

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 17th, 1869.

MATTHEW xix. 1, 2; MARK ix. 1; LUKE xiii. 10-18; JOHN xi. 47-54: The Council of Caiaphas against Jesus. He retires from Jerusalem. Multitudes follow beyond Jordan. An infirm woman is healed on the Sabbath.

Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 53, 54.

Sunday, October 24th, 1869.

LUKE xiii. 10-35: The parable of the Mustard seed. Jesus is warned against Herod.

Recite.—S. C., 55.

## ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter H.

- HOUSE. *The grave*, Job xxx. 23. *The body*, Job iv. 19; 2 Cor. v. 1. *The church*, 1 Tim. iii. 15. *Heaven*, John xiv. 2.
- HORN. Daniel vii. 8.
- HAMMER. Jer. xxiii. 29. *HONEY*. Psa. cxix. 103.
- HABITATION. Psa. xci. 9. *HUSBANDMAN*, John xv. 1. *HOUSEHOLDER*, Matt. xxi. 33. *HOPE OF ISRAEL*, Jer. xiv. 8. *HUSBAND*, Isa. liv. 5. *HEALTH OF MAN'S COUNTENANCE*, Psa. xlii. 11. *HORN OF SALVATION*, Psa. xviii. 2. *HELPER OF THE FATHERLESS*, Psa. x. 14.
- HEN GATHERING HER CHICKENS UNDER HER WINGS. Matt. xxiii. 37.
- HOOR. HARVEST. John iv. 21. *Day of grace* } Jer. viii. 20.  
} Matt. ix 37.  
Rev. xiv. 7. *Day of judgment* } Rev. xiv. 15.  
} Matt. xiii. 39.
- HEAD. *Capital city*, Isa. vii. 8. *Branch of a river*, Gen. ii. 10. *Mastery over others*, Deut. xviii. 13.
- HAND. *Servitude*, 2 Kings iii. 11. *Adoration*, Job. xxxi. 27. *Familiarity*, 2 Kings vii. 2. *Rebellion*, 2 Sam. xx. 21. *Friendship*, 2 Kings x. 15. *Theft*, Exod. xxii. 8. *Blessing*, Lev. ix. 22. *Invitation*, Prov. i. 24. *God's providence*, Job xii. 10; Psa. civ. 28. *His punishments*, Psa. xxxii. 4.
- HEIR OF ALL THINGS, Heb. i. 2. *HEAD*, Col. ii. 19. *HIDING PLACE*, Isa. xxxii. 2. *HIGH PRIEST*, Heb. iv. 15. *HEADSTONE OF THE CORNER*, Acts iv. 11. *HORN OF SALVATION*, Luke i. 69. *HOPE OF ISRAEL*, Acts xxviii. 20.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXI.

Whose bride her husband's trustfulness betrayed?  
Who was the means his father's faith to test?  
Who on a patriarch his blessing laid?  
Whose household for a servant's sake was blest?  
Who to his prisoned teacher true remained?  
What prince's head was unto David brought?  
Who first the young-earth with a murder stained?  
Whose name expressed his mother's mournful thought?  
What man was weak in faith but brave in deed?  
What should our affirmation ne'er exceed?

By these initials let us find

What God delights that we should show,  
When he has blessed us with the power  
On others blessings to bestow.

## BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER II.

Clayton Banks was a small eminence, out of the flood's way, on which stood two or three houses. One of those was a red brick, square and substantial; just such a house as a school-boy would draw on his slate—a door flanked by a window on each side below, and three windows above; it was slated, and bore every indication that it was inhabited by "comfortable" people.

These inhabitants were the widow Jenkins, and her little maid Becky. Mrs. Jenkins had a genteel taste and always called her house "The Banks," and put "The Banks," as her address on the top of all her letters. Nobody quarrelled with her for the monopoly. The next dwelling in size and pretensions was Mrs. Crisp's, but it was very inferior in both to "The Banks," and Mrs. Crisp, being a wise woman, gave up her share of right to the title without remonstrance. The other buildings were inferior altogether, and their owners looked on as a lower race by Mrs. Jenkins—born to be pitied and patronised by the great. Consequently, she never asked their permission to assume the title of sole regnant.

She was a widow, and if her friends had believed her when lamenting her "poor dear Jenkins," they would have mourned for her as the most pitiable of bereaved sufferers; but they didn't believe her; on the contrary, whenever an oblation was thus offered to "dear Jenkins's" memory, they understood that she had quarrelled with somebody or something, and wanted an excuse for a fit of trefful temper.

Whatever Mrs. Jenkins's faults were, she gave very nice tea parties with savoury hot suppers, and never had any difficulty in securing company at "The Banks." She had fixed on the day described in the former chapter for one of these assemblies, and anxiously watched the rise of water lest her preparations should have been in vain. Slowly rubbing her hands, as she looked

over the blind, she said to her little maid—"The teaze of it is, Becky there is as much to do for two as four, and very likely Mrs. Crisp and Miss Dodd will come, and not Mrs. Williams and Miss Pillings."

Becky was as much interested as her mistress; she loved the parties. They afforded a pleasant variety to her somewhat monotonous life, and she was alive to the privileges of tit-bits, and trifles that would not otherwise have fallen in her way.

"I can't expect Miss Betsy to come two miles round; and how can she cross the low road? And I wouldn't have Mrs. Williams without her for anything!"

Becky was a simple-hearted girl. A trouble was as acceptable to her as the reverse since it gave something to talk about. She assured her mistress vehemently that "no living creature could get over the low road," and doubted if Mrs. Williams would venture from the mill, and could see that the water was rising every minute, and was sure Peter Snell knew all about it for he was the one to measure the floods always, and he said it would be the highest for twenty-five years' back, when lots was drowned!

"Do hold your clatter," said her mistress. "I suppose Peter might be mistaken, and I don't know how you are to see it rise when I can't." With wonderful versatility Becky righted about, took her mistress's view of the case, didn't doubt that Peter had made a mistake, was sure he had, fully expected Mrs. Williams, and nothing to hinder Miss Pillings!

There could not be any real comfort in this sudden change of opinion, but Mrs. Jenkins was satisfied; she could not bear contradiction well from any one, worst of all from Becky. As she admitted her parlour privileges when they were alone and the work was done, she allowed her in the long evening to indulge in freedom of speech for her amusement, but was obliged, in order to preserve her own dignity intact, to "pull her up" when she seemed to forget the distance between them. She always told her that it was with a view to her improvement that she allowed her to sit with her in the evenings; but as she listened with a keen relish to all the scraps of scandal Becky had managed to pick up in the day for her delectation, she forgot the question of morals!

But to return to "the party." The waters continued to rise; but all the company came; even Betsy Pillings went two miles round rather than lose the society of her dear friend Mrs. Williams of the mill, and Mrs. Jenkins' hot supper. How hilarious was Becky! She continually forgot her decorum in the boisterous demonstrations of welcome with which she saluted each arrival; she untied clogs and carried off umbrellas and cloaks with the air of a conqueror rejoicing in his spoils. Happily her mistress was too well satisfied with the appearance of the guests to notice her improprieties. The room looked the perfection of comfort: although it was not cold, the fire blaze was as pleasant as it was bright, and played cheerily on the glittering tea things, and glowed on the scarlet stuff curtains.

"Light the candles, Rebekah!" said Mrs. Jenkins, majestically.

"Yes, mum," said Becky, and whispered to Miss Pillings, confidentially, as she spiced her to do it, "Missus and me never expected you to night, or they'd a been lit afore you come."

"I always said, Mrs. Jenkins, that this is, for its size, the comfortablest room I know," said Mrs. Williams.

The qualifying words, "for its size," struck harshly on the widow's ear, and Miss Betsy saw it.

"I think, dear," she observed, "it's as large as our best room, and quite large enough where there's no family."

"And no business," suggested Mrs. Crisp.

Mrs. Williams looked coldly on Mrs. Crisp, as if she had "no business" to make any such remark.

"It's large enough for me," said Mrs. Jenkins, with assumed humility; "when my poor dear Jenkins was alive, we had as large a room, everybody knows, as is to be found in and about Clayton."

"That you had," responded Miss Betsy, touching Mrs. Williams' foot under the table, and immediately changing the subject, for she objected greatly to any reference to the late Mr. Jenkins. "This is such good tea!—but you always do have such capital tea. As for us, we got our's from London, cheap and bad as I toll father. I mean to try Isaac's tea; if one can deal with him, it's but Christian charity to do it."

"There was quite a sensation,—Isaac's tea!" "I see no use, Christian or not, Betsy, in throwing away money," said Mrs. Williams; "and every body knows that Isaac's tea grows in our hedges."

"How does he make his shop answer now he has no one to attend to it?" asked Mrs. Crisp, with a view to divert the attention of the company from his tea, which she could not defend.

"He'll marry again, as soon as he can find a wife," said Mrs. Jenkins, handing the cream to Miss Dodd.

"Please, mum," Becky broke in, unable to keep quiet on a subject in which she felt she was the best informed of the company, "he's a going to marry the soger's widdar, as has got a shillin' a day a comin' in, if so be as he can get her in the mind."

"Rebekah!" cried Mrs. Jenkins, with an awful stare at her impropriety.

"Please, mum,—water?" enquired Becky, hastening to fetch the bright copper kettle from the hob.

"Keep your place, and mind your behaviour—that's what I wanted," said her mistress, with a withering look.

"Yes, mum," said Becky, a little confused, but not put down to the desired extent; "please, mum, it was Mr. Netherway, as I heard talking

to him about it. I didn't know no more nor he said."

"Blind John! I didn't know he ever troubled himself with other folks' business," said Mrs. Crisp.

"No, mum, please mum, he told Mr. Medley as he'd never have no comfort if he didn't marry a woman as feared God."

"Ay, I dare say he would tell him; that," said Mrs. Crisp.

"You have a great idea of blind John?" Miss Betsy had remarked to Mrs. Crisp after her observation on Becky's information.

"I believe he is very near to heaven, both in heart and life," said Mrs. Crisp.

"For my part, I have got a poor opinion of him. Father says he might work at some things, but he is lazy, and people are very fond of talking very fine, it doesn't give 'em any trouble, and they get a good deal by it out of them that are taken in by it," said Miss Betsy.

"Like master like man," said Mrs. Williams of the mill. "The master was a rogue and I don't know that Netherway is not one, great things as he'd have us believe."

"Poor fellow! I don't think he minds much what people think about him, and that's a good thing," said Mrs. Crisp; "but Mrs. Williams, what makes you call Mr. Singleton a rogue?" "I should think I may if any one has a right—didn't he break and ruin plenty in the place, and wasn't my father hundreds the worse for him?—Rogue indeed! rogue is too good for him," said the wrathful Mrs. Williams, the very blonde of her cap and collar bristling up as she spoke.

"A terribly careless man, and rash, and no more head for business than a baby," replied Mrs. Crisp, with as much calmness as Mrs. Williams shewed heat, "but, I think, poor man, as he suffered more than any one else and lost everything, he ought not to be so hardly spoken of."

"Serve him right if he'd lost his liberty—or his life. Many a man in old times has been hung for less," said Mrs. Williams.

"Father thinks the accident up at Old Banks was a judgment!" said Miss Betsy, looking with the air of an ally at Mrs. Williams.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Williams, who thought that to rob her family of hundreds was worthy of the severest possible judgment.

"And what father says is, he shouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for all the talk about religion that he made, and then to go and do such things!"

Mrs. Williams nodded assent, though in truth she would have minded quite as much under any circumstances; and seeing the subject was agreeable to Mrs. Jenkins and her friend, Miss Pillings continued with great vivacity, occasionally striking the table with her hand till she made the muffins dance to the ringing of the tea-things.

"Where is he now?" required Mrs. Jenkins.

"Singleton?—nobody knows; if he's alive he's most likely cheating somebody somewhere; but he's never been seen since the great flood that undermined his house and did so much mischief," replied Mrs. Williams.

"Let us hope better things," said Mrs. Crisp.

"Why now, really, you cannot for shame take his part," said Miss Pillings, "although you're so fond of the Methodists; everybody knows he was a cheat and a hypocrite."

"I should be more ashamed to say that than to take his part," said the undaunted Mrs. Crisp.

"Perhaps you wouldn't have had so much feeling for him if you had lost money by him," said Mrs. Williams, spitefully.

"Yes, it is well known that I lost nearly half that I was worth," said Mrs. Crisp, calmly, and my son was entirely thrown out in his education by it, and none grieved more for it than poor Mr. Singleton."

"And that's the way you excuse him!" exclaimed Miss Betsy, shocked at such criminal complacency.

"Yes, I blame his head, not his heart."

"Then why did he deceive people up to the last, and never give the least preparation of what was coming," enquired Mrs. Williams, bitterly.

"I think he was self-deceived; he was as much taken by surprise as anybody," said Mrs. Crisp.

"Not a bit of it!" said Mrs. Williams.

"Not a bit of it!" echoed Miss Betsy.

Mrs. Crisp took out her netting, and left them in possession of a field not to be won then, she saw.

Father says it was altogether mysterious, that dreadful flood night," said Miss Betsy; "it was pitch dark out of doors, you could see nothing but the glare of the pitch brands in the water, and it poured as if the sky was coming down, and neither up nor down the street could any one get; and our family (I was too young to remember it)," she remarked in a parenthesis, "all sat wondering whether the things would have to be moved to the second story—they were up already upon the first—when, all of a sudden, there came a dash and a splash that might have been heard almost to London!"

"That was a splash!" said Mrs. Crisp.

Miss Betsy proceeded without noticing the interruption.

"And we all sat wondering what it could be, when there came a loud cry, of a wailing, betwixt a screech and a groan—all like as if it was floating upon the water" and father said, "There's bad work done somewhere!"

"Very natural thing to say in deed," said Mrs. Crisp.

"And while we were all standing up stiff with horror," said Miss Betsy, "believe me, all the lights went out—every spark—and we were left in the dark!"

"Oh my!"—said Becky, whose eyes, and ears, and mouth had opened to their full extent, and who could stand it no longer.

All the company looked interested, except Mrs. Crisp; with a serious face, she asked "it the fire went out?"

"I don't think you would have joked about it if you had heard it," said Miss Pillings, angrily.

"Father always thought—"

And it was just as Miss Pillings's thoughts on the splash that might have been heard in London and the scream that had put out all the lights were about to be delivered, when poor Becky was driven to solitude.

That her thoughts were not flattering to Mr. Singleton's character it was evident by the significant gestures of Miss Betsy as she conveyed them in a low voice to Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Jenkins.

"Now, really, did your father never know what that noise was?" said Mrs. Crisp.

Miss Dodd who had hitherto only smiled at everybody and modestly listened, now looked anxiously at her to tell all she knew; and Mrs. Crisp continued—"It was the horse and tackle that fell over the little bridge—wasn't he found drowned the day after the water had gone down?"

"A horse never screeched that screech," said Miss Betsy, contemptuously.

"The cry of a horse in danger is something fearful to hear," said Mrs. Crisp; "but I dare say you were all very much frightened. It was Mr. Singleton's horse, and had been harnessed to help the people through the flood at the end of the village, but it grew restive and slipped; and about the same time the wall at the back of his house gave way, and poor John Netherway was nearly killed, and for a long time every body thought that his master and mistress and children were buried in the ruins. There was no trace of their bodies, so they must have escaped, though they have never been seen nor heard of since."

"Do you remember it?" enquired Miss Dodd, with breathless interest.

"As if it were yesterday," said Mrs. Crisp. "I saw the ruins, and I saw the poor horse, and I spent many an hour with poor John, who lost his sight from the injuries he had received."

"And if he did escape, Mr. Singleton, the shocking man, never sent him any help," exclaimed Miss Pillings.

"I don't think the shocking man had anything to send," said Mrs. Crisp, laughing at Miss Betsy's aggravations.

"Well, I say, as Netherway had been his servant from a boy, and lost his life nearly, and his eyes quite, in trying to serve him, it is just of a piece with the rest of his wicked hypocrisy, to leave him to starve."

"I don't think John would say so," said Mrs. Crisp; "he loves his memory as much as if he had a thousand a year from him, for he taught him the Bible so thoroughly, and gave him such opportunities of learning it, that when he was blind he was a better scholar at it than many who could see, and he thinks that kindness was worth more than all the money he could have got from him." At this moment Becky rushed in in great agitation, announcing that Peter Snell had come to the kitchen window to say that the water rose every minute, and that the company had best go at once if they didn't mean to stay all night.

There was a great commotion; Peter was detained for a little refreshment as the reward of his thoughtful warning, and interrogated as to the state of things.

"It's as bad a flood now, and threatens to be worse than the old one; it's come so quick, there's been hardly time to save the stock in the low pastures—we've had a deal of work," said Peter, looking as if troubled; "but that's no matter."

"All our sheep were driven to the hill this morning, so they are safe, that's a comfort," said Miss Betsy.

"There's one very bad job," said Peter, shaking his head and not looking at the company.

"The mill!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, eagerly.

"Haven't heard about that," said Peter.

"Surely nothing about us," said Miss Betsy.

"Nobody lost, Peter?" asked Mrs. Crisp, in a low voice.

"That's it—lost; but I don't know if he won't come out again. Blind John, he's never been seen since this morning when he left Isaac's house, and if he went the low road he must have got into the dyke, and no help for it. His shed is full of water up to the top, and his few bits of things has gone nobody knows where."

Mrs. Williams and her friend seemed much relieved, but Mrs. Crisp inquired if all possible means had been used to find him.

"That's just it; there's been so much to do, all hands has been wanted to shift goods, and pen in the stock, and move loose things, that nobody thought about him till his Sunday oat came wimming along the top of the water," said Peter.

"Poor John! and where can he be, if he is safe?" asked Mrs. Crisp, anxiously.

"Upon the hill somewhere, 'feared to come down," said Peter; "and if he's left there all night, what with the drench he'll get, and his rheumatics, and his blind eye, he'll be a poor critter by morning, and never come down, I doubt."

"Oh, what can be done?" said Mrs. Crisp, with energy.

"My clogs if you please, and my umbrella has got P marked on the handle," said Miss Betsy, hurrying to get home in safety.

"This is a great disappointment," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Oh, most provoking," replied Miss Betsy.

"And I was just going to fry the sausages—the fowl is done most beautiful," said Becky, in a half whisper, as she tied the clogs.

Miss Pillings smelt it and was sincerely sorry. While she and her friend were hurrying away,