

Youth's Department.

LITTLE BESSIE.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name;
All at once the window opened—
In a field were lambs and sheep—
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if he saw me,
If he'd speak to such as me:
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, O how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard,
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird:
And while I my breath was holding,
One, so bright, upon me smiled:
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, come here, my child.

Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see,
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night,
Something hurts me here, mother,
Like a stone on my breast;
O, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think on what you said—
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep;
And I wish'd, he'd come, and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me: I would go—
O! to sleep and never suffer—
Mother don't be crying so;
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arm around me tight;
O how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange to-night.

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburthened breast:
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—“Dear, mother,” said a delicate little girl, “I have broken your China vase.”

“Well, you are a naughty, careless troublesome little thing—always in some mischief, go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you!”

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood, to secrete a fault! With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at the same moment was crushed in her little heart, the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again, in after years, to be revived to life. O, what was the loss of a thousand “vases” in comparison?

'Tis true, an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother. It does not need an angel's powers. The watch must never, for an instant, be let up; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word that the overtaken spirit sends to the lip, must die there, ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in reason, the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no evasion, no trickery for the keen eye of children to mark; and all this when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigil, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and inlooked-for annoyances of every hour, almost set at defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown; still must she “rule her own spirit,” lest the boy so apparently engaged with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient world's ear has caught. For all these duties, faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's re-

ward is in secret and in silence. Even him, on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle—till too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in untiring motion, the thousand springs of his domestic happiness!

But—what, if in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she be a mother but in name? What if she consider her duty performed, when her child is fed, and warmed, and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teaches those little lips to lip, “Our Father?” What if she launch her child to life's stormy sea, without rudder, compass, or chart? God forbid there be many such mothers!—*Burlington Gazette.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—We are aware that it is not very agreeable to children to talk to them about Death.—They have heard death called the “King of Terrors,” and have seen pictures of death with a scythe in one hand and a band of bones, and have seen persons who were dead lying cold and still in their coffins, and they do not like to hear anything said about death. But as no age is exempt from sickness and death, it is well to have right impressions on the subject.

The wicked are afraid to die, because God has been “angry with them every day;” but the Christian can sing and shout for joy on a bed of death, because that Christ, the believer's hope, has taken the “ sting of death away.” O how important it is to love God with all the heart, and serve him with all the soul, that to die may be gain, and that earth be exchanged for heaven.

It is infinitely important to be always ready to die. We know not what a day or hour may bring forth.— Sometimes persons may die in the street. Sometimes in bed at night, and sometimes they are instantly killed. If we live every day in the love and fear of God, sudden death will have less fears for us. We may even “desire to be absent from the body, that we may be present with the Lord.” Lingering sickness and the Christian's death-bed, are often scenes of the most thrilling interest and of joy; such was the death of Dr Paxon. Let us live the life of the righteous, that our end may be like his.

COMPENSATIONS.—Idiotia often suffer less from physical pain than beings of a higher organization. A boy, now at Highgate, was found by his mother with a species of buckle thrust through his tongue. He had made this experiment merely to amuse himself, and testified no inconvenience whatever—was vain of the ornament, but not otherwise moved by it. Idiots are found below the average sensitiveness to the electric battery; and yet, so remarkable are the contradictions in their nature, they are invariably affected by thunder and lightning. The mere approach of a thunderstorm is observed to disorder the stomachs of a whole idiot asylum. They generally like music—bright colours almost always—and are remarkably susceptible to the influence of sunlight. Such things as they do, they do as an established rule, best on a bright day, and worst on a dark one. In respect of mental pain, as of physical, they have their compensation. Separation from friends does not affect them much, grief and sorrow hold but slight dominion over them, and the contemplation of death does not distress them. They are fond of attending prayers in a body. What dim religious impressions they connect with public worship, it is impossible to say, but the struggling soul would seem to have some instinctive aspirations towards its Maker.—[Dickens' “Household Words.”]

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—Play is the natural employment of children. Systematic training is ever prejudicial, because they do not understand the meaning or use of it, and have no liberty for mental exercise. The child's mind can only “think on the child's own affairs;” it cannot think on yours. In yours it is enslaved; in its own it is free. Body and mind, therefore, are better developed in managing a toy horse than in striving to fulfil an unchildish task, and it is only when both are freely developed together that health can be enjoyed. For the sake of the promised manhood of boys, and the promised womanhood of girls, therefore, let all who can afford to bring up their children in a natural and healthy manner, be cautious how they accept the theories of the specious philosophers, or hasten to make phenomena of their children in their life.

A DAY OF RECKONING.—Men may cheer themselves in the morning, and they may pass on tolerably well, perhaps, without God at noon; but the cool of the day is coming, when God will come down to talk to them.—*Cecil.*

Selections.

THE BRITISH JEWS.—The Asian mystery is a subject on which there has been not a little romantic speculation: that the same kind of mystery lies at our doors—that in sum of life as ancient as the pyramids—that a cyclopaedia of thought and emotion as strange as anything to be found in the pages of Paul or the story of the Aztec cities—may be found in the Minor or Hound's Litch, is a circumstance on which few, perhaps, give themselves time to reflect. Yet, so it is. Within a minute's walk of the Exchange, under the shadow of the great edifice which is the seat of our Eastern empire, dwells a race of men whose story is bound up, in a marvellous way, with that of all mankind, yet, who live in a state of permanent isolation from their fellows, following a law which almost antedates civilization itself and spurning, in their pride and tenacity of purpose, every light of more recent ages as for them unavailing or superfluous. If we pause to consider, it will probably strike us as strange that the circumstance has not inspired a deeper interest. A living Jew, faithful to the rite of his fathers, is a historical document of the most remarkable kind. He is a witness for past modes of thought. He is a proof of the enduring power of such institutions as happen to be in harmony with national character. He is a guarantee, certain and involuntary, of the truth of the leading lines of the world's history for nearly four thousand years.

Most readers have read Mr. D'Israeli's novels of the poor child of Israel going forth to some White-chapel market in search of “the palm leaves, the myrtle, and the weeping willow,” with which he is commanded by the ancient law to decorate his humble dwelling in the fall, and to celebrate, ever again the fifth and fogs of London, the harvest of the vine. In his adherence to this ancient law, the Hebrew defies time and place alike. He makes his bowyer in a yard in Houndsditch as his fathers built their bowers in the sunny gardens of Palestine ages before the captivity of Babylon. He treats his child just as Abraham treated the children of his house. He still says his prayers in old Chaldean patois, though he does not comprehend one word of what he utters. In the service of his festival, he wears a cabalistic garb, the form of which remains though the meaning has long been lost. He holds it a deadly crime to light the lamp with his own hand. He is inspired with hopes and actuated by passions to which all other men are strangers, and in the lowest depths of poverty and degradation he nurses in his soul the consoling thought of a future return to material prosperity and intellectual sway. Had some Mandeville fallen in with such a people, his accounts of them would scarcely have helped to sustain his reputation as a truth teller—had a Stephens found them clustered round some ancient temple of Mexico, scientific and literary missions would have been sent out to study their manners and modes of life. Yet the London Hebrew, the living riddle of the world, was until now a being all but unknown to the other dwellers in the great city.

Mr. Mills, the writer of the able and interesting work before us, says that there are about 30,000 Jews in the United Kingdom; of these, 25,000 reside in London and its suburbs. They are divided into two grand parties—as in the case with almost all religious bodies—Christians, Mahomedans, Buddhists, and Confucians. These parties are, the Sephardim, the descendants of the Jews of Spain and Portugal, and the Ashkenasim, the immigrants from Germany and Poland. The Ashkenasim are the most numerous, and from this branch of Israel have sprung nearly all the Hebrew poets and writers who in modern times have contributed to the intellectual movements of Europe. The Sephardim, however, affect to be of purer blood and higher rank in the nation; Sidonia, as will be remembered, claims to be of the Sephardim.

It has not been easy, however, to close the synagogue against the searching and subtle spirit of reform. Of late years there have appeared, even in Israel, seceders and protesters; the great point of the dispute being thus far, the Divine authority of the Talmud or oral law, together with some minor differences about long rituals and other matters not quite in harmony with English habits. On these grounds of appeal a new synagogue has been built, and some members of the Sephardim and the Ashkenasim have been drawn away to the Reformed Congregation.—*Athenaeum.*

The musical world will be delighted with the following “Hint to Choirs.” It is so naturally given. Do read it. Favor us by reading the Recorder's words:—