

## Youths' Department.

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

GREAT FATHER! make me good to-day—  
Bless me, and keep me good alway!  
I am naughty now, I know—  
Many wicked things I do—  
But my mother says that Jesus  
Can from all our sins release us!

Bless my father dear, and mother,  
Bless my darling baby-brother;  
Keep them through the sunny day,  
And, when the evening shadows play,  
May there come no gloomy sorrow,  
Ere we greet the rosy morn'g!

Bless the poor man's toil and labor!—  
Bless our wealthy next-door neighbor!  
Make us all as good and mild  
As the sinless Saviour Child—  
Thy Belov'd Redeeming Son—  
Jesus Christ—the Holy One!

w. w.

New York, August, 1858.

FAMINE.—Who knows actually what famine is? Who is sufficiently thankful for never having been exposed to the awful visitation,—one of God's sore judgments? The following simple account of its terrors is intended to call forth thankfulness and praise:—

*History of three Orphans, Michael, Harry, and Val Corbett, in the Ballyconree School.*

I was appointed to this school in 1850; and found in it a large number of children, among whom was Michael Corbett, a poor, sickly boy, but withal of a placid, unworldly air. I soon became greatly interested in him, and often employed him to teach the younger children. But it pleased the Lord to afflict him with sickness, and he then seemed much to value the little he knew of Jesus. He frequently, and with great earnestness, repeated the prayer he had been taught in the school, "O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit." I went very often to see him; and when I asked him if he were willing to go, he replied, "I'm willing to die, and I'm ready, too; and I long to be away where I hope my father, mother, brothers, and sisters are." Here the tears fell from his eyes, and for a while he seemed lost in thought. As I was rising to come away, he said one day, "Sit down, sir, till I tell you all they suffered with hunger." I said, "No, Michael, but if it please the Lord to spare you to come to school again, I will listen to it all."

It did please the Lord to raise him up from that sick bed, and shortly after, I said,—"Now, Michael, will you tell me what you promised?"

"My father lived in Toureen," he said, "about a mile from this, and had plenty. I never thought 'twould come to what it did wid me, but soon the hunger will do anything. In a short time after the famine came, all we had was gone, everything was so dear. I saw my mother gettin' poorer every day, but not spakin' of it, and at last she fell sick. She was sick only three or four days: her skin would burn you wid heat, an her breath was so warm. She died. O, when I think of the night she died I can't spake, and am worse when I think of her havin' the priest. My father took sick two days before my mother died, an she was left to be buried by the neighbors; and so they did. My father died two weeks after my mother; an for a week before he died we had nothin' to give him to eat or drink but the cold water, as we could not get the relief becase he was alive, and we used to gather somethin' at the sea, and that's all we had. Afore he died he kissed us all, and then he kissed me again; his hand trembled as he thought to lay it on my head; he fell back, he tried to speak, but couldn't. I thought he only fainted, but it was dead he was. Then we didn't know what to do for a coffin. There was a box in the house, an two men that wasn't carpenters nailed a few boards up, put him in it, and brought it away, and buried him at Kill. Then I thought all was over; but it wasn't, for Honor, one of my sisters, an the one I liked best, took sick after my father died. She always liked me. She was sick a week, an we couldn't get anything for her to drink; for, as I said, we had no mooney to buy it. One night she asked for a drink; I ran to the well for it, an when I came back she pointed to me to put it to her mouth, so I did, but she couldn't open it. I shouted, an Harry came to me, an she fell over and died that same minute. In the morn'g Harry went to get people to bury her, and could only get one man, who carried her out and buried her just beside my mother and father—she had no coffin. Jist in a week after, John took sick, he used to be always running about wid me. He said, "I can't run no more wid you." I went to beg milk for him, and

was hunted from the houses like a dog, ordering me to the poor-house: and when I'd tell them my story about my brother being so ill, they wouldn't mind it, but hunt me away. Thin he got so ill in a day or two he couldn't eat anything: for, although there was stirabout in the house, he wouldn't taste it now he was so ill—for we got the relief after my father died, and when some of us was so wake that we could hardly go for it. He was very ill one night, and in the morn'g he looked at me,—Oh, I will never forget that look, it was so mild. In a short time he half shut his eyes, stretched himself double his length, and died wid his arms around my neck. I forgot to say the stirabout was very thin; Oh, I wish you saw it. My sister an I agreed to carry him to Kill, an got him up, me at his head and her at his feet, resting as we went. At last we got there, an we wor so tired after we got there an burying him, that we sot down to rest, an we fell asleep. I don't know how long we wor there, but when we waked up the moon was shining, and when we went home James was sick. The night James took sick we wor all so tired that none of us could stop up that night—ateep that and mornin' he got worse; an in the mornin' he called for somethin' to eat. He says, "Have you nothin' at all, at all?" I couldn't say a word, for we hadn't one spoonful in the house. What we got the day afore was used. In a little while his eyes stood in his head, an his mouth shok, as he tried to spake, stretched out his hands and feet, an died then. My brother Harry went to look for people to carry him, and he couldn't get one. So, after he lay there two days an two nights, my brother an sister carried him as we had carried my brother John; so they went and buried him widout a coffin. In a few days after that we were ordered to go to the workhouse or want the relief; so my sister, three brothers, and I went to Clifden poor-house. Next day my sister and brother Val were ordered to Roundstone; they went, an in a week my brother Peter an I wor ordered to go too. They went; I left it. Well, Peter took sick in the workhouse, an died there, not havin' one to close his eyes, and widout my brother or sister knowin' it; nor I didn't know it till a month after, when I went to see him; an when I heard he wor dead, I got quite wake. I was thin goin' about beggin' from the neighbors, till I heard that Mr. Dallas had a school at the Glebe-gate. I went an got in it: an now, thank God, I'm very happy, only sometimes I think of my father and mother, an thin I be unasy; but I thank God I know the right priest to go to when I'm dying—Jesus Christ; an that I'm not so foolish as to think that prayin' for them could do them any good now; for I usen to be prayin' for them, all but my mother that had the priest. now I rejoice none of the rest had him."

The above is word for word as Michael Corbett told it to me. I felt so interested about the boy at the time that I put it down. Val remained in the poor-house till about eleven months ago, and Harry nine months more. They can all three read the Bible, and are very good boys.—*Ch. Mon. Pen. Mag.*

SCHOOL INCIDENT.—The following incident is taken from the Cincinnati Times:—If our readers can peruse the account of the conduct of the noble boy and his teacher without a moistened cheek, they can do more than we can. It will also be read with interest, says the Roxbury Journal, "by those who knew the venerable Dr. Prentice, and those who may remember the parties spoken of. The Doctor taught the Roxbury Grammar School, which was kept in the building now occupied, in part, by our office." The Doctor is still living.

"In my early years, I attended the public school in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Dr. Nathaniel Prentice was our respected teacher: but his patience, at times, would get nearly exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after one of these detectors shouted 'Master, John Zeigler is whispering.' John was called up, and was asked if it was a fact; (John, by the way, was a favourite both of the teacher and his schoolmates.) 'Yes,' answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent on making out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to teach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see." The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to escape the punishment, and continued: "I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. 'I will,' continued he, 'leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit

the punishment.' John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows: 'The master's rule must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies: and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving two blows each.' John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand, exclaimed, 'Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow, I will receive the punishment.' The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted."

## Selections.

CALIFORNIA.—I have been in this State twelve weeks, and during that time have seen more misery, more vice, more immorality, more blasted hopes and withering disappointment, more utter wretchedness, and impotent regrets than I have ever witnessed before in my whole life; and it is astonishing—it is amazing—that some philanthropist has not taken upon himself the task, ere this, of exposing to the world the state of affairs here, and the almost universal fate of a great majority of California emigrants. All who leave home for this supposed land of gold, do so with high hopes and brilliant expectations; but did they know the almost certain destiny which awaits them here, they would sooner dig potatoes for fifty cents a day than undertake this expedition.

In this city of San Francisco there are, to-day, two thousand people, at least, seeking employment, but seeking it in vain. I know of many and have heard of many more, who are working for 20 and 30 dollars a month, and hundreds who are working for their board, and glad of the opportunity to do that. There are hundreds of strong and robust men sitting in the hotels, and standing upon the corners of the streets, without a cent of money in their pockets, who have sought and striven for employment until their stout hearts became heavy with despair.

The mental agony—the unspoken anguish of the soul, felt here every twenty-four hours, are almost equal to the tortures of hell—who ever saw such a number of sad faces, such multitudes of miserable men, as one meets in this city every week? I am sick, I confess I am sick at heart when I see the crowds of deluded mortals brought to these shores by every steamer that arrives.

Nine-tenths of the people here, in addition to all other disappointments and privations, are deprived of all the advantages of social intercourse and civilized society, and in a few weeks their minds become rusty, and their moral feelings and sensibilities blunted.

This is no fancy sketch, no picture of the imagination, for no language at my command is sufficiently strong to express the misery, the disappointments and ruined expectations of nineteen-twentieths of those who come to California. What I write I know to be true, and if my voice could reach the ears and penetrate the hearts of the thousands who are yet to come to these shores, and they would believe what they hear, what mountains of sorrow might be averted.

Good carpenters, when they can obtain work, receive \$6 per day, but not one out of twenty-five is able to accumulate anything. They may be employed one, two, or three days, and perhaps a week, and then the job completed upon which they have been to work, they are compelled to lie idle until they can find another job, and thus they spend the money they have earned. But if they should be fortunate enough to accumulate anything during the dry season, they are obliged to spend it all during the wet, for then little or no building can be done. The same is the case with masons and bricklayers. It is a fact which cannot be denied, that not one mechanic out of fifty can save as much money as he can at home; and laboring men who have no trade, with the best of California fortune, are barely able to support a miserable existence.

A few people in the mines are doing well, but while one man is making money, a hundred are no more than making their expenses. A few individuals and companies, who have expended large sums of money in blasting into the mountains, or otherwise with much labor and expense have got all good claims, are doing well; but from all I have seen and all I have heard from reliable sources, it is my firm belief that not one in a hundred clears a dollar a day at the mines.—*California Correspondence of the New York Tribune.*