

Family Reading.

A Winter Song.

Oh, Summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dew, dancing posies;

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ONLY WAY INTO "HOME, SWEET HOME."

That week was a very long and sorrowful one to Treffy and to Christie.

The barrel-organ was quite neglected by Treffy. Christie took it out in the daytime, but at night it stood against the wall untouched.

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 "Home, Sweet Home," through which even old Treffy's sin-stained soul might pass.

And at last Sunday came. It was a wet, rainy night, the wind was high and stormy, and the little congregation in the mission-room was smaller than usual.

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.

"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 such an one here?'"

"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.

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.

"Saviour, I come to Thee,
Oh Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleansed me and save me,
Cleansed 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 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 unsaved, either washed or not washed."

"Let me ask you, my dear friends, a very solemn question: Is the sin or 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:

"Cleansed me and save me,
Cleansed 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, how earnestly he pleaded with them to delay no longer, but to say at once, 'Saviour, I come to Thee.' He begged them to go home, and in their own rooms to kneel down, feeling that Jesus was standing close beside them. 'That is coming to 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.

young ministers heart with sorrow. 'Is the seed lost, dear Lord?' he said, faithfully. For he was very tired and weary; and when the body is weak, our faith is apt to grow weak also.

But there was something in Christie's face as he passed out of the room 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-night?" Christie repeated it very correctly, and the clergyman seemed pleased. He asked Christie several more questions about the sermon, and then he encouraged the boy to talk to him.

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 man.

"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.

"What about 'Home, sweet Home,' Christie?" he asked. "There is a way, Master Treffy," said Christie. "You and me can't get in with our sins, but 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' That's in the Bible, Master Treffy, and it was the clergyman's text."

"Tell me all about it, Christie," Treffy said, in a tremulous voice. "There's nothing but the blood of Jesus 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,
Cleansed me and save me,
Cleansed me and save me,
Wash all my sins away."
Treffy repeated the words after him in a trembling voice. "I wish He'd wash me, Christie, boy," he said.

"So he will, Master Treffy," said Christie; he never sends anybody away. "Ay, but I'm an old man, Christie, and I've done a sinner all my life, and I've done some such bad things, Christie. I never knew it till this last week, but I know it now. It's not likely He'll ever wash my sins; they're ever such big ones, Christie."

said you wouldn't send us away, and the text says all sin. We think it means us, Lord Jesus, me and Master Treffy. Please wash us white; we want to go to 'Home, sweet home; please wash us in the blood to-night. Amen."

Then old Treffy took up the words, and in a trembling voice added: "Amen, Lord; wash us both, me and Christie, wash us white. Please do, Amen."

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 us."

Thus the man at the gate had received both the trembling old man and the little child, and as they had entered in they had heard a gracious Voice deep down in their hearts, saying to each of them again and again, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.'

Her basket was nearly filled, when 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.

"It must have drifted ashore from some vessel," thought Hetty. "I wonder what is in it? Something good for mother's rheumatism, I hope. 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.

It seemed to contain nothing, however, that would spill; nothing, indeed but a roll of paper, soiled and wet. This Hetty unrolled, thickness after thickness; when at length to her utter amazement, there lay before her five ten dollar bills, and a scrap of writing, which she managed to spell out thus:

One Day at a Time.

One day late in Autumn, I said to myself: 'Oh, the long winter that is 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 seek for it. He is merciful, even in life's winter time.

Changing a Face.—An Open Letter. A few days ago, my dear Kitty, I 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 tattoo-markings of the South Sea Islanders.

You know very well that a blacksmith's arm is not very 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 face?

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 little girl adds, fat? Very well. And the boy who is studying physiology adds, nerves and tendons! True. And then you all know that bones support the human structure—the frame—just as the beams and timbers of a wooden house, or of a ship, are its frame. But what is flesh? 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 parlor sofa? Not at all. The flesh is 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 as 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 arm is jointed, and some large muscles are fastened by one end to its upper part, near the shoulder, and by the other end below the elbow. The muscles contract, which, as your Latin reminds you, means 'draw together,' and 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, becoming shorter, the muscles must become thicker, just as, when a stretched piece 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 arm swell as it does its work. But you already know that continuous and forcible exercise causes the arm—that 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 and so call them little mice-muscles. So all our flesh is muscle, and it is these little mice running under the skin

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. So, 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 heed.

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 men.

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 puts out the proud and sullen lower lip. But, regardless of names, what I want you to particularly bear in mind is, that as every expression the features can assume becomes easier the oftener it is repeated, so the little mice run 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 heart.

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 in the diary:

"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 day." (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 weeping bearing precious seed, but of a glad harvester bringing her sheaves with her. "One and another were reported as interested, inquiring and converted, till they all were gathered in."

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