Youths' Department.

JESUS called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them.—MATT. xviii. 2.

I speak of Christ and thee, Nellie,
As thine infant face I see;
There's more of heaven than earth, Nellie,
Therein revealed to me.

The Disciples ask'd the Saviour, Nellie,
Which should the greatest be—
He look'd—His holy heart was moved,
For He saw a child like thee.

So He called the little child, Nellie,
In tones divinely sweet;
She heeded quick the heavenly voice,
And knelt at Jesus' feet.

Then the little lamb was folded, Nellie,
Near to the Saviour's breast;
And there she lay, so lovingly,
As with holy words He blest.

And spake with voice all love, Nellie,—
"Would ye be great in heaven?
Follow the sweet example
This little child has given.

"A little lamb in gentleness,
In innocence is she;
A lily fair, for loveliness,
Yet sweet humility."

We gave thee to this Saviour, Nellie,
That you His care might be;
So thou wast made a child of God,
And Heaven was pledged to thee.

And then there came a time, Nellie,
When we saw that thou must die;
So we gave thee back to Jesus,
In His blessed arms to lie.

Thou wast shy of strangers here, Nellie,
Thou wilt there acquainted be;
And the loving heart of Jesus,
Shall be home, and friends, to thee.

And didst thou come to meet me, Nellie,
With that little harp of thine?
Oh, is it even so, Nellie,
Or are they thoughts of mine?

I fancied just at eve, Nellie,
Thine angel form was nigh;
Lightly thou touched thy golden harp,
And sweetly sang—good-bye.

That thou linger'd near a moment, Nellie,
Then flew to realms above.—
Good-bye! thou art safe in Heaven, Nellie!
"Safe with the Source of love."

—ELIZA GRILLEY.

New Haven, 1851

SELFISH MATTHEW.—Such a selfish boy as Matthew was! You wouldn't have given a fig to play with him. He had carpenters' tools and books, and chequers and chess, and drawing materials, and balls and kites, and little ships and skates, and snow-shovels and sleds. Oh! I couldn't tell you all he had, if I talked a week.

Well, if you went in of a Saturday afternoon to play with him, he'd watch all these things as closely as a cat would a mouse; and if you went within shooting distance of them he'd sing out,—"T-o-u-c-h: t-h-a-t's m-i-n-e!" Of course it wasn't much fun to go and see him. You'd got to play everything he wanted, or he'd pout and say he wouldn't play at all. He had slices of cake, that he had hoarded up till they were as hard as his heart; and cents, and dimes, and half-dimes, that he used to handle and jingle, and count over like any little miser. All the beggars in the world couldn't have coaxed one out of his pocket had they been starving to death.

Then Matthew was such a cry-baby. I love a *brave* boy. He'd go screaming to his mother if he got a scratch, as if a wild tiger were after him: and if you said anything to him about it, he'd pout and stick out his lips so far you might have hung your hat on 'em. It was like drawing teeth to get him to go across the room to hand you a newspaper. He ought to have had a little world all to himself, hadn't he?

Well I used to pity him—there was nothing child-like about him. He always seemed to me like a little wizzled-up miserable old man. He never tossed his cap up in the air and laughed a good hearty laugh, he never sprang or climbed or shouted; no!—he crawled round as if he had lead weights on his heels, and talked without scarce moving his lips, and wore a face as long as the horse's in your father's barn. Such a boy as he was! Had he been mine, I should have tried to get some life into him somehow.

Poor Matthew! he'll never be happy: no!—he'll never know the luxury of making a sad face bright, or of drying up the tear of the despairing; and when he dies he can't carry money with him—he has got to leave it at the tomb door,—and who, do you suppose, will come there to mourn for him?

Oh, dear children, *be generous*—if you haven't but half-a-stick of candy give *somebody* a bite of it. Perhaps some child will say, "But I haven't anything to *give*." That's a mistake; that boy or girl isn't living who has nothing to give. Give your sympathy—give pleasant words and beaming smiles to the weary-hearted. If a little child goes to your school who is poorly clad, patched, darned, nay, even ragged, if the tear starts to his eye when your schoolmates laugh, shun, and refuse to play with him—just you go right up and put your arms round his neck; ask him to play with *you*, *love him*,—love, sometimes, is meat and clothing. You can all love the sad and sorrowful. Then never say you have "*nothing to give*."

Selections.

A LETTER FROM THE VIRGIN.

ATHENS, Dec. 6, 1853.

ONE of these days, I mean to take a catalogue of the curious things I have met with in my travels, in the way of relics. They are growing upon me in numbers, and already must be counted by hundreds, though I have not yet reached the Holy City. Last evening I was conversing with Dr. King on this subject, and mentioning to him that I had seen the leg of Magdalene, he said that he had seen her skull, and then asked me if I saw at *Messina*, on the coast of Sicily, the famous letter of the Virgin Mary. Unfortunately I had missed it, but Dr. King made up my loss by turning to his journal of Oct. 30, 1847, and reading to me as follows:

Extract from the Journal of Jonas King, Oct. 30, 1847.

I went to the Cathedral, where I saw, what the priests told me was the letter of the Virgin Mary, translated from the original into Latin. It was behind the altar and high up, so I had a ladder brought and went up to it, so as to be able to say I had read it myself. The following is a translation of it into English:

"The Virgin Mary, daughter of James, the most humble mother of our Lord Jesus Christ crucified of the tribe of Judah, health and benediction of God the Father, to all the Messineze.

"It being certain that owing to your great faith, you have, after a public deliberation, sent me these messengers; and since you admit, that our Son is God, and also man, that he went up to heaven after his resurrection, as you have been instructed by Saint Paul, chosen as an apostle, we bless you together with all your city, and we wish to be always considered as your protectress.

"The 42d year of our Son, that is to say, the 3d of June, and 27th of the moon in Jerusalem."

Having seen and read the above letter, I was shown the skull of Mary Magdalene, and I asked to see the arm of St. Paul, which I had heard was there, but they told me the key was not there, or the priest who had the key. So I sent a man to find the priest, and after a while he came and opened a little room, where were deposited the following relics which he showed me, namely:

1. A bone of the arm of St. Paul;
2. A tooth of St. James;
3. A lock of the Virgin Mary's hair;
4. *Two* hairs of the Virgin Mary;
5. A bit of Mary's robe;
6. A piece of Christ's garment;
7. Some of Mary's milk, on a bit of cotton;
8. A copy of the original letter of the Virgin Mary, above mentioned, in Syriac, from which the Latin was made. But after the priest assured me that this was a true copy of the original in Syriac, I said to him, "I have studied Syriac, and this is not Syriac, but *Chinese*—at least so it appears to me." It seemed to me to be nothing but a bit of worm-eaten Chinese paper, with Chinese characters here and there, which very probably is a bit of Chinese passport, or a bit of paper taken from a chest of tea. The light was dim, and the paper was in a case, secured with glass, and I could not see it as distinctly as I wished, but I have no doubt of its being an old bit of Chinese paper, which has been put in by some wily priest to gull the people with!!!

So much from Dr. King's journal. In the Cathedral at Milan I found a tablet on which was engraved a catalogue of the relics deposited there, among which was said to be—

1. Part of the towel with which Christ wiped the feet of his disciples.
2. Part of the purple robe with which he was clad.
3. Four thorns of the Saviour's crown.
4. Piece of the spear that pierced the Saviour's side.
5. Some TEETH from the heads of Abraham, Daniel, Zacharias and Elisha! very precious, and warranted not to ache again.
6. The rod of Moses.
7. Bones of nearly every one of the Apostles.

In Rome these relics are more numerous and more interesting to the credulous; mothers taking great satisfaction in seeing the cradle in which the Saviour was rocked. It is rather embarrassing when you find in different places the same relic, but any body who believes that the original is in one place, will have no great difficulty in believing it to be in *two*. I believe in one of them just as firmly as in the other.

A priest in Naples took great pains to show me the relics and costly table furniture of the church of St. Januarius, whose blood is miraculously liquified there twice a year. It was a great disappointment to me that the miracle did not come during my visit there. I want to see one before going home, but fear I shall not.

Yours truly,

IRENÆUS.

THE EARL OF ELLSMERE.—Lord Ellsmere inherited the bulk of the *Bridgewater* estates, including the Bridgewater Canal and the extensive coal mines near Manchester. On this property there existed a population of about twenty thousand souls, who, although living in the heart of Christian England, were as ignorant, debased, and savage, as it is possible for an American to conceive man to be; and in view of his responsibility to his God and to his country, Lord Ellsmere determined to devote himself to reforming and elevating the people thus thrown upon his protection, and whose labor was the great source of his enormous wealth. In this determination he was nobly seconded by Lady Ellsmere, whose whole life is devoted to the education of the poor and their spiritual welfare; and to the surprise of their friends, they arrived at a determination to build and live among this wild mining population! The scheme was looked upon as one of madness, or as fanatical at best; but both Lord and Lady Ellsmere are persons who do not act without consideration, and who cannot be diverted from a great and good purpose. They carried out their plans in despite of the sneers of those who had no faith in the possibility of reclaiming such a population as that in the *Worsely* mining district; and the result is such as to gladden the heart of the philanthropist, and to demonstrate the inconceivable amount of good which may be accomplished by a judicious use of great wealth under the personal superintendance of those who really have at heart the welfare of their dependants. Thousands of acres of the waste lands of *Worsely*, have been reclaimed and drained, and rendered equal to any farming district in the north of England; and in their midst stands *Worsely* Castle, the principal residence of the Earl of Ellsmere and his family, surrounded by a population once sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance, but now unsurpassed by any other laboring population in England. Twenty thousand people have been civilized and Christianized. Two churches—one not exceeded in beauty in all England—rise in their midst, and are filled with humble and devout worshippers; reading rooms and libraries are established in every village; and fifteen hundred children are daily taught as Christian children should be, in the various schools upon the estate. And these churches, reading rooms, libraries and schools, are all the work of Lord Ellsmere, and have been erected at his sole expence and maintained by his generous bounty. A whole district has thus been reclaimed and elevated by the liberality and Christian spirit of Lord and Lady Ellsmere, the latter of whom devotes herself to the schools and to the discharge of every duty which her position demands of her, and is nobly seconded by her daughters, who presided at a tea party given to their scholars while we were in England, at which no less than ten hundred and forty-six of their number were present!

We take great pleasure in giving these details of the great good we have witnessed from the exertions in the right direction of a single individual and his family; and we are happy to add, that God has blessed the efforts of those who have thus labored in the cause, even to their own pecuniary advantage. Lord Ellsmere is a richer man this day, than he would have been if he had not thus labored in the cause of human advancement and Christian benevolence. His mining population is the best in England; and having raised their wages a year ago when they least expected it, in this crisis in English affairs when the employers are