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## family Reading.

A Winter Song.

Oh, Summer has the roses And the laughing light south wind, And the merry meadows lined With dewy, dancing posies; But Winter has the sprites And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendor Of the corn-fields wide and deep, Where scarlet poppies sleep And wary shadows wander; But Winter fields are rare With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Snmmer has the wild bees, And the ringing singing note In the robin's tuneful throat, And the leaf-talk in the trees; But Winter has the chime Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the luster Of the sunbeams warm and bright, And rains that fall at night Where reeds and lilies cluster: But deep in Winter's snow The fires of Christmas glow. -Susan Hartley, in the Christmas St

## Select Serial.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ONLY WAT INTO " HOME, SWEET HOME."

That week was a very long and sorrowful one to Treffy and to Christie. The old man seldom spoke, except to murmur the sad words of the hymn, or to say to Christie in a despairing voice : It's all up with me, Christie boy; no

The barrel-organ was quite neglected by Treffy. Christie took it out in the daytime, but at night it stood against the wall untouched. Treffy could not bear to hear it now. Christie had begun to turn it one evening, but the first tune it played was 'Home, Sweet Home,' and Treffy had said bitterly-

Don't play that, Christie, boy; there's no 'Home, Sweet Home,' for me; I shall never have a home again. never again.

So Treffy had nothing to comfort Even his old organ seemed to have taken part against him; even his dear old organ, which he had loved so much, had helped to make him more

The doctor had looked into the attic again according to his promise, but he said there was nothing to be done for Treffy, it was only a question of time, no medicine could save his life.

It was a very terrible thing for old Treffy thus to be slipping away, each day the chain of his life becoming looser and looser, and he drawing nearer each day to-he knew not what.

Treffy and Christie were counting anxiously the days to Sunday, when they would hear about the second verse of the hymn. Perhaps after all there might be some hope, some way into the bright city, some entrance into longer, but to say at once, 'Saviour, I I've done some such bad things, Chris-'Home, Sweet Home,' through which come to Thee.' He begged them to go tie. I never knew it till this last week,

And at last Sunday came. It was a and stormy, and the little congregation in the mission-room was smaller than usual. But there was an earnest purpose in the faces of many who came, and the clergyman, as he looked round at the little company when he gave out his text, felt that many of them had not come from mere curiosity, but from an honest desire to hear the Word of God. And he lifted up his heart in very earnest prayer, that to many in that room the Word which he was about to speak might be a lasting bless-

The mission-room was very still when the minister gave out his text. Little Christie's eyes were fixed intently on him, and he listened eagerly for every word.

The text was this : 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

The clergyman first reminded them of his last Sunday's sermon, of the bright golden city where they all "There is a city bright, Closed are its gates to sin.

And then he asked very gently and tenderly, 'Is there any one in this room who has come here to-night longing to know of some way in which he a sinner, can enter this city? Is there face as he passed out of the room Amen.'

' Ay,' said little Christie under his breath; 'There's me.'

'I will try by God's help, to show you the way,' said the clergyman You and I have sinned. One sin is enough to shut us out of heaven, but we have sinned not only once, but hundreds of thousands of times; our souls are covered with sin-stains. But there is one thing, and only one, by which the soul can be made white and clear and pure. My text tells us what it is - 'The blood of Jesus Christ.'

Then the clergyman went on to explain how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash out sin. He spoke of the death of Jesus on Calvary, of the fountain He opened there for sin and for uncleanness. He explained to them that Jesus was God's Son, and that therefore His blood which He shed on the cross is of infinite value. He told them that, since that day on Calvary, thousands had come to the fountain, and each one had come out of it whiter than snow, every spot of sin gone.

The clergyman told them, that when these washed ones reached the gates of pearl, they were thrown wide open to them, for there was no sin-mark on their souls, and they were free from sin. And then he looked very earnestly indeed, and leaning forward he pleaded with his little congregation to come to the blood that they might be washed and cleansed. He begged them to use the second verse of the hymn, and to say from the bottom of their

Saviour, I come to Thee, Oh Lamb of God, I pray, Cleanse me and save me, Wash all my sins away."

'There is one little word in my text,' said the minister, which is a great comfort to me, I mean the word all All sin. That takes in every bad word, every bad thought, every bad action. That takes in the blackest blot, the darkest stain, the deepest spot. All sin, each sin, every sin. No sin too bad for the blood to reach, no sin too great for the blood to cover, And now, said the minister, every soul in this room is either saved or un saved, either washed or not washed

Let me ask you, my dear friends a very solemn question: Is the sin o the blood on your soul? One or the other must be there. Which is it?

The clergyman paused a moment when he had asked this question, and the room was so still that a falling pin might have been heard. There were deep searchings of heart in that little company. And Christie was saying deep down in his heart:

Cleanse me and save me. Cleanse me and save me, Wash all my sins away,"

The minister finished his sermon by entreating them all that they might come to the fountain. Oh, bow earnestly he pleaded with them to delay no down, feeling that Jesus was standing close beside them. 'That is coming to wet, rainy night, the wind was high Jesus,' the minister said. He told them to tell Jesus all, to ask him to cover it all with His blood, so that that very night they may lie down to sleep whiter than snow.

'Will you do this?' asked the clergy-

man, anxiously; 'Will you?' And little Christie said in his heart, ' Yes, that I will.'

As the congregation left, the clergyman stood at the door, and gave a friendly word to each one as they passed by. He looked very tired and anxious after his sermon. It had been preached with much prayer and with much feeling, and he was longing, oh, so earnestly, to know that it had been

There were some amongst the little congregation who passed by him with me, just now, Master Treffy.' serious, thoughtful faces, and as each one went by he breathed an earnest prayer that the seed in that soul might | the boy knelt down, and, with a strong spring up and bring forth fruit. But realization of the Lord's near present there were others again who had al- little Christie prayed: ready begun to talk to their neighbors 'O Lord Jesus, we come to The

blessed to one soul.

young ministers heart with serrow. said you wouldn't send us away, and our faith is apt to grow weak also.

which made the clergyman call him back and speak to him. He had noticed the boy's attention during his sermon, and he longed to hear whether he had understood what he had heard. 'My boy,' said the minister kindly, laying his hand on Christie's shoulder, can you tell me what my text was to-

Christie repeated it very correctly, and the clergyman seemed pleased. He asked Christie several more ques. who was longing to know how he cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' might go to 'Home, sweet Home.' The clergyman promised to come and see him, and wrote down the name of the court and the number of the house in his little brown pocket book. And before Christie went home the clergyman knelt down with him in the empty mission-room, and prayed that that very

Christie walked away very thoughtfully, but still very gladly, for he had good news for old Treffy to-night. He quickened his steps as he drew near the court, and he ran up the stairs to the attic, eager to tell all to the poor old

'Oh, Master Treffy!' said Christie 'I've had such a time! It was beautiful, Master Treffy, and the clergyman's been talking to me, and he's coming to see you; he's coming here,' said Christie triumphantly.

But Treffy was longing for better

What about ' Home, sweet Home,' Christie?' he asked.

id Christie. 'You and me can't get in with our sins, but 'The blood of esus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth u from all sin. That's in the Bible Master Treffy, and it was the clergy-

Tell me all about it, Christie,' Treffy said, in a tremulous voice.

'There's nothing but the blood of esus can wash away the sin, Master Treffy,' said Christie, 'and you and me have just got to go to Him and ask Him and He'll do it for us to-night; the clergyman said so. I've learnt another verse of the hymn, Master Treffy, said Christie, kneeling down beside him and repeating it reverently:

Saviour, I come to Thee, Oh Lamb of God, I pray, Cleanse me and save me. Wash all my sins away."

Treffy repeated the words after him a trembling voice. 'I wish He'd wash me Christie, boy.

'So he will, Master Trefly,' said Christie; he never sends anybody away. ' Ay but I'm an old man, Christie, and I've been a sinner all my life, and even old Treffy's sin-stained soul might home, and in their own rooms to kneel but I know it now. It's not likely

> 'Oh! but He will,' said Christie, eagerly; that's just what the clergyman said; there's a word in the text for you, Master Treffy: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' All sin, all sin, Master

Treffy; won't that do?' 'All sin,' murmured old Treffy. 'all sin! yes, Christie, I think that will do?" There was a pause after this. Christie sat still, looking into the fire. Then he said suddenly:

' Master Treffy, let's go right away now and ask him? " Ask who?" said old Treffy, "The

clergyman? . No, said Christie, the Lord Jesus He's in the room-the minister said he was. Let's ask Him to wash you and

'Ay!' said old Treffy, 'let's as Him, Christie.' So the old man and

longed to be. He reminded them of the and who seemed to have forgotten all me and Master Treffy; we've got lots they had heard. And these filled the of sins to be washed, but the minister of making enemies.

· Is the seed lost, dear Lord?' he said, the text says all sin. We think it faithlessly. For he was very tired and means us, Lord Jesus, me and Master weary; and when the body is weak, Treffy. Please wash us white; we want to go to ' Home, sweet home; But there was something in Caristie's please wash us in the blood to-night.

Then old Treffy took up the words, and in a trembling voice added:

'Amea, Lord; wash us both, me and Christie, wash us white. Please do.

And then they got up from their knees, and Christie said :

We may go to bed now, Master Treffy, for I'm sure He's done it for

Thus the man at the gate had received both the trembling old man and the tions about the sermon, and then he little child, and as they had entered in encouraged the boy to talk to him. they had heard a gracious Voice deep Christie told him of old Treffy, who down in their hearts, saying to each of had only another month to live, and them again and again, 'Be of good

## Hetty's New Year's Gift.

In a forlorn little hut, standing alone near by the shore of the great grey sea, a child bent over the sick-bed of her mother, one bitter winter's day She had no cloak; but she had w ed a night the dear Lord would wash Chris- handkerchief about her head, and her about it. hand she held a large osier baske " She was speaking in a voice v hich

she tried hard to make cheerful.

' Never mind, mother,' she was saying. 'You shan't be cold much longer. It has stopped snowing at last; and now I can go down to the beach and gather some driftwood. That'll soon make these green boughs burn, and you'll have a grand fire for New Year's Eve. When you get warm, you won't ache so; and you can show me how to make a pudding for to-morrow. There's a little meal and some molasses still left; and you'll see we'll have a nice New Year's yet! Kiss me good-bye now, for a little while !'

The poor woman tried to smile; and 'There is a way, Master Treffy,' Hetty hurried off through the snow to the shore. It was hard work; for the bitter wind blew the salt, icy spray into her face, and pierced through her thin little girl adds, fat? Very well. And elothing; but the thought of a warm the boy who is studying physiology addfire for her mother gave her courage, and she ran briskly about, picking up you all know that bones support the the bits of wood that lay drifted here and there along the beach.

suddenly she spied, lying at the foot of a great snow-covered rock, what seemed to be a large bottle or flask closely corked and sealed.

some vessel, thought Hetty. I wonder what is in it? Something good for mother's rheumatism, I hops. I'll take it home, any how, and see.'

So she set it up straight in her basket; sat down a minute to blow her half-frozen hands; then filling up every vacant place with sticks, she trudged off homeward to build her fire, and examine her flask.

'I shall have to break its neck, mother; I never can open it. But I'll be careful not to spill what is in it'. she said; and struck the long glass neck a smart blow with the poker.

ever, that would spill; nothing, indeed are fastened by one end to its upper but a roll of paper, soiled and wet. part, near the shoulder, and by the He'll ever wash my sins; they'er ever This Hetty unrolled, thickness after other end below the elbow. The mus. day.' thickness; when at length to her utter cles contract, which, as your Latin reamazement, there lay before her five which she managed to spell out thus,

It seems a sin to let this go to the bottom, when it may be a God send to some poor body. Whoever finds this flask, please give its contents to the one that needs it most; and may God have ing shorter, the muscles must become mercy on the soul of a poor fellow who

Oh, the dear Lord be praised cried poor Hetty, springing to her mother's bed-side. 'Oh, mother, wasn't God good to put it into that poor drown ing man's heart to think of the poor in his last hour? It has come straight to the ones who need it the most. Who could be poorer than we? But now mother, now, you can take time really to get well. Didn't I tell you we should have a Happy New Year after

or later, to react on those who habitully practice them, for they p ore than any other faculty the knack One Day at a Time.

One day late in-Autumn, I said to myself: 'Oh, the long winter that it coming, with its dark and stormy days How shall I ever get through it!

Then I said again, or something said to me: 'But it will only come one day at a time!' How different how much better, that made it seem. And so, I thought, it is with days of sorrow and doubt, and perplexity and pain. They come one at a time, And then there is always the hope-it may be better to-morrow.

One day at a time God gives us, with new strength for each, if we will seel for it. He is merciful, even in life's winter time.

## Changing a Face. - An Open Letter.

A few days ago, my dear Ki ty. saw a little girl making a new face for herself, although she did not know what she was doing. Indeed, I often see boys and girls tracing upon themselves lines, that after a time, become as distinct, though not colored, as the tattoomarkings of the South Sea Islanders. In fact, you were the little girl who was changing her face; and I thought that I would write you "an open letter"

You have heard the saying that ' Beauty is only skin deep ;" and there is another that may be new to you, that · God makes our faces, but we make our mouths.' Now, like most proverbe these are truths, but they are not complete truths. But I think I can show you how in great measure we do make our own mouths and our own faces.

You know very well that a blacksmith's arm is not only strong, but large because hard work has developed its muscles. And it is a general truth that all muscles increase by exercise But you do not see how a blacksmith's arm illustrates anything in a little girl's

What does our skin, so soft and smooth in childhood, and often so harsh and wrinkled in old age, cover? You say, flesh? Yes. And some other nerves and tendons ! True. And then human structure-are the frame-just as the beams and timbers of a wooden Her basket was nearly filled, when house, or of a ship, are its frame. But what is tlesh? Is it merely so much softer fabric thrown over and fastened to the bones in a thick sheet, like the soft seat on the hard frame of your par-· It must have drifted ashore from | lor sofa? Not at all. The flesh separated into several hundred divisions, or little bundles, called muscles.

Muscles and flesh are different names for the same thing, just as the bricks and the wall of a house, or the stones and the pavement of a street, are the same. Only the muscles, unlike the bricks and stones, are all changeable a to size within certain limits; for each muscle is attached to the bone beneath it by the tough, inelastic tendon. Now you know the bones can neither bend nor change their length. But how, for example, does your hand reach your mouth when you eat? Because your It seemed to contain nothing, how- arm is jointed, and some large muscles minds you, means 'draw together,' and ten dollar bills, and a scrap of writing. thus grow shorter, and by means of the elbow-joint the lower part of the arm (for the bone cannot shorten) is carried round and toward the shoulder or the face, as the case may be. But, becomthicker, just as, when a stretched piece is about to go to the bottom himself. of India-rubber contracts, you see it grow thicker and stouter as it grows shorter. By putting your hand upon it, you can feel the muscle of your as interested, inquiring and converted, arm swell as it does its work. But till they all were gathered in. you already know that continuous and forcible exercise causes the armthat is, its muscles-to grow much more marked and bulky. Let us stop a moment to see exactly what muscle means. Your Latin dictionary will tell you, if you don't already know that mus means mouse, and musculus a little mouse. The old anatomists who began to pry into Nature's secrets were impressed with the mouse-like outline of these tissues when contracted So all our flesh is muscle, and it is Chinese moralist, 'even to read this these little mice running under the skin | story?

that are the tell-tales of what is going on or has been done.

Now your dear, soft face has its many muscles, too, much finer and more delicate than those of the body, by the exercise of which you express the emotions you feel. It would take too long to explain how or why certain of them respond to and illustrate certain feelings, and for the present you must accept it as a fact. Now, the secret of our first proverb lies in the further fact that around the mouth is one of the few muscles in the body that is not attached to bone. It is a muscular ring, to which other muscles are fastened, and moves in whatever direction it may be influenced, retaining the set and fashion into which it may be drawn. And as the bony parts of the face, the nose, the forehead, the cheek-bones, the jaws, the whole fixed contour, are what we have inherited, we can not of ourselves make much alteration in them. S, also, we inherit our mouth; but this, as well as a part of the surface of the countenance, we can, and often do, materially alter; and it is to these alterations,-this making of faces,that we all, old and young, should give

I will not tire you, my darling, by going into those details which belong to a study that is beyond your years, but I want you to remember that those who are peevish and knit their eyebrows and wrinkle their foreheads-cloud their brow, it is called-do so only by the operation of little muscles, that work more easily and grow a very little every time they are so employed. There is a set of snarling muscles that draw up the corners of the mouth and expose the canine teeth, which, in the savage flesh-eaters of the forest and jungle, are coarse and strong, and always at work, and which, I am sorry to say, are sometimes too well marked in boys and meh. There is a little, but mischievous muscle, called superbus (which does not mean "superb," but "proud"), that, with a human helper, draws down upon and pouts out the proud and sullen lower lip. But, regardless of names, what want you to particularly bear in mind s, that as every expression the featur can assume becomes easier the offer it is repeated, so the little mice ru away with beauty and goodness of face when these expressions are unkind; and in like manner, they are fairy messengers, bringing pleasant gifts for both present and future use, when the face becomes the mask of a good and willing

Your affectionate UNCLE ALFRED. -From the Christmas St. Nicholas.

Teaching with Faith.

The following suggestive story is told of a teacher whose private diary was found after her death, and with it the first revelation of her secret as a marvellous successful teacher after a long period of apparent failure. The following successful entries were found

· Am distressed at the lack of conversion in my class. Will pray more.' (Some time after.) 'Have prayed, but no results. Will pray for my scholars separately, by name, every

(Again.) 'Still no conversions in my class. Will agonize in prayer.

(Later still.) 'See but little token of salvation among my girls. I begin to suspect the reason. I will, from this hour, not only remember them each by name daily. I will not only agonize in prayer. I will expect a blessing?

Almost immediately, the whole tone of the diary changed. It was no longer the record of one going forth wee bearing precious seed, but of a glad harvester bringing her sheaves with her. One and another were reported

CHINESE PARENTAL VENERATION, -There was once a man named Han-When he was a boy, he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to eat him with a bamboo rod. One da ne cried after the beating, and his nother was greatly surprised, and said. I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?' 'Oh, mother,' he replied, 'you used to hurt me when you flogged me; but now I weep beme.' 'It makes one weep,' says the