

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, December 5th, 1869.

LUKE xvii. 1-19: Jesus teaches forbearance, faith, humility. Ten Lepers are cleansed.

Sunday, December 12th, 1869.

CONCERT.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXIV.

1. S-haveh . Gen. xiv. 17, 18.
 2. E-bal . Deut. xxvii. 13; Josh. viii. 33.
 3. E-shaal . Judges xiii. 25; xvi. 31.
 4. K-ir . 2 Kings xvi. 9.
 5. T-abor . Judges iv. 6.
 6. H-innom . 1 Kings xxiii. 10; Jer. vii. 31.
 7. E-mmaus . Luke xxiv. 13-15.
 8. L-ehi . Judges xv. 9-17.
 9. O-pher . 1 Kings ix. 26-28; x. 11.
 10. R-iblah . 2 Kings xxv. 6, 7; Ezek. xii. 31.
 11. D-othan . 2 Kings vi. 13-20.
- SEEK THE LORD. 1 Chron. xvi. 11.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHS.

The following questions are to be answered by the mention of words commencing with the letter O.

1. What is metaphorical of joy, abundance, and the Holy Spirit?
2. What is metaphorical of Christ's name, and of brotherly unity?
3. Who are put metaphorically for the church without a comforter?
4. What is used metaphorically of God's covenant people?
5. What word is used metaphorically in connection with the invasion of a land by hostile armies, and the punishment of false hopes?
6. What word is used metaphorically in connection with humility?
7. Name another used in connection with pious liberality.
8. Name something which is made a symbol of vitality.

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER VII.

John! cried Isaac, as Netherway was moving along the entry that led from his shop to the main street.

Did ye want me back? said John, who had been much pleased by the conversation which had followed Isaac's announcement concerning his new views of the best wife.

I wanted a word or two, if so be you're not in a hurry, said Isaac.

John came back.

Come in by the fire, and sit while we talk; and I can give a sup o' broth that I put on to warm for supper, said Isaac.

I want for nothing now, Master Medley; and I don't believe I shall ever want no more, said John. But I'll sit by the fire, and welcome, while you get your supper.

Isaac led him to the inner corner, and pouring his broth into his basin began to cut his bread into it. I suppose there's a many wi' long bills to be paid comin' for'ards? he said, looking at John's face while he cut the bread.

No danger but there'll be many; but only the right will be made good, said John.

No; that's just and proper, said Isaac. Do you remember one Thomas Knott? He came from t' other side o' the country, and were here a pretty good time, and had a thriving time on it. He were the best thatcher for twenty mile round, I reckon.

Hoot, man! Remember him!—on course I do. He died on a sudden, not very long arter the great flood, an' left a widdar and small children, said John.

He were a good livin' man—one after your way, John; but he died while you was bad o' the fever. You never got no talk wi' him arter all the misfortunes happened?

He were a silent man, an' kep hisself to hisself, said John. I know about him. He died not worth the vallee of a goat! Did you know to that?

Ay, I think I heard on it. Didn't his widdar go to the House?

I believe she did, and the children went out to sarvice, said John.

That's true. You mind Peggy Diggs were the eldest; the others died.

To be sure; he were Peggy's father, said John.

Ay, ay. My belief is that he lost his money in the master's bank—if it could be proved any way, said Isaac.

Why so? asked John, listening attentively.

For this like. He were a savin', carful man—no drinker, an' his wife were a thrifty woman, an' as able to work as him till she fell of that appleplexy; and they got a dent o' money. And what came of it, if it didn't go there? He were a great man wi' the master, an' constant at prayer-meetin' an' such; an' if he'd a lost his head an' his hands as well as his money, he'd never have twitted nor said a word again' him. So he never joined i' the cry; but I always made sure of the truth.

Are you sure o' that? said John.

Ay sure enough. He'd a used to say to me

as laying hard words on the master were the same as joining again' the gospel. I didn't know then as he'd lost by him, but when he died so sudden, and nought were left, I thought my own thoughts on it.

If it turns out in that way, the money'll be given back wi' a handsome return, said John, confidently.

That was my thoughts, said Isaac. An' it might be only right to put the master to look to it. An' I suppose you can do that.

He'll be glad to find out one like that, sure enough, said John; but the poor man is dead, and is in no wants, Isaac.

No, but—there's Peggy, said Isaac, whose broth had got cold while he was taken up in carrying out his little manoeuvre.

Whew!!! said John, with a long whistle. He! he! he! I war a little surprised at your comin' to my way o' thinkin' all of a sudden, Isaac. He! he! he! And he laughed repeated little laughs to think how he had been taken in.

Nay, man, nay! exclaimed Isaac, in a tone of remonstrance. I always had a likin' for Peggy; an' only but for the children I'd a-been settled about her long ago. An' now, if there's a bit o' money just to take 'em out o' hand, there's no objections left.

He! he! he! laughed John, for he couldn't get over his having been so cleverly deceived.

I don't see no reason to laugh; we've got this world to look to while we bides in it; and you mun be car'ful to be honest, said Isaac, in a tone that showed he was offended.

To be sure. I'm not the man to blame you, said John; only if you'd a' begun, and said, Peggy's like to come in for a good bit o' money, and I don't see as marryin' of her'll be a bad speck, I then I should a' known your meanin'.

What matters which end comes first? asked Isaac, in the same tone. Peggy's a good livin' woman, an' I like her, and she'll come into some money; so there's no objections. We mun all eat; an' we canna' eat wi'out meat; an' we canna' ha' meat wi'out money.

Man shall rot live by bread alone. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? said John.

I know all that; I've heard it read, over an' over, said Isaac.

But you don't know it for all, said John. An' now, Isaac, take a word in patience from a fellow-sinner. I won't laugh no more. Don't you go to think you are on the right road, as I thought you were when you talked wi' me just now; the world's in your heart; and if you like to be friendly wi' them as are in the way of life, it's because you got some sort of a feelin' that it's safe to be so. But mind my words, Isaac: a good livin' acquaintance, and even a good livin' wife, will go no further wi' you than the grave. There you mun part—you to your way, and them to theirs—

But what ha' you got to say again' my being good living myself? asked Isaac, very angry.

Let your own heart answer you. An' if it can say Amen to such like as this—The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver; and this—I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; and this—

It's no good goin' on wi' the whole Bible. Don't I say Amen to summat or another of it every Sunday. I s'pose you're not to be judge, for all you're so proud of yourself, said Isaac, getting into a passion.

So, so! said John. Good night, Isaac. I'm not proud of myself; if I war I should be a greater curiosity than if I war made a gentleman. I'm a poor blind man, an' spoke to you out of love to your soul. An' if you won't listen, the fault doesn't lie wi' me.

So saying, he rose to go. Isaac was vexed. He felt that he had been unwise, and he was also uneasy. He said, You needn't a mind to speak for Peggy. I can put some one's else to do it. John did not answer, he was feeling his way out. An' you needn't to speak to her about me. If you go sayin' we've had words she'll look unpleasant on me. Howsomever, we parts friendly, John; I hope you don't bear me no malice.

While these sentences were coming forth, John was getting out of the shcp. Fairly out, he turned round, and said, I wish you good night, Isaac. Who am I that I should bear malice? But it's no love that helps to deceive. You'll know about it some time. I pray God it may be seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was duly advertised that all persons having claims on the estate of William Singleton, Esq., late of Clayton Old Banks, should make their claims known to his solicitors, or others appointed by them to receive such information. And meantime many claims came in, of which no note appeared in the slender memoranda the unfortunate gentleman had left in charge of blind John. But it was difficult to prove a bad debt, so that most of these were withdrawn. The searching out for parties who, like Thomas Knott, had suffered in silence—and he was not alone—was attended by most interesting circumstances.

Miss Farquhar, who seemed to have entered on a fresh existence in coming to Clayton, assisted Mrs. Haffenden in her endeavours to decipher the writings with great energy. William Singleton had left to join his father.

Peggy's claims were among the few which were clearly notified; and a handsome sum, in consequence, as Isaac had suspected, devolved to her.

Some difficulty had attended the choice of a legal gentleman to assist in the settlement of so complicated a business. Have Mr. Dimond; he's the man; isn't he, Sellon? He's got the law in his head and the gospel in his heart, Mr. Haffenden had said. And William Single-

ton, finding his father's objection to appear in Clayton until all his debts were paid were not to be moved, engaged that gentleman to meet him in the retirement in which his parents were hidden, in order to receive full powers to act, and such assistance as his impaired memory might supply.

Mr. Haffenden highly commended his wife's industry and Miss Farquhar's perseverance. He frequently visited them with some work or note in MS. on curious Calligraphy, or the various principles on which shorthand might be constructed, and looked so profoundly interested in their labours that he excited his wife's suspicions. Peeping into his study while he was in Mr. Farquhar's room (which he never entered without an apology, and begging to be sent out if unwelcome), she found him far gone in a plan for turning the house wrong side before, and raising a mound with classical monuments in a prominent part of the drying-ground.

Never mind! she thought; he is at full liberty to build what he likes with pen, ink, and paper; but I'm glad to know it in time. No doubt he has good reason to think that Mr. Singleton won't live here.

DOWN IN A DIVING BELL.

John Quinn, of Detroit, tells the *Free Press* his story as a diver in the following terms:

It is a strange business, this diving. The danger fascinates some, but the peril is never for a moment lost sight of. I put on the helmet for the first time more than ten years ago, and yet I never resume it without feeling that it may be the last time I shall ever go down. Of course, one has more confidence after a while, but there is something in being shut up in an armor, weighed down with a hundred pounds, and knowing that a little leak in your life pipe is your death, that no diver can ever get rid of. And I do not know that I should care to banish the feeling, for the sight of the clear, blue sky, the genial sun and the face of a fellow-man, after long hours among the fishes, make you feel like one who has suddenly been drawn away from the grasp of death. I have had some narrow escapes while pursuing my strange profession; every diver has or has been unusually lucky to escape them. I think the most dangerous place I ever got into was going down to examine the propeller Comet, sunk off Toledo. In working about her bottom, I got my air-pipe coiled over a large slyver from the stoven hole, and could not reach it with my hands. Every time I sprang up to remove the hose my tender would give me the "elack" of the line, thus letting me fall back a sin. He did not understand his duties, and did not know what my signals on his life-line meant. It was two hours and a half before I was relieved, and there wasn't a moment that I was not looking to see the hose cut by the ragged wood. It's a strange feeling you have down there. You go walking over a vessel, clambering up her sides, peering here and there, and the feeling that you are alone makes you nervous and uneasy. Sometimes, a vessel sinks down so fairly that she stands upon the bottom as trim and neat as if she rode on the surface. Then, you can go down into the cabin, up the shrouds, walk all over her, just as easily as a sailor could if she were still dashing away before the breeze. Only it seems so quiet, so tomb-like; there are no waves down there—only a swaying back and forth of the waters, and a see-sawing of the ship. You hear nothing from above; the great fishes will come swimming about, rubbing their noses against your glass and starting with a wondering looking into your eyes. The very stillness sometimes gives me a chill. You hear just a moaning, wailing sound, like the last notes of an organ and you cannot help but think of dead men floating over and around you. I have been down especially to rescue the bodies of those drowned. About four years ago, the propeller *Buckeye*, belonging to the Northern Transportation Company, went down in the River St. Lawrence, in seventy-eight feet of water, and it was known that a mother and child were asleep in their stateroom at the time of her sinking. The father begged of me and offered me a good deal of money to take out the corpses, and though I dreaded the work, I at last consented. I had been all over the wreck two or three times, and I knew just where the stateroom was. The door was fast locked, and I waited a good while before bursting it open. Of course, a dead person couldn't harm you, but even in broad day, on shore, and with people around you, don't you know that the sight and presence of a dead person brings up solemn thoughts and nervous feelings! I knew how they would look, how they were floating around in the room, and if the father hadn't been looking so wretched above, there was no money to tempt me in there. But, at last, I got a crowbar from forwards, and, not letting myself think, gave the light door a blow that stove it in. The water came rushing out, the vessel just then lurched over toward my side, and out they came, the woman first, her eyes wide open and hair trailing behind and in her left hand she held the hand of the child. I knew how they would look, but I screamed out and jumped back. Her face was fearfully distorted showing how hard death had been met and the eyes looked through the green water at me in a way that made my flesh creep. The child had died easily, its little white face giving out no sign of terror. It was a good while before I fastened the line to them and gave the signal to haul up, and I felt so uneasy that I was not long in following. This is one of the drawbacks to any feeling of curiosity a diver might otherwise have. I never go down the hatchway or the cabin steps, without thinking of a dead man floating about there. When the *Lac la Belle* sunk on St. Clair Flats, the engineer was caught in the

rushing waters, and no trace was ever found of his body. His wife came to me, hearing that I was to go down to the wreck, and asked me to find the body if possible. I remembered his when I went down, and I went groping through the engine-room in momentary expectation of encountering the body. I looked so long without finding it that I had got nervous, and started for the ladder to go up, when I felt something strike my helmet and give way, and a chill went dancing over me as I thought the dead body was at hand. But, on reaching it, I found that I had run against the fire hose the end of which was hanging down, and that that I so dreaded was still hidden beyond my sight.

A diver does not like to go down more than a hundred and twenty feet; at that depth the pressure is painful and there is danger of internal injury. I can stay down for five or six hours at a time at a hundred and fifteen or twenty feet, and do a good deal of hard work. In the waters of Lake Huron, the diver can see thirty or forty feet away, but the other lakes will screen a vessel not ten feet from you.

One of the strangest of the strange things that I ever knew in my line, was the case of the propeller *J. W. Brook* a Northern Transportation boat. It was about ten years ago, when she was seen about forty miles off Salmon Point, Lake Ontario, and the next day was found by the steamer *Wellington* floating near the Point. She was end up in the water, her bow standing out, and stern down, perpendicular, and was towed into shoal water, and I went down to make an examination. As sure as I am living, there wasn't a hole in her sides or bottom that would have sunk a basin; she was as sound and perfect as on the day the last nail was driven home, but there wasn't a sign of her boilers or machinery left in her, nothing but the lead-plate on which the boilers had stood, and she had neither burned nor blown up; and yet the boilers and machinery had gone out, and there was no trace or sign of how they did it, and no living man can explain it. She had been seen only the day before, and was next found floating, and there never has been found either captain or crew to unravel the mystery—none of them ever having been heard of. She is yet running, having been raised, converted into a tug, and is now towing on the St. Lawrence under the name of *William the Fourth*.

Yes, we get pretty good pay—forty and fifty dollars a day, and some times more, but our outfit costs fifteen hundred, and there is a good deal of wear and tear. And the lonesome, uneasy feeling is worth a round sum. Up here, you seldom think of accident or death, but a hundred feet of water washing over you would set you thinking. A little stoppage of your air pump, a leak in your hose, a careless action on the part of your tender, and the weight of a mountain would press the life out of you before you could make a move. And you may "foul" your pipe or line yourself, and in your haste bring on what you dread. I often get my hose around a stair or rail, and though I am not called cowardly, and generally release it without much trouble, the bare idea of what a slender thing holds back the clutch of death off my throat, makes a cold sweat start from every pore.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH SCHOOLS.

As a sign of what strides telegraphy is making amongst us, we notice a school of instruction for teaching this science in the City road. The promoters, at a considerable expense, have fitted up the premises in every respect as a first-class telegraph office, with the object of not only teaching the art of telegraphy in all its branches, but likewise of gaining credit for being the means of opening up a new source of occupation for thousands of the unemployed educated classes of both sexes. The school is antagonistic to no one, seeing that it does not clash with any existing interest. On the contrary, its benefits are in more ways than one, and it especially appeals to cable companies for their good offices; pointing out that the irksome necessity of instructing a staff of manipulators can be avoided by applying to the school, who guarantee that each clerk shall be furnished with a certificate of competency in various systems. To those pupils who may aspire to the higher branches of this science the means are placed within their reach; at a trifling extra cost they can be instructed in the duties of inspectors of telegraphy, lessons for this purpose being given in "testing" for and repairing faults, and a thorough acquaintance with the battery department. Skilled telegraphists at stations in the Mediterranean, Egypt, Persia, India, North and South America, and the Colonies, command salaries of from £180 to £500 per annum.—*Railway News*.

BLACK, BUT BRAVE.

A master-cooper called upon a black man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. The black asked for what purpose he wanted the timber, and received for answer, "I have a contract for a thousand whiskey barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want money; but no man shall buy a stave from me for that purpose." The cooper was indignant to meet with such stern reproach from a black, and called him a "nigger."

"That is very true," mildly replied the other. "It is my misfortune to be a negro; I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it."—*The Well Spring*.

A Neapolitan has invented an instrument which he calls an anemograph, which shows the velocity of a vessel, the changes in her direction, and the deviation of the compass.