

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 4th, 1865.

LUKE xix. 11-27: The nobleman and his servants.
2 SAMUEL xi.: David's evil doings.
Recite—MARK xii. 29-31.

Sunday, June 11th, 1865.

LUKE xix. 28-48: Christ enters and laments over Jerusalem. 2 SAMUEL xii. 1-14: Nathan's parable. David confesses his sins.
Recite—MATTHEW xxiii. 37, 38.

The wonderful Sack.

The apple-boughs half hid the house
Where lived the lonely widow;
Behind it stood the chestnut wood,
Before it spread the meadow.

She had no money in her till,
She was too poor to borrow;
With her lame leg she could not beg;
And no one cheered her sorrow.

She had no wood to cook her food,
And but one chair to sit in;
Last spring she lost a cow, that cost
A whole year's steady knitting.

She had worn her fingers near to bone,
Her back was growing double;
One day the pig tore up her wig—
But that's not half her trouble.

Her best black gown was faded brown,
Her shoes were all in tatters.
With not a pair for Sunday wear;
Said she, "It little matters!"

"Nobody asks me now to ride,
My garments are not fitting;
And with my crutch I care not much
To hobble off to meeting."

"I still preserve my Testament,
And though the Acts are missing,
And Luke is torn, and Hebrews worn,
On Sunday 'tis a blessing."

"And other days I open it
Before me on the table,
And there I sit, and read, and knit,
As long as I am able."

One evening she had closed the book,
But still she sat there knitting;
"Meow-meow!" complained the old black cat;
"Mew-mew!" the spotted kitten.

And on the hearth, with sober mirth,
"Chirp, chirp!" replied the cricket,
'Twas dark—but hark! "Bow-ow!" the bark
Of Ranger at the wicket!

Is Ranger barking at the moon?
Or what can be the matter?
What trouble now? "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"—
She hears the old gate clatter.

"It is the wind that bangs the gate,
And I must knit my stocking!"
But hush!—what's that? Rat-tat! rat-tat!
Alas! there's some one knocking!

"Dear me! dear me! who can it be?
Where, where is my crutch-handle?"
She rubs a match with hasty scratch,
She cannot light the candle!

Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! the worthless match!
The cat growls in the corner.
Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! Up flies the latch—
"Good evening, Mrs. Warner!"

The kitten spits and lifts her back,
Her eyes glare on the stranger;
The old cat's tail ruffs big and black.
Loud barks the old dog Ranger!

Blue burns at last the tardy match,
And dim the candle glimmers;
Along the floor beside the door
The cold white moonlight shimmers.

"Sit down!"—the widow gives her chair.
"Get out!" she says to Ranger.
"Alas! I do not know your name."
"No matter!" quoth the stranger.

His limbs are strong, his beard is long,
His hair is dark and wavy;
Upon his back he bears a sack;
His staff is stout and heavy.

"My way is lost, and with the frost
I feel my fingers tingle."
Then from his back he slips the sack—
Ho! did you hear it jingle?

"Nay, keep your chair! while you sit there,
I'll take the other corner."
"I'm sorry, sir, I have no fire!"
"No matter, Mrs. Warner!"

He shakes his sack—the magic sack!
Amazed the widow gazes!
Ho! ho! the chimney's full of wood!
Ha, ha! the wood it blazes!

Ho, ho! ha, ha! the merry fire!
It sputters and it crackles!
Snap, snap! flash, flash! old oak and ash
Send out a million sparkles.

The stranger sits upon his sack
Beside the chimney-corner,
And rubs his hands before the brands,
And smiles on Mrs. Warner.

She feels her heart beat fast with fear,
But what can be the danger?
"Can I do naught for you, kind sir?
"I'm hungry!" quoth the stranger.

"Alas!" she said, "I have no food
For boiling or for baking!"
"I've food," quoth he, "for you and me!"
And gave his sack a shaking.

Out rattled knives, and forks, and spoons!
Twelve eggs, potatoes plenty!
One large soup dish, two plates of fish,
And bread enough for twenty!

And Rachel, calming her surprise
As well as she was able,
Saw, following these, two roasted geese,
A tea-urn, and a table!

Strange, was it not! each dish was hot,
Not e'en a plate was broken;
The cloth was laid, and all arrayed,
Before a word was spoken!

"Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,
Dear madam, while we're able!"
Said she, "The room is poor and small
For such a famous table!"

Again the stranger shakes the sack,
The walls begin to rumble!
Another shake! the rafters quake!
You'd think the roof would tumble!

Shake, shake! the room grows high and large,
The walls are painted over!
Shake, shake! out fall four chairs, in all,
A bureau, and a sofa!

The stranger stops to wipe the sweat
That down his face is streaming.
"Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,"
Quoth he, "while all is steaming!"

The widow hobbled on her crutch,
He kindly sprang to aid her.
"All this," said she, "'s too much for me!"
Quoth he, "We'll have a waiter!"

Shake, shake, once more! and from the sack
Out popped a little fellow,
With elbows bare, bright eyes, sleek hair,
And trousers striped with yellow.

His legs were short, his body plump,
His cheek was like a cherry;
He turned three times; he gave a jump;
His laugh rang loud and merry!

He placed his hand upon his heart,
And scraped and bowed so handy!
"Your humble servant, sir," he said,
Like any little dandy.

The widow laughed a long, loud laugh,
And up she started, screaming;
When ho! and lo! the room was dark!
She'd been asleep and dreaming!

The stranger and his magic sack,
The dishes and the fishes,
The geese and things had taken wings,
Like riches, or like witches!

All, all was gone! She sat alone;
Her hands had dropped their knitting.
"Meow-meow!" the cat upon the mat;
"Mew-mew!" mew-mew!" the kitten.

The hearth is bleak—and hark! the creak—
"Chirp, chirp!" the lonesome cricket.
"Bow-ow!" says Ranger to the moon;
The wind is at the wicket.

And still she sits, and as she knits
The ponders o'er the vision:
"I saw it written on the sack—
'A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.'

"I know God sent the dream, and meant
To teach this useful lesson,
That out of peace and pure content
Springs every earthly blessing!"

Said she, "I'll make the sack my own!
I'll shake away all sorrow!"
She shook the sack for me to-day;
She'll shake for you to-morrow.

She shakes out hope; and joy, and peace,
And happiness come after;
Shakes out smiles for all the world;
She shakes out love and laughter.

For poor and rich—no matter which—
For young folks or for old folks,
For strong and weak, for proud and meek,
For warm folks and for cold folks;

For children coming home from school,
And sometimes for the teacher;
For white and black, she shakes the sack—
In short for every creature.

And everybody who has grief,
The sufferer and the mourner,
From far and near, come now to hear
Kind words from Mrs. Warner.

They go to her with heavy hearts,
They come away with light ones;
They go to her with cloudy brows,
They come away with bright ones.

All love her well, and I could tell
Of many a cheering present
Of fruits and things their friendship brings,
To make her fireside pleasant.

She always keeps a cheery fire;
The house is painted over
She has food in store, and chairs for four.
A bureau, and a sofa.

She says these seem just like her dream,
And tells again the vision:
"I saw it written on the sack—
'A Cheerful Disposition!'"

—J. F. Trowbridge in
"Our Young Folks" for May.

An iron Man.

A convict, pressing his cheek against the iron
bars of a cell—did you ever see that sight?
Did you ever hear the dismal clank, clank, of
rusty iron against mouldering wood, or the reg-
ular tramp of six hundred men, all of them
wearing the badges of sin and disgrace? Did
you ever feel the cold, damp touch of the great
flag-stones; look up to the dim roof through the
interstices of iron stairs; feel that all that great
space throbbled with human hearts, trembled
with human woe, and were ready to weep at
the thought of all the titter tears that had been
shed beside the hard pallets? Some say that
the most of such a congregation are given over
to hardness of heart. Yes, if one reads the
stolid face and the dull eye carelessly.

But this prisoner, with his lantern jaws, his
fiery, hollow, death-bright eye, his wide, white,
seamed forehead, the gray hair standing back as
if the hand had often pressed it with some
burning, feverish impulse,—what do you think
his age was? "Seventy." A poor guess; not
yet forty three. O, what a hard, stony face
it was.

"The man has no feeling," said the jailor—
"neither shame nor grief. He dares any
glance; he sneers at sympathy; his heart is
flint itself. Monsters are sometimes born—I
think he is one."

"Wife-murder—at least, he caused her
death. She was a terrible woman; and neg-
lected a little child, I think, so that it died. I
believe; and he hated and finally killed her."

A history to make one shudder.
"He has never expressed remorse, and our
chaplain sees him only for form's sake; it is
impossible to keep up an interest in him."

And yet there were some remnants of no-
bility about him. Even this man had been
young and comparatively innocent at his moth-
er's knee; he had loved; he had known sor-
row; he did feel remorse, perhaps. Who could
tell?

"Let her have it," said the jailor, as my lit-
tle Minnie picked a beautiful flower from for-
bidden ground.

"Little Minnie is naughty to-day!" said the
child, with a subdued look. "Mamma, put
Minnie in prison."

Such a horrible revulsion passed over me at
those words. Had not children as beautiful
grown into what? My very soul shuddered.
It was with an effort that I entered the gloomy
halls with some friends, the child still prattling.
And yet I thank God for that day of my ex-
istence.

The stony face was there; the great hollow
eyes looked out eagerly. Seldom a child seen
in that deathly gloom.

"Man, do you want a pretty flower?" cried
Minnie, holding it up. She was lifted to his
level. To my astonishment, he took it; his lip
quivered.

Man, you want a kiss? chirruped the little
bird-voice. A sob that was almost terrific was
the answer. He withdrew from sight as if he
had been shot. We all stood transfixed. A
child's voice had stirred the locked up waters
of his soul, and we ended our visit silently.

The next day the warden came to my house.
"Jenner hasn't been off his bed since yester-
day," he said; "he begs you will see him." In
less than fifteen minutes I stood in the cell.
The man's face, no longer defiant, had grown
deathlike.

"O! thank God—thank God!" he cried,
fervently; "ill yesterday, I thought my heart
was dead—but that child—that child—" he
choked again.

"Would you like to see her?"
He passed his hand over his face.

"No; let me die with those sweet words
ringing in my ears. O! my own little one—
my own little darling—your wicked father will
never see you—never—never."

When the strong anguish had passed he told
me the history of his life—and such a history!
Deep pity was in my heart long before he
finished.

The iron man was flesh again. He only
lived three months after the defiant will was
broken. Deeply did he repent, humbly pray
for mercy, and when his wasted face shone with
the Divine light of forgiveness he said to me,
"You may bring her here—only once."

So my darling brightened the dreary hour
and on his dying lips her fluttering kiss felt
softly—the last life-throb that touched him as the
soul went out, leaving a smile behind.—W. & R.

"Praying Phillis."

A fair young bride sat in her darkened cham-
ber, tearless, rigid, almost defiant. It was as if
the fountain of tears had been sealed up,—as if
all love, all sweet womanly tenderness had passed
away for ever; as if the life-blood of her heart
had been chilled by sudden, biting frost, which
no sunshine could soften, no words of pity or
compassion ever move.

And thus it had been for two long days and
nights, ever since tidings had flashed over the
wires that her fearless, brave young husband
must die; must breathe his last far from kindred
and friends; thus much she had seemed to hear
and comprehend, and an icy hush and stillness
had fallen upon her from that hour.

Ah, very pitiful it was to see her. She who
had so loved to count her mercies now forgot to
pray! forgot the enfolding arms! the depth of
love! the compassion of the tender Father!

Just as evening shadows fell upon the hills,
and the sunlight and glory of departing day
were mellowing all the mountain tops, a dusky
form entered unbidden, almost unnoticed, and
kneeling beside the stricken one, poured out her
soul in earnest supplication. The voice of prayer
stirred anew the pulses of the crushed and
bleeding heart, tears flowed, and apathy and
stupor gave place to sobs and sighs. Ah Phillis,
aged, faithful nurse, thou didst have power with
God and hast prevailed! "He take away de
tree," said the pleading saint, "when de flow-
ers rest too much in de shadow of it; when de
vine cling close, den He cut it down, an' now,
Lord Jesus, show dis poor with'r'n flower de
sunshine of Thy love, an' give her de dew of
Thy consolation, den she grow an' be strong in
de Lord, an' no more shut her heart to Thy
words an' Thy comforts. O, Lord, 'pears like
You will answer Phillis's poor prayer!"—Here
the faithful creature broke down; the excitement,
and sorrow, and suffering were too much for her;
but the spell was broken; the crisis was past, the
anguished one had once more opened her heart
to the dew and sunshine of God's love; had
called to mind that "Jesus wept," and was her-
self comforted.

Ah, Phillis, long since gone to thy rest, thy
mission has not been in vain. "The dew and
sunshine" thou didst crave in blessing for the
orphaned widow has oftentimes, through her gentle
ministrations, lightened other heavy-laden souls!
Fatherless and widowed ones rejoice in her
coming, and the weary-hearted grow strong
through her counsels and her prayers.

Don't be lazy.

A little boy was once walking along a dusty
road; the sun was very warm and oppressive,
but, as was his usual way, he stepped along very
quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the
sooner he would reach the end of his journey.

He soon heard a carriage coming, and when
it had caught up with him, the driver reined in
his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride,
which he gladly accepted.

When he was seated in the wagon, the gen-
tleman, a good old Quaker, said:

"I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so
asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walk-
ing lazily I would not have done so by any
means."

Boys, think of this, and wherever you are,
whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and
you will always be repaid for your trouble in
some way, if not by being picked up by a
Quaker.—S. S. Advocate.

Wanting Friends.

"I wish that I had some good friends to help
me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis, with a yawn.
"Good friends! why you have ten!" replied
his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and these
that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.
Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.
"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then, never say you have not ten good
friends, able to help you on in life. Try what
those true friends can do before you go grumbling
and fretting because you do not get help from
others."—Sunday-School Visitor.

A SLEEPLESS MAN.—At present, there is a
soldier at the Chestnut Hill Military Hospital,
Philadelphia, who has not slept for a single
moment for fourteen years and six months. Why
it is that he cannot, or does not sleep, is as much
a mystery to him as it is to many scientific gen-
tlemen, who, having had their attention called
to him, have been astonished in their attempts
to investigate the cause. Upon one occasion, at
his request, a number of curious inclined gen-
tlemen watched him for forty days and nights con-
secutively, in order, if possible, to arrive at the
cause of the wonderful phenomenon. These
gentlemen took turns with each other in the pro-
cess of watching, so that if he should chance to
sleep he should be observed. Some of the
watchers became drowsy, and it was as much as
he could do to awaken them. This singular
man was sent to Philadelphia, by order of the
field surgeon. He was admitted into the hospi-
tal at Chestnut Hill, on the 10th of November
last, suffering from chronic diarrhoea and rheu-
matism. He has nearly recovered from his phys-
ical debility. His appetite is good, but yet he
does not sleep. He retires to bed the same as
other soldiers, but yet he cannot sleep. He sim-
ply receives physical rest.—Philadelphia Press.

The following beautiful and tender passage is
from a letter from the late Rev. John Newton to
the Rev. William Bull:—"When you are with
the King, and getting good for yourself, speak a
word for me and mine. I have reason to think
you see him oftener, and have nearer access to
him than myself. Indeed, I am unworthy to
look at him much more than he should speak
tenderly to me. Yet I am not wholly without his
notice. He supplies all my wants, and I live
under his protection. My enemies see his
royal arms over my door, and dare not enter.
Were I detached from him for a moment, in that
moment they would make an end of me."