains to join a broader flood.

A man with rent garments, wearing sackcloth and ashes, and uttering loud and bitter cries, passes through this city to the street before the king's gate. Enter he cannot, for no sign of sorrow or death may come within that gate to remind the inmates that they are mortal.

Royal servants are sent to him with fit clothing, but he rejects the present. To him the mourner confides his sad tale, and gives a copy of the document which attests its truth.

Armed with this, the faithful messenger returns to the royal friend who alone can avert the threatened ruin, and whose brave exertions are soon crowned with success.

Who is the mourner? and who his royal friend?

DEB.

"I wonder," said Deb. And she did wonder very much. What about! I think that she hardly knew, herself. She only knew that she wondered—and wondered.

All the world was a wonder—the great, soft, shining snow-drift that curled up against the fence opposite her window; the beautiful whirlpools that the snow made when the wind was up; the ice in the streets, and the little girls that tripped on it, and the little boys that didn't; the cross grocer who brought flour and beans into Brick Alley every morning; the pleasant baker who sometimes tossed her up a seed-cake through the window; the factory-girls with the little pink bows on their nets, who strolled by in the evening after mills were out, and laughed so that she could hear them quite plainly, or sang a little—and she could hear that quite plainly too; the skies when they made faces at her through the square top of the alley—gray and silver and blue faces, or flame-colored and gold faces, or black faces, or faces crowned all about with stars; the river too, all that she could see of it, and that was just a crack away between two houses, and a crack of slope that banked it in. In winter the slope was shining white, and in summer it was shining green; and as for the crack of a river, sometimes that was white too, and sometimes it was green or purple or gray or blue, and sometimes it tossed about, and sometimes it was as still as Deb herself. That was all she knew about the river. And so she wondered.

But most of all she wondered about the bells. The town was full of bells. There were bells in the streets, and bells, she had heard, to the mills, and bells, she thought, to the river too; but all the bells that she knew about belonged to the grocer and baker, and these she had never done very much more than wonder at, after all, for they were two stories down in the yard, and she was in her high chair by the window.

Now this, you see, was why Deb wondered. She never got out of that high chair by the window, except to get into her bed. And she had never been anywhere in all her life except into that chair and into bed. And she was fifteen years old.

The bed and the chair and the window

were all that Deb had, except a mother. and she didn't amount to much, for she was busy and worried and hurried and sick and anxious and poor—very poor, and the room was full of children who could run out and see the bells, and knew all about the river, and who never wondered; so, when she had put Deb out of her bed into her chair, or out of her chair into her bed, she thought no more about her; so, as I say, she didn't amount to much.

Deb was not ugly to see—except for the curve in her poor shoulders, and her little soft, white, withered feet, that hung down useless from her high chair. In the face Deb was not ugly at all to see. She had soft hair, and her cheeks were white and clean, and her eyes had grown so large and blue with fifteen years' full of wonder, that if you were once to see them you would never forget them as long as you lived.

A young lady that I heard of will never forget them as long as she lives, and you shall hear about her presently.

In the daytime Deb shut her eyes and tried to think what it would be like to run about with the children who did not wonder; to see streets, or a crowd, or a church-spire, or a funeral, or people going to a wedding, and other strange things of which the children who did not wonder talked to each other; and which, because her eyes were shut, she saw or seemed to see, and yet always knew that she never saw them all.

At night she liked to open her eyes, and to lie with them open a long, late time, after the children who did not wonder were asleep. She liked to open her eyes at night, because then the two things that she liked best happened—the dark and the bells. It seemed, indeed, that the darker it was, the more bells there were always.

First, there were the mill bells, in the early winter dusk; they rang very hard and very merrily, to let the factory girls go home to put the little pink bows upon their nets. Then there were the church-bells, they rang very heavily and respectably, to call people to the weekly prayer-meetings, but they did not call the girls in the little pink bows. Sometimes there were fire-bells, that shrieked at Deb out of a yellow sky, and frightened her. At nine o'clock when it was darkest, Deb heard the closest, pleasantest, awfullest bell of all. This was the great Androscooggin bell, the largest in New-England. Deb held her breath—every night she held her breath—to listen to this bell. It was more like a voice than a bell. Sometimes the little cripple thought it cried. Sometimes she thought it prayed. But she never heard it laugh. The streets, the river, the crowd, weddings, funerals, church-spires, all the strange things that Deb in the daytime saw with her eyes shut, came, or seemed to come, at night, when her eyes were open, and talk to her—but always prayed or cried, and never smiled—out of the solemn Androscooggin bell.

The solemn Androscooggin bell was ringing the mill-girls in by broad sunlight one noon, a little testily, when there came a knock at the door, and behind it the young lady of whom I heard. Deb was startled by the knock, and frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor who knocked.

This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight young lady, with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hands. She had come, she said, with that Cluny set which she found that she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste for it that she had hunted Deb's mother up; which was a matter of some difficulty, as she had never had the least idea where she lived before, and how crooked the stairs were; but the lace was very yellow—as she saw—and would she be sure to have it done by nine o'clock to-night? and—

"And there, turning her head crookedly, the straight young lady saw poor crooked Deb in her high-chair, with the wonder in her eyes.

"Dear me!" said the straight young lady.

"I wonder if I frighten her," thought Deb. But she only wondered, and did not speak.

"Is this your—?"

"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the oldest. Fifteen. I'll try my best, ma'am, but I don't know as I'd ought to promise." She spoke in a business-like tone, and turned the Cluny lace—a dainty collar and a pair

of soft cuffs—about in her hands, in a business-like way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck, in a little gust, against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMahoney cooked for dinner every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor. But it gave her quite enough to do, to wonder, without speaking.

"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady, standing up very straight, and looking very sorry. "How long has she been—like—that?"

"Born so," said Deb's mother. "She's just set in that chair ever since she's been big enough to set at all. Would you try gun on these, Miss?"

"But you never told me that you had a crippled child?" The young lady said this quickly. "You have washed for me three years, and never told me that you had a crippled child!"

"You never asked me, Miss," said Deb's mother.

The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten all about her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft brown gloves, and her long brown feathers drooped and touched Deb's cheek. Deb hardly breathed, the feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented woods, and the young lady's sorry eyes—such very sorry eyes!—were so close to the high-chair.

"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low. "In that chair—and nobody ever—poor little girl, poor little girl."

What was the matter with the straight young lady? All at once her bright brown feathers and her soft brown gloves grew damp in little spots. Deb wondered very much over the damp little spots.

"But you could ride!" said the young lady, suddenly.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb. "I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker. I ain't like the grocer and the baker."

"You could be lifted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is somebody who lifts you?"

"Mother sets me generally," said Deb. "Once when she was very bad with a lame ankle Jim McMahoney set me. He's first floor—Jim McMahoney."

"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now, "in just an hour. I shall come in an easy sleigh with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

The young lady finished her sentence as if she didn't know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of; which is what we are all in danger of doing at times.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Deb's mother.

"Dabitra, tell the lady—"

But Dabitra could not tell the lady, for she was already out of the door, and down stairs and away into the street. And indeed Deb could not have told the lady—has never told the lady—can never tell the lady.

If all the blue of summer skies and the gold of summer sunlight and the shine of summer stars fell down into your hands at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?

Into the poor little scrap book of Deb's life the colors of heaven dropped and blinded her, on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.

In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells—the merriest bells!—and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahoney was there, and he carried her down stairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all about in an old red shawl, for Deb had no "things," like other girls. The young lady had remembered that, and she had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb ever saw, and Deb's face looked like a bruised day-lily bud between the shining wool, but Deb could not see that; and Mrs. McMahoney was there, paring onions at the door, to wish her good luck; and all the little McMahoneyes were there, and all the children who did not wonder, and the grocer turned in at the Alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and everybody stood and smiled to see her start. The white horse pawed the snow and held up his head—Deb had never seen such a horse—and the young lady gathered the

reins into her brown gloves, and the sleigh-bells cried for joy—how they cried!—and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a minute, and the people in the alley hurrahed, and hurrahed, and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! how the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor thin hands! How the bells sang to her, and the snow-drifts blincked at her, and the icicles and the slated roofs, and sky, and people's faces smiled at her!

"What is the matter?" asked the young lady; for Deb drew the great gray wolf's-robe over her face and head; and sat so, for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought that she was frightened.

"But I only want to cry a little!" said Deb's little smothered voice. "I must cry a little first!"

When she had cried a little, she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and cheeks. That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!

Streets and a crowd and church-spires were in it—yes, and a wedding and a funeral too! all that Deb had seen in her high-chair in the daytime, with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride, with her happy eyes open wide.

She sat very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. They rode and rode. The horse held up his head. It seemed to Deb that he was flying. She thought that he must be like the awful, beautiful white horse in Revelation. She felt as if he could take her to heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull the rein that way.

They rode and rode. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church-spires—all over and over and over the laughing town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse, so that Deb could look across, and up and down, at the shining stream and the shining bank.

"There's so much of it!" said Deb softly, thinking of the crack of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the crack seemed to her very much like fifteen years in a high-chair; and the long, broad-shouldered, silvered river seemed to her very much like this world above which she had wondered.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up at their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes, for the windows stared like eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then in a minute she trembled again, for all at once, without any warning, great Androscooggin pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound. She turned pale with delighted terror, and then she flushed with terrified delight.

Did it pray? or cry? or laugh? Deb did not know. It seemed to her that if the white horse would carry her into the sound of that bell, she need never sit in a high-chair at a window again, but ride and ride with the young lady. It seemed to her like forever and forever.

They turned away from Androscooggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Daylight dimmed and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak—there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick Alley, and Jim McMahoney and her mother and the children who did not wonder came out to meet her, and take her back to her high chair.

She was too happy to speak. She need never wonder any more. She could remember.

But the young lady did not want her to speak. She touched her white horse, and was gone in a minute; and when Androscooggin rung them both to sleep that night—for the young lady forgot to ask for her Cluny, and was too tired to go to the party—I am sure I cannot tell which was the happier, she or Deb. Androscooggin did not trouble himself to find out. All he said was, Forever and forever. Deb knows. She heard him. She had no need to wonder about him any more. She understood.

And this is all I have to tell. Whether the young lady took Deb to ride again or whether she didn't—this is all I have to tell. It is a very little thing to have to tell, but when it was told to me, I thought it was the sweetest, saddest, tenderest little thing in the world.—Our Young Folks.

A Temperance Column.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was guping wide; the rasy wine had ebbed away, and left its crystal side; and the wind went humming, humming; up and down the sides it flew, and through the reed-like, hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors! the Plague has slain his ten, and war his hundred thousand of the very best of men; but I"—twas thus the bottle spake—"but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up; that puts to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below, for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle, darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body, I have cursed the very soul. The cholera, the sword, such ruin never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought; and still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road to death."

"THE WORK DONE INSIDE."

One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems always to know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, England, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of brown paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured. "Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed, in large letters, Specimen of the work done inside.

He then fastened the paper over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud, "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning, when he awoke, he was sober—when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober—when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is it not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—Rev. Charles Garrett, in Band of Hope Review.

BIRD SONGS.

"Ye little birds, Ye have no words; What can this be Ye sing to me?"

"We sing of woods And cooling fountains, And blossoms blue, And meadow-dew."

"We sing how free We blithe birds be In freshest air And odors rare."

"Such is our song The whole day long; We need no words, We warbling birds."

Birds do not need any words to sing the praises of God; and how sweetly they sing of his glory!