

For the Young.

MISS CARELESS.

A FAIRY STORY.

(Translated from the French of Jean Mace, by Miss Mary L. Booth.)

Miss Careless was a good little girl, who loved her papa and mamma dearly, but, as her name shows, she had one bad fault—she took no care of anything. When her parents scolded her, she hung her head, her large blue eyes filled with tears, and she looked so lovely and so unhappy that they almost reproached themselves for having given her pain, and involuntarily set to work to comfort her; but, their backs turned, all traces of repentance disappeared, and the disorders became worse than ever.

Careless had a brother a year older than herself, whose example and advice had a bad influence over her. It was the custom, in that country, when boys and hardly begun to cut their second teeth—at the age when it is so pleasant to hear their prattling about the house, in their pretty frocks, with their long curls falling over their shoulders—it was the custom, I say, to send them to great houses, built like barracks, where, after cropping their heads, they were dressed in military coats, buttoned to the chin, patent-leather belts, and soldier's caps perched over the ear, lacking nothing but swords to be equipped for battle. The poor children learned to play men, and to look down on their sisters. It was a thing agreed upon in this little world that a man who respects himself puts nothing in its place, and the example of the most celebrated personages, renowned for their absent-mindedness, who always put on their trousers wrong side before, was quoted as a proof of genius. The grown persons of the house had told this to the tall lads, who had told this to the smaller boys, who had told this to the little ones, and Careless's brother, who was one of the latter, had repeated it to her.

Armed with this imposing testimony, Careless thought it very absurd to require of her such minute attention to details so insignificant, and nothing seemed to her so tiresome as to put things in order one day when she had to do the next. She did not suspect what need she would have in after years, when she would become a mother herself, and how disgraceful it is to a woman to have nothing in its place in her house. Her mamma, who was well acquainted with her faults, and who loved her too well to suffer this fatal habit to become rooted in her, knew not what to do to break her of it; she had exhausted everything—warning, prayers, threats and even tears, and she finally resolved to punish her.

It was not a difficult task to punish the dear little girl; her heart was so tender that a harsh look made her unhappy, and the sight of her mother in tears threw her in despair. Unhappily, all this sorrow was wasted, since she would not feel the importance of what was required of her. It always seemed to her that her parents were very wrong in making such a fuss about things that were so little worth the trouble, and that they made her unhappy without rhyme or reason. They were obliged, therefore to have recourse to more direct punishments, in order to make a stronger impression on her mind. If her bed was in disorder, she was forced to wear her nightcap all day. Every time she overturned her inkstand, and this often happened, the end of her nose was inked. Whenever she left a handkerchief, or anything else, lying about the house, it was fastened on her back; I even believe that a shoe was hung there one day, which had been found far away from its fellow, astray on the stairs.

All this mortified her greatly, but did not reform her. She finally persuaded herself, indeed, that her parents no longer loved her, since they persisted in tormenting her in this way, and this unhappy thought hardened her in her disorderly habits. One day, at length, when her brother had a holiday, and between them, they had put everything out of place in the parlor and dining room, Miss Careless was told that she must not leave her room all the next morning. This was a punishment which she felt keenly, for the young gentleman's presence was a rare event since he had joined the regiment, and he now introduced into their plays those cavalier and domineering airs which rendered him still larger in the eyes of his little sister.

The next morning the rising sun found her seated on her bed in tears, looking despairingly about her room, her prison till dinner. Her pretty dress, put on for the first time the night before in compliment to her brother's arrival, was thrown in a corner, half on the floor and half on a chair. One of her boots was under the bed and the other against the door. Two pretty grey silk mitts were on each end of the mantle-piece, and the little black velvet hat, of which she had been so proud, was lying on its side on the top of the water-pitcher, with its great white plume falling into the basin.

Careless saw all this confusion with profound indifference, and only thought how tiresome it would be to stay alone for long hours in a room with nothing to do, since it did not occur to her to put things in order.

"How unhappy I am!" she cried. "Every one here hates me, and treats me badly. No body loves me but my dear Paul, and they won't let me play with him."

The fairy, Order, was at that moment making her rounds through the house. She had always avoided this neglected room, for she had a profound contempt for giddy and neglected little girls, and the young lady was not one of her favorites; but when she heard her gentle voice moaning so pitifully, she had compassion on her, and believing that she had repented at last, opened the door.

You may imagine how she frowned at the sight of the disorder. "Are you not ashamed?" she exclaimed, harshly, advancing to the foot of the bed.

"Of what Madam?" answered the little girl tremblingly.

"Just take the trouble to look around this room."

"Well, what is the matter with it?" "What! don't you see the frightful disorder that everything is in? There is not a single article of your dress in its place."

"If that is all, there is no great harm done," Paul says that it makes no difference where we put our things at night, provided that we find them in the morning." "Do you believe Master Paul, and think that it makes no difference where you put your things?" cried the fairy, angrily. "Well, you shall see."

With these words she touched the child with her wand, and behold! little Careless flew into pieces in every direction. The head went in search of the hat on the water-pitcher, the body plunged into the dress across the chair, each foot regained its boot, the one under the bed and the other against the door and the hands made their way into the mitts on each end of the mantle-piece: it was the work of an instant.

"Now," said the fairy, "I am going to send Master Paul to put all this in order. You shall see whether it makes no difference where you put things."

She went into the court-yard, where Master Paul was taking advantage of his mamma's absence to try to smoke the end of a cigar, that his papa had forgotten the night before. "Go up to your sister's room," said she: "she needs you."

Paul was not very sorry to be disturbed in an attempt which he was beginning to find unpleasant; nevertheless, he carefully laid the precious cigar-stump on the window-sill, and went to his sister's room, his head somewhat heavy.

"Well, what is the matter?" said he on entering. He saw no one in the room. "Where are you?" he cried, furious at what he thought a trick insulting to his dignity.

"Here," groaned the head. "Come and help me quickly, my dear Paul; I am very uncomfortable on this water-pitcher."

"No," come here howled the body. "I can't bear this any longer; the corner of the chair is piercing me through and through."

"Don't leave me under the bed," said the right foot.

"Look against the door," said the left foot.

"Don't forget us on the mantle-piece," shouted the hands, with all their might.

Another little boy might have been frightened, but Paul was already strong-minded. Picking up the feet, hands, and head in the twinkling of an eye, "Don't be alarmed, my dear sister," said he, in an important tone; "I will set you to rights! it will not take me long."

The feet, head, and hands were soon laid by the side of the body, and, as Master Paul had said, the operation was quickly perform-

ed. Raising his sister on her feet, "There you are!" he exclaimed.

But scarcely had he looked at his work than he uttered a loud cry. The head was turned awry; one of the feet, in its boot, hung on the left arm, while one leg staggered, supported by a poor little hand that looked as if it was crushed beneath the weight.

"Oh! Paul, what have you done?" cried the unhappy Careless. And as she attempted to wipe her eyes, the toe of her boot caught in the braids of her hair.

The giddy boy stood thunder-struck before the disaster which he had caused. He attempted to repair the evil by pulling his sister's head with all his might to put it in the right place; but it was too firmly fixed. He twisted the little girl's neck in every direction, and only succeeded in making her cry. Then fright and grief triumphed over all his courage, and he burst into a good hearty fit of crying, like a genuine little boy. The servants of the house ran thither at his screams, but they could think of no other remedy than to send for a physician. Some proposed Doctor Paneratius, who had cured so many little children; others the celebrated Dr. Cutall, who knew so well how to perform an operation. Everybody talked at once, and they were trembling for fear of the arrival of the parents whom such a sight might have brought to the tomb, when the fairy Order appeared in the middle of the room in all the lustre of her holy attire.

"Well," said she to the poor little girl, "do you think now that it makes no difference where you put things, and that children are to be trusted who despise order? Let this be a lesson to you! I forgive you because you are a good girl, whom everybody loves; but always remember what it may cost you to pay no attention to what you are doing."

Saying this, the fairy touched her once more with her wand, and head, body, feet, and hands found their right places.

After this terrible adventure the little girl became so careful and attentive that the fairy Order made her a favorite, and married her in after years to a prince as beautiful as the day, who was anxious above everything to see his house in perfect order, and who chose her as a wife for her neatness in all things as well as for her goodness and beautiful face.

As to Paul, he ceased to smoke cigars, and made no difference where he put his things, and refused to listen to the boys when they returned to school, when they made speeches that would have displeased his mamma.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

ASCENSION.

LUKE xxiv. 44-53.

The closing verses of St. Luke's Gospel contain a summary of the instruction given by our Lord to His disciples during the forty days which elapsed between His Resurrection and Ascension.

The Old Testament Scriptures, being the work of men divinely inspired, could not lie. The true Christ must answer to the description there given of Him,—for the Scriptures and the Messiah came from the same divine source. The faithful student of the Scriptures before the first advent of Christ would have some intelligent idea of what the Messiah ought to be. Hence we find such exclamations as—"We have found the Messiah!" (John i. 41); "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did—is not this the Christ?" And hence, also, the guilt of the Jewish Church, of whom it is written, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." (John i. 11. 1 Peter i. 10, 11. 2 Peter i. 21. Rev. ix. 10. Isa. lii. 13, 14. Dan. ii. 34, 35, 44; ix. 24-26. Ps. lxxix. 30-36. John xii. 41. Acts iii. 22; xiii. 27; xxvi. 22 and 23.)

The Bible is a sealed book to all who study it in sole dependence upon the human intellect. The Bible is not a mere human composition, but the work of men moved by the Spirit of God; and he who would study it to his own advantage, must accept the Spirit's aid.

By the Law of Moses should be understood all the instruction contained in the first five books of the Bible, called the Pentateuch.

The "Prophets" include certain writings which bear the names of their authors, and many, if not all, of the historical books.

The Psalms were written by King David, Asaph, and others. The Psalter was the Jewish hymn-book, compiled for and regularly used in the Temple Service. It is the valuable inheritance of the Christian Church, which every member would do wisely to accept and use. The Messianic Psalms, and those quoted in the New Testament, are—Psalms ii., iv., v., vi., viii., x., xiv., xvi., xviii., xix., xxii., xxiii., xxiv., xxxi., xxxii., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxvii., xxxviii., xl., xli., xlv., xlviii., li., lv., lxxviii., lxxix., lxxxv., lxxxviii., lxxxix., xc., xcii., xciv., xcvi., cx., cxii., cxiii., cxv., cxvii., cxviii., cxix., cxi., cxvii., cxviii., cxix., and cxi.

Bethany—the place on earth where our Saviour's feet stood for the last time—is full of tender, loving associations. There Lazarus and his sisters lived, and there, in the house of

Simon, the leper, Mary anointed His head with the precious ointment. Bethany was the last home in which He stayed before His crucifixion. Evening after evening, during the last week of His life, He walked out to Bethany with His disciples, after having spent the day in Jerusalem, surrounded by men who sought His life. At Bethany He parted from the friends and companions of His human life; there they looked on His face and heard His voice for the last time. The "little while" when they should see Him was over, and He went to "His Father."

Where was the story of Christ's sufferings, death, resurrection, and triumph over sin and Satan foretold?

What necessity was there that these prophecies should be fulfilled?

Which of the Old Testament books contain the law of Moses?

Which are the writings of the Prophets?

Who wrote the Psalms?

What may we learn from v. 45? Dan. xii. 10?

Since Christ is not now present with us in the sense in which He was present with the disciples, how can we obtain His assistance?—Prove Matt. vii. 7, and xxviii. 20; John xv. 7; Phil. iv. 13; James i. 5; Rev. iii. 20; Jer. xxix. 12.

Where was the first Gospel sermon preached after the ascension?

Who preached it?

What was the substance of it? (V. 47; Acts ii. 38.)

What is a witness?

To what did the disciples witness?

What was the promise of the Father? (John xiv. 16-26.)

Where were they to wait for it?

To what place did Christ and His disciples walk when they were last together?

Had that place any dear associations?

What was the Saviour's last earthly act?

How did the disciples show their knowledge of Christ's real nature?

In what frame of mind were they?

How did they show it?

Why did they go to the Temple?

INFLUENCE.

There are truths which the mind of man can with difficulty grasp, and but imperfectly comprehend. Their meaning are like drops of water in the ocean,—lost for immensity.

We learn, for instance, from Holy Writ, that this life, which we are now enjoying here, shall be continued for ever and ever in another state of existence beyond the grave. The intellect cannot furnish powers of thought of such high pretensions as to enable us to digest and clearly understand the full importance and significance of such astounding truths.

We, as it were, are but walking upon the shore, and judging of what the deep unfathomed caves of ocean conceal from view, by the few and imperfect samples in the form of shells, stones and weeds found upon the coast. When we endeavor to glean from the many similes drawn from our present surroundings, and visible objects which are made use of in the Bible, the probable state of things in the future life is disclosed to view.

For instance, it is difficult for us to understand in what mysterious manner the removal of a single particle of matter from the universe would affect the present order of things, and cause suns and worlds to wander from their orbits. Such stupendous results, brought about through the instrumentality of such insignificant means, is beyond the power of man to conceive.

What a stupendous influence must be exerted by every atom in existence, if by their removal, such results are effected.

Matter is ever undergoing change, yet in that change it is neither diminished nor increased. A candle, for example, when it has been suffered to burn entirely away, is not, as some might suppose, lost. Every particle which went to compose it has but assumed a new form, and is widely diffused in the atmosphere.

If such are the wonderful results effected by the influence of matter upon matter in inorganic substances in the material world around us, what must be the influence which is consciously or unconsciously wielded in the social world by human beings?

We, by our conduct, are either helping or hindering our fellow-wayfarers in their pilgrimage to that better country.

We cannot, if we would, live only to ourselves in this life. Our example carries great weight in forming the characters and in moulding the dispositions of those around us. And it is this that makes us responsible beings, and on account of which we shall be judged and rewarded according to the influence we have exerted, whether for good or evil.

If we, in sailing over the unknown ocean of life, steer clear of shoals and quicksands, others seeing the course we have taken will likewise follow in our wake. And the same wind, which might have proved fatal