

Youths' Department.

THE LITTLE "TRUNDLE BED"

BY DR. A. HILL.

We have a fond little treasure,
Joyous and bright as the morn,
Loved without stint or measure,
Ever since it was born;
Tis a dear little girl, and her golden hair
Falls in ringlets bright o'er a forehead fair

And close by the side of our bed,
This precious little bundle,
Every night is laid,
Snug in her little "trundle;"
Smiling so sweet that it sometimes seems,
Good angels must talk to the child in her dreams.

And every night she comes,
Wearied of frolic and play,
Then softly her vespers hums.
And kneels by her bed to pray—
And then, as soon as her prayers are said,
She nestles right down in her "trundle-bed."

The clothes are all folded neat,
In winter all snugly tucked in,
The "coverlet," blanket and sheet,
Drawn under the darling's chin;
Then all you can see is her baby-head,
As she sleeps for the night in her "trundle-bed"

And often we come to kneel
Where our little treasure lies,
And prayers such as parents feel,
We send up to the skies;
For we hear of death, and we come to dread,
The loss of our child from her "trundle-bed."

We think—yes, often we think,
And what if the child should die!
The heart for a moment will sink,
And a tear drop moisten the eye;
Fond hearts are now bleeding, as others have bled,
While they gaze on a vacant, but dear little bed.

Affection hath reared her shrine,
By the lowliest things on earth,
And the holiest thoughts entwined,
Round the spot that gave us birth;
Thus we love the place where our baby sleeps,
And affection her nightly vigil keeps.

Tis a plain, old-fashioned thing,
That little baby bed,
Where love her offerings brings,
And angels lightly tread;
Yet a cord may be touched by the merest toy,
That shall deluge the heart with a tide of joy.

THE CONFLICT.

I read not long ago, in some book, I do not remember what, that it would aid us very much to resist temptation, if we knew in what direction it could assail us most easily. Well, one night I was thinking how school-girls are peculiarly tempted, but I could not collect my thoughts, because I was tired, and I fell asleep, repeating, "Temptations! temptations!" as we so often do when we want to persuade ourselves that we are not sleepy. When I had been asleep some time, I felt myself half waking, and my eyes unclosing. Then came this vision.

It seemed that my little room was lighted by an unearthly light, and I heard the fluttering of wings. I lifted my eyes, and saw directly over me the Evil One, kept off by the sweep of a snowy wing. The white winged one, as near as I could divine, (for he looked like but an airy condensation,) whispered, "Listen!"

The dark one, whose presence I felt more than saw, came over me, lighting on the foot of my low couch with another spirit with him. I heard them speaking, not with my outward ears, but with an inward sense.

"What dost thou here, Satan?"

"I tempt."

"How?"

"In many ways. The temptation to-night is to persuade her that she is not tempted."

"Dost thou often succeed?"

"Yes, sometimes; but best when she prays drowsily."

"Dost thou tempt her at other times?"

"Oh, yes; all the day I am nearer her than now. I tempt her to talk in school, and persuade her that it is not wrong. She does it, though her good angel whispers, 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake.' I tell her to answer scornfully to her companions; this will make them fear her; and she does that, too, sometimes, though the angel is repeating, 'The Lord loveth gentleness, meekness, and lowliness.' I tempt her to take the name of the Most High God in vain, and to familiarize Him in her thoughts by speaking of him in connection with the lowliest and most trivial things. She will never entirely get rid of these thoughts, if she follows my advice, by making an interjection of the name of Him before whom 'angels veil their faces.' I tempt her in day dreams. I spread before her pictures of the pleasures in the future, which she is never to realize,

and she trifles away her time in beholding them. She looks in my mirror and beholds herself brilliant and witty, admired by all, and this excites her vanity; she then makes her mind her god. When she is awakened from these delicious reveries, she is peevish and discontented, with a distaste for all the practical concerns of life. I hover over her bed in the morning, and softly lull her to sleep with these words, 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber; a little more folding of the hands to sleep.' But the moment she looks up to God, I fly away. Her prayers overcome me. Sometimes I persuade her that she can fight me in her own strength; but it is 'perfect weakness,' and she falls in my arms. When she hears a voice from 'out the deep saying, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from thee,' then she rises, and the Lord conquers for her. I will never leave her entirely as long as she breathes; but will speak to her through the guards of angels, so that she shall hear me. I want her to be with me in the regions of the lost, that her soul may die forever."

When the Evil One ceased, then the good angel sang—

"He whom the Lord has ransomed with his blood and sealed with his baptism shall live with him forever."

Then I thought all my sins came up before me, and I was bowed down in humiliation for them, and prayed. With a terrific yell, the Evil One disappeared, and I asked forgiveness of the all-loving Father for the past, and strength for the future. Then the angel laid me gently in his bosom, and folded his wings over me, and sang, "Blessed is he that overcometh; for he shall receive the crown of life;" and I slept.

When I awoke the next morning, it seemed to me that my little room had been hallowed. I rose early; for I fancied that I heard the demon sing, hissing, "A little more slumber." I never spoke a word in school all day; for I seemed to be hearing, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake." I endeavored all day, whenever I was thinking of future pleasures, not to exaggerate them, not to think of my vanity being gratified, and to let their contemplation take up my time or take the place of duties. I did not answer back sharply to taunting remarks, made to me, but tried to be gentle, meek, and lowly; "for such the Lord loveth." With these thoughts in my mind, it would have been impossible for me to have broken the third commandment. That night I said my prayers before I became drowsy, for fear the wicked one should again have power over me. And when I lay down to sleep, I almost felt the angel's wings between my face and the pillow. To complete the illusion my sister sang for me, "Blessed is he that overcometh."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Selections.

THE LUXURIES OF THE RICH, AND THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE POOR.—"I live, I know, in a splendid house. There is not a thing which I can desire that I have not purchased. I have the most luxurious carpets, the most magnificent mirrors, the most extravagant entertainments; embroidery the most elaborate is mine, jewelry the most costly. But why object to this? Am I not in this very thing taking my part in preserving the balances of society? The luxuries of the rich are the opportunities of the poor. Ought I not to take a share proportioned to my station in life in affording these opportunities?"

But stop one moment, and see whether there is not a fallacy in this. Look over the face of the world, and see how the maxim has worked. Do you not find that luxury, instead of nourishing under its eaves industrial comfort, finds wretchedness and crime among its nearest neighbors? The splendor and pollution of Paris, in the days when each rose to its greatest height, produced and reproduced each other. It has been so everywhere, in the ancient, as well as in the modern world; and the reasons are the following:

1. Luxury, as a purchaser in the market, is of all others the most capricious. This moment a king with a deformed foot will set the fashion of boots so framed as to conceal it, or the whim of an empress may create a demand for a certain species of lace. Immense prices are offered, and workmen pressed from other employments to meet the demand. They receive wages which are so extravagant as to make them imitate in gaudiness, if not in cost, the finery of their employers. Suddenly the demand ceases,—fashion flits off to some new investment,—and the poor, showily dressed artisan is cast adrift. Are we to wonder that, with irregular employment, with extravagant wages at one

time and no wages at another, with a false notion of the realities of life which the voluptuous splendor of their employers itself gives, the "opportunities" which luxury gives to the poor should be opportunities of crime as well as of wretchedness? The political economist tells us of this when he comes to recapitulate the concomitants of luxury among the wealthy. Nowhere is there seen more abject poverty, nowhere such flaunting vice, nowhere such intense and passionate hatred of the poor to the rich, as in those very communities in which luxury blossoms out most effulgently. The fine lady in her exquisite laces and jewelry of immense value, finds that, wherever these commodities go, they seem to create by their sides the imitation finery and the paste diamond of the poor woman of sin. The period which St. Paul describes with such lurid, though just, colors in his first chapter to the Romans, was the period in which ples were made up of the tongues of singing birds alone, in which pearls were dissolved in vinegar to add to the mere prodigality of the feast, and yet in which the body of the people were reduced to such abject poverty, as to make Rome one vast governmental almshouse, if not something worse.

There is one other light in which the question may be viewed, which, though more strictly economical, is not without its importance. Of all investments, that in luxuries is the most unproductive. Accumulation beyond certain limits is a very wrong thing; but he who invests his money in a factory, at least employs a number of hands who would otherwise be idle, and produces cloths which will cover others who might otherwise be naked; while he who invests money in a railroad or a bank, aids in keeping machinery in motion, by which capital is circulated to and fro; and industry sustained in constant employment. He, however, who invests his money in luxury, sinks it into an object which renders no return. It stops where it is cast. It neither employs others, nor produces staples for the public use, nor adds a stimulus or object to industry. And besides this, it demoralizes others, both by the example it sets, and the unnatural and pernicious influence it exerts on those whom it temporarily employs for its production.

There is a higher view, however, to be taken of this question than that of the mere political economist. We may here understand one of the reasons of the constant reprobation with which wealth,—that wealth which exists and develops itself for its own sake, and embalmis itself in the raiment of its own luxuries,—is spoken of by our blessed Lord. For those just passing through life, it would seem almost impossible to enter into heaven. They cannot, in the splendid tissue of their own brocade of damask and gold, stoop to enter within that holy gate. They are too splendid for heaven. But what a lot is it which they thus provoke!

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.—The following anecdote, the truth of which may be relied on, illustrates the kindness of nature that characterizes our primate, as well as his prompt and handsome recognition of the services of a gallant soldier, and so deserves to be recorded. The whole story, which is sufficiently romantic, is briefly as follows:—Some two or three years ago, or more, one of her Majesty's regiments was quartered at Tuam. A private soldier of the regiment, a steady, intelligent young man, became acquainted there with one of the female teachers of one of the Church schools of the place, and proposed marriage. The young woman accepted him, and a day, we believe, was fixed to have the marriage solemnized. Meanwhile, however, the regiment in which the young soldier was serving, was ordered off to the Crimea; the claims of love for the time had to yield to the stern call of military duty, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed. Arriving at the scene of conflict, he distinguished himself for deeds of daring valor in sorties, in hand to hand encounters, and in trying positions of varied difficulty; so that he attracted the attention of his superior officers, and on the day when some of the English troops succeeded in gaining an entrance into some of the houses in Sebastopol, he was among the foremost, again making himself remarkable for intelligence and heroism. The result was that he was raised from the ranks, and obtained an officer's commission; and when the war was over he hastened to renew his engagement to the Tuam schoolmistress. She was as true to him as he was to her, and again a time was fixed for the marriage.—But as the course of true love is said never to run smooth, so an unexpected difficulty again arose in consequence of the war with China. The gallant officer was, at a few days' notice, ordered off with his regi-