

## Months' Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, November 28th, 1869.

LUKE xvi. 14-31: The Pharisees reproved. Parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Recite.—Scripture Catechism, 62, 63.

Sunday, December 5th, 1869.

LUKE xvii. 1-19: Jesus teaches forbearance, faith, humility. Ten Lepers are cleansed.

### ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

Commencing with the letter N.

1. NIGHT: put for death, in John ix. 4; for time of ignorance, in Rom. xiii. 12; and for affliction, in Is. xxi. 12.
2. NET: describes the church of Christ, in Matt. xiii. 47; designs of mischief, in Ps. ix. 15; purposes of Providence, in Job xix. 6, Lam. i. 13; and the pride of human skill, in Habak. i. 15, 16.
3. NOON: Amos viii. 9.
4. NEST: Habak. ii. 9.
5. NAIL: Is. xxii. 23.
6. NECK: used in connection with hard labour, in Neh. iii. 5; with obstinacy of purpose, in Neh. ix. 29; with captivity, in Deut. xxviii. 48; with deliverance, in Jer. xxx. 8.
7. NURSE: used of Christian kings, in Is. xlix. 23; and of Christian ministers, in 1 Thess. ii. 7.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXIV.

1. In what valley did Melchizedek meet Abraham after the defeat of the five kings?
2. Name a celebrated mountain in Ephraim opposite to Mount Gerizim.
3. Name the place near which Samson was born, and where he was buried.
4. Into what district of Assyria did Tiglath-Pileser carry the people of Danasus captive?
5. Near which mountain did Barak assemble his army when he defeated Sisera?
6. What valley, in which the Israelites practised gross idolatry, was the boundary between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin?
7. Near what village did Jesus meet two of his disciples conversing about him after his resurrection?
8. At what place did Samson slay a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass?
9. To what country did Solomon and Hiram send ships to trade for gold and other things for the temple?
10. To what town in Syria was king Zedekiah brought a prisoner to Nebuchadnezzar, and his eyes put out, as foretold by Ezekiel?
11. Where did Elieha smite with blindness the soldiers of the kings of Syria who were sent to take him?

The initials of all these places give a text, which the young should heed without delay.

### BLIND JOHN NETHERWAY.

CHAPTER VI.

William Singleton had made more than one visit to his first friend, good Mrs. Crisp, before he found her rejoicing over her long lost son, who came back to her in the fulness of love and prosperity, so that it required her calm even spirit to bear the sudden influx of happiness. She had found it easier to weep as though she wept not, than she now found it to rejoice as though she rejoiced not; but there is a wondrous power in divine affections to regulate and keep in order all earthly ones, and this is one way in which it is shown that "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow therewith." Sanctified affections and sanctified joys are sources of solid and unmitigated good; they are roses without thorns; the honey of the bee without its sting. So Mrs. Crisp would have told you, as she sat serenely smiling on the dear face so graciously restored to her, listening to a story fraught with the deepest interest to her, while the knitting pins she was professedly using, often lay idle on her knee.

There was another listener, good little Miss Dodd; she did not allow her work to linger, nor did she raise her eyes to the speaker, but her ears were as wide open as Becky's could have been—and that is saying enough.

Mr. and Mrs. Haffenden would not allow William to leave them until his business was finished; they protested "the Old Clayton Banks" was the right and proper place for him to abide in.

The papers, which had been enclosed in a horn box, had been duly found where Netherway indicated. He was sure, as he sounded the stones, that one covered a vacancy; he had felt it, and knew by the moulding of the mortar around it, it was the one he sought; it was taken out, and dry and unharmed behind it lay the horn case.

The joy William Singleton experienced at the discovery was somewhat damped by the miscellaneous contents of the box. There seemed to be every thing but what he wanted—receipts and entries of debts there were, but mingled with these there were estimates of the cost of road bridges to avert the consequences of the floods, of subjects for the great prayer-meeting, and various other memoranda which seemed to have been scrambled together by the poor man

in the bewilderment of his mind without reference to their value or importance.

While deeply engaged in looking through them, and trying to turn them to account, Mr. Haffenden and young Singleton were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Haffenden.

"Selina! very good. You are an excellent hand at this; come and help. She can untwist a tangle in the dark, which this seems to be," he said to Singleton.

"With pleasure," she replied; "but, George, there is a young man—a gentleman, by his voice—who wants you. I heard him in the hall. Wood says his name is Parker. Will you see him?"

"Parker, Parker?" said Mr. Haffenden. "I don't know the name; but just come and try this enigma, and I will go and see him," and he left the room.

"This seems to me the most important document we have yet found," said William, handing a paper; "but my father's occasional use of short-hand makes it all most puzzling."

Mrs. Haffenden scrutinized the paper for some time, and said, "It is either that your father owes the party 3000*l.*, or that the party owes it to him; but which, I really cannot make out."

"It will be important to settle that question, and also who the party is; for who can read that signature?"

Mrs. Haffenden smiled, and again looked at the writing. "Is that—what is it? a T, an F, or a P?" she asked, pointing to the first letter of the name.

"F, I should say. The name Thomas is plain, and you may see the difference between the T there and this. Oh it is F I think."

"But granting that—these hieroglyphics that come after," she said; "and they were both leaning over the puzzling paper when Mr. Haffenden returned."

"Selina, my dear, you won't object to my asking this young man to luncheon? In fact, I have asked him, for I knew you wouldn't. He is a most deserving, excellent young man, and very gifted. His company is quite a treat. The luncheon is ready, and he has had a long walk, poor fellow, and looks very thin, and cold, and hungry."

"Is he poor and thin? then he shan't wait," said Mrs. Haffenden; "but we will put down what we have done. I think that is q, not g."

"But g makes some hope of sense," said William. "I can make q come to nothing."

"Never mind now. What you will come to is the thing, and that I beg may be luncheon," said Mr. Haffenden.

The guest newly arrived, whose business Mr. Haffenden, for private reasons, had not mentioned, greatly prepossessed both Mrs. Haffenden and William with his appearance. He was tall and slight, even to being, as Mr. Haffenden had said, very thin, with a somewhat melancholy, but most intelligent countenance. His manners were reserved, from character, it was evident; but he was very accessible to kindness, and Mrs. Haffenden's unobtrusive politeness and friendly freedom soon made him quite at his ease. She had lost an only son in decline, and always looked with tenderness on any young person who wore the appearance of delicacy. She watched the occasional brightness of his eye, and the carmine flush on his cheek, and his stoop when forgetting the restraints of company. She noticed that his clothing was not adapted for winter; and though the unusually mild season made that less important at present, there would be a bleak spring to encounter, and she wondered if he had any warm over-coat. She addressed him and spoke of him several times as Mr. Parker, Mr. Haffenden having forgotten to introduce him, in his hurry to treat him to a hot luncheon.

"Parker, Parker! My love, Wood made a mistake. He is deaf, and never gets a thing right. This is Mr. Walter Farquhar, a gentleman lately arrived in out part of the world," said Mr. Haffenden.

Mrs. Haffenden looked at William Singleton, and said, "That is the name, depend on it. I was right about the q."

It is unpleasant to be canvassed in company in any way. Mrs. Haffenden felt this, and immediately explained, "We have been trying to make out some very queer writing this morning. Mr. Farquhar, and we met with a name in it which was worthy of the sphinx; but I now believe it is your name."

"Yes, I think so, too," said William Singleton. "You are a stranger in this place?" asked Mrs. Haffenden.

"Yes, and shall soon leave it unless I get more encouragement," he replied.

"Ah," said Mr. Haffenden, shaking his head, "there is no scope for talent here. People are dead to taste, dead to beauty, isn't it so, Selina?" and he turned, with a half-reproachful smile, to his wife.

"In what way, my dear?" she inquired innocently.

"In every way. The church must crumble down for want of restoration; the houses are mere brick boxes; and, look where you will, there is nothing but bareness."

"Oh, my dear, you forget our watch-tower and Gothic window, and all your alterations. I'm sure you have been very spirited in your example; it's not your fault if it isn't followed," said Mrs. Haffenden.

"I question if this air would long agree with my sister's health," said Mr. Farquhar; "she is not strong. When I have finished the work I have in hand I think of going south, since Mr. Haffenden has changed his intentions with respect to—"

"Oh, don't tell, don't tell! I beseech you, don't tell!" exclaimed Mr. Haffenden, laughing. "No matter, my dear, I repented, and won't embark in it; not but what—however, never mind, I believe you are right."

Mrs. Haffenden saw the whole immediately, and smiled, but, turning to the young architect, said, "Where are you staying now, Mr. Farquhar?"

"At Orme," he replied.

"On the hill?" she asked.

"No," he replied; "the hill is better air, better altogether, but too expensive. Our lodging is in the valley."

"And she is delicate! The very worst place for her," said Mrs. Haffenden. "How long do you propose staying there?"

"For two months, at least," replied Mr. Farquhar.

As the walk to Orme was a long one, Mrs. Haffenden proposed, the day being fine, that they should take a drive in that direction. "You will then be able to see the country," she said, turning to William, "and Mr. Farquhar will save a little time, which is valuable."

Mr. Haffenden, delighted that she took so kindly to an architect, and happy in her charity, instantly rang for preparations to be made; and, taking the young man out to look at his piece of battlement wall, which he had raised to hide the knife-house, etc., and which he thought of advising William Singleton; if he took the premises off his hands, to carry further indefinitely, left his wife and her companion to make sure of their discovery, while the horses were getting out.

It was a pleasant drive to Orme. When they reached a turn in the high-road, Walter begged to be allowed to walk. He had no distance to go, would so much prefer it, and made several objections to being taken to his door. But he had no top-coat. Mrs. Haffenden thought that having been shut up in a close carriage, he would feel the wind, which was beginning to come down keenly from the hill. Besides, she had another reason; so she was positive, and he was obliged to give way. It was at a poor house they stopped. The narrow street would not allow the carriage to turn, so Walter assured her.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Haffenden, "it can go on, drive into that square beyond, and come round again for us. I daresay you will give us house-room, meantime. I wish to have the pleasure of calling on your sister."

Walter looked a little perplexed for a moment, but with an ingenuous air said, "My sister is not prepared for visitors."

"A lady is always prepared, my friend," said Mrs. Haffenden, laying her hand on his arm, "and I am sure your sister is a lady."

"I'm sure you are one," thought Walter, as he got out of the carriage, and stood to assist her to alight.

"May I come in?" said Mr. Haffenden, "and you can show me those plans, can't you?" Walter smiled assent, and he got out. "We can't leave you alone, can we?" he said, looking at William Singleton. Walter saw his way now; he invited him in, saying, "I should not have brought you here, but as you come you are welcome. I thank God we have nothing to be ashamed of but poverty."

On entering a very small room they found a young lady, the counterpart of Walter, drawing at a table which nearly filled the apartment.

"Dora, I have brought more visitors than the house will hold," said Walter, "but—"

"But it wasn't his fault, Miss Farquhar," said Mrs. Haffenden; "the truth is, I came to see whether he had brought you into a proper lodging. I had some friends staying here once, but I soon made them leave and come up to us instead."

Dora was rather staggered at the first entry of the guests, but quickly felt that she was in a congenial element, and made no apology for the very poor appearance the room presented, nor for her works of various kinds which were scattered around.

"What a sweet design—a sweet design—only that fleur-de-lis don't you think?" said Mr. Haffenden, standing before the drawing Miss Farquhar had just left, with his arms crossed behind him, and his hat, which he found no room to deposit, in his hand.

"Yes, Dora does all my architectural drawing for me," said Walter, with a look of pride; and he immediately took from the wall against which it leaned, a portfolio full of plans executed with much grace and beauty.

While they were descending on these, Mrs. Haffenden and Dora were sitting on the dingy, hard little sofa that, with the table and two or three chairs, made up the furniture, and William Singleton stood contemplating them. Mrs. Haffenden soon discovered that she and her brother were orphans, and that various trials had reduced them to severe straits; that Walter was trying to support her and himself by his calling of architect; but that he had as yet spent more than he had gained, and they were neither of them strong; and, in fact, she had but one bright feature in her story—they believed in God through Christ, and trusted in him and did not fear the future though human hope had become very dim. But this one bright feature! how bright it must have been to make their path light enough to walk in.

"I was sure it was so—I felt confident that your brother was a Christian man. I had an intuitive feeling of union with him," said Mrs. Haffenden. "How sweet it is to find the members of the true church scattered here and there; but there is the carriage; now I will tell you what you must do—I came on purpose—pack up and go back with me—this damp air is poison to you! I served my friends who came to this place just in the same way. I am sure you have quite enough pictures for the present."

"Oh—go!" said Walter, look affectionately at her.

"And leave you?" she answered, reproachfully. "We have only each other," she added to Mrs. Haffenden.

"Then—how would it be—eh? what do you say, my love—if Mr. Farquhar came too? He'd be as near to his work as he is now; and he could have every convenience for study, and writing, and so on; nobody should interrupt you!" he said, earnestly, to Walter.

"Don't be deceived, Mr. Farquhar, you'd have no peace of your life," said Mrs. Haffenden, laughing; "he would be at your elbow morning, noon, and night. I warn you of that; if you choose to come, let it be with your eyes open!"

Another-half hour, and Miss Farquhar, with her scanty wardrobe quickly packed (and Walter's too), her brother and the precious portfolio, and all needful apparatus, were stowed in the carriage.

"Oh, we can make room always for good things, like the little boys at tea drinkings," said Mr. Haffenden, squeezing in; "but shan't we crush these?" and he laid his hand on two great rolls of plans.

So it was settled that William Singleton, being the strongest of the party, should turn out on the box; and not very long after the cook at Clayton Old Banks, was astonished by finding a double addition to dinner, and Peggy Diggs was sent for to help—Mrs. Haffenden's servants being old and always considering any variation from routine work a legitimate reason for extra assistance, and she being always well pleased with an opportunity of employing Peggy.

So Peggy couldn't go to see Isaac, to Nancy's disappointment; but in the evening, as Isaac was putting away his various goods, and hanging up his scales, and sweeping his counter, he heard the tat-tat-tat of John Netherway's stick against the wall till it stopped at the shop-door.

"Eh John, man! what brings you at this time o' night?" he exclaimed as the blind man came into the shop, stick first, and seated himself under the candles.

"I wanted a bit o' talk wi' you, Master Medley," said John, "and you know dark hour and light is the same to me!"

"To be sure—to be sure!" said Isaac, "an' I'm glad to see you. I've never set eyes on you since your good luck fell to you."

"Haven't got any 'quittance wi' such a thing as good luck, master," said John, "my favours comes from another way, it is what God sends, not what comes by chance."

"Oh yes, very true; but it's a way of speaking of what comes unexpected; we mean the same you see," said Isaac; "but is it true, John, what folks say, as you're to be made a gentleman?"

"He, he, he!" laughed John, "a pretty cut I should make for a gentleman. Why I should be a curiosity sure enough, No; but I'm so full of joy I can't but tell of it," said the old man. "I'll begin—not wi' the best. I'm goin' to the 'Sylum—master's goin' to put me there."

"What the Blind 'Sylum?" said Isaac.

"The same—you see I don't like to be idle, an' I'm goin' to be learnt basket-making. I got a pretty idea of that kind of a thing, an' that'll be a comfort to me, to use my fingers while I'm minding the words o' the blessed Book. But best of all, my dear master is a comin', and will have no more scandals put upon him. Oh my dear master!"

"Well, you always stuck by him when everybody a'most abused him; I will say that for you, John, an' now you've got your reward, though it's been a long time coming."

"Isaac, I had my reward all the time I spoke up for him, I had it here," he said, striking his breast. "To forsake him would a' been forsakin' my mercies; the great Master would have frowned on poor John, if I had been so base-hearted, and what could I a' done then?"

"You got a funny way o' talking," said Isaac, looking at him. "Did you hear as the rich widder had gone off wi' the baker?"

"I'm sorry for the baker," said John.

"I've thought summat o' your words, John," said Isaac, "I'm thinking on Peggy Diggs, for I shall look out for a good woman and not mind the money."

"Good!" said John, "then a blessing will come on it."

### SCIENTIFIC.

**ECONOMICAL USE OF NUTMEGS.**—If a person begins to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout, whereas the same nutmeg grated from the other end would show solid and solid to the last. The reason is that the centre of the nutmeg consists of a number of fibres attached to the stalk and free at the other end; if, then, these are detached from the stalk they drop out; but if the grating commences at the other end they will adhere to the last, and be pulverised with the rest of the fruit.

**A NEW-ORLEANS** gentleman recently successfully, transmitted messages over wire the distance of six hundred feet by sound, without the aid of electricity. This promises a new era in telegraphy.

A discovery has been made in the process of bread-making which entirely does away with the "millor," and saves about twenty per cent which is lost in the grinding process.

Butter and cheese are almost indispensable articles of food. Properly used, they are nutritious and healthy; but an inordinate use of either causes indigestion and dyspepsia. "Parsons' Purgative Pills," judiciously used, will remove both of these troubles.

Have you ague in the face; and is it badly swollen? Have you severe pain in the chest, back, or side? Have you cramps or pains in the stomach or bowels? Have you bilious colic or severe griping pains? If so, use "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."