

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 24th, 1867.

Acts xvii. 14-26: Paul tossed with a tempest. Esther vii. 1-10: Esther accuses Haman. Haman hanged.

Revel. Luke ii. 27-32.

Sunday, December 1st, 1867.

Acts xxvii. 27-44: Paul Shipwrecked. Esther viii. 1-9: The Jews rejoice.

Ring the bell softly.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to linger where sunbeams must fade, Where, on all-beauty death's fingers are laid: Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet, Weary with parting and never to meet, Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore— Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin, Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in; Joyous as birds when the morning is bright, When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light!

Wear y with sowing and never to reap, Weary with labor and welcoming sleep— Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore. Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longin' to meet One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street; Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest; Free from earth's trials, and taking a sweet rest. Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss— One less to cherish, and one less to kiss; One more departed to Heaven's bright shore. Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

What became of him.

'Charlie, come in, I want you,' said a sweet womanly voice to a little boy who was playing marbles on the sidewalk in front of a nice brick house. Now, Charlie was very busy, and in the midst of a delightful game. He was as happy as could be. To quit his play then was like quitting the table when half through dinner. Would he obey? We looked with interest to see what he would do. What would you have done?

Charlie replied, 'Yes, mother,' and picking up his marbles, started off with a smiling face and a bounding step up the side-yard, and in at the end door of the house. A fine boy that, I thought, as I looked after him. I wonder who he is? What a beautiful thing it must be to have a little boy or girl that will mind at once, and with a happy, loving heart! I wondered what would become of that boy, and wished to see more of him and learn his history.

I used to walk past that house every week, and always thought of that blue-eyed, light-haired boy. The thought of him made me happy. I see a great many naughty children. Once I spent two or three days in trying to find a naughty boy who ran away from his home and overwhelmed his parents with grief; and when I found him, some one had stolen his coat and hat and bundle and all the money he had. Once I chased after a truant boy and girl for several hours, and at last, late at night, found them in the woods, wet through with rain and chilled through with cold, and frightened almost to death. They had disobeyed their mother, and gone to play instead of going to school, and both of them were sick for several weeks in consequence of their folly and exposure. A boy that minds—he is a jewel.

I had been in business a year or two, and in that time had had several boys; but it was next to impossible to find one that would mind. At last I was quite out of patience, and determined that I would have no one who could not bring the best recommendation, and stand the closest test. Several applied for the place, but no one suited us. At last came a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired youth of twelve years, with a bright, honest face. There was something engaging in his aspect. Had I seen him before? What is your name?

'Charley Warren, sir. I live in Frankfort street. My father is a carpenter, but is lame now and cannot work, and I have got mother's consent to go into a store, if I can find a place.'

It was the very Charley whom I had seen playing at marbles. I remembered the circumstance, and knew that he would mind. I did not need a recommendation for him, but gave him the place, and twice as much pay as I had proposed to give.

Charley came to work on Monday morning. It seemed hard for him, that first week of work, but he behaved like a man. The boys in the next store came in and made his acquaintance. One morning I overheard two of them trying to persuade Charley to go off with them down on the wharves in the afternoon, and see a boat-race that was to come off. 'No,' said Charley; 'mother told me to mind my business, and I am paid for staying here, and I don't think it is right to go off without my employer's knowing it.'

That was a brave word, and I thought more of Charley than ever. That was ten years ago. He has been with me ever since, and

proved to be the best clerk I ever had. Yesterday we put up a new sign, and on it, in large gilt letters, was Charley's full name. The store is his own. He is now a prosperous, promising young man, and if he lives will be a rich, honored man. And all this because one bright morning he minded his mother when she called him. From such little things do great results come. Always mind, and it will be always well with you.

HELGOLAND.

Mr. Spurgeon, in the October number of the Sword and Trowel, has given a very racy sketch of his late visit to this diminutive part of the British Empire, from which we extract a few items for the information and amusement of our young readers:

Her Majesty's smallest foreign possession is the island of Heligoland. This little jewel in the British crown sparkles in a setting of liquid emerald, at the foot of Denmark, out in the North Sea, between the mouths of the two great German rivers, the Elbe and the Weser. Three or four hours' steam from Cuxhaven, or eight from Hamburg, brought us off this remarkable triangular rock, and twelve Hamburg shillings, value one shilling English, given to one of the sturdy boatmen, secured each of us a landing on the shingly beach which forms the lower part of the island. What a landing for a poor lumping invalid longing for quiet, and come to sea to find it! All the visitors and half the population stood staring upon the new comers with all their eyes, and some of them with quizzing glasses in addition. Between two lines of more than ordinarily curious and inquisitive observers, all new arrivals had to run the gauntlet, the whole of the two clouds of witnesses gazing as intently as if they had never seen one of Adam's race in all their lives before. Well-bred ladies and gentlemen, no doubt, these staring humanities esteemed themselves to be, but another opinion found a supporter in one of the victims, who growled inwardly at the whole mob, and would have growled more savagely if he had not remembered that this is after the manner of all sea-side societies, whether German or English; the sea-side being the licensed arena for the display of the natural boorishness of those phlegmatic superlatives whose gentility lies in their apparel, and not in their nature. The humble cottager, whose unaffected modesty would shrink from staring into a stranger's face, is a far truer lady than the girl with a tress of somebody else's hair at the back of her head, whose forward manners betray the absence of genuine good breeding. The world's politeness is at its best a dancing-master's posture, but when its citizens follow their natural modes and manners, it is a barbarous world, or little better. Jesus of Nazareth is the teacher of the true gentle life, and those who know him and receive his meek and quiet spirit are, without learning rules of etiquette, from mere force of nature, the true gentlemen; but with all their Lord Chesterfields and dancing academics, and calisthenics, many of the fashionable classes remain essentially and in their inmost souls vulgar, and low, and brutish. Something after this sort our thoughts foamed and raged within us as we paraded ourselves before the crowds—hundreds of miles away from the place, we think our grumblings were very nearly correct, and therefore set them down in print.

Happily we are out of the thick of the crowd, but where are we going? It is ascertained in a minute or two that all the hotels are full; our friend and counsellor Mr. Oncken is equally well informed that lodgings are few and far between. He is off to the top of the rock to the upper town, while our friend Mr. Passmore is scouring the lower regions, and we too lame and ill for locomotion, sit down with our best earthly companion upon a bench, thinking of the traveller at Gibeah, of whom it is written, "And when he went in, he sat him down in a street of the city; for there was no man that took him into his house to lodging." The boys of Heligoland ought to remember us if we visit the island fifty years hence, for they gathered around us, and for half an hour or more interested and amused themselves with minute observations upon the two unfortunates who had not where to lay their heads. Their interest in us, however, was eminently practical; they were evidently most willing to give us all the help they could, with a view to the shillings which might be forthcoming, addressing us alternately in German, in Frisian, and in something intended to be English, expressing most unmistakable desires to carry our luggage off to the utmost verge of their green hill, if we would but tell them in which direction to move. At last a good clear voice with the accent of the sea, delighted us with the enquiry, "Do you want lodgings?" "Yes, Mr. Bluejacket, that is the one desire of our hearts; let us see what your accommodation is like." Glad enough we were when the said lodgings were found to be clean as a new pin, and so situated that if we had been allowed the choice of every place in the island, we could not have bettered ourselves. Blessings on those bare-legged urchins and their never-ceasing tongues; they had no doubt spread the information of our desolate position, and brought tidings to the good man of the house that wayfarers were abiding in the street. Down in the lower town close to the sea, with our windows looking upon the wide ocean, we took up our abode for the next week with the most kind, attentive, clean, and good-tempered people that it was ever our lot to see. Our little trivial discomfort on this occasion was a gentle reminder to our hearts that there is always some good thing, provided for us if we will but wait and watch; God will not leave us out in the cold; he will be better

to us than our fears, and after brief intervals of trial we shall sing of goodness and mercy.

We get up early on the island, Germans generally do; and out here in mid ocean, except under certain circumstances, the air is so delicious that it wakes you up and keeps you awake. Then when breakfast is over, or if you like before, the boats are ready to take you over to Sandy Island, where everybody goes to bathe. The long sandy islet about half a mile off, which the natives call the Düne, is the faithful satellite of Heligoland, and helps to fill the pockets of the islanders. The boats carry from twenty to thirty passengers each, and with oars or sails, and sometimes with both, the bather skims over a sea which for clearness must surely be unrivalled, since in fine weather stones and sea plants, and zoophytes, may be clearly seen upon the ocean's bottom far below. Never was there such a sand to bathe upon, or a bath so pellucid; never more obliging servants to minister to your comfort, while using those neat little bathing machines. If you did not get your breakfast before your plunge, Sandy has one habitation which is a restaurant, and in the company of scores of sea nymphs, fresh from the brine, you may feast upon the fat of the land.

Returning to the mother island, we will give the reader in a few words an idea of it. Imagine a sandbank lying under a red cliff, said sandbank covered with houses, almost every one of which is either a shop, an inn, or a lodging-house; fore-named houses arranged in two or three streets, the chief of which are paved with wooden planks—this is the Unterland, the lower town. Here is the Regent Street of the island, and here also is the Grand Parade in front of the sea, but upon the same scale as St. Paul's Cathedral carved out of a cherry stone; and lastly, here also is the Conversations-haus, with its balls and concerts, and worse; so that though lower geographically, the Unterland is by no means the inferior part of the island. Walk on the planks in the evening, and see if our lower town cannot show as much foppery and frivolity as any place of its size. Observe the dresses such as Chinese and Japanese artists depict upon rice paper with glowing colours, and note especially the heads of the ladies, some of them growing out behind like double potatoes, and others piled aloft with heaps of hay or horse-hair, till they become like pyramids! Now, who shall dare to insinuate that our little town on the lowland cannot be as insanely fashionable as Brighton itself?

Heligoland proper may be described as a precipice-plateau, containing a small cluster of houses, a lighthouse, various pole-nets, springes, and other contrivances for catching woodcocks in their migratory flights, and a few miniature potato and corn fields. The extent of this plateau is not quite equal to that of Hyde Park. Of course, the inhabitants have no need of railways or stage coaches, when ten minutes' walk takes them from one end of the land to the other; indeed, there are no beasts of burden, no roads, and nothing upon wheels except, perhaps, a barrow or two. There is a legend that the governor keeps a cow, or did keep one, but we were never fortunate enough to see so much as a horn of the animal: as an Irishman would say, all the cows we saw were sheep, which are tethered each one to its owner's scanty plot, and milked three times a day; although sheep's milk is but poor stuff, it is doubtless far better than none. Potatoes are the staple production of the rural part of our island, and exceedingly good they are, though seldom larger than a pigeon's egg, so small indeed that we should never cook them at all. A German friend told us that he wondered at the English eating such large, coarse potatoes, and that in his country they gave the large potatoes to the pigs; but upon watching the turning up of several hills of potatoes on the island, we thought the pig must receive but a very small share of the produce, for we did not see so much as one root which could by exaggeration have been accused of being large.

The narrow alleys which form the streets of the upper town might be pleasant, if it were not that on either side the filthy drainage flows along, reeking with abominable odours, exposing its foulness both to eye and nose. O men of Heligoland, have ye any noses? Are ye afraid that the air will be too fresh and pure for fallen humanity? Set up a Sanitary Board, and knock it down again if it does not drain your houses within a month.

The school-house is the largest structure in the place, and reflects a credit upon the public spirit of the island. We inspected the school vicariously through a lady friend well versed in scholastic matters, speaking German to boot, and upon her report we award the schools most honourable mention.

The church externally looks as though it required some one to take pity upon it; it stands much in need of a frequent replenishment of the box for repairs, which is placed at the gate, with a reminder that the spire points to heaven; and that it would be well to keep in order the house where men meet to worship God. Inside it is quaint enough, the gallery front being enriched with paintings by Van Daub, or some other rustic notability. The font, like nearly all ancient specimens, is large enough for immersion; the ancient candlesticks upon the altar are the gift of Gustavus Vasa; the seats are adorned upon their backs with the names of the owners of the pew behind, painted in all the colours of the rainbow; from the ceiling hangs a ship with three masts, in full sail, a votive offering from a grateful mariner; and, as for the pulpit, it is right glorious to behold; so huge is the screen in which it is set, and so elaborate is the whole concern, that the minister looks like a fly in amber, or a miniature portrait in oil, set in a frame of mahogany, six feet deep all round. We suppose the natives go to church in winter, but we can bear person-

al witness that they do not overcrowd the edifice in summer; there was enough to form a quorum, truly, and the minister was not quite reduced to Sydney Smith's small assembly, which he addressed as "Dearly beloved Roger;" but the worshippers were few and far between. It was sadly odd to see the young men when they entered, put their hats over their noses and stare about to see who was there; all the while we suppose, professing to be seeking a blessing in silent prayer. Query: Is not that putting the hat over the eyes one of the present ensigns of hypocrisy which genuine believers should utterly renounce? "Ma, why does Mr. Black always smell his hat when he comes into church?" was the very natural question of a youngster not yet trained in the fashions of Phariseism. Where there is least of the kernel there is usually most of the shell.

Lutheran worship is plain and unpretentious, and would have reminded us of the conforming Puritans, if the specimen before us had not been rather too grotesque.

We wished heartily that Martin Luther could have risen from the dead, and come into that church, he would not have heard the priest read half his sermon before he would have shouted to him to come down, and then the burly old reformer might have repeated his memorable protest upon the article of justification.

Diminishing the thought of the spiritual barrenness of the land with a fervent prayer for reformation, and the hope that our friend Mr. Oncken may be able to send an evangelist there for a season, we are reminded by our churchgoing of the abundant fish which enrich the surrounding sea—lovers of fish will find a perfect paradise in Heligoland.

Before we take our leave, we must row round the red island, to note its giant caves, its huge rifts, its enormous detached rocks, its many-coloured bands, and its pure sea waves. Echo answers to our joyous shouts. Let us sing a hymn, and what can be more appropriate than "Rock of Ages, cleft for me?" How sweetly blended voices sound upon the water! even the oar-plash is in tune, and all around and above are in unison with the praises of the Son of God.

Grand old rock, farewell! The beams which flash from thy towering lighthouse have saved many a good ship, while thy sunken rocks have sent many a shipwrecked mariner to his watery grave. Evil and good blend in thee as in us all. May the good become supreme. Sentinel of the Elbe, stand fast for ever. Peace be to thy sons and daughters, and grace from the God of peace. God send thee his best blessing, the gospel of his Son, and his Holy Spirit to give power thereto.

Hitting the nail.

Harriet Beecher Stowe narrates the following incident in a late visit to Florida.

Our hostess was one of those odd, shrewd, original old negro women, who have the very "raven down of darkness" about them with something of the air of sybilline wisdom. She was in the next room making her biscuits, while Miss Richards, conversing with us, made some incidental expression of opinion respecting denominations, when the remark was let fall that "the Baptists think almost too much of going down into the water." Quick as thought our eye appeared on the door-sill.

"No, I'll tell you what, it ain't goin' into de water dey thinks of, it's jes the followin' of de blessed Lord Jesus—goin' down into de water wid him, dat's what dey's arter."

We all laughed at her prompt discrimination and agreed that she hit the nail upon the head.

Death to the good man is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into a flower?

Professing to be a christian does not create the obligation to be one.

Scientific, &c.

WATERPROOF BOOTS.—A correspondent writes that six years' experience has convinced him that a coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles water-proof, and also cause them to last three times as long as ordinary ones.—Northweal, Freeport, Ill.

ACID STAIN.—These may generally be known by reddening black, brown, and violet dyes, and all blue colours except Prussian blue and indigo. Yellow colours are generally rendered paler, except the colour of annatto, which becomes orange. These stains are neutralized by alkalis. A spot, for instance, on a woollen coat, from strong vinegar or sulphuric acid may be entirely removed by applying a solution of saleratus. Apply it cautiously until the acid is exactly neutralized, which may be known by the restoration of colour; and then sponge off the salt thus made by means of a sponge. Ammonia is better for delicate fabrics. Sweet stains are chiefly occasioned by a little muriate of soda and acetic acid, which produce nearly the same effects as acids generally, and are to be removed in the same way, operating cautiously.—Greenwich Telegraph.

Pure paraffine is a good preservative for the polished surface of iron and steel. The paraffine should be warmed, rubbed on, and then wiped off with a woollen rag. It will not change the colour, whether bright or blue, and will protect the surface better than any varnish.