

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-chabod 1 Sam. iv.
S-heb-a 1 Kings x. 1.
A-aro Exod. iv. 14.
I-sh-i Hosea ii. 16.
A-ehit-e 2 Sam. xv. 32.
H-id-dike-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 ISAAH. 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 pre-
cedes one of triumph:

A royal city on the bank of a river
which flows through eultry 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 in-
mates 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 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 won-
dered. She never got out of that high
chair by the window, except to get into
her bed. And she had never been any-
where 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 won-
der; 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 respectfully, to call
people to the weekly prayer-meetings, and
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-spices, 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 ring-
ing 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 suddenly,
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. McMahon-
ney 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 no-
body 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 McMahon set me.
He's first floor—Jim McMahon."

"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.

"Dabittia, tell the lady—" But Dabittia 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 Mc-
Mahonney 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.
McMahonney was there, paring onions at
the door, to wish her good luck; and all
the little McMahonneys 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
blinked 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-spices
were in it—yes, and a wedding and a fu-
neral 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-spices—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 shin-
ing 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 trem-
bled 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
were 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 warnings, 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. Day-
light 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 McMahon-
ney 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 re-
member.

But the young lady did not want her to
speak. She touched her white horse, and
was gone in a minute; and when Andros-
coggin 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 won-
der 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 gaping
wide; the racy 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 con-
querors! the Plague has slain his ten,
and war his hundred thousand of the very
best of men; but I"—twas thus the bottle
spoke—"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, ad-
dressing 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?"

"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 stop-
ped 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 arose, 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 floods,
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!