

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, January 2nd, 1870.

MATTHEW xix. 13-15: MARK x. 13-16: LUKE xviii. 15-17: Jesus receives and blesses little children.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 68, 69.

Sunday, January 9th, 1869.

MATTHEW xix. 16-30: MARK x. 17-31: LUKE xviii. 18-30: The rich young man.

Recite.—S. C., 70, 71.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXVI.

- 1. E-lymas Acts xiii. 8.
- 2. N-abal 1 Sam. xxv. 10, 11.
- 3. V-ash i Esther i. 12.
- 4. Y-oke Matt. xi 29, 30.

"ENVY." PROV. xiv. 30.

The eager holidays were done,
The proud Olympic victory won—
Illustrious he who gained:
On every side the people praised,
Then to his fame a statue raised;
And but one heart was pained.

Pained, as theirs only are who feel
Another's fame their glory steal,
Or from their bliss make woe:
And so he went with treacherous face,
And struck the statue's marble base,
With sly, insidious blow.

Each stirring leaf, each passing wind,
He fancied was a step behind,
Or watchman's challenge call;
With startled energy he plied
His axe,—the statue reeled aside,
And crushed him in its fall!

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

The following questions 1, 2 & 3, are to be answered by the mention of words commencing with the letter Q; 4 to 11 by the letter R.

- 1. What is put metaphorically for a man's family, or household?
- 2. What word is used metaphorically in connection with each person of the Holy Trinity?
- 3. Name a word which is used metaphorically in connection with love, life, temptation, the Holy Spirit, and divine wrath.
- 4. Give some words used metaphorically of Christ?
- 5. What is put metaphorically for deceitful speech and for desolating judgment?
- 6. Name a word used metaphorically for instability, despondency, and disappointing hope.
- 7. What is metaphorical of the Holy Spirit and of heavenly joy?
- 8. Name three metaphors expressive of God's omnipotence.
- 9. What work is applied metaphorically to ministers and angels?
- 10. Name a metaphor which is used for doctrine preached, and the Holy Spirit poured out.
- 11. What metaphor denotes the Christian life?

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER XII.

Nancy was greatly surprised when she heard the news of Peggy's rejection of Isaac.

"Oh, it ain't no manner of consequence," said Isaac. "She mun please herself. I might be good enough for somebody as is her better, yet."

"Ay to be sure," said Nancy, whose anxiety to bring about the match had arisen from her counting on Peggy's future friendship, which would, she thought, be very valuable. "I'm sure, Isaac, you're a very likely man, and it's a wonder to me she hadn't got more sense; but your good-living people is so very partickler, and makes so much of themselves. Now, there's old John, what is it but pride as is in him?"

"I never see no pride about John," said Isaac, who was not in the humor to listen to Nancy's consolation, which, indeed, had the effect of stroking the wrong way of the fur.

"Well, he's got enough to be proud of now, anyhow, being so great wi' his old master," said Nancy, who saw she was on a wrong tack and veered round.

"He mun be proud or not, as he likes, for what I care," said Isaac, taking down his book of small debts, and opening it.

"I mun be going," said Nancy, as he did it. "I was going to mind ye," said Isaac, "as it's three times you've had tea, and twice bacca, and short reckonings makes long friendships, ye know."

"I mind it," said Nancy going out. "Soon as ever I get my money, I'll pay."

"I wouldn't marry her," said Isaac to himself; "not if she was as pleasant as Peggy and as rich as the widdier; that I wouldn't! No I'll look no more for a wife. I mun be content to end my days allonesome; and this here good shop, and all I've got besides, and my hunderd pound, I must make my company out of them."

As he was putting by his day-book he looked through his little window and saw blind John passing up the street.

"To be sure," he thought; "how happy he do look! He's just as if he was laughing wi' joy at his own thoughts." And at the moment he felt as if he would give shop, goods, and hunderd pound to change places with the poor old blind man, whose brightest earthly fortune consisted in being sent to the asylum to learn basket-making. The conviction that there was a happiness which he knew nothing, and that this happiness lay in the possession of true religion, although he fought against it long and stoutly, deepened in his mind. He thought there must be something very precious in it to make Peggy refuse him, and it was simply on the score of his not having it that she had done so. And when he thought of blind John and of others whom he looked upon as like-minded with him, he could not but comfort himself that they had the secret of happiness, whatever their outward condition was.

But Isaac's very familiarity with the Scriptures was a hindrance to him in his new meditations. He was so accustomed to the words that, when he read, as he began to do, in order to bring himself up to the same state of 'good living' which he looked upon with envy in others, the words slipped through his mind and from under his eyes without leaving any impression. He was ashamed to talk to John, though he would often gladly have called him in as he passed; but whenever he did call in, he generally managed so to turn the conversation as to get more and more at the old man's inner mind.

We must return, however, to Mr. Singleton's affairs and the difficulties of dealing with Mrs. Williams.

"I have it!" said Mr. Dimond. "I've been to see Mrs. Crisp, whom you recommended me to apply to for information. I find from her that Mrs. Williams is, like all boasters, a coward, and may be soon made to withdraw her claim."

It was in vain to solicit the sharp little man, who was evidently very happy in his cogitations on his plan, to divulge it. That afternoon he walked away to call on Miss Pillings, having seriously compared his watch with the timepiece that he might be back by dinner.

"Cooks materially add to our comfort in life. Nothing puts a cook out like keeping her dinner waiting. It is dangerous after all her philanthropic exertions to spoil her work and ruffle her temper. Therefore I am a punctual man!" Thus he delivered himself when he started.

"Miss Pillings within?" he inquired of the girl somewhat of Becky's dimensions, but not quite so pleasant-looking.

"She's busy wi' the sossingers," said the girl. "Oh, oh!—ah! I see," said Mr. Dimond. "Give her this card, my good girl, and say I wish to have the pleasure of seeing her."

The girl took the card in the corner of her coarse apron, and left him standing at the door.

The wind was raw, though there was no decided winter weather; and Mr. Dimond, seeing her go off without any attempt to house him, called after her. "Mary—Betsy—Sally—Kitty—Jemima?" Perhaps the last he hit on was the right one, for she turned round with a stare. "My good girl, put me in somewhere. I can't stand this draught," he added.

She hesitated, but seeing that he was turning his words into deeds, and walking up the passage, she opened the best parlour door, and ushered him in.

It was a small room, with thick-cased narrow windows, never opened, and, smelt, consequently, like a sarcophagus. It was painted a dingy blue up to the top, and down at the bottom there was a high portrait of Mr. Pillings, by an itinerant artist, without a frame, which afforded, as Mr. Dimond said, a sad relief to the weary eye; and a stuffed bird stood on a perch over the fireplace, which was decorated with shavings of white paper.

"Deliberate malice—to allow any one to suffocate and starve here at the same moment—a refinement of cruelty!" said Mr. Dimond. "But I can't stand this. I'll beard Miss Pillings among her sausages first!"

He looked for a bell—in vain—and went to the door, determined to escape, and met Miss Betsy, whose crimson hands betrayed a recent washing, and who was evidently much excited by the visit.

"I fear, madam, I have disturbed you," said Mr. Dimond, bowing.

Miss Pillings bowed, and declared she had not been disturbed. She had merely had "a slight engagement."

"I won't keep you in a room where there is no fire, madam," said Mr. Dimond, making for the door again. "Shall we go into some other apartment—your ordinary sitting-room?"

Now Miss Pillings' ordinary sitting-room in the winter till the evening was the kitchen, and she vociferated her insensibility to cold and indifference to fire.

"Ah, what it is to be young?" said Mr. Dimond, demurely. "When you have grey hairs like me, madam, you won't talk so. And I assure you I am afraid of lumbago."

Miss Pillings was flattered. She was beyond the wane, and did not like it to be remembered; and said with urbanity to Mr. Dimond that she regretted much there was no fire that day (as if the event were wholly unprecedented) anywhere but in the kitchen. Her regret was great!

"Kitchen! No place like it in January!" said Mr. Dimond. "If you can banish your servant a little while, and we can get a quiet chat, it will be the very thing!"

He looked so entirely as if he thought so, that Miss Betsy, though she knew that the 'sossingers' lay all rosy red on the board, and that her 'engagement,' from which she had been disturbed, would be betrayed, could not withstand nor arrest him, but submissively led the way.

"What a very nice change!" said Mr. Dimond, carefully keeping his eyes from the sausages. "I am very glad I would not keep you longer

away from this cheerful place. Pray allow me, and with great politeness he handed as graceful as he could one of the heavy oak chairs, seating himself on another, with his back to the chopping-board, and thus began:

"I called, Miss Pillings—but let me tell you who I am. I am acting counsel for Mr. Singleton, who, you may have heard, has come to settle his affairs in this place."

Miss Pillings bowed an important bow as if she had an opinion to give on that gentleman, which should be presently declared.

THROUGH THE DESERT.

From the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevada lies the "Great American Desert" of the geographers. The Central Pacific Railway passes through it. For two days and two nights one rides through a valley of desolation. There is a narrow little strip of grass and shrubbery along the Humboldt River, at times, but with that exception there is nothing but treeless and grassless desert on the road through Nevada.

The Rivers which rise in this desolate region die in it. They sink away into the bitter alkaline soil, or fall into salt and acrid sinks, or lakes, like Humboldt Lake. The Sierra Nevada drains the clouds that rise from the Pacific, and gives birth to the streams that water the western slope and the rich valleys of California. But the moisture in the atmosphere is not condensed again until the hot desert is crossed, and the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains again tap the fountains of the firmament, to water the fertile plains of Nebraska and all the valley of the Missouri.

For hundreds of miles through this region of the shadow of death, the water is salt or bitter, and unfit to drink. There are spaces of wide extent where even the bitter Artemesia—the "sage brush"—will not grow. All along, it was dwarfed into the smallest proportions I had yet seen it.

One is amazed at the energy displayed in constructing the Railroad through such a region. In some places even water had to be carried in tanks forty miles for the laborers.

The Central Road has wood-burning engines, and the wood is Mountain Cedar, (drawn sometimes sixteen miles through this land of ashes, and cut up, roots and twigs and all—for it is very scarce—and piled in little heaps by the roadside. It will be a very serious matter if the Central does not find, as the Union has, coal upon its line.

Here I first saw John Chinaman. He is the laborer on the Central. He has, indeed, built it. His dug outs, sod huts and tents, are here and there, along the track, and are not the least interesting object on the journey. Ten thousand Chinamen were employed, at one time, by the Company, and I should judge that several thousand are still working on the line, or at the stations, as washermen and dealers. Hung Hi attracted us by the quaintness of his name displayed over a cloth house, where, as his sign informed us, "washin and irenin" may be expected.

Also on the Central we made our first acquaintance with the Digger Indian, a creature looking more like a totally demoralized Chinaman than anything else I can think of.

They came about the cars at various stations to beg, and greedily snatched crackers or pieces of bread, or indeed anything edible thrown to them from the windows. Covered with the brown dust, and with scarcely any other covering, they would seat themselves in the hot sand and munch in silence what such had picked up. In that condition one desert princess amused herself with half a Cincinnati ham!

The strangest thing about these Diggers is, that notwithstanding they are the most beastly-looking and despised of all our Aborigines, they take the most readily to coats, hats, shirts and civilization.

In several cases where a number rose as it were out of the brush and came about the train with only a dirty rag or two upon them, they would be joined by other Diggers from the station, in the dress of civilized people, both men and women, looking quite nearly decently. I was told they were engaged by people as household servants, and in other capacities, and except being a trifle lazy, (which is a natural vice among mankind, red, white, and black,) are really very creditable as Indians.

The other notable production of this region of brush and ashes, in the animal line, is the "jackass rabbit," several of which we saw. The ears, as might be inferred, are the heroic feature of the creature's countenance, and, as ears, are a triumphant success.

Notwithstanding the desert nature of the region there are places of importance growing up upon the Road.—Elko, Carlin, Winnemucca, Reno, and the like,—places which are points of departure and bases of supply for mining regions back in the mountains. These points owe their existence to the Railroad, and one is surprised to see the enormous amount of goods, and the busy movements of the people, and the rapidly building houses in these wastes. Railroads will conquer the Sahara in time.

On the morning of the third day from Promontory, I awoke to the mountains again. In the night we had passed the last stretch of desert and were now ascending amidst magnificent scenery of rock and stream and evergreen forest, the eastern slope of the Sierra.

Ice cold water from a mountain stream was brought into the cars, and dusty, and thirsty, (for we had been rather temperate in drinking in the alkali region) we bathed hands and faces and took deep draughts of the liquor of the hills.

The road along the crest of the Mountains, and down the western slope, is a wonder of engineering skill. Any enterprise, except California enterprise, would have shrunk from the undertaking. But the work is done. Enormous

gorges are spanned on bridges that look like spider's webs. The train rushes along the sides of mountains, with precipices sheer down a thousand feet below. Great pines rise far beneath, and deeper still, through the green, flashes the blue of Donner Lake, or some other crystal reservoir of the rains and snows, guarded by the stately sentinels of the hills.

Through the gorges and along these precipices are built forty miles of snow sheds, to guard the track from winter blockade. So men fight with nature, and win.

This last day was one of pure enjoyment, and one is amply repaid for the dreariness of the land left behind. For this is California. Here are the gigantic fir trees, the strange vegetation, the shrubs and plants unknown to our Eastern eyes. These hills are disembowelled for gold. We see from the windows the water led in drains and pipes to wash the soil of the gulches below. At times, far down, we see the roofs of mining villages. In some places the earth and rocks are torn and wasted as if by some convulsion of nature.

Then in "blue unclouded weather," without one sailing vapor in this strange sky, we pass the pine lands and the rocks and descend the western slope. Through fields bare and brown from which the abundant harvest has been cut, where the wheat lies in huge-piles, (bagged, as it is not with us,) under the open sky, where herds of cattle roam, where the spreading branches of the live oaks cast grateful shadows, where, still farther down, orchards droop with pears that weigh a pound, and apples that look like juvenile pumpkins, through a strange new land of wealth and beauty, we descend towards the ocean of the west, and reach Sacramento, where rest and friends and welcome await me, at least.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

A notable fact in connection with the Egyptian Canal occurred a few days since. The Blue Cross, a vessel of 1000 tons burden, cleared in London for Calcutta, via Suez. She draws only 27 feet of water, has been built expressly for the trade, and is the property of Messrs. T. and W. Smith, of Crosby-square. Captain Kennedy, her commander, has no doubt of the complete success of the venture, and hopes to be back on the 1st of April. The saving of time on the double voyage will be above five months. The toll for each passing through the canal will be \$600, but at least double that amount will be saved in coal, seamen's wages, rations, &c.

SNOW EYES.

Ellis, in speaking of the Esquimaux, says:—"Their snow eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snow-blindness, a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light reflected from the snow. The use of these eyes considerably strengthens the sight, and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects, they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses."

BUDDING TREES.

August is the month for budding, or, as it was formerly called, "innoculating" trees. There is one point apt to be neglected by beginners, because little understood by them, to which we desire to refer. They are sometimes surprised to find, after budding a lot of very thrifty young stocks, that almost every bud has failed, and are quite at a loss to account for it; but experience shows that the failure is caused by the over-luxuriance of the stock, and the thin, watery condition of the sap. If the operation had been deferred until the sap had thickened, the result would have been reversed, and instead of only one in a hundred succeeding, there would have been only one per cent of failures. The cherry is more liable than any other fruit to "drown out" the bud, as it is called; and the best time to bud cherry-stocks is just as soon as they begin to slaken their growth, and show a yellow leaf here and there. If this time is chosen, and the work done skilfully, there need be little fear of failure. Trees which are not growing vigorously should be budded early. As soon as wood sufficiently ripe to furnish buds can be found, will frequently not be too early. When a large quantity are to be budded, the work should be taken in hand early, so as to get through in season, commencing with the least thrifty. —Journal of Horticulture.

If your horse is lame, sore or galled, you should use "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment;" wash the part with castile soap and warm water, rub dry, with a clean cloth, then apply the Liniment, rub in well with the hand.

Have the readers of the Christian Messenger ever used any of "Parson's Purgative Pills?" If not, why not? they are the best family physic, besides being the greatest anti-bilious remedy there is in this country.