

Youth's Department.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY JOHN H. BAZLEY.

THAT sunbeams' are, 'twas twilight hour,
The sun was in the West,
And every tree, and bush, and flower,
Were sinking into rest;
And silent joy and peace were there,
All nature seemed absorbed in prayer.

A rattle of with ivy spread,
A rippling brook by crystal fad,
A neat above with rose-crown'd,
And sh. electrics on the rising ground,
And silent joy and peace were there,
All nature seemed absorbed in prayer.

The cottage was of simple plan,
And not of great extent,
No costly goods or costly man,
Were there to bar content,
But grateful joy and peace were there,
Its inmates were engaged in prayer.

A bonny curly-headed child,
With spirits light and free,
Was kneeling by his mother's side,
His hands upon her knee;
And thus, in faltering accents, he begun,
"Our Father in heaven, thy will be done"

ALL HIS WORKS PRAISE HIM.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble estate, as you travel on the western bank of the river, which you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron Mensberg. He had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land. It happened on a certain occasion, that, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to the castle, who was a suppliant, shallow assailant of that faith in Deity which all good men entertain. He began talking of sacred things in terms that chilled the old baron's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman (if gentleman we ought to call him) said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The baron this time did not notice what the gentleman said; but the next morning he conducted him about his castle grounds and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil." "My son drew that picture," said the baron—"Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman.

The baron then went with his visitor into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers, and plantations of forest trees. "Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman—"My son," replied the baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."—"Indeed!" said the gentleman; "I shall think very highly of him, soon."

The baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent, and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the baron, "What a happy man you are, to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works; and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have shown me."

"But you have not seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know, by His works, that he is a Being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good baron any more by his remarks.—From the German.

GOOD ADVICE.

THE Hon. Edward Everett recently delivered an address to the pupils of the public schools of Boston, which closed with this language:

"Let your present superior good fortune, my young friends, have no other effect than to inspire you with consideration and kind feelings towards your schoolmates. Let not the dark passions, and the base, selfish, and party feelings which lead men to hate and vilify,

and seek to injure each other, find entrance into your young and innocent bosoms. Let those early honors lead you to a more strict observance of the eleventh commandment towards those whom you have dishonored in those school-day rivalries, or, who, from any cause, having been prevented from sharing with you the enjoyments of this day; and as all of you may not exactly know what the eleventh commandment is, I will end a poor speech by telling you a good story.

"The celebrated Archbishop Usher was, in younger days, wrecked on the coast of Ireland, at a place where his person and character were alike unknown. Stripped of everything, he wandered to the house of a dignitary of the Church, in search of shelter and relief, craving assistance as a brother clergyman. The dignitary, struck with his equal appearance after the wreck, distrusted his tale, and doubted his character, and said that so far from being a clergyman, he did not believe he could even tell how many commandments there were. 'I can at once satisfy you,' said the Archbishop, 'that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me for. There are eleven commandments.' This answer confirmed the dignitary in his suspicions, and he replied with a sneer, 'Indeed there are but ten commandments in my Bible; tell me the eleventh and I will relieve you.' 'Here it is,' said the Archbishop, 'A new commandment gave I unto you, that ye love one another.'"

Selections.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

WHAT this dogma is, and what the extent of its application, is a subject of some interest wherever civil and religious liberty is valued. The two recent Papal Allocutions on the affairs of Spain and Sardinia, illustrate the nature of this power; and while the defenders of Rome are splitting hairs, as to its nature, origin, and basis, and weaving webs of nicely drawn out and refined subtleties, as to the precise mode of its operation, we have the thing itself exhibited in all its naked beauty before our eyes, stripped of every covert and subterfuge.

Mr. Brownson, in a late letter to a gentleman of inquiring mind, in North Carolina, opens the eyes of his understanding by showing that the obligation of law upon the citizen is two-fold—civil and spiritual, or religious; and it is from the latter only, the Pope possesses authority to absolve the subject. He says: "What I claim for the Pope, as visible head of the Church, is the power to release my conscience from this religious bond, and to place me at liberty to resist the prince, because a tyrant." And he asks: "this is all I understand by the deposing power." "The only difference is, some give it to the people, some to the individual, and I claim it for the Church, and the Pope as the head of the Church." "The Pope is the proper authority to decide for me whether the Constitution of this country is, or is not, repugnant to the laws of God." This bold position is sought to be qualified by a declaration, that "the Pope does not release from civil allegiance;" but the reason given is somewhat remarkable, namely, that civil allegiance has already been "forfeited;" the idea being that "he releases the subject only from the spiritual or religious obligation, superadded by Christianity to the civil, and this only in case of the Catholic conscience."

This is the doctrine, then, as advocated in a free country, where a dogma of this kind is likely to be stated in its most liberal form. The Pope is the authority for Roman Catholics, whether or not they are bound to obey the civil authority, and to recognize the State as a valid or a usurping power. Mr. Brownson only applies it to the Constitution of this country; but what forbids its application to every law passed by Congress, or by a State Legislature? The Constitution is the mere act of the people in forming their fundamental or organic law; and, if the Pope can pass upon the validity of that, much more can he determine the validity of an act of the Legislature, enacted by the people through the medium of the legislative body. And what is this but absolving from civil allegiance?—a declaration that a Constitution, as a law, is repugnant to the laws of God, and may lawfully, in the eyes of the Supreme Law-giver, be resisted to the extent of revolution.

But let us see whether the wise distinctions of the American metaphysician are observed at Rome. The keys are held in the Imperial City with no uneven hand or faltering grasp. The Pope speaks with no double tongue; well knowing that what is contrary to the law of God, not only has no claim upon the conscience, but none whatever upon civil obedience—that the major includes the minor,—he says nothing about the spiritual duty of the citizen, or the Catholic consci-

ence, but strikes a straightforward blow at the law itself. If that be invalid, of course it carries no obligation with it, civil or religious. It is a mere nothing lighter than a straw or a feather before the breath of papal power, blown out of sight by the gust of an Allocution or a Bull. "Once more," exclaims Pío Nono, "we raise our Apostolic voice in your august assembly, and we reprove again, and condemn, and declare null and void, as well the law above mentioned as all and each of the acts and decrees which have passed in Piedmont, to the detriment of religion, of the Church, of our authority, and of the rights of the Holy See." Not a word here about deposing the sovereign authority, but, recognizing its existence, he declares *he himself null and void*; and assumes, in fact, legislative authority himself, exercising the high prerogative of repealing the Legislative decree. Now what, we should like to know, is to prevent the Pope from exercising the same power in relation to an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, say the Church Property Bill, enacted at the last session? He may do so in entire consistency, just as well in the one case as in the other, the function being precisely the same, though better adapted, perhaps, to an Italian than to an American atmosphere. He may raise his "apostolic voice," and declare null and void any law that does not meet with his approval, or even as Mr. Brownson admits, judge for the Catholic conscience whether the fundamental constitution is of religious obligation, and thus open the door to rebellion or revolution for every Roman Catholic in the country. Nay, he may even, as in the case of Sardinia, level all the dread censures of ecclesiastical tyranny against those "who have dared (that is the term)—have dared to propose, or approve, or sanction, the measures;" or, further, he may declare all "who give them their support, counsel, or adhesion and those who become executors of their orders, to have incurred major excommunications, &c." So that not only is the law null, but Senate and Assembly, Attorney-General and Governor, Justices and Judges, Marshalls and Sheriffs, if they have any regard for the thunders of Rome, fall under the weight of the curse. And yet this is not temporal power—only spiritual. Well we will not quarrel about the name so long as we comprehend the thing. It is of no possible importance what we call this tremendous claim, it is enough to know its nature and extent, and to be able to perceive that they are entirely and utterly inconsistent, with civil liberty and with national independence, and that, if tolerated, they must lead to ecclesiastical subject.

Thus, we see it is all idle to suppose that Rome has altered. She is unchangeable. The mask may be assumed from motives of expediency, but it is readily dropped when policy no longer requires temporizing. Again and again in modern times has this temporal power been denied, or been argued or quibbled free of all its harsh features; and still, when occasion offers, or an extreme exigency demands an extreme effort, the prerogative is asserted in broad and absolute terms without a qualification. These things are well worthy of profound consideration by every thoughtful Christian, every sincere patriot, and every true friend of civil and religious liberty.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:—

"A poor little boy in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed, and lodged him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round: Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his boat had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, that orphan boy stands before you.