

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, February 21st, 1869.

MATTHEW ix. 35-38: x. 1-15: MARK vi. 6-13:
LUKE ix. 1-16: A third circuit in Galilee.
The twelve instructed and sent forth.
Recite.—Matthew x. 2-4.

Sunday, February 28th, 1869.

MATTHEW x. 16-42; Instructions to the disciples continued.
Recite.—MATTHEW xviii. 4-6.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS AND TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

No. I.

Ahab 1 Kings xxi. 1-16.
Cain Genesis iv. 4-8.
Joseph Genesis xxxvii. 11-36.

Wrath is cruel, anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?—Prov. xxvii. 4.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. V.

Who would his thoughts of holy things delay?
Where did the Lord with two disciples walk?
What valiant man did crafty Joab slay?
Who heeded his companions' foolish talk?

By these initials something find,
That dwelleth not with perfect love:
A something, found 'mid Satan's hosts,
But banished from the realms above.

PARADISE.

A BIBLE SONNET.

Adam all day 'mid odorous garden-bowers
Had lightly toiled—while many a tender word,
With murmur of the brook and song of bird,
Fell on Eve's ear at work amongst her flowers:
When lo! where grove of pine and cedar towers,
As with a gentle breeze the leaves are stirred,
And walking in the garden God is heard,
With voice of love charming those evening hours.
With conscious innocence, and hand in hand
That godly pair approach their awful Friend,
Like children with beloved father stand;
Then at his feet in adoration bend—
O golden age! O days of heaven on earth!
When life was piety and labour mirth.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

FACTS FOR WOTKING-MEN.

The late benevolent Samuel Fletcher, Esq., of Manchester, frequently repeated the following favourite saying at public meetings:—

"I have never met with an instance of any youth who was obedient to his parents, industrious, and honest to his employers, who has ever come to want.

Mr. Fletcher frequently visited large factories, and entered into conversation with the principals, with the express object of testing the truthfulness of his favourite statement. One day he visited Messrs. Sharp and Co.'s celebrated Atlas Works in Manchester. Mr. Sharp accompanied him through the works.

In the course of their conversation, Mr. Fletcher mentioned the object of his visit, when Mr. Sharp expressed his concurrence in his views. On passing through one of the rooms, Mr. Sharp said, "Did you notice that man just now who touched his hat as we passed?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fletcher.

"Well," continued Mr. Sharp, "that man entered my service many years ago, on the same day that a companion of his was also taken on. They were both clever mechanics, and earned about £2 10s. per week. After a time both of them married. The man we have just seen, got a good wife; a clean, tidy and industrious woman. The first week of their marriage, that man gave his wife twenty-eight shillings of his wages, and said, 'There, that is what I shall give you weekly for housekeeping, and the remainder I shall keep for myself.' At the end of the year, the wife reminded him that it was their wedding-day, and said that they must have something nice for supper. After taking their meal together the wife, with a smile on her face, said, 'How much do you think I have saved out of the twenty-eight shillings per week you have given me?'

"Not much," replied the man. To the astonishment of her husband, she counted twenty sovereigns on the table, and said, 'There, that is what I have saved out of the twenty-eight shillings a week.' In fact the industrious, frugal housewife had kept house on twenty shillings per week, and put by into the little savings-box eight shillings weekly. The husband looked at the money with astonishment, and said,

"Mary, I must do different to what I have done. The next day he took the twenty sovereigns, and placed them in the bank. The man's weekly savings were now added to those of his wife's, and year by year the amount in the bank grew larger and larger.

"Many years have passed by since then," continued Mr. Sharp, "and last week, that very man came to me and said, 'Master, I have got notice from the Railway Company that the £1,500, I advanced them on their debentures is to be repaid; how would you advise me to re-invest it?' Mr. Fletcher listened with delight to these words, when he was still further astonished, by Mr. Sharp adding as follows:—

"In addition to that £1,500, that man has another £1,500 similarly invested. He has brought up his family well; they are a credit to him and his wife; and he is one of our most worthy servants." "But," added Mr. Sharp, "his companion, who entered these works on the same day as he did, was not equally fortunate with his wife. She did not make him a comfortable home; he took to drinking and spent his evenings in a public-house. He died a few weeks ago. I went to see him during his illness, and found that his home was a most horrible place, filthy and dirty in the extreme. He would have died in a state of destitution, but for the kindness of the fellow-workmen, who contributed 10s. per week, to save him from actual starvation."

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. J. WHATLEY.

No. V.

WOMAN'S WORK, ITS HINDRANCES AND HELPS.

"Well, good-bye, dear friend; you will not forget us and our needs, I well know."

The speaker was one of two sisters, valued friends of mine, with whom I had been spending some days in their home, in one of those populous watering places, so characteristic of England, which are gradually increasing into larger towns, with all the strange contrasts of splendour and misery, high educational resources and degrading ignorance, earnest religion and practical heathenism, which characterize large cities in our age and land. The life-work of Elizabeth and Susan Warner, two sisters of moderate means and middle age, was to endeavour to penetrate the mass of wretchedness and ignorance around them. Many useful and Christian works were carried on in different parts of the town they inhabited, and they were the life and centre of all the efforts made in their own quarter, the active helpers of their excellent minister, and the originators of many schemes of benevolence. A Bible Mission, a Ragged School, and an Industrial Institution, were only some among the kindred objects to which their lives were devoted. True sisters of mercy they were, though with no other badge than the Christian "clothing of humility," and the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." I had spent several days in witnessing their labours, and now, as I was taking leave of them to go to the house of some relations in the neighbourhood, they again earnestly pressed on me their need of help in several of their objects.

"I think I may be able to raise some money for you where I am going," I said; "I shall be in a circle where there are many wealthy people."

"Thanks, dear Mabel; all you can send will be welcome; but as I was saying, it is not money so much as workers we want at present. Many are kind in helping us with contributions, and the Lord has never let us really be in want. But our difficulty is that the work has so greatly outgrown our powers of responding to its calls. We have a few kind helpers, but they are all overburdened already, and several of them far from strong. If we had some young people to help us, we should accomplish twice what we can do now. I could give many things to such a helper, which would leave me time and strength for other work less suited to a young person. For instance, some one is greatly wanted to read with the girls in the Training School; then there are old women at the 'Retreat,' some of them miserably ignorant, who should be read to and visited, but I have not time to do this half as often as is needed. I have generally some sick girl at the hospital to whom I should be thankful to send a visitor; then our Ragged School sadly wants teachers, and my sister needs help with her lending library and her tract district—in short, I could name cases enough to take up your whole morning, in which the help of friends would be invaluable. Where there are really pressing family cares, I would never ask a young person to leave them for outdoor work, for home claims I know must come first; but I see so many girls who seem to have nothing to do, and who have plenty of health and strength, and I cannot help wishing I could have some assistance from them."

"Do you think they would be any help, if they are now content to do nothing?"

"Perhaps," said Elizabeth Warner, "if they could be led to look around them at the multitudes of perishing souls and suffering ones needing their help—especially if once the Spirit of God put the right motive, love to Him, into their hearts. I sometimes think that even really Christian people want to be set in the right way, and have openings for usefulness pointed out to them; at least, many do. Now you are going to stay with your cousins the Somervilles; there are four or five girls with ample means, and I believe good health, and the family is generally looked on as pious and well-disposed. Why should they not be enlisted? Do try."

I promised to do my best, and we parted. A short cab drive transported me from the modest little house in the row, in the midst of the bustle of the town, to the commodious country-house on the outskirts, with its green smooth lawn, and shrubberies all in a glow of purple and gold with lilacs and laburnums, and its general air of luxurious quiet and repose. The first transition, sorry as I was to leave my friends, was delightful to the senses; and the kindly hospitality of the parents and their graceful pleasing-looking daughters, was a cordial no less pleasant to the mind. The contrast of the first breakfast at Ivy Lodge, with that in No. 5, West Street, was certainly a striking one. The externals were in favour of my present abode: the spacious parlour with its glass doors opening on the sunny garden, the flowers on the table, and the abundance of country luxuries, and the general

air of ease and leisure, all presented advantages West Street could not offer. But when the master of the house was gone to his office, and his wife to her household concerns, and the five girls removed with me to the drawing-room to discuss plans for the day, I began to feel there were counterbalancing blessings on the side of my friends the Warners. I remembered the two sisters, after their quickly dispatched meal, going off, one to her district, the other to her school or class, making arrangements where next to meet and what to do, with cheerful bustle, mingled with entreaties from each that the other would not tire herself, and each eager to initiate me into all her work and objects of interest. Here, indeed, it was different. An object of interest seemed the one thing wanting.

"What are you going to do this morning, Adelaide?"

"Oh! I must go and practise. We are going to have another musical morning at Mrs. Wilson's."

"I wonder you go," observed another sister. "She does not really care to have you; she only wants to pruner her own daughter; and the way Matilda Wilson goes on at those practising—"

"Well, never mind. One must be doing something. It gives me an object to practise for; though by the way, I hate that new trio they are getting up, and they have given me just the part that doesn't suit my voice, that Matilda may show off hers as *prima donna*."

"Have you that club book still, Adelaide?" said Ella. "If you have done with it, I want to take it back, for the time is nearly up."

"No, I am wading through it; it is a stupid affair, but when one has those books, one may as well read them. The time isn't up yet. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Oh! I don't know, I wanted something to walk for. It is stupid merely to go for a 'constitutional,' and yet one wants a walk."

"Come then with me," said Fanny. "I am going to match some colours for my worsted work."

"What beautiful work yours is!" I remarked. "What is it for?"

Fanny never knows," said her youngest sister, Minnie, laughing. "She does the work first, and then tries to find a destination for it."

"Oh! one must be doing something. Will you come, Minnie?"

"I can't now: I have my German lesson to prepare for."

"I envy you for having still lessons," said Ella; "I used really to enjoy mine."

"I think you are always reading, as it is," said Theodosia.

"I should never have patience to study as you do."

"It is better than sitting idle, and work I hate."

After a good deal of discussion, Ella, Fanny, and I decided on a walk, urged on by their mother, who hurried in and out of the room in the intervals of note-writing and order-giving, and exhorted us to go out early, as the barometer was low and threatened rain later in the day. Theodosia would not come; she said it was waste of time to go out before luncheon, one could not get through any business. What her business was, I was not quite clear; but it seemed to be chiefly making another crochet antimacassar in the same style as the innumerable ones which were scattered over the furniture of all the sitting-rooms as thickly as snowdrifts on a winter's day. Adelaide was practising, though in a languid spiritless way. Minnie, after declaring she was sick to death of German, and had twenty minds to give it up, sat down at the window which looked on the avenue, with her book on her lap, and her eyes alternately directed to it, and the occasional baker or butcher's cart which made its way towards the house, on whose movements she commented in a style decidedly less poetical and ideal than that of the "Wallenstein" she was nominally studying.

We sallied forth, and they took me through the town and round its prettiest environs. Our walk lay partly through a really pleasant country neighbourhood, and I should have enjoyed it greatly but for the listlessness of my companions. Several shops were visited as we passed through the chief streets in our way, chiefly, as it seemed to me, for the sake of looking at things they did not want to buy. When we got into a shady lane outside the town, I felt tempted to plead the cause of my busy friends, and try to interest these young people, who seemed troubled with a superfluity of time, in some of the objects which so needed help. On one side, active and devoted women overburdened with work, on the other, young persons, well-disposed, with good capacity, good health, and ample means, and nothing to do—it seemed as if lock and key had met! but, as often happens, the matter seemed easier at a distance than near at hand. They listened, however, with interest to my anecdotes and descriptions, but when I asked if they could not give some help, there was a discouraging silence.

"I think such a thing would just do for Maria Harcourt," said Fanny. "She is always complaining of having nothing to do."

"And why not for Fanny Somerville?" said I.

"Oh! I could not manage it. It is not my line. I should get quite sick if I went into those horrible close ragged schools, and mamma has such a dread of infection, I know she would never let us go."

"But if you are afraid of ragged schools, there are other places in which you could be very useful; that training school for young girls I was mentioning—"

"Oh! mamma does not like our undertaking that sort of thing," said Fanny; "it would interrupt everything."

Ella said in a low voice, "Will you talk about this to-morrow at breakfast? say no more now."

I understood her, and changed the subject; but next morning at the breakfast-table I contrived to bring it on, and really interested my auditors by the details I gave. Mr. Somerville promised me a contribution to the ragged school before he left the breakfast-table; and his wife began to calculate the possibility of sending some washing to be done at the training school.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Ella, "if you would only let me help the Miss Warners with their old women, or girls' class, or something! You know you could not think it objectionable to go with them; and cousin Mabel says they want help really."

Mrs. Somerville's countenance fell; but Minnie interposed before she had time to speak.

"Oh, do, mamma! It would be so nice! I long to have a class of dear little children to teach, I should so enjoy it! It is such a bore to have nothing to do but drone over German and fancy work all day."

"Now, my dear children, you all know I do not like this sort of thing, and you should not urge me. It is a way of going on I have the greatest objection to, Mabel," she continued, turning to me; "girls going into all sorts of dreadful places, coming back exhausted and overheated, and ten to one, catching some infectious illness. You know it was generally said poor Lizzie Johnson caught the fever from attending one of these schools, and she died of it."

"I know it was said so, mamma," said Ella, "because she had been going to them with in a few weeks of her illness, and of course every one was ready to lay the blame on the schools; but as her cousin had had the very same fever just before, without ever going to them—"

"Well, my dear, I don't want to discuss the matter; at all events it is a thing I don't like; one has no right to sacrifice one's health and make one's family miserable for such things."

"I was only going to say, dear Mrs. Somerville," I interposed, "that though I do not believe the risk is what you think, still I would never propose what might make you and others uneasy; but there are many objects in which my friends are engaged in which no one could even suspect such a risk. For example—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, dear Mabel; but I really would rather not have these ideas put in my daughters' minds. It is not merely the fear of infection that influences me; but I dislike the habit of young girls rushing about the town or district where they live,—never at home when wanted, never in time for meals,—too tired in the evening to speak, or make themselves agreeable in any way. I have seen that sort of thing often, and it quite unfits them for home duties, and often leads them to put themselves forward in ways most unfitting for a woman, especially for a young one. My husband has the greatest horror of those female missionaries and preachers,—strong-minded women, going about everywhere with tracts, and forcing themselves into people's houses, and so on."

"My dear friend, I never thought of urging your daughters to anything that would involve them in efforts unfitting their age and sex. You know the Miss Warners, and many like them; do they act in a way any one could call unfeminine or unbecoming?"

"No, certainly. The Miss Warners are excellent women, and so was that poor Miss Johnson who died; I have not a word to say against such; but they are differently situated,—they have no family ties, and no one to consult, and I do not attempt to judge them. But I think home is the sphere for a woman; and what can she or ought she to wish for beyond it?"

"You knew, mamma dear," said Ella, "I never meant to say I did not love my home; and if I could find anything useful to do there, I should be quite content. But when help is so much wanted for poor, and sick, and ignorant people outside one's house, and there is nothing to do inside except to amuse oneself, I own I do feel as if it was hardly right to pass one's time in complete inaction."

"My dear child, I must say I think that very ungrateful. We have spared no pains or expense for your education, as you well know. You have your books, your music, your drawing, and what can you need more? In reading, and studying, and improving your mind, and trying to make your family happy, and promoting their pleasures, you have quite enough to employ you. As to usefulness outside, of course I know the poor and ignorant must be cared for; but that is in fact the clergyman's business; and I am sure now-a-days there are missionaries and Bible women, and people of all kinds to attend to them, without a girl's leaving her home to look after work unsuited to her. I am sure it passes my comprehension how young people should be so hard to please. When I was young such fancies never entered my mind. I wanted nothing outside my home, and I had not half as pleasant a one as you have, nor half the resources. I am sure when I look at that library alone, I wonder how a person like you, fond of study, can be discontented. I think it a perfect feast when I can get half an hour's quiet reading, and it is a treat I very seldom get. I find the day too short for half I want to do."

"Oh, mamma, I am always sorry to see you over-worked," said Ella. "I wish you would let me help you in the housekeeping, or anything else. It would be such a pleasure to be of some use."

"No, my dear child, that is a thing I never would permit. I wouldn't have your time taken up in that way for the world. If you marry, you will have enough and too much of such cares; and you have all of you quite enough to do with your studies and accomplishments. I am sure, at your age, I should have been too thankful to have half your leisure to read and improve myself.—Yes, I'm coming, Ferris, di-