

Youth's Department.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

DEAR little child! with golden hair,
With thy rounded cheek and thy brow so fair;
With thy ringing laugh and thy sparkling eye,
Of a brighter blue than the cloudless sky,—
As thou darest about, in thy childish glee,
Thou see'st an emblem of joy to me.

But now as thou prayest—upon the wall
I mark that thy shadow doth softly fall;
Quickly thou runnest, yet, near thy stile,
Still doth that darkened outline glide,
It follows thee closely from spot to spot,
And thou canst not move where it cometh not.

Oh joy! sweet joy! it is even so:
There is ever some shade on thy path below.
Some thought of gloom where thy hours are bright-
est;

Some grief that comes when our hearts are lightest;
Some sadness that will on our spirits fall,
As the shadow is thrown on the sunlit wall.

Should it not teach us to look away
From this world to the land of endless day!
Where sin and sorrow no entrance find,
And pleasure leaves no regret behind;
Banished for ever are clouds of care,
And joy is without its shadow there.

THE FUTURE WITH YOUNG MEN.—Upon the young men of this country will soon be placed the responsibilities of the Church and the Government.—Those who are now training in our Schools, and maturing in agricultural, mechanical, and commercial departments of business, will, within the lapse of a very brief period, become the prominent and efficient instrumentality upon which the hope of religion and the country will rest. The great interest now very generally manifested in behalf of young men, is appropriate, and loudly demanded in view of the fact that the future is so intimately connected with their being and welfare. We look upon any movement which opens, and which has for its incipient and remote object, the moral and physical qualification of the young man, for the prominent position which awaits him, with more than usual solicitude. His principles of honesty, his moral and religious deportment and character, his associations, and his stern and unbending integrity, may now be moulded and permanently fixed with a greater ease and prospect, than could be expected or hoped for when business and responsibility shall have been assumed by him.

The mind of the young man is pliant and susceptible, while his habits are more yielding. This is the period to exert the influence over him, which shall open in a rich display of the virtuous and the honorable, when he passes into manhood, and ripens for the sterner realities of life. Too much cannot now be done for this class of mind. We urge it upon Christians, and Christian ministers, upon the philanthropic and the benevolent, upon the patriot, the guardian, and the parent, to be vigorous and hopeful in their efforts to promote and guard the interest of the youth of our city and country. And wherever and whenever an association is formed, which promises to aid in the formation of an upright and honorable character, and to preserve from the baneful influence of a licentious and infidel tendency, let it receive not only your cheerful assent, but also your hearty and ready co-operation.—*Buff. Ad.*

"I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT."—The following, which first appeared in the *Southern Presbyterian*, is forwarded to us by the writer, and contains one of those touching coincidences which not infrequently occur in connection with the death of those we love. We know and remember well the fair-haired boy who uttered the above, and though we shall not see his face again here, we hope to see it in the happier land to which he has gone.

Dear Brother:—I send you an account of a touching incident connected with the death of the dear child whom God in His all-wise but inscrutable Providence has seen fit to remove from us. It may be of interest to parents who like us have children in heaven.

It is the custom in our family for each of the children to repeat, at family worship, a passage from the Word of God, in turn. On the morning before he was taken sick, little Charlie repeated his text from the 3d Psalm, "I laid me down and slept." His mother said to him, "That is a sweet verse, my son, why do you not say the rest, I waked: for the Lord sustained me?" "No, no, Mamma," he replied quite earnestly, "just this, just this; I laid me down and slept." During the following night he was seized with a violent fever, and his medical attendants, from the first, entertained

scarcely any hope of his recovery. For four days he was very ill, restless and often delirious. But on the morning of the fifth day, he turned on his bed, and composed himself to sleep, as if in perfect health. For about an hour he slumbered, as peacefully and sweetly as ever, and thus without waking, without one struggle, or groan, he gently slept his life away. There was not a trace of suffering on his lovely face, but he lay there asleep in Jesus. Oh, then, as those who loved him gazed on him in that deep repose, they remembered the last words of Holy writ which came from his lips, "I laid me down and slept."

The following lines were enclosed by their beloved friend, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Ct., in a letter of affectionate sympathy to his bereaved parents. They embody the touching incident above mentioned with great felicity and beauty.

Affectionately yours,
Augusta, Ga., Oct. 24th.

CHARLIE.

A blooming group, at morning prime,
Moved by their parent's voice,
Each offered from the Book Divine,
A fragment of their choice.

And one—a beautiful boy, o'er whom
Four happy summers swept;
Raised his clear trustful eyes, and said,
"I laid me down and slept."

"Oh, sweet, my son, the gem you bring,
But know you not the rest?
I waked, because the Lord sustained;
Complete the sentence blest."

Yet still, that student of the skies,
His first selection kept:
"No, no, Mamma: just this, just this—
I laid me down and slept!"

That night, the fever smote him sore,
With d. c., delirious pain;
And fiercely racked the strings of life,
Till every hope was vain.

Then all at once, in slumber soft,
The darling sufferer lay;
And like a lamb of Jesus, slept
His little life away.

He slept—but with what glorious joy—
What strains of seraph love,
The waking word, he spake not here,
Shall be pronounced above!

Hartford, Ct., Oct. 3.

* Psalm iii: 5.

L. H. S.

Selections.

THE POPISH AND PROTESTANT MODES OF CONDUCTING CONTROVERSY.

TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. DUNCAN, B. C. BISHOP OF ACHOERY,
Castlemore Vicarage, Kilmoyce, Ballaghadreen,
23d August, 1853.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR—The Church established in Great Britain and Ireland seems now, more than in any former period of her history, to be impressed with the weight of her responsibility to the whole population of these islands—that to her is given by the great Head and Bishop of Souls the commission to preach to all within her limits the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. In discharge of this, her high and solemn vocation, she feels she could not, without peril to herself and to those who profess to belong to the Church of Rome, pass by them without affectionately and patiently inviting them to enter into a friendly discussion of those points of doctrine and practice that have so long separated and produced such angry feelings between two great parties, both professing and calling themselves Christian, and yet both differing as wide as the poles on most doctrinal subjects.

In discharge of this solemn duty to the Roman Catholic people of this union, I placed two humble, but well-conducted and well-instructed men as Scripture-readers in the town of Ballaghadreen. I am sure you are aware of the very disgraceful and totally unchristian spirit that has been, without mistake, evinced towards me and those men under my superintendance.

You cannot pass in and out to your residence without beholding substantial evidence of what would disgrace the inhabitants of a region into which one ray of heavenly light had never shone. I mean the Mission-house, without, I believe, a single pane of glass left in it, and the lives of the poor unoffending men so assailed, as at length to compel me to remove them into the porch and vestry of the parish Church, to escape the fury and demoniac conduct of those you call your flock.

I ask you, right reverend sir, is this Christianity? In the pages of divine Revelation can authority or sanction be got for such conduct as this? The Church of Rome seems to have forgotten that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. In these remarks I am far from including all the inhabitants of the town of Ballaghadreen, I am sure the far greater portion of them did not and do not fraternize with the wretched and ignorant rabble that have degraded their very nature by such hideous and barbarous conduct. Surely we, the assailed, as well as all the lookers-on throughout the empire, will say that where such conduct is practised, it only requires the power on the part of those engaged, either directly or indirectly, to resort again to the fires of Smithfield to maintain and propagate the faith and spiritual polity of Rome.

Having called your attention to the state of things, as they so fearfully exhibited themselves in Ballaghadreen, in the parish of Kilmoyce, which, together with the parishes of Castlemore and Kilmoyce, are placed by what the New Testament defines as the powers that be—and to which obedience is enjoined as a Christian duty—under my superintendance and care, as the lawful pastor sanctioned by ancient apostolic authority, and committed to me by a special institution, within and over which you exercise, or claim to exercise, an authority that is not, as far as I can see, countenanced by any real, apostolical scriptural, ancient, or legal right whatever. Your creed is that of Pope Pius IV., as sustained by the Council of Trent in the year 1565; the ancient creed of the Church does not contain one doctrine of those added by that council, and which are now maintained by the Church of Rome as those that exclusively secure salvation.

I now respectfully propose to you, as a far more becoming way of settling the question, that instead of employing the disgraceful interposition of a town rabble, we should, in the name of God, come to the defence of our respective principles with the weapons, the feelings, the arguments, the persuasiveness of Christian men, desirous not to advance a party or an object, but the truth as it is in Jesus. I offer to discuss all the differences between us in written communications, and these to be hereafter published in two selected newspapers, one on each side of the question, or in a pamphlet.

Then your people will have an opportunity of judging on which side truth, antiquity, apostolicity, Scripture, are to be found.

The arguments now adopted by the Roman Catholic advocates—the bludgeon, abuse, shouting, boistering, hissing—will not always silence the whisperings of conscience, and leave men satisfied with a system so sustained.

In conclusion, there is a tribunal before which you and I, and all the priests of your Church, must one day appear, and give account of what each of us has respectively taught the people. Woe, woe, to whichever of us has not faithfully preached the whole truth as it is in Jesus. I write this letter, feeling fully all the responsibility I incur by it. May it be received in the spirit in which it has been written.—I am, right rev. sir, very faithful in the Lord,

ANTHONY THOMAS, M. A.

Vicar of Castlemore, and Prebendary of Achoery,

SINews OF IRON.—We wandered into a machine shop yesterday. Everywhere, up stairs and down stairs, intelligent machines were doing the work once done by thinking and toiling men. In one place a chuckle-headed affair, looking like an elephant's front-piece, was quietly biting bars of cold iron in two as if they had been so many oaten straws.

In another place, a fierce little thing, with a spindle-shaped weapon—a sort of mechanical "Devil Darning Needle"—was boring square holes through solid wooden wheels, three inches or more in thickness.

Away, there, in a corner, a device, about as large and as noisy as a humming-bird, was amusing itself cutting out pieces of steel from solid plates, as easily as children puncture paper patterns with a pin.

All by itself, in another place, was a machine that whistled like a boatswain, and rough boards came forth, planed, grooved, finished, ready for a place something, somewhere, for somebody.

Everywhere these queer machines were busy, doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; boring, planing, and grooving, and mortising, turning and boring, and sharpening and sawing.

Down stairs, in a room by itself, as if it would alone, we found the grand mover of all these machines.

In a corner, some distance from the genius we write of, a fire was burning, perhaps to keep it comfortable, and perhaps not.