

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, November 14th, 1869.
LUKE xv. 11-32; Parable of the Prodigal Son.
Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 59.

Sunday, November 21th, 1869.
LUKE xvi. 1-13; Parable of the unjust steward.
Recite.—S. C., 60, 61.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter M.

1. MOUTH. Used for the edge of a sword in Gen. xxxiv. 26 (margin); a door, Dan. iii. 26; an opinion in Ps. xlix. 13 (margin); and an agreement, in Joshua ix. 2 (margin).
2. MILK. Is. lv. 1; MARROW, Ps. lxxiii. 5; MEAT, John iv. 32-34; MANNA, Rev. ii. 17.
3. MORNING. Put for swiftness, in Ps. cxxxix. 9; for divine truth, in Is. viii. 20 (margin); and for the resurrection, in Ps. xlix. 14.
4. MOON. See Canticles vi. 10.
5. MEMBERS, in Eph. v. 30; MAN, in Eph. iv. 13; MERCHANT MAN, Matt. xiii. 45.
6. MILK AND MEAT, both found in Heb. v. 12-14.
7. MOUNTAIN. Used in connection with heaven, in Heb. xi. 22; prosperity, Amos ix. 13; Babylon, Jer. li. 25; pride, Is. ii. 14; wicked men, Ezek. vi. 2; the church, Is. ii. 2.
8. MIRE. Used for sin, 2 Peter ii. 22; and for contempt, 2 Sam. xxii. 43.
9. MELT (verb). Used for fear, Ex. xv. 15; loss, 1 Sam. xiv. 16; sorrow, Ps. cxix. 28; and destruction of the wicked, Ps. lxxviii. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXIII.

1. A Christian duty to be joined with prayer.
2. The sin which prevented the Jews entering Canaan, against which St. Paul warned the Hebrews in his day.
3. The doctrine which, preached by the apostles, as the foundation of the Christian religion, gave such offence to the Jews.
4. The accepted time, the day of salvation.
5. The name of a city in the desert which Solomon built.
6. The name of a prophetess who prophesied concerning king Josiah.
7. The command given by the nobleman in the parable to his servants.
8. The name of an animal symbolic of strength.
9. Those for whom Christ died.
10. That which Christ offered once for ever.
11. A word of Isaiah's exclamation when he saw the Lord of Hosts.
12. One in whose house was a church, at Colosse.
13. Part of the work which Christ said the Holy Ghost would do.
14. A fruit greatly prized in the east.
15. A word from the sentence of Belshazzar's doom.
16. The state of mind in the people of Capernaum which "grieved" the Saviour.
17. The manner in which our Lord prayed in Gethsemane.
18. That which is spoken of the wise man as "rotteness of the bones."
19. A precious stone mentioned by Job, and set in the high priest's ephod.
20. The animal used in sacrifice, a type of the Lord.
21. That which a man must do to inherit all things.
22. That which Christ has done for us by his blood.
23. The wages of sin.

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Haffenden felt no curiosity about the stranger, but she was much interested in John, to whose maintenance she had sometimes contributed, for she had a high opinion of his genuine piety.

"I wish my dear husband would build some almshouses for the helpless, it would be far better than trying to improve this; but if I suggested it, I know what the result would be—Swiss cottages that wouldn't hold them or Chinese pagodas that would make him a laughing stock." These reflections mingled with questionings as to whether she could not so far influence him as to get a few convenient dwellings erected at small cost and with no pretence to ornament, occupied her till, to her surprise, he re-entered the room, introducing William Singleton, not by name, but as a traveller who had come to see Clayton.

She received him courteously, but expressed her fear that he would meet with little to repay his trouble in coming.

Young Singleton replied with a simplicity and manliness that much prepossessed her: "I find," he said, "few public buildings. I expected fewer in so small a place, and the best is stigmatised as a folly."

"Ah—the market-place—yes—" said M. Haffenden, "but that term applies to the builder, who lost so much in raising it."

"There is a great outcry against Mr. Singleton!" he remarked, turning, as he spoke, to her husband.

"Ay; there is," said Mr. Haffenden, "you know the saying, 'The world will forgive a knave, but God only bears with fools.'"

"And he was so very—" young Singleton began and paused.

"We know nothing of him. I conceive that he was a man robbed and injured by knaves, and he could not have been very wise to permit that; people are bitter against him because they suffered from his folly—that makes all the difference in the world. I am no Solomon I dare say, but while I don't touch your pocket you have no right to cry out, Fool," said Mr. Haffenden.

"You think that much injury was done to many by his failure," said William Singleton.

"I believe there are yet cases in which people are exposed to want, very nearly, through his infatuated speculating propensity. Some have died broken-hearted, they say; and the worst is, some have taken occasion to blaspheme and turn all religious profession into contempt through his sad mistakes," said Mr. Haffenden.

"And yet he was most sincere, and most anxious to promote religion," said William.

"How could it have been allowed? Most mysterious!"

"The judgments of God are often secret, but never unrighteous," replied Mr. Haffenden. "He brings his own work and will to pass in ways to us unfathomable."

"Sir," said William, "I will not disguise it from you, since you have so merciful a spirit, I am his son."

Mrs. Haffenden put down her work in amazement, and her husband in equal surprise echoed, "His son!"

William quickly unfolded the purport of his visit to Clayton, and related how by the blessing of God on his industry and the self-denial of his parents, they had amassed more than enough to defray every debt, and that with good interest.

He had gone to sea with a distant relative of his mother's, with whom they had taken refuge after the disasters of Clayton. This relative was captain of a trading vessel, and taking a great liking to him, had brought him rapidly forward, so that, his natural aptitude for it assisting, he became first his partner, and afterwards, at his death, sole owner of his vessel. The trade it pursued was then in its zenith, and most lucrative, and he became a rich man.

"As soon as I learned my father's true position, and the reason of our flight from Clayton, which, as a child, I always attributed to the flood, I determined—I made solemn vow—that if God would only permit me to wipe off the stain on his religion and my father's name, I would devote myself to the work; and He heard me, and answered me—and the living I can atone to; but the dead!" his voice faltered as he spoke.

"The dead want nothing, but are in a world where the honour of God is fully vindicated. No mistakes there," said Mr. Haffenden, "so don't be grieved on that score."

With that astonishing velocity with which associated thoughts glance through the mind, Mrs. Haffenden, though much touched by the relation of their guest, had, before he had concluded it, gone far away to a house belonging to them which she had always objected to from its being so open to "improvement." She had settled the establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Singleton in Clayton, and their own removal. She had even got up some good reasons for choosing another place than the one mentioned.

When the first surprise was over, Mr. Haffenden entered with the most lively satisfaction into William's plans, and his wife went to see if old John was being made comfortable in the kitchen. But she didn't find him there; after a search, she discovered him walking round the wall of the enclosure on which good Mr. Haffenden had suggested the erection of a mound!

"What, John! couldn't you find your way into the kitchen?" she asked when she came up to him, and kindly holding his stick turned it towards the house.

"Anybody with you, ma'am?" he asked, softly.

"No, John, I am quite alone; I have left your companion—in the drawing-room with Mr. Haffenden."

"Master William!" said John, gleefully.

"Master William, it's no secret to me—didn't I know his voice at the first word, and didn't I think it was the master himself, if so be he could a grown young man again? Oh, this is a blessed day—wasn't master's last words to me when I helped him into the chay, 'John, be encouraged; I have done wrong, but I did it in ignorance; God forgive me—he will forgive me, and he knows my grief; don't fail in faith, John; don't be hindered by my faults.' And when I put in the little boy I said to him, 'Master, give me a parting word,' and he said, 'Oh John, it is very dark now, but at evening time it shall be light,' and surely the evening is come and it is light, light."

"Indeed, John, it was very remarkable altogether; but come in now, I want to see you comfortable in the kitchen, and it is very raw and cold out here."

"Go in, ma'am—please you to go in," said John; "I'm just looking for summat."

"Looking, John?" said Mrs. Haffenden.

"I got eyes at the end o' my stick," said John, "and there's summat as I want to find here: please ma'am to go, and I'll be comfortable presently. I can't feel cold this day you may believe me!"

Finding he was not to be persuaded, she left him and returned to the house. She found her husband and William Singleton still in deep conversation on the same subject.

"Selma," cried Mr. Haffenden, "shut the door my love. Come here—here is a strange tangle, you are as good a hand at a common sense proceeding as I know, how can things be arranged? Mr. Singleton went off without any accurate

knowledge of his affairs; he doesn't know what he owes, whom he has paid, nor in fact, how any thing stands; very awkward, isn't it?"

Mrs. Haffenden looked at William for some further explanation.

"I must tell you that for some years after we left this place my father's distress of mind threw him into a melancholy which my mother feared would end in derangement, and no mention was, by her request, ever made of Clayton; and even when I came to know the truth, I dared not make enquiries until I had secured the means of paying his debts. Then I discovered that he had left the house and furniture, with all that he possessed, to be divided amongst his creditors, as far as it would go; and his accounts he gave into the hands of John Netherway, the only witness of his flight, to regulate its distribution—such accounts as he had—but John had brain fever after the accident that befel him, and remembers nothing of these papers."

"What a pity he didn't stay and meet it!" said Mrs. Haffenden.

"He couldn't—he was crushed—reproach was on every face. He had no courage to meet man."

"I can understand it," said Mr. Haffenden. "It is better to fall into the hands of the Lord than into the hands of man. Cruel to judge, quick to condemn, pitiless, knowing nothing of His grace who never breaks the bruised reed nor quenches the smoking flax, that is nature—no wonder he ran away from it."

"But it would have been better for him if he could have stayed, George. I still must think; however, you know a debt must be proved before he is liable to pay it—he has that security."

"Very true, but the poor who trusted him and have kept no accounts, what are they to do?" said William.

"Never mind," said Mr. Haffenden; "what has been so well cleared up to this point can't fall of being well lighted to the end—God will give wisdom and we can use means? We must have a lawyer and he'll set it all to rights; and now, my dear, it is getting dark, the days are so short, or I should like to show Mr. Singleton over the place before dinner. It is vastly improved; your poor father spent all his thoughts on other people's pleasure; but I, you see, less charitably, on my own; now you noticed those two towers? I saw John pointing to them. I meant them for small armories, and had collected some interesting warlike relics of the time the place was built from the country round; and I should have fitted them up, but Mrs. Haffenden who is cruelly utilitarian, overruled, and one is a potato store and the other holds garden tools and so on. However, they look imposing, and nobody knows what's inside, as she pleaded; and that window over the old porch—you saw it? the porch, I apprehend, was here before the rest of the house was built. I was asking a very good woman who lives down in the village, Mrs. Crisp, about it, and by enquiry from her and others, and looking into topographical works I find that a stone cottage—a rare thing in those days—stood just against that wall which was undermined by the flood and fell down; when it was rebuilt that cottage wall was found firm and makes part of the new wall. I should like some day to—he looked at his wife, whose eyes by sympathy were raised to his—and they both laughed. At this moment the door opened and a servant announced that blind John wanted to see "master and missus and the gentleman."

"Show him in," said Mrs. Haffenden, and he appeared.

"I ha' found it, Master William!" he exclaimed, having first ascertained with his hand that the door was shut.

"Found what?" enquired William.

"The 'counts. I'll be bound they're in the very place I put 'em; and I never could mind where it was till I got there to-day; and all of a minute it come into my head I put 'em inside a loose stone in the wall; and I was clomping it up when the bricks on the top come down; but there's the wall—I found it—and the stone, and behind, you'll see, there's the papers!"

they will wear like copper, and always set easy to the feet. Boots and shoes should be treated as suggested, and worn a little several months before they are put to daily service. This is the true way to save your shoe money.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE SUN, A HOT PLACE.—A writer in *Appleton's Journal of Science*, thus describes the heat of the sun:—

"This is something stupendous. The amount of heat which is emitted from the entire solar surface, calculated from the average quantity which it is proved we receive from him, would be sufficient to boil seven hundred thousand millions of cubic miles of ice-cold water each hour. Were a cylinder of ice, forty miles in diameter, projected into the sun at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in length each second, that is, with the speed of light, the heat which the sun radiates away would be sufficient to melt it as fast as it came, while the stellar furnace would not be cooled a single degree. Of the thermal energy which our central star thus pours out with the prodigality of the Infinite, we, of the earth, although complacently supposing that it is all on our account, get only a paltry fraction—one-twenty-three-hundred-millionth part—enough to boil three hundred cubic miles of ice-water each hour."

The beauty of holiness, like the sun, is seen by its own light.

Prayer, like the precious metal, comes most pure from the heated furnace.—*Bickersteth.*

He learns much who studies other men; he also learns much who studies himself.

For Sunday School Teachers.

WANTS OF COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

One of them is *Teachers*. Why hesitate or stop for want of teachers? Why not, my country-man, throw your school into one class, and teach it yourself! Let us see how it will work.

You keep a roll-book, of course. Put it into the hands of your most competent scholar, and have him make the necessary memoranda for you. He will be proud to do it. Your hymn-books and Testaments need to be distributed through the school, and again carefully gathered and placed in the case, or on the shelf. Who so competent and so willing for this work as two or three of your little boys or girls? The distribution of your papers, likewise, will employ another one or two.

Then, again, the singing. Make a choir of the best singers you have. Let them feel the responsibility, and they will do their best. It often adds to the interest to let the children select the hymn.

The visiting can, to some extent, also be done by the children. Yet in this be careful, for nothing goes so far in Sunday school matters as the personal, friendly visit of the teacher.

Now for your lesson. How can you adapt yourself to a class composed of children of great diversities in age and attainments? This, I know, is the most difficult part of your work. It is the problem which every gospel minister has to solve, or ought to solve, every Sabbath; and whatever may be the minister's success, you have the advantage of him, for you can have your class take an active part in the exercises—such as reading in concert, looking up and reading passages of Scripture, asking and answering questions, and the like. Added to these, you have blackboard exercises, maps, pictures, and other objects of interest to engage the attention.

Then, remember that grown people can understand children's talk, but children cannot always understand the language addressed to grown people. Therefore use the simplest language—the plainest and most homely illustrations.

Finally, Be brief—not over one hour (sixty minutes) for the entire exercises. Let your own talk be short—to the point.

Pursuing such a course, with diligent preparation, with prayer and with faith, you will succeed better in your country Sunday school without teachers than many schools do with teachers.—*Cor. S. S. Times.*

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TWO CENTURIES AGO.

The story of the martyrdom of John Brown, of Priesthill, commonly known as the pious carrier, is one of the most affecting incidents in the history of the times of the Scottish Covenanters. In May, 1665, he was cruelly shot by Claverhouse, before his own cottage door, in presence of his wife and children. Our readers will find a full account of this in the "Scottish Worthies."

This good man took a deep interest in the welfare of the young; and it is said that he was in the habit of gathering the children of the neighborhood together into a sheep pen, and there giving them Bible instructions on the evening of the Lord's-day. This was just keeping a Sunday school, although we do not think it would be called by that name in these times. Perhaps it was known as "John Brown's Children's Meeting," or "The Sheep-pen Meeting."

It was a time when confessors of the truth were needed, and, as Brown heard of the old being shot down on moss and moor, he would not doubt be all the more anxious to have the seed of the Word dropped into the hearts of the young, so that there might still be witnesses for God in the land. And it is most likely that his labors among the children were so blessed, that he was not the only martyr-spirit within the enclosure.

Scientific.

CARE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boots and shoes, if taken care of properly, will easily last two or three times longer than they usually do, and at the same time, fit the feet far more satisfactorily, and keep them dry and more comfortable in wet and cold weather. The upper leather should be kept soft and pliable, while the soles need to be hard, tough and impervious to water. The first thing to be done with any pair of new shoes for farm use, is to set each one on a platter or an old dinner plate, and pour on boiled linseed-oil, sufficient to fill the vessel to the upper edge of the soles. Allow the leather to absorb as much oil as it will for eight hours. Linseed-oil should not be applied to the upper leather, as it will soon become dry, rendering the leather hard and tough. But if the soles be saturated with this oil, it will exclude dampness, and enlarge the pores, so that the sole will never get loose from the upper leather. If the shoes be sewed, the linseed oil will preserve the thread from rotting. Now, wet the upper leather thoroughly when the boots or shoes are to be put on the foot, so that those parts which are tight may render a trifle, and thus adapt the form of the shoe to the foot far more satisfactorily than when the upper leather is not wet. Keep them on the feet until the leather is nearly dry. Then give the upper leather a thorough greasing with equal parts of lard and tallow, or with tallow and neat's-foot oil. If shoes be treated in this manner, and a row of round-headed shoe-nails be driven around the edge of the soles,