

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WHY WAS I NOT CONFIRMED?—Rachel Spencer was detained from Church on Easter-day by indisposition. She sat on a low seat by the fire, her Aunt was reading by the declining light at a distant window; every one else was gone to Church, and the house was so quiet she could hear the great clock in the hall tick.

She had been to Church every evening during the week, and the remembrance of the solemn services was very vivid. Had she taken any part in them, or had she looked on and listened merely, leaving others to reap the benefit? Then she was in health, and came home every evening surrounded by friends. To day she had been alone many hours, and as she was not able to read, thoughts had arisen—such thoughts as these. Why was I not confirmed? I was quite old enough to participate in this rite; my friends earnestly desired me to come forward and declare myself on the Lord's side; I could have attended either of the classes in St. Paul's parish, I knew both the clergymen, either of them would have welcomed me; my friends who attended the classes would have gladly admitted me among them. All these advantages I have disregarded, and perhaps they may never return—I may die young, as my brother did, or when I am travelling in the summer, I may be killed in an instant, without even having time to say, 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner.' But the tear of repentance did not flow yet; the current of her thoughts changed, and she began to excuse herself. Just then her Aunt closed her book and moving towards the fire, she said it was too dark to see to read any longer.

The sound of the church bells came on the wind. "I am sorry you did not go to church," said Rachel, when she observed her Aunt listening to the bells.

"I seldom neglect their call," said her Aunt, "there is no invitation I more gladly accept, but this evening I remained at home, on purpose to have a little conversation with you. You have looked unhappy all day, and I want you to tell me what you have been thinking about."

"You will not like to hear, you had better not ask me," said Rachel.

"Perhaps I could assist you in thinking such thoughts as it would please me to listen to, if you would speak openly to me," replied her Aunt.

"I was thinking," said Rachel, "that I was very foolish to blame myself, as I have done all day, for not being confirmed and privileged to become a communicant in the Church." Rachel paused here in the hope that her Aunt would speak, but she only looked up, and as the fire shone on her face, Rachel saw she was expecting her to give her reasons. "Because," she continued, rather hesitatingly, "because Mrs. Stone, whom every body praises, and calls a sweet christian, says a great many things that I should think it wrong to say." Rachel again was silent for a moment, but as her Aunt did not speak she went on. "I heard her say the other day that she did not believe the new Sunday-school teacher's religion was vital. Now I know Jesus needed not to be told what was in man, he could read thoughts, but He was God. I scarcely know what is in my own heart, and then you have always taught me not to judge the motives of others."

"We are prejudiced and perblind creatures, my dear," said her Aunt, "let us abstain from speaking of the faults of others, let us watch our own hearts."

"Ah," said Rachel, "I see you think if I had been carefully examining myself I should have discovered the beam in my own eye, but yet I cannot think Mrs. Stone so good as others do. I heard her say once that she deplored your state, she did not think your religion vital, and she said the same of two or three clergymen."

"You could have been confirmed, and enjoyed the highest privilege the church can bestow, that of coming to the table of the Lord, without imitating Mrs. Stone's manner of talking," said her Aunt quietly. "But," continued Rachel, "I fear I am not fit for such things yet. I heard old Mr. Finch say, he did not think it wrong to allow his children to join in any common religious ceremony while they were so young and gay as I am."

"Death is solemn," and you and they are not too young to die," said her Aunt; but tell me, Rachel, what should you think of the Mother, who finding her children playing about the nursery, while preparing for bed, should say: 'the children are too merry to night, I will not allow them to say their prayers,' and should order the nurse to put them prayerless to bed. Would not any Christian mother rather say: 'Now, my child-

ren, you must be quiet for a little while, and pray to your Father in Heaven' would she not take them one by one and make them kneel at her feet, while she taught them to lift up their little hands and hearts and say, 'Hallowed be Thy name.'

"Ah!" said Rachel, "you mean that the church is like our mother, and though she sees us full of youthful follies, she calls us to lay them aside and listen to her teaching."

"But then, dear Aunt, what good will that do if we still go on the same, and—but I will not say any thing in condemnation of the conduct of those that have been confirmed. No mother finds her children perfect after their morning and evening prayer, but she still perseveres, she calls them again and again to her feet, and do you think she is engaged in a useless work?"

"Oh no," said Rachel, the tears now filling her eyes, "I know she is not, I feel she is not—I acknowledge that I ought to have been guided by my friends, but indeed I am not good, and I do not wish to make people think better of me than I deserve."

"Oh, my child," said her Aunt, "learn to care less for what people think of you—they are but erring beings like yourself. Live to God, act always as in His sight; try to make your happiness consist in being known to Him and in loving and obeying Him."

"Ah," cried the sorrowful Rachel, "I shall never be able to do that, I often wish I could hide my thoughts from Him, they are so foolish."

"There is a prayer," said her Aunt, "at the beginning of the communion service you would find useful, when disturbed by evil thoughts."

"I know what you mean," said Rachel, "and I have often said, 'cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit.'"

"Continue its use, my dear," said her Aunt warmly, "and you will soon learn to be thankful that you have 'no secrets hid' from God. Use all the means of grace afforded you; we do not present ourselves for confirmation, we do not go to church, we do not kneel at the table of the Lord, because we are good, but because we earnestly desire to be made better, and because we are constrained, especially in the case of the Lord's supper, thus to show our love for God our Redeemer."

"I will try to be all you wish, my dear Aunt," said Rachel, "I should like to feel as happy as you look this moment." As she said this, two lines she had lately read occurred to her mind, and she said aloud:

"To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,
Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire."

—Selected for the Church Times.

GEORGE WILSON.—A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine, intelligent eye fixed the attention of a gentleman, as the boy inquired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and would learn him to read?"—"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"—"I have no parents," was the reply; "have just run away from the work-house because they would not teach me to read." The gentleman made arrangements with the authority of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the esteem of his new associates, by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary, after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighbourhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language and other branches. After being in this situation a few years, as he sat to tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. "Go to France!"—said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—"for what?"

"Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly. At tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts, in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule of measuring plane surfaces, of whatever outline.

The prize has never been awarded, and this method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister at the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king and nobles and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the Court. He received the prize which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction and proceeded to the Court of St. James', and took up a similar prize offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whom ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias!

Selections.

OLD AND NEW ROMANISTS.—We have long been fully persuaded that the recent perverts from the reformed Church to Romanism, taken all together, would prove troublesome customers where they have gone; that, in fact, they would in the long run cost Rome more than they would come to. It stands to reason and experience, we think, that some of them would be for going too far, others for holding back; and that some, delighted with their new whereabouts, would push the worst parts of Popery to the farthest extreme, while others, disgusted on finding what a mass of obliquity and corruption they had had to take in exchange for the "pure and undefiled religion of the Reformed Church, would make haste to retrace their steps and return to their Mother's bosom. And so, indeed, the thing has been working out more and more for some time past. And we have not the slightest doubt that so it will continue for some time to come; inasmuch that the course of the perverts will in the end very much help and strengthen the cause, which they had probably expected to paralyze and disable. Already, it appears, the fiercest bickerings are in progress between the old and new Romanists, as well as between different sets of the new. The very fact of their being so near together will only enable and dispose them the better to dig out each other's eyes, while their distance from us will save our eyes from their diggings. An instance in point is now before us. Some of the perverts, it seems, have lately in a paper called the *Rambler*, made an attack on the notorious Dr. CAHILL, among other things charging a printed lecture of his on Transubstantiation with unsoundness. The wrath of the virulent Doctor has taken fire and gone into explosion through the columns of the *Tablet*. We will subjoin a few choice sparks from this explosion for the special edification and amusement of our readers:

In every paragraph, indeed in almost every instance, gross falsehood is asserted, palpable calumny is uttered, my clearly-expressed meaning is distorted with what I must call a malevolent ingenuity, and above all, *whole sentences are carefully suppressed which would at a glance explain transparently the pretended difficulties of my malignant anonymous writings.*

Gentlemen, you are acquainted with my style, *rigid and stiff* in whatever I advance, and I hereby undertake to demonstrate, beyond cavil from any quarter, that a clique of converted parsons have, through the anonymous columns of their periodical, suppressed *known truth*—have, *without any doubt*, advanced palpable falsehood, and have finally distorted, against and illustration with *precisely the same kind of perverse misrepresentation* which is to be found in the most hostile writings, and in the worst speeches of the *Parsons of the Protestant Alliance.*

In the whole course of my experience, I have never read anything that can even approach the assurance, the conceit, and indeed the sickening impudence of the writers of the paragraph on "illustration," where they clearly set themselves up as models of criticism, the teachers of the priesthood, and the infallible guides of the whole Church of these countries.

Gentlemen, I have in this part of my letter met the objections made by the editors of the *Rambler*. I will therefore be kindly pleased to keep your columns open to me in your next publication, for a second letter from me of the same length as the present one, to send you. In that part of their review where they speak of the Protestant Bible, I undertake to answer the Catholics of this country with the views of our