

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, November 7th, 1869.

LUKE xiv. 25-35; xv. 3-10: What is required of true disciples. Parable of the lost sheep. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 58.

Sunday, November 10th, 1869.

LUKE xv. 11-32: Parable of the Prodigal Son. Recite.—S. C., 60, 61.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXII.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Reference. Includes N-abal, O-n, T-erah, H-ushal, I-shbosheth's, N-iodemius, G-idecn, and 'NOTHING'.

From the springtime's sunshine, From its gentle showers, Springs the wealth of beauty Blessing summer hours.

And in youth's bright morning From the seeds we sow, Upas trees, or harvests, Shall the future grow.

Shall we leave it desert, Or plant only weeds? Rather fill it early With all precious seeds!

Habits pure and holy, Tempers firm and kind; So when age draws on us, Sweet fruit we shall find.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

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

- 1. Name a word used metaphorically for the edge of a sword, a door, an opinion, and an agreement.
2. Name four things metaphorical of spiritual blessings.
3. What is 'put for' swiftness, divine truth, and the resurrection?
4. What is the beauty of the church compared to?
5. What words are used metaphorically to describe the saints of God?
6. Name two things put for two different aspects of Divine truth.
7. A word used metaphorically in connection with heaven, prosperity, Babylon, pride, wicked men, and the church.
8. Name something used to express sin and contempt.
9. What is used metaphorically for fear, loss, sorrow, and destruction of the wicked?

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER IV.

Clayton Old Banks was a dingy, red-brick building, which had been raised in the troublous times of the Stuarts for the purpose of security, and although unequal to resist any warlike attack of a formidable kind, it had possessed sufficient strength and means of defence to keep out the ordinary marauding bands that infested the remote parts of the country.

Had Mr. Haffenden's plans been carried out, very little of the original structure would have remained, for he was enthusiastically fond of 'improvements,' under which term he indiscriminately classed all alterations.

If she had not been fond of visiting some distant relatives occasionally, at which times Mr. Haffenden always discovered some urgent reason for remaining at home, and if she had not been subject to fits of nervous pain which confined her to her chamber while they lasted, he would never have had any chance even of being 'nipped,' but no sooner was her back turned than he summoned mason and carpenter, and went to work with the conviction of 'now or never!'

Not long before the great flood that has been described, she had been absent, and having come home rather unexpectedly, all but caught the workmen in her own private apartments.

The following morning at breakfast she began, 'George, there is such a draught from my dressing-room window.'

'Draught, Selina; no, my dear. I don't think there can be a draught!' he replied.

'You don't think! but I know: something has been done to the window.'

'Window?' said Mr. Haffenden, with an innocent air; 'oh, yes—a trifle,—but nothing that would make a draught, love, I'm sure.'

'What have you been doing to my window?' said the lady, quietly.

'Promise not to scold, and don't find fault; it is only a trifle—and such an improvement!'

'No doubt, I won't scold. What is it?' asked the lady again.

'Well, I have often said, you know, how much better the windows would look with Gothic frames; and yours being over the porch—the most conspicuous place—I thought I would try it,' said Mr. Haffenden.

'I don't remember having heard you say so; but surely you don't mean to fresh case the windows all over the house?' said the lady.

'You haven't an idea how charming it will look,' said Mr. Haffenden. 'I have made a drawing of it; and if you would just look at it—'

'Nothing would reconcile me to draughty windows, George,' she replied.

'How vexatious! But the frame of yours is hardly finished. Just have patience till Luke has been to correct it.'

'Oh, no. I will move my things to another room. I wouldn't have that altered. Nothing will cure the draught, I am sure.'

'Then the window shall be restored, my love, if you wish it,' said Mr. Haffenden disappointed.

'By no means; it will be far less troublesome for me to change my room than for you to have the trouble of altering the window,' said the lady.

'But, my dear, I must do the windows if that remains so, or it will look like a pig with one ear.'

'Will it? Well, I think the beauty of a pig would be very little affected whether he had one ear or two, love; so I hope you won't attempt to make draughts all over this house, which is very like a pig in respect of beauty, and will never look better for any change but pulling down and building up again.'

'Ah, if you would only let me do that!' said Mr. Haffenden, his eyes sparkling at the thought.

'George! are you serious?—build a house for another man, who may reappear either in propria persona, or in the shape of an heir, and turn you out before the mortar was dry.'

'Of course—yes. I only thought how very much might be done on this site. But now, Selina, don't you think the Gothic windows would be a vast improvement—seriously?'

'Seriously, no, George. I like a decent square window that I can open wide and shut close. I dislike those ornamental things which will let you do neither.'

'It would make a striking alteration in the front of the house,' said Mr. Haffenden.

'But you see we live inside, and the alteration inside is for the worse. Why should we make ourselves uncomfortable for the sake of people on the road? Still, of course you will do as you like; only I beg you will leave me enough rooms for my use with the present windows.'

This settled it. And he knew 'of course' he could not do as he liked. And so she 'nipped' the Gothic windows.

Mrs. Haffenden had no predilection for the place at all, but she had consented to live there because she thought it presented less temptation than most houses would for her husband's favourite hobby. The floods, which generally came in the winter or spring, as the season was mild or not, were very objectionable to her, especially as in a high one (far less serious than the last) the water filled the moat and rose to the lower walls of the house, and left it damp, she believed, for the rest of the year.

But she never complained, for she well knew that every complaint would be an excuse for some change or 'improvement'; and, counting the cost with the philosophic thought 'there must be something everywhere,' she resigned herself to Clayton Old Banks.

The husband and wife were sitting in their pleasant drawing-room, which overlooked the high road to the village. Whatever difference of opinion on the one subject of 'improvements' existed between them, no couple could be more amicable in their converse, nor more closely united in true affection. They were aware of each other's weak and faulty points, and with the wisdom of charity (and there is no wisdom like that) had learned and laboured to bear with them till every ruffle in the current of domestic life had smoothed with the soft influence of the oil on its waters—that oil which was on Aaron's head, and went down to the skirts of his clothing. There may be much kindly feeling among the worldly, but there is nothing comparable with the good and joyful unity of brethren in Christ.

The bare statement of this truth would perhaps be assented to by the few who knew it experimentally, but to make it intelligible and plain to every reader the details of this actual conversation are given, in order to show how differences of taste and opinion in the most common affairs of daily life are tempered by Christian moderation and forbearance.

There were those among intimate friends that laughed at Mr. Haffenden when he was defeated in some darling scheme, and suggested that he yielded his rights unmanfully, but he never admitted more than a regret that Selina was destitute of a lively sense of the beautiful, and quite out in taste; and even this he guarded with an avowal that she was generally right in judgment, and that the useful prospered with her quite as vigorously as the ornamental would have done with him had he not been induced to restrain his inclinations. 'But I believe, Selina, if you

built a city, its public edifices would be general washhouses, bakehouses, and brewhouses,' he would add, laughing.

'And if you built one, George, it would abound, to the detriment of all the needfuls of life, in picture-galleries, exhibitions, and so on; and though people would go to look at your city, depend on it they would come and live in mine,' she would reply.

But they were not talking of building cities as they sat chatting, the lady with her work, husband with a new book on architecture, which which much delighted him, and from which he occasionally quoted to her.

'Now that would have been the wisest thing that poor Singleton could have done,' he remarked, after having read a description of raising mounds, etc.

'Where would you have had him raise them?' said she; not much interested, however, in the question.

'Where!—why on that broad flat, to be sure, my love, that makes one's eyes weary with its spiritless monotony. I wish—'

But Mrs. Haffenden anticipated him, exclaiming, 'What! the drying-ground, George? Surely you wouldn't have had the man interfere with that!'

'My love, any field would do for a drying-ground; and if that place were just a little extended—very little, Selina, and this kind of thing—you see!—and he held open the book to her—' raised in the centre.'

'Ah, very pretty!—it would look well from the kitchen windows—quite cheer cook in her work,' said Mrs. Haffenden, laughing.

'Ah, but the kitchen might be moved; in fact, I have always thought that side of the house pleasanter than this,' replied Mr. Haffenden; as a gigantic vision of 'improvement' rose before him.

'I shall look up that naughty book, George,' said his wife. 'Would you, now, like to make us turn our backs upon the whole world, and set our faces towards a dreary wilderness?'

'Do you call it dreary?' he asked.

'Do I? What do you call it? I never look out on that dismal, moorlike stretch of field after field without justifying the people who wouldn't believe the earth was round.'

'I see little to prefer on this side,' said Mr. Haffenden. 'What beauty is there in that straight road from which we raised so little, and which, but for my watch-towers—they were a success, Selina; you can't deny that!—would in no point be intercepted.'

'Oh, do not disparage the road,' said the lady. 'I love to see the good people of Clayton pass up and down, coming with their tins on soup days. And I assure you, although your favourite towers have been there so long, they never fail to look up at them as if they were novelties.'

'Ha! ha!' said Mr. Haffenden. 'Well, they do look uncommonly well from the road; poor old Singleton wouldn't know the place again.' And he rose and advanced to the window, making lively remarks on the terrace he had formed within the moat, and the ornaments on the bridge, which was, he considered a chef d'œuvre in taste.

'Isn't that blind John Netherway?' he asked. 'He is pointing out the beauties of the place, just as if he could see them, to some stranger. I wonder if he will show the towers. Look, Selina, how wonderful it is to watch the ways in which God gives help under sorest trials. Now I feel quite sure, from that old man's animation, he enjoys all around him quite as much as the man does who looks on it, and he seems very much interested. Come and look at them. Do you know that man? I never saw him before.'

'Old John has the true light shining within him,' said Mrs. Haffenden. 'I don't know the man; but I think they are coming up here, George. I darsay old John wants to exhibit the place to some traveller. 'Oh, yes; they will be on the bridge directly. He has shown the towers, and now he is pointing to the moat. And, see, how he is feeling along the bridge among your fretwork. He doesn't like it; he is shaking his head. Depend on it he is telling the stranger how much better it was in his time, and how you have spoilt it.'

'That is because he is blind, then; and there's some excuse for him; but you,' said Mr. Haffenden—and he shook his head at her. 'I will go and talk to them; he may be a judge of these things, and is evidently struck with the old place.' So saying, he went forth.

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

Rambling, a few summers ago, in the lake district of England, I came to Washdale Head, where I passed the night in the cottage of a shepherd friend. The next morning I set off to cross the mountains on my way to Buttermere. As I approached the summit of the pass, a little lamb was bleating in tones more sad than I had ever heard before. It seemed to say as plainly as in words, 'Pity me! help me! save me!' I stopped, and the lamb ran toward me. It was evident that the lamb had been forsaken by its mother, for it was a mere skeleton, and its loosely-hanging skin and sharp features betokened starvation. I could not resist its appeals, so I took it in my arms and carried it toward a sheep that was browsing not far off. But the sheep moved away, and the tiny lamb ran back to me, still imploring help. Again I took it in my arms, and carrying it toward another sheep further off, put it down where some bracken would hide it from me as I rapidly stepped back. The lamb did not go toward the retreated sheep, but remained where it had been placed, and still repeated its sad cry, 'Pity me! help me! save me!'

I took it in my arms once more, and sat down

meditating what I had better do. Should I carry it forward with me till I reached the first house, several miles distant? But might not such an act seem suspicious, if I met the owner of the flock? At any rate, I would not, I could not, leave to perish a helpless creature which had cast itself on my protection. Just then, looking listlessly down into the valley, I saw a small object at the foot of the mountain moving slowly upward. It came nearer. It was a man. Still nearer. It was my shepherd friend. I at once showed him my lamb, and intrusted it to his care.

'Poor thing,' said the shepherd; 'its mother has forsaken it; they sometimes do when pasture is scarce. It would have died in an hour or two. But I'll take it down and give it some milk, and it will soon get right.'

Then the shepherd took in his arms the little trembling lamb, which at once nestled its head in his bosom and hushed its pitiful cry. And as this great, strong, tender-hearted man stalked down the mountain side, like a giant bearing his tiny burden, I thought of the words of the prophet, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom' (Isa. xl. 11.)

The next year I was again at Washdale, and inquired of the shepherd how the lamb had fared. Said he—'It is now the fattest and the strongest of my flock.'

Thus many, even the very chief of sinners, when ready to perish have been taken into the arms of Jesus, and under his fostering care have soon become as holy and useful as any of the flock.

SQUEEZING.

The Texas Baptist is responsible for the following. We presume it is true, for the paper says so.

Not long ago a certain church passed a resolution that they would no longer bind themselves to pay their pastor a fixed amount, but would take up a collection at the end of each month and give him that, whether it be little or much, they sent a copy of the resolution to their pastor, with the following advice: 'Brother, you must squeeze, the times are hard.' In a few days the pastor went to the man who owned the house he lived in, who was a leading member of the church, and said: 'Bro. I have come to inform you that I can no longer pay any specific sum for your house, but at the end of the month I will pay you what I can; squeeze brother, these are hard times.' He passed on to the butcher, the grocer, and other places where his members were in business, buying what he needed and telling them that he would pay the bills at the end of the month, if he could, saying to each one, 'Brother, you must squeeze; these are hard times.'

HAGGAI'S SEAL.

One of the most important, although as yet disregarded discoveries made by the Palestine Exploration Party at Jerusalem, is the seal of Haggai, the son of Shebaniah, whom we take to be the prophet commissioned along with Zachariah to forward the rebuilding of the House of the Lord, upon the return of the Jews from Babylon, after the seventy years' captivity, and about the same number of years before Nehemiah moved so heartily in the completion of the restoration.

Haggai appears to have been deep in the foundation of the restoration, and to have left his Seal there. Whether dropped by accident, or left to be found, 'after many days,' by the people appointed to exercise certain authority under the seal of prophecy, certain it is that the Seal of 'Haggai, the Son of Shebaniah,' has been found. It is noticeable that the last words of Haggai, whose Seal has just now been brought to light after being buried so many centuries, are about the return to power of the man who had authority to effect the restoration of the Lord's House at Jerusalem. Haggai prophesied about the year 520 B. C., or sixteen years after the Jews had received permission, at the end of the seventy years' captivity in Babylon, to return and rebuild the temple at Jerusalem.

MUSICAL.

The proprietor of a menagerie, in England, by means of an advertisement, makes known his requirements:—'Wanted, four good bagpipe players, to make up seven, in a Band, and dress respectably in Scotch Costume. Sobriety indispensable. Salary, 30s. per week. Address, &c.' 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, gives expression to the height of a Highlander's happiness—twenty-four bagpipe players together in a small room, all playing at the same time different tunes!

A really curious piece of musical patchwork will be the Grand Requiem now being written at the proposal of Verdi by no less than thirteen composers, as a monument to the memory of Rossini. The performance of this work is not to take more than one hour and a half, thus allowing about seven minutes to each composer. No restriction of key or time is laid on any one of them beyond the obligation of beginning and ending in the initial key. The following are the names of the contributors to this strange work, which was expected to be terminated on the 15th of September: Bazzala, Bazzini, Pedrotti, Cagnoni, Ricci, Nini, Boucheron, Cocca, Gaspari, Platañcia, Petrella, Mabolini, and Verdi.