

Youths' Department.

LITTLE PINK.

On a swinging little shelf
Were some pretty little books,
And I reckoned from their looks,
That the darling little elf
Whose they were,
Was the careful tidy girl,
With her auburn hair-a-curl.

In a little chest of drawers,
Every thing was nice and prim,
And was always kept so trim,
That her childish little stores,
Books or toys,
In good order could be found,
Never careless thrown around.

And she laid her bonnet by
When she hastened home from school,
For it was her constant rule—
And she was resolved to try
School or home,
How to approve the saying true—
'Order in all things you do.'

When she put away her shawl,
Nicely laying by her book,
She had only ones to look,
In its place to find her doll;
Snugly there,
She could shut her smiling eyes,
Sure to find her pretty prize.

See her books? how clean they are!
Corners not turned down I know!
There's a marker made to show
In her lesson just how far.
Dog-eared books
Are a certain sign to me,
That the girl must careless be!

THE HARDEST PART OF THE VERSE.

Among the girls of a district school was one named Lydia, a studious, obedient, serious-minded child. Lydia and the teacher went down the same green lane on their way home, and became well acquainted; and Lydia lost her bashfulness, and used to ask the teacher of many things which she did not quite understand, especially about the Bible verses and stories which the teacher used to read and talk about at the opening of the school.

The child's turn of mind interested the lady very much, and she could not help hoping that the Spirit of God was teaching her the way of truth and duty. She sat in school beside Elsie Graham, a poor lame child, who was often absent from school, and was quite backward in her studies. Lydia was very kind to Elsie, and used to help her about her lessons; indeed, Lydia was a great friend to all the neglected children of the school. If any one fell down, she was sure to run and pick her up; if any one ever cried over a hard lesson, she was by her side, trying to help her out of her perplexities. The teacher often thought, if anybody was mindful of the precept, 'Weep with them that weep,' it was Lydia.

It happened one day that Elsie Graham got to the head of her class, above Lydia. It was the first time, and she was very happy. At recess, the girls cried out, 'Elsie Graham has got up to the head; and all flocked around her except Lydia, who kept her seat with her hand over her eyes on her book. The rest of the day, the teacher saw that she looked very sober, and stayed at her desk.

When school was done, she overtook Lydia trudging slowly home, with her dinner-pail on her arm, and she asked the little girl if she did not feel well.

'Yes, ma'am, I feel very well,' answered Lydia.

'I thought something seemed to be the matter with you, said the teacher.

Tears came into her eyes; but after a little kind talk from the teacher, Lydia said, in rather a hesitating manner, 'You see, I don't feel glad Elsie has got up to the head, and I know I ought to; for you know the verse you read to us, and what you said, "Rejoice with those that rejoice." Oh, that's the hardest part of the verse,' and the child looked down, seeming quite ashamed.

Poor Lydia! and is this true? Are there boys who, provoked by the praises bestowed upon a school-fellow, ever meanly try to lessen his merits? Are little girls ever sorry if others have what they have not? Do children ever seek to undervalue what is pleasing to their brothers and sisters? Is not this breaking the blessed Bible rule, to 'rejoice with them that rejoice?'

And how is it with children of a larger growth? Does jealousy never breed hard thoughts against those

more favored than ourselves? Does envy never seek to disparage the merits of a friend? Are we not sometimes too pleased to hear our neighbor evil spoken of? And is not all this breaking the blessed Bible rule, to 'rejoice with them that rejoice?'

Many, perhaps, feel so without considering, as Lydia did, how opposed such feelings are to the temper of the gospel; and, in fact, this brings forcibly out the necessity and the beauty of one grand regulating principle of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is love, 'good will,' as the angels sang to the shepherds. It is this principle, this principle above all others, which will enable us to exercise right feelings, and make us 'rejoice with them that rejoice,' as well as 'weep with them that weep.'

THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.—Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language:

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her; when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of self-enjoyment; and ere it had reached, perhaps, the lip of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor when carried to its early grave what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind! There was no positive unbelief in its bosom; no love at all for the darkness rather than the light; nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner—the love that he manifested for children on earth; how he suffered them to approach his person, and lavished endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem; told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was before him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under the roof, and at the end of this little period expired, cannot think we venture too far when we say that he is only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of affection that has been sorely wounded. And in the name of Him who, if on the earth, would have wept with them, do we bid all the believers present to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no reparation.

And when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The days of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over payment of delight!

Selections.

MR. PRESCOTT'S MODE OF WRITING.—Prescott, the historian, is deprived of the use of his eyes, and in his extensive researches into the sources of history, as well as in the preparation of his manuscript, he is obliged to resort to an artificial process, which he thus describes in a letter to Mr. Putnam:—

'As you desire, I send you a specimen of my autograph. It is the concluding page of one of the chapters of the "Conquest of Peru"—Book III. chap. 3.—The writing is not, as you may imagine, made by a pencil, but is indelible, being made with an apparatus used by the blind. This is a very simple affair, consisting of a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter paper, with brass wires inserted in it to correspond with the number of lines wanted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates. Instead of a pen, the writer makes use of a stylus, of ivory or agate, the last better or harder. The great difficulties in the way of a blind man's writing in the usual manner, arise from his not knowing the ink is exhausted in his pen, and when his lines run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by this simple writing case, which

enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light. Though my trouble is not blindness, but a disorder of the nerve of the eye, the effect, as far as this is concerned, is the same, and I am wholly incapable of writing in the ordinary way. In this manner I have written every word of my *historicals*. This *modus operandi* exposes one to some embarrassments; for, as one cannot see what he is doing on the other side of the paper, any more than the performer in a tread-mill can see what he is grinding on the other side of the wall, it becomes very difficult to make corrections. This requires the subject to be pretty thoroughly canvassed in the mind, and all the blots and erasures to be made there before taking up the pen, or rather the stylus.—This compels me to go over my composition to the extent of a whole chapter, however long it may be, several times in my mind, before sitting down to my desk. When there, the work becomes one of memory, rather than one of creation, and the writing is apt to run off glibly enough. A letter which I received some years since from the French historian, Thierry, who is totally blind, urged me, by all means, to cultivate the habit of dictation, to which he had resorted; and James, the eminent novelist, who has adopted his habits, finds it favorable to facility of composition. But I have been too long accustomed to my own way to change. And, to say the truth, I never dictated a sentence in my life for publication, without its falling so flat on my ear, that I felt almost ashamed to send it to the press. I suppose it is habit.

'One thing I may add. My manuscript is usually too illegible (I have sent you a favorable specimen) for the press, and it is always fairly copied by an amanuensis before it is consigned to the printer. I have accompanied the autograph with these explanations, which are at your service, if you think they will have interest for your readers. My *modus operandi* has the merit of novelty; at least I have never heard of any history monger who has adopted it besides myself.'

INFIDEL'S CREED.—We find the following in an exchange paper. The creed is adapted to the present state of infidelity in this country.

'We believe there is no God; but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there be any God or not. We believe the world was not made; that the world made itself, and that it had no beginning; that it will last forever, world without end. We believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there will be neither body nor soul. We believe there is no religion; that natural religion is the only true religion; and that all religion is unnatural.—We believe not in spirits; we believe in spiritual rappings. We believe not in Moses; we believe in the first philosophy. We believe in Chubb, Collins, Morgan, Hobbes, Tindal, Shaftesbury, Bolinbroke, Voltaire, Volney, and Tom Paine. We believe not St. Paul.—We believe not in Revelation; we believe more in tradition. We believe not the Bible; we believe in the revelations of A. J. Davis. We believe not in Jesus Christ; we believe in Abby K. Foster. Finally, we believe in all unbelief!'

COTTON MATHER UPON CHURCH MUSIC.—In the year 1720, one hundred and thirty three years ago, in a discourse entitled, "The Joyful Sound, reaching to Loth the Indies," the Rev. Cotton Mather thus speaks of the use of instruments in the praise of God:—"The sound of the silver trumpets which entertained the Ancient Israelites, in and for their solemn assemblies, was no less typical than musical. In these days of the New Testament, we have the substance of the instrumental music, which was of old used in the worship of God; the shadow is vanished away. The shadow was of old confined unto the temple; but the substance we have now in every synagogue. The usage of Instrumental music in our public worship of God hath been long since disrelished among His faithful people. Justin Martyr long ago exploded it. Yea, Aquinas himself, as late as less than five hundred years ago, derided it. Indeed, it was one of the last things which the Man of Sin introduced in the worship of our Saviour, which he had already filled with a multitude of superstitions. We will, then, for the present, look on the Jewish trumpets, and organs too, as a part of the abrogated pedagogy." We find this curious passage in the *Eclectic*, an excellent paper, published in Portland. The writer who fished it out of the seldom explored sea of Cotton Mather's writing, thinks that the old Puritan was right. For ourselves, we confess the grandest and most inspiring Church music we ever heard; was in some of the Lutheran Churches, where the entire congregation sings, as with one voice and one heart, the