

Boys' Department.

RIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 10th, 1869.

JOHN xi. 30-46: The raising of Lazarus. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 51, 52.

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.—S. C., 53, 54.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XX.

- 1. T-imon . . . Acts vi. 5.
2. U-riah . . . 2 Sam. xxiii. 39; xi. 3.
3. R-hoboaam . . . 1 Kings xiv. 27.
4. N-athan . . . 2 Sam. vii. 2.
5. U-lai . . . Daniel viii. 2.
6. N-ahum . . . Nahum i. 8; ii. 13; iii. 13.
7. T-opheh . . . 2 Kings xxiii. 10.
8. O-reb . . . Judges vii. 25.
9. M-oney . . . Acts viii. 18, 19.
10. E-thiopia . . . Acts viii. 27.

A PRECEPT: "TURN UNTO ME."—Jer. iii. 7.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

The following questions are to be answered by the mention of words, all of which commence with the letter H.

- 1. What is used metaphorically for the grave, the body, the church, and heaven?
2. A metaphor for Antichrist?
3. Name two things with which God's Word is compared.
4. Eight metaphorical names ascribed to God?
5. Name something used metaphorically illustrative of the love of Christ.
6. Name two-words used both for the day of grace and of judgment.
7. What word is used for a capital city, the branch of a river, and mastery over others?
8. Supply a word which is used metaphorically in connection with servitude, adoration, familiarity, rebellion, friendship, theft, blessing, invitation, God's providence and his punishments.
9. Name some metaphorical titles of Christ.

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Master Netherway, what may you want helping to this morning?" said the shopkeeper of the rural village of Clayton, to a customer that didn't look promising for a large order.
"Just half-an-ounce of tea, Master Medley," said the customer.
"Don't go to sit down of that side the door," said Master Medley; "I've been forced to move the chair; come this way, under the candles—that's the place."
Master Netherway felt with his stick till he arrived at the chair, on which he seated himself with the caution common to blind people.
"I doubt the water's rising," said Master Medley, or 'Isaac,' as he was called in the village.
"There'll be a flood higher than has come for years and years," said the blind man.
'It's mighty awkward for them as wants to get about,' said Isaac, taking a little pinch out of the half ounce of tea as it made the scale go down a trifle.
'Yes, it's bad for all; but you'd think it was worse for the blind than for them as can see?' said Netherway.
Isaac looked at him, stood a moment, and then dropped the pinch back into the scale.
'True enough that; I wonder you don't get some one to guide you a bit when flood's out; you might be drowned quite easy if you missed the way by the Wash dyke,' he said, folding up the tea.
'No, no, Isaac, I shan't never be drowned! I haven't got the pence to pay for a guide, so I'm sent one for nothing—and a safer one than I should get for money.'
'Who may that be?' said John.
'An angel,' said Netherway, reverentially.
'Why man, you sit and think and talk to yourself about things till you get a most crazed; you don't think the angels would go to trouble themselves about such poor critters as we be?'
'But, don't I! Why, we be the very ones that want 'em; and isn't it written, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'—that's for when we are still; and again, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways,'—that's for when we move about. No, no, Isaac, you've been parish clerk these many years, but you don't know more of a Christian's right than I do.'
Netherway shook his head gently and clasped his stick with both hands, as his sightless eyes were raised upwards in thanksgiving.
Isaac had indeed been parish clerk for many years, but had profited little by the opportunities his office afforded: he was naturally dull of apprehension, and what sharpness he had was given to his worldly interests and affairs. Not that any one could breathe a word against his character—oh no, he was a 'harmless man

enough; he gave long credit to those who couldn't pay; he never gave overweight, but his scales were honest, and his neighbours were too sharp to let him give under weight, even if he had felt disposed.
Moreover, he had a black coat, which he had received at the old squire's funeral, and which he had worn to bury his first wife in, and at every occasion of the like kind; and he always put it on on Sunday, and it went far to make amends for the very unclerical look of his rose-coloured plush waistcoat, and his bright blue stockings, and snuff-coloured smalls, with highly polished quarter boots to finish; so that in the opinion of the village, Isaac was 'a very proper clerk.' John Netherway, known universally as 'blind John,' had his private thoughts concerning him, but he kept them to himself, for he considered that Isaac was the only person they concerned, and he knew they would not be acceptable to him.
'I wish the flood 'd go down—that's what I do!' said Isaac, following his customer out of the door.
'Have you got business abroad?' said John.
'I wanted to get to Plimly market to see if I could find a little pig to my mind,' said Isaac.
'And may be you'll pick up a wife at the same time,' said a merry faced old woman, joining them.
'If I knew where to find one I would; but it's easier meeting with a pig without objections than a suitable woman, Nancy.'
'That's because you're so partickler,' replied Nancy. 'But surely there's a match for you somewheres, Isaac: you're none so perfect for your fellow may be found.'
'It takes a deal to make perfection,' said Isaac, with a sigh; 'but if I know'd of a comfortable woman as would take the shop off my hands, and not be above providing for my wants, and would be civil in her tongue—and had a little summat coming in—why, I wouldn't be behind in asking of her; and that I can assure you, Nancy.'
A little laugh caught Isaac's ear; he turned round, it was blind John.
'What's tickled ye, John?' said Nancy.
'Why, to think of his leaving out the only thing that would make his bargain a safe one,' said Netherway.
'I don't know as I left out nothing,' said Isaac. 'Of course I should look for her to be a handy cleaner, and a light-heeled wench, not too old nor too young.'
John shook his head and was silent.
'Well, you might have had Peggy Diggs,' said Nancy.
'Don't like widders wif children,' said Isaac; 'she'd chance to cling to them and leave me i' the lurch.'
'Well then, Mary Carpenter!' said Nancy.
'She haven't got a penny,' said Isaac.
'Liddy Brown!' said Nancy.
'Ah, she has got a cottage, and the bit of garden belonging to it; but I doubt it wouldn't sell for much,' said Isaac.
Nancy went on suggesting others—but this was too young, that was too old; one was sour-tempered, another too easy to be industrious. And Nancy went away laughing and saying,
'I see how it is, how it will be; it 'll be the soldier's widow after all.'
'No bad guess neither, if I could but get her in the mind for it; a shilling-a-day isn't to be got wif every body, and she's a wonderful woman to work—and likely looking too. Yes, if she wouldn't be so high, and hold her head so stiff, I wouldn't go no further to look out for one.'
So soliloquised Isaac, while Nancy, who followed John down the lane, said,
'I don't wish him no harm, but if he turns up his nose at all his own folks I shouldn't mind seeing him beat with the briars. What d'ye say, John? isn't it fair and right?'
'Briars!' said Netherway.
'Ay, Widow Lucas has got a tongue like poison—oh, but wouldn't she make him repent of it?'
'So would any woman without a godly mind,' said blind John, walking steadily on, for he didn't like Nancy's company, and wanted to get rid of it.
'Ah, he's not so strict about such things as he might be. I wonder at him, being, as he's been, clerk these years and years, don't you, John?' said the persevering Nancy. 'I'm sure there's nothing to be compared with good living and such!'
'The water is rising,' said John. 'I could pass here well enough this morning, and now it's over my shoes.'
'Why you've never tried it!' said Nancy.
'I can tell without trying,' said John, feeling the road with his stick. 'When we turn the corner it will be a full stream, so we'd best keep up for the high road.'
'Eh, John, you're as good as a conjuror!' said Nancy. 'I can see the water through the trees, sure enough. Well, I never knowed it come up so fast as this. If it goes on we shall have a flood?' and, forgetting Isaac's deficiencies in the more important subject of her own personal interest, she hurried on to get home, lest measures for moving the furniture from the lower room to the chamber above should be needful. 'You don't mind about me staying to help you, John?' she said, with a little compunction, as she saw him carefully following when she turned to close the gate.
'No, Nancy, I'm safe,' he replied.
'You see, I'm so afraid I shall get my things all rubbished by the water. If this is a flood like what it was twenty-five years ago I'm bound to have it in my house.'
'Go your ways. I'm quite safe, I tell you,' said John, quietly; and with a half-satisfied conscience she left him and pursued her way, calling out, as she turned off, 'John, you'll mind the cut in the road that leads to the dyke Bless you! don't go down too low.'

'Very good,' said John, keeping steady to the hedge, and waving his stick; and she was soon at home.
But not too soon. A little brook which threaded in and out, and surrounded the village, occasionally, after heavy rains, received into its stream the overflowings of the hills; and the Christmas snow had fallen heavily, the frost which had bound it where it lay had been succeeded by rain and sunshine in the new year, and the unfettered waters glided rapidly into the little brook, and the fields became lakes, and the lanes rivers.
As far as the ornamental was concerned, these floods were an improvement by way of a change. The village, which lay low, became a Venice—not in architectural style, indeed, for it was peculiarly primitive in its thatched roofs and mud walls, no railway whistle having ever echoed in its peaceful lanes—but inasmuch as the buildings stood, some of them, isolated by the water.
But the inhabitants—children excepted, who highly relished boating in tubs up and down the main street, and splashing in the water like ducks—did not think the picturesque paid for the damage and inconvenience. Such houses, like Nancy's, as lay very low, were materially injured by it. It entered the 'house,' as the room they lived in was called, and sometimes rose half-way up the walls, so that they were compelled to drag all their furniture up to the sleeping chamber, where they remained prisoners till it subsided. As the rise was in some instances as rapid as unexpected, when the cottagers happened to be absent at work they had to hurry back, expecting to see their household goods floating forth to meet them; and this was Nancy's fear in the present instance.
Her fears were justified, but not quite realised. She got home just in time to transport her movables to the region above; and when she had finished, and looked out of the little window under the thatch, she saw the flood within a few inches of her lower window. It had crept over the mud floor before she had begun operations, and had now mounted above the stain the last inundation had left on the walls.
Although it was January, the air was soft and almost close. Nancy calculated that she had enough coal to last while the flood lasted, and a fair stock of tobacco and bread. Her groceries, being not various in kind, nor cumbersome in quantity, she generally carried in her pocket; so she was under no concern for present need. As the water made the air damp within the house she put on her old red cloak and cotton hood, and for fear, after her exertions, she should get a chill, she lit her pipe, which, like her groceries, lived in her pocket. Then, taking her knitting, she sat by her window, watching the waters as her pins moved quickly on, and only pausing when any commotion without was heard.
Still the water rose, and a great splash presently caused her to open the casement.
If it had been dry land there would have been no lack of spectators to witness the disaster; but neither of disaster nor spectator could Nancy see a vestige. The water looked rough like waves of chocolate, for it brought with it abundance of mud; but looking up and looking down, which she did as successfully as her lattice allowed her, nothing but the water could she see. Just as she was about to retire and close her casement, she heard a voice, and again looking forth, beheld the head of her neighbour, Peggy Diggs, issuing forth from the window of her chamber, in which, like Nancy, she was a prisoner.
'What, Peg! Well, I'm glad you got home,' she cried. 'I thought sure you was up at the old gentleman's, looking after the benefit money.'
'I comed home in the very nick,' said Peggy. 'One good thing, I hadn't got much to move.'
'That's a thing as is good when the flood's out, but not otherways,' said Nancy. 'But where's the children? up with you?'
'No; Mr. Haffendon bid me leave 'em up there till flood was over.'
'He'd better ha' told you he would keep them altogether, or even let 'em be drowned,' said Nancy, laughing.
'What, to lose all my comfort of life?' said Peggy.
'Why, my wench, if it wasn't for them, you'd have a better chance of comfort than they'll ever bring you,' said Nancy.
'I don't know how, said Peggy.
'But I do,' said Nancy. 'I was telling Isaac about you this very morning, and he made no objections, only the children.'
'I don't want to trouble him with me nor my children,' said Peggy, a little bluntly.
'Dear me! Why, look at his shop, and the orchard, and all his wife's clothes, and they say he has got a good hundred pounds beside,' said Nancy.
'All he's got he may keep, for me,' said Peggy; 'and I'll be obliged to you, Nancy, not to be saying things about me to him. I'd rather not be cheaped to him, for I wouldn't have him if he asked me.'
'That's all my thanks!' said Nancy. 'But don't trouble, Peggy; you've got never a chance. Did you hear that splash a while sine? I can make nothing of it. I've looked up and down, but there's nought to be seen.'
'Yes, I heard it plain enough,' said Peggy. 'It sounded like summat heavy falling in. I was feared it was somebody as had slipped from the bridge they've put at end of the street; it's so slippery that any one might fall that didn't mind to be careful.'
'But the water's not deep enough to drown anybody,' said Nancy, with a somewhat uneasy, questioning look.
'What, not if they fell head foremost? I should think as 'twas; I wouldn't try it,' said Peggy.
'Why—why—why, nobody'd think of slip-

ping,' said Nancy, putting down her knitting, and squeezing and stretching herself as far as she could through the casement.
'Nobody'd think of it, may be, and that's how they'd do it,' said Peggy.
'But they'd float this way if they did fall in,' said Nancy, looking hard along the course of the stream, as far as her eyes could reach.
'May be, it was one of them loose posts off Mr. Wigram's barn; the rain has slithered it along.'
'Very like—very like,' said Nancy, with some hesitation.
'There was no cry out,' added Peggy.
'To be sure not,' said Nancy, as if at rest.
'I suppose you couldn't lend me a bit of tea?' said Peggy. 'I had no chance to go to Isaac's for some, I was in such a hurry, and I haven't a morsel.'
'I'll see what I've got,' said Nancy, diving into her pocket, and bringing out her grocery, screwed up in a piece of dark blue paper, and, for further security, tied up in her red cotton pocket-handkerchief. 'Well, here's a goodish bit of sugar—and I'm not partickler about that neither—but as to tea—'
As she spoke, a small parcel dropped on the ground; she picked it up and examined it.
'Well, well! who'd have thought it?' she exclaimed. 'Here's a bit that's not mine; it's blind John's; I carried it for him while he put by his change, and we got talking, and I put it in my pocket and quite forgot it. That was what he twisted about his stick for, I'll be bound, the last time I see him. Here; it's no good to him, and you can pay him back again when you can get to shop.'
'Heh, poor John! I hope he wasn't out in the flood,' said Peggy, much concerned.
'Oh, he'll get quite safe. I was bound to come on and see after my things; and John's as safe to go as a mole under ground. Here, put out the old spud, and I'll tie the tea to the end. I doubt the poor fellow 'll come short of a cup to-night; but it can't be helped.'
'I hope that'll be the worst of it,' said Peggy, putting out the spud.
'Oh don't trouble,' cried Nancy, fixing the tea to it. 'He's got eyes all over him, and never won't come to harm. Besides, he believes that the angels watch over him. I heard him tell Isaac so this very day; I listened by the door. I like to hear him; he talks very pretty out of Bible and Testament, however he got to know 'em so well.'
'He was always a good-living man before he had the stroke that left him blind; and all he learnt is as fresh to him now as it was then. It's little besides he thinks of, you see, Nancy.'
'I suppose so. But Isaac didn't seem to consider as the angels would make much to do about him,' said Nancy.
'I'd rather take John's word for what the angels thinks right and proper than Isaac's, for I don't believe as he's got any 'quaintance with 'em like John,' said Peggy.
'Quaintance wif the angels, my wench!' exclaimed Nancy, in great surprise.
'Well, Nancy, you may hold with it or not, but I can tell you when my lodger was bad, and there was nobody came to tell him about his soul, old John came; and he sat up all night with him, and he could say chapter after chapter all off book, till I was quite struck—and then he put it all so plain to the poor man, just as if he'd been a practised preacher,—and when he prayed, it was like as if there was somebody on a throne before him. I shan't forget him one while, 'a present help,' he kept saying; and it seemed as if, for all he couldn't see us, he could see what was hid to other folks;—I believe, Nancy, he saw what was beyond the best of angels.' Peggy lowered her voice as she spoke.
'Ay, ay,—he's not like to come to harm then, is he?' said Nancy, who could not entirely reconcile herself to the splash in the water.
'No; I believe it, as firm as a rock, that I do,' said Peggy.
'Then you'll pay him back the ten,—and it's getting cold; I must light me a bit of fire,—if anything happens give me a rap on the window with your spud, Peggy.'
'I will,' said Peggy; and the two heads disappeared and the casements closed.

CIVILIZATION OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Daily News correspondent at Alexandria writes that Sir Samuel Baker has now everything in complete order for his expedition. He has collected an immense mass of merchandise for the commencement of traffic with the native tribes. He expects that all his equipments will reach Khartoum, the capital of the Sudan, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, about the end of October. Ten steamers and thirty sailing vessels were about to start on the high waters of the river, and fifty shipwrights go with them to put together a flotilla on the Albert Nyanza. The slaves he liberates have a fertile district allotted them by the Viceroy, where he will have them taught agriculture. He intends early to commence the cultivation of cotton, and the soldiers, who are taken from the Fellahien, or agricultural peasantry, when settled in their positions are to till the soil also; they are said to be good labourers. Sir Samuel seems to indulge expectations of seeing Nubia become the great cotton producing country for England, and by the improvement of the country and increase of value of agricultural labour to give the death-blow to the exportation of slaves. The Electric Telegraph already extends through the land of the Pharaohs to Khartoum.—Freeman.
Horace Greeley says that the darkest day in a man's earthly career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than in squarely earning it.