

Months' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, October 31st, 1869.

LUKE xiv. 1-24; Our Lord dines with a chief Pharisee on the Sabbath, and other incidents. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 56, 57.

Sunday, November 7th, 1869.

LUKE xiv. 25-35; xv. 1-10; What is required of true disciples. Parable of the lost sheep. Recite.—S. C., 58.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter L.

- 1. LEAVES Used of prosperity, Psa. i. 3; eternal life, Rev. xxii. 2; morality, Is. lxiv. 6; timidity, Lev. xxvi. 30. 2. LILY. Used of Christ, Cant. ii. 1; of believers, Hos. v. 14. LAMB. Used of Christ, John i. 29; of believers, Is. xl. 11. 3. LION. Used for Christ, Rev. v. 5; for believers, Prov. xxviii. 1; for Satan, 1 Peter v. 8; for wicked men, 2 Tim. iv. 17; Ezek. xxii. 25. 4. LEAVEN. Used of sin, Matt. xvi. 6, 1 Cor. v. 6, 7; of grace, Matt. xiii. 33. 5. LIGHT. Of God's Word, Psa. cxix. 105; of happiness, Is. lviii. 8; of a good king, 2 Sam. xxi. 17; of believers, Eph. v. 8; of Jesus Christ, John viii. 12; of God, 1 John i. 5. 6. LEPROUSY. Like sin: (1) defiling, Lev. xiii. 44, 45; (2) spreading, Lev. xiii. 22, 1 Cor. v. 6; (3) separating Num. v. 2, Rev. xxi. 27; (4) sometimes incurable, 2 Kings v. 7, with Jer. xiii. 23. 7. LAMB. Used for Christ, Rev. v. 6; and in the book of Revelation, Antichrist, Rev. xiii. 11. 8. LEANNESS. Put for temporal calamity, Is. x. 10; for spiritual weakness, Is. xxiv. 16, Psa. cvi. 15.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXII.

Who cruel words to exile stranger said? The daughter of what priest did Joseph wed? What patriarch saw his son before him die? Who went among his monarch's foes to spy? Whose head by murderers was to David brought? Who, of the "new faith" was by Jesus taught? Who at his labour heard an angel call? Telling the work that to his hand should fall?

By these initials let us find What falleth to the lot, Of those who waste their days away, And love to labour not.

ABOUT LENDING A HALF-DOLLAR.

When Charles Gleason was about ten years old, a bright half-dollar was given him by his grandfather, to buy anything he pleased for a New Year's present. The boy's mother that morning taught him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he repay him again." The words were running in the boy's mind, on his way to the store to purchase a toy which he had seen in the window of the shop on the previous day. Just before Charlie reached the store, he met a poor woman, who had sometimes done washing for his mother, and she seemed to be in great distress. "What is the matter, Hannah?" said this kind-hearted child. "O master Charlie, I've got to be turned into the street this cold morning; and my little Bill so sick, too!" "Turned into the street—you and Bill—what for?" "Because I can't raise my weekly rent, I've just been to see my landlord, and he says it's three days overdue, and he'll not wait another day. There go the men to put my bed and stove, and a few other things, on the sidewalk. Oh! what shall I do?" "How much is your rent, Hannah?" asked the boy, with a choking voice. "It's half a dollar," said the woman. "It will kill Bill to put him out in this cold—and sure I will die with him!" "No, you won't! No, you shant!" said the tender-hearted child; and feeling in his pocket brought forth his treasured half-dollar, and placed it quickly in her hands. Seeing she hesitated to keep it, notwithstanding her great need, Charlie told her it was all his own, to spend as he pleased, and that he would rather give it to her than to have the nicest toy in the store. Then walking away swiftly from the shop windows, which were all full of tempting New Year's presents, he went bravely home to his mother, sure of her approbation. The first person he met was his grandfather. He had observed Charlie go down the street, and waited for his return, that he might see what he had bought. So his first salutation was: "Well, child, what have you done with your money?" Now Charlie's grandfather was not a religious man; and the boy knew, that though he sometimes gave his money to his relations, he seldom or never bestowed it upon the poor, so he rather disliked to tell him what he had done with his money; but while he hesitated, the verse which he had that morning learned came into his mind

and helped him to answer. Looking pleasantly into his grandfather's face, he said— "I've lent it, sir?" "Lent your half-dollar, foolish boy? You'll never get it again, I know!" "Oh yes, I shall, grandpa, for I've got a promise to pay." "You mean a note, I suppose; but it isn't worth a cent." "Oh yes, grandpa, it is perfectly good. I'm sure about it, for it's in the Bible." "You mean you have put it there for safe-keeping, eh? Let me see it." Charlie brought the book and showed him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." "So you gave your money to some poor scamp? Well, you'll never see it again, Who has got it, pray?" "I gave it to Hannah Green, sir," and Charlie told him the sad story. "Oh fudge!" said his grandfather; "you can't pay poor folks' rent. It's all nonsense. And now you've lost your New Year's present—or will, if I don't make it up to you. Here," he added, as he threw him another half-dollar, "seeing your money is gone where you will never see it again, I must give you some more, I suppose." "Oh, thank you!" said Charlie, heartily. "I knew the Lord would pay me again, but I didn't expect to get it so quick." "That boy's too much for me," said the old gentleman as he walked quickly away.

BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER III.

"And were you a sufferer?" asked the stranger, in a tone of sympathy. "Let it pass," said Mrs. Crisp, "I have told you what all the world knows; there's no need for more. I had a great regard for him and his poor wife. They were kind to me; and whatever harm he may have done me, I can say, with blind John, the good he taught me was better worth. My boy went to sea, before the mast, because I couldn't educate him, and that I felt a cruel trial; but I believe that that has its good end, which I am yet to see." "I wonder such injuries did not make you turn away with distrust from all he had taught you," said the stranger. "Sir, he taught the truth, and God enabled me to receive it, and he could do nothing to alter that. Besides, I tell you I always pitied him, for I was sure his misery must have been great." "Immeasurable!" said the stranger, with a sigh. "There they go, the carrier's cart," said Miss Dodd, who had been watching at the window for Mrs. Jenkins's return during this conversation. "Then John will be here in no time, and we shall know about his pay," said Mrs. Crisp. "Now, sir, if you want to go to Clayton Old Banks, you can't do better than follow the carrier's cart, for he always goes up to Mr. Haffenden's." "Thank you," said the stranger, with some hesitation; "but I should like to see this John the blind man." Mrs. Crisp wished he would go, and she assured him there was nothing to see in old John; but the stranger kept his seat till Netherway made his appearance. "Now, John, I'm sure it's all right by your face," said Mrs. Crisp, when he entered the room. "Why you never thought it would be wrong?" said John, with a happy smile. "I couldn't tell, you know," said Mrs. Crisp; "but I hoped the best, and knew you would be helped." "So I was," said John, with animation. "That's good; and how much will they allow you?" "How much? Nought!" said John. "What! And are you to go to the house?" asked Mrs. Crisp, much surprised. "Yes, but why not? It's the Lord's will, or they couldn't send me, you see," said John. "And did they question you?" said Mrs. Crisp, in a tone of disappointment. "Yes; the gentleman asked me many questions, and I told him the truth; and he asked me how I was to live on two shillings a week and a loaf if I kept out of the house, and I told him I was sure my Father would provide for me; and he seemed surprised, and said, 'Your father? Who is he?' So then I made a reverence, and I said, 'Blessed be His name, the same as provides for you, sir.' And with that they talked summat of my being half-witted (I heard if I couldn't see); and then they said I wasn't fit to be left, and must go to the house." "And what did you say, John?" asked Mrs. Crisp, sorrowfully. "I said, 'The will of my God be done.' He will be with poor John in the poor-house if he sends me there." "You are right, quite right," said Mrs. Crisp, turning to the stranger with a pleasant smile. "Oh yes, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' That's his way of caring for us." "Never." We do things by nows and thens, by times, for why? Being the creatures of a day, we deal w' time, and chop it up into parcels to suit us; but the Almighty is the Maker of time, the Eternal One, and he, when he speaks, says 'Ever, never, ever, never!' 'I will save thee with an everlasting salvation. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" "You quoted that wrong," John, said the stranger. "It is, 'Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end.'"

It is the forty-fifth of Isaiah, the seventeenth verse. "I don't mind the chapter and verse well," said John, turning his ear towards the stranger, as his manner was. "Them I can't always carry, but the words I can. I thought it was put somewhere, 'I will save thee with an everlasting salvation!' And he seemed to retire within himself, as if searching his memory for an argument of proof. "You are thinking of, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.' That is in—'I know, I know; it is Jeremiah, thirty-one and three,' cried the blind man, hastily. "Can I ever forget it? But I never mixed nothing with that. Drawn by love, everlasting love, to love him." "We love Him because he first loved us," said the stranger. "No other reason. I know it, I know it," said John.

"Love divine all love excelling." I dare say you know that hymn," said the stranger, and this:—

"Ye servants of the living God, Let praise your hearts employ; And as you tread salvation's road, Lift up the voice of joy."

"Yes, yes," said John, who, however, had not listened with the same devout expression of face to the hymns as he had to the Scripture. While the stranger went on repeating the following verses, he listened, indeed, but with a sort of uneasy wondering look, and almost before the stranger had ceased, he said, in a half whisper, to Mrs. Crisp, "Who is it?" "A stranger gentleman, John, who is on a visit to this place," said Mrs. Crisp, who had begun to feel a great interest in her guest. "That was poor master's favourite hymn. I've heard him singing it up and down stairs in early morning, scores of time," said John. "What then, you haven't forgotten him?" said the stranger. "Forget him! they may say what they like, and they did abuse him at the Board. They said whatever had belonged to him or had to do w' him was ruined,—and his last good deed for Clayton was to leave a pauper on hand, but I didn't mind,—I knowed in my heart he would have died sooner than brought the disgrace on the gospel that has come through his misfortunes!" "You call them misfortunes," said the stranger, kindly. "Yes, and very bad ones they was," said John.

"For others,—for you, now." "For me? What had he got to do with my trouble?" said John. "Could he help the waf' tumbling down no more than he could help the bank breaking, and the other man as had his money running away,—and plenty o' things as all was blamed to him; oh, that last morning! I shan't forget it,—his was the last face I ever looked upon!"

Mrs. Crisp had never heard John say so much before, she had always found him reserved on the subject. His long illness at the time had prevented his being questioned then, and since then he had maintained a profound silence on the subject.

"My poor fellow—he has never forgotten you," said the stranger, "and it will be balm to his heart to hear of the kindness with which some have dealt with him."

"Where is he?" said John, straightening his back, "do you know where he is?—I wouldn't stay for the house if I know'd where to find him,—but, poor critter I be!" he exclaimed, suddenly relaxing into a stooping posture, "what should I want to lay a burden upon him for! I can do no good for nobody now,—no, no, John—bide you w' the Master as wants no service but what he knows you can give. He has taken your eyes, and knows your hands are helpless,—never mind, he has left you a heart to love him,—and that's his service."

"Sweet is the work, my God, my king, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing!" said the stranger.

Again John listened, and said, after a moment's pause,— "Master's older a deal than I am, and that's a young man's voice, but it's the very note of master's, and went through me quite curious, the first word I heard."

The stranger smiled and said, "At evening time it shall be light!" "It is master! it can't help but be master!" said John, starting up and advancing.

The stranger rose to meet him, and taking his hand said, "Do you remember the little boy you placed in the chaise by his mother's side?" For a moment John stood motionless; then wringing the hand he held, he exclaimed, in a low voice, "Little William; is it little William?"—passing his other hand lightly over the head and face and shoulders of the stranger, as if to measure and bring to his mind's view his features and figure.

"Yes," said the stranger, smiling, "I am little William; and you shan't go into the House, John, and we will do all we can to clear my father's name and blame, and the religion which through his name has been dishonoured, and his evening shall be light!" "It is needless to say that great surprise followed this avowal. The stranger—or William Singleton, as we may now call him—gave Mrs. Crisp the pleasant assurance that all demands would be met, and the losses sustained by the good people of Clayton would be made good. "Yours, my kind friend, the first!" he added cordially pressing her hand. "I cannot tell you how it is, just now, but so it is, that my father is in a position to face all that he flew from, and will be here to do it shortly. I came before him to ascertain his true debts and

arrange for him, for he is no more a man of business than he ever was. And now," turning to Mrs. Crisp, "about your son, whose education was blighted,—you said he went to sea before the mast?"

"He could not stand the severity of the service, and went into a merchant's vessel afterwards," said Mrs. Crisp.

"How long since you heard from him?" enquired William Singleton.

Mrs. Crisp's voice trembled a little as she answered,— "I'm sorry to say, so long, that if I had't strong faith in Him whose I trust he is, I should be lost in anxiety and doubt."

"You do well to trust; he is safe and well; I know him,—and saw him not long since,—he sailed with me; there is a letter—he will not be long after it!" and he drew a letter from his pocket having uttered the above sentences slowly and at intervals, to prepare her for it.

But poor Mrs. Crisp was overwhelmed with delight and the sudden deliverance from the uncertainty she had so long suffered on account of her only child; indeed, there seemed to be too much happiness all at once. The honour that had been tarnished to be restored in all its brightness; many that were now pining in poverty to be delivered from it; and her own dear son on the eve of gladdening her heart with his presence! She could not read the letter for tears which the sunniest smiles could not dry up.

Miss Dodd had been a mute spectator of the whole, but a deeply interested one, and felt as if she was going to be personally benefited by all the good things in prospect.— "And so I am, you know," she whispered to Mrs. Crisp, while John was talking to his young master, "for when one member rejoices, all the members rejoice with it."

"Good for the present," said young Singleton; "John will lead me towards the Old Banks; I have much to do with Haffenden, and if he will have me, I shall stay with him till to-morrow, when, God willing, I will come again before I leave the place."

"Becky, Becky, come here quick,—quick! who is that strange man walking with old John?" said Mrs. Jenkins, looking over her blind.

"Whoever is it?" said Becky, "they came out of Mrs. Crisp's door; I seen 'em; he's never a gentleman, is he?"

"Gentleman, dressed like that!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Please, mum," said Becky, "gentlemen does wear very horny clothes now a days,—you can't hardly tell 'em from working people; but here's Miss Dodd just coming from Mrs. Crisp's, she'll tell us all about him."

Scientific.

SWIMMERS' CRAMP.—The Lancet contains some very reasonable observations on this subject. It does not accept the usual explanation that cramp is simply a seizure of the leg to be contracted by thrusting the leg forcibly outward. The human body is specifically lighter than water, and so much lighter than sea-water that no effort is required to preserve it from sinking in that fluid. A swimmer seized with leg-cramp would instinctively throw his head as far back as it would go, conscious that he might remain afloat in this position without the need of moving a muscle. The unfortunate swimmer who drowns under these circumstances always goes down suddenly and without a struggle. This signifies that the body suddenly becomes heavier than water. It can only do that by losing the air which is contained within the cavity of the chest, and the probability seems to be that the cramp muscles, by which the expansion of the lungs is prevented, or their air forced out. Death would then occur as it often takes place in tetanus. Could we but ascertain the exact circumstances, it is conceivable that some measures might be devised by which their occurrence could be prevented. It must be remembered that swimming implies a very much more violent muscular exercise than is apt to appear. It seems probable—though it is by no means certain—that the muscles of respiration, which are powerfully employed in swimming, may occasionally be seized with cramp as a result of unusual exertion, with the effect we have described of causing compression of the chest. If such be the case it is tolerably certain that regular and graduated gymnastic exercise would be the surest safeguard against an affection of muscles arising from their being suddenly called upon to perform unusual exertion of severe character.

CABINET ORGANS.—The export business of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company is growing to be of considerable importance, their well-known organs having the highest reputation in Europe as well as in America. In their packing rooms, the other day, were instruments for Japan and China, as well as a large shipment (ordered by cable) for England, where the demand is rapidly increasing. These are all sent in answer to orders—no instruments being consigned by them. This Company received orders for more than two hundred organs last week. Attempts have been made to imitate the Mason & Hamlin organs in England and Canada, but thus far without success. In the United States the patents controlled by this Company prevent imitation.

TO MAKE CLOTHES WASH WELL.—Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water; put the clothes in while hot, and leave them till cold; in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself. Nothing can be cheaper and more quickly done.

The softest bed is the bed best shaken, and the resting place for many of us is at the top of a hill.