## Samily Reading.

The Sparrow.

I'm only a little sparrow, A bird of low degree; My life is of little value, Yet there's One who cares for me.

I have no barn, nor storehouse I neither sow nor reap; God gives me a sparrow's portion. But never a seed to keep.

I know there are many sparrows-All over the world we are found-But our Heavenly Father knoweth When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten; Though weak, we are never afraid; For we know there is One who keepeth The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest, I light on many a spray; I have no chart nor compass, Yet I never lose my way.

And I fo'd my wings at twilight, Wherever I happen to be, For the Father is always watching, 'And no harm can come to me.

#### Boys at Play.

They built a fort upon the shore, With merry heedless din, They never spied the evening tide Was rolling, rolling in.

They made it firm and fast without, They made it firm within, But evermore along the shore The tide was rolling in.

Without a fear they slept that night, But when they went next day, They found no sign, no stone, no line-The fort was washed away.

Tis ever so, my little men: you'll find it, one and all,

That forts, not only those of sand, are very apt to fall.

But if they fall, why, let them fall; away with doubt and dread. And build again with might and main better fort instead.

### Child Faith

By Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock, The herd-boy knelt beside his flock, And softly told, with pious air, His A BC, as evening prayer.

Unseen, the pastor lingered near; "My child, what means the sound

Where'er the hills and village blend, "The sound of prayer and praise ascend."

"Must I not in the worship share," "And raise to heaven my evening

" My child, a prayer that ne'er can be, You have but said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray, But all I know to God I say; I tell the letters on my knees, And He'll make words himself to please."

# Select Sevial.

# CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIE'S IMPORTANT CHARGE.

The dismal lodging-house had a charm for little Christie now. Night after night he returned there, that he landlady began to look upon him as one of her regular household. She sometimes gave him a crust of bread, for she noticed his hungry face each night, sa eleep.

and Christie crept upstairs to listen.

But one night, as he was kneeling at the attic door, the music suddenly floor. He waited a minute, but all was quite still; so he cardiously lifted the latch, and peeped into the room. for the fire was nearly out, and old Treffy had no candle But the moonlight, streaming in at the window, showed Christie the form of the old poor old barrel organ laid beside him. of his hand. It was deadly cold, and home, you see if I don't.'

'It's only me, Master Treffy, said Christie, 'it's only me. I was listening to your organ, I was, and I heard you Master Treffy?"

The old man raised his head, and get up, and took him to his little straw bed in the corner of the attic.

· Are you better, Master Treffy?' he asked again.

'Yes, yes,' said the old man; 'it's only the cold, boy; it's very chilly of nights now, and I'm a poor lone old man. Good night.'

That was the beginning of a friendship between old Treffy and Christie. They were both alone in the world, both friendless and desolate, and it drew them to each other. Christie was a great comfort to Treffy. He went errands for him, he cleaned the old attic, and he carried the barrel organ downstairs each morning when Treffy went on his rounds. And, in return, Treffy gave Christie a corner of the attic to sleep in, and let him sit over his tiny fire whilst he played his dear it?' old organ. And whenever he came to ' Home, sweet Home,' Christie thought of his mother, and of what she had said to him before she died.

'Where is 1 Home, sweet Home,' Master Treffy?' he asked one night. Treffy looked around the wretched little attic, with its damp, weatherstained roof, and its rickety rotten floor and felt that he could not call it ' Home

sweet Home.' 'It's not here, Christie, he said. ' No,' said Christie, thoughtfully; 'I expect it's a long way from here, Mas-

ter Treffy. 'Yes,' said the old man; 'there must be something better somewhere.'

. My mother used to talk about heaven,' said Christie, doubtfully. 'I

wonder if that was the home she meant!' But old Treffy knew very little of heaven; no one had ever told him of the home above. Yet he thought of in the street, Christie; they're very becoming feeble, and he was almost thing; she's something like me. But fainting when he reached the attic. you mus'n't take no notice of the boys, The cold wind had chilled him through | Christie,' and through.

Christie was at home before him, and had lit the fire, and boiled the kettle, and put all ready for old Treffy's comfort. He wondered what was the matter with Treffy that night; he was so quiet and silent, and he never even asked for his old organ after tea, but went to bed as soon as possible.

And the next day he was too weak and feeble to go out; and Christie watched beside him, and got him all he wanted, as tenderly as a woman could

And the next day it was the same, and the day after that, till the attic copboard grew empty, and all poor old Treffy's pence were gone.

'What are we to do now, Christie!' he said, pitifully; 'I can't go out today, ray lad, can I?

"No," said Christie, "you musn't over his neck; 'good-bye'. think of it, Master Treffy. Let me might hear his mother's tune. The see, what can we do! Shall I take the organ out !"

struggle was going on in his mind. he came to the large lodging house to his dear old organ? It would be very the street. hard to see it go out, and have to stay And every night old Treffy played, behind - very hard indeed, But Christie, they all cried out. But Christie was a careful lad; he would rather trust it with him then any one ly, and marched on. He was not else; and he had come to his last piece sorry when they grew tired of following ceased, and Christie heard a dall, heavy of money. He must not sit still and him and turned back. Now he felt sound, as if something had fellen on the starve. Yes, the organ must go; but himself a man; and he went on in it would be a great trial to him. He most independent manner. would be so lonely in the dark attic when Christie and the organ were both There was only a dim light in the atric, gone. What a long, tedious day it

would be to him?

'All right, Master Treffy,' said anxiously, saying, 'Turn her gently, Christie crept to his side, and took hold Christie, cheerily; 'I'll bring her safe Christie; turn here gently.' But here The beginning of a desirable reform.

was just going to call the landlady, when life! He was up with the lark, as minute, and then how proud Christie Debitte. the old man moved, and in a trembling | people say, but there was no lark within | felt ! There was no barrel organ like | Renewer." \$1.

voice asked, 'What's the matter, and many a mile of that dismal street. He his, he felt sure. He did not care what crept out cautiously into the court in the folks said about Marshal Lazy; he the gray morning light, and kneeling by was not so good as poor Mary Ann, the common pump, he splashed the Christie felt sure; and as for ' Home water upon his face and neck till they sweet Home, Christie almost broke tumble, so I came in. Are you better lost all feeling with the cold. Then he down every time he played it. He rubbed his hands till they were as red did so love his mother, and he could as cherries, and he was obliged to wrap not help thinking she was singing i looked around. Christie helped him to them up in his ragged coat that he might feel they still belonged to him. And then he stole upstairs again, and sweet Home, was. He must try to lifting the latch of the attic door very gently, lest old Treffy should awake, he combed his rough hair with a broken Christie's patience was rewarded by

to the best possible advantage. And so the old man fell asleep, and longed for the time when old Treffy Christie lay down by his side and slept would wake, and give him leave to go. The sparrows were chirping on the eaves now, and the sun was beginning to shine. There were noises in the house, too, and one by one the men in the great lodging-room shook themselves, and went out to their work and | ined it most carefully and tenderly, but to their labor until the evening.

Christie watched them crossing the court, and his impatience to be off grew stronger. At length he touched old Treffy's hand very gently, and the old man said, in a bewildered voice.

'What is it, Christie, boy? what is

'It's morning; Master Treffy,' said Christie; 'shall you soon be awake?' The old man turned over in bed, and finally sat up.

'Why, Christie, boy, how nice you look; said Treffy, admiringly.

Christie drew himself up with considerable importance, and walked up and down the attic, that Treffy might further admire him.

'May I go now, Master Treffy?' he

'Yes, Christie, boy, go if you like,' said the old man; 'but you'll be very careful of her, won't you Christie?"

'Yes, Master Treffy,' said the boy, ' I'll be as careful as you are.'

'And you'll not turn her round too fast, Christie, he went on. 'No, Master Treffy,' said Christie

'I'll turn her no faster than you do.' · And you mus'n't stop and talk to boys Coristie words many times that day, rude sometimes, are boys, and they as he dragged himself about wearily, siways want the new tunes, Christie; with his old organ. He was failing but never you heed them. Her tunes very tast, p or old man; his legs were are getting old-fashioned, poor old

. No, Master Treffy,' said Christie;

no more than you do.' "There's one tune they're very fone of,' said old Treffy, meditatively; don't rightly know what it is; they call it 'Marshall Lazy' (Marseillaise), or something of that sort. I reckon it's called after some man in the wars

. You don't know who he was?' asked Christie.

. No,' said old Treffy, 'I don't bother my head about it. I expect he was some lazy scoundrel who wouldn't do his duty, and so they made up a song to mock at him. But that's as it may be, Christie; I don't know I'm sure. I expect be wasn't born when my

said Christie, putting the organ strap of the train. Such a magnificent train,

Christie carefully descended the rick- Engine \$12,000; baggage car \$6,000; ety stairs, and marched triumphantly postal car \$8,000; smoking car \$5,000; Old Treffy did not answer; a great across the court. A few children who two Pullman cars \$18,000 each, \$36,-Could he let anyone but himself touch admiring eyes, and escorted him down

Christie shook his head resolute-

And then he began to play, What a moment that was for him!

He had often turned the handle of the barrel organ in the lonely old attic, 'Yes, Christie, you may take her to- but that was a very different thing to morrow, he said at length; but you playing it in the street. There had must be very careful of her, my lad- been no one to hear him there except old man stretched on the ground, and his very careful.' Treffy, who used to stand by most there were crowds of people passing by Christie thought he was dead. He What a day that was in Christie's and sometimes some one stopped for a

still somewhere. He wondered very much where she was, and where ' Home,

find out somehow. And thus the day wore away, and comb, and arranged his ragged garments quite a little store of pence. How proud he was to spend it on his way Then Christie was ready; and he home in comforts for old Treffy, and how much he enjoyed giving the old man an account of his day's adventures!

Treffy gave Christie a warm welcome when he opened the attic door; but it would be hard to say whether he was more pleased to see Christie, or to see his dear old barrel organ. He examhe could not discover that Christie had done any harm to it, and he praised him accordingly.

Then, whilst Christie was getting te ready, Treffy played through all his four tunes, dwelling most affectionately and admiringly on Home, sweet Home.'

### Church Etiquette.

If all men were devout and all women had their minds more on the service and less on the home dinner, a hint on church etiquette would be at present constituted, the church politic stands in about as much need of a does of a kindly cleansing. Therefore,

Go to church early.

sit beside you.

If the stranger is there before you, see that he is well seated.

Proceed down the aisle leisurely Seat yourselves quietly. Follow the lesson devoutly.

Do not look around you from idle curiosity during prayer. Avoid conversation with those who

Pass the book to the chance visitor. Hold your hymn book in your hand until the singing is concluded.

Hold your book in your hand after the closing hymn until the benediction is pronounced.

Bow your head during the benediction. Plenty of time to arrange your wrappings and put on your over-shoes when it is concluded.

Pass from the church quietly, addressing your friends with subdued

Greet the stranger cordially who may find his way within your doors.

Do not criticize the sermon. Refrain from comments on the choir.

Let all things be done decently and in order, and so fulfill the law of Christian decorum and kindness that is supposed to distinguish you from the heathen round about.

Few persons when they stand at the organ was made, I expect not, Christie.' Halifax station and see the Quebec Well, Master Treffy, I'm ready, express start off, are aware of the value made up of an engine and nine cars, the authority of one, who is always And, with an air of great importance, represents over \$100,000 as follows:were there, gathered round him with 000; three first-class cars, \$10,000 each, \$30,000; one second-class car 6,000. The average value of a freight 'Give us a tune, Christie; play away train is still greater than that of a passenger train, when the value of the property carried is estimated.

> A fashionable church in New York, has an 'invalid room,' a luxurious apartment near the pulpit, but out of sight of the congregation, where invalids can sit, lie down, walk around, leave or enter at any time without disturbing any one else, yet at the same time be ble to hear the entire service.

> Several hundred women in Amoy, China, have pledged themselves that hey will not bind their children's feet, nd that they will marry their sone only to women whose feet are unbound.

Chess with Living Pieces.

North of England, has hit upon a most interesting method of raising money; it beats patch-work quilts and that sort of thing " all to pieces."

His church was in want of a new set of bells, so a few weeks ago, he undertook to raise the required sum by a public representation of a game of chess with living figures, charging balfa-crown admission fee.

A piece of ground was enclosed in Redworth Park, with red and green squares marked off. Thirty-two young adies and gentlemen were dressed in quaint fitteenth century costumes, copied from old engravings. The queens wore the tall, peaked hats of Edward the Fourth's reign. The young ladies who appeared as castles were encircled by pasteboard i mitations of ancient masonry with ivy entwined. The other pieces were appropriately costumed. They moved from square to square, each side acting under the command of a director.

The first game was played by the Rev. Mr. Chevallier, the originator of the contest, and Major Thompson. Other games were played by different gentlemen. As might be expected, the affair was a great success, and all a condition that shall be a joy to themconcerned were delighted with the experiment.

Although the application of the living chess as narrated above is novel, it is by no means original. There are records of such games in the history of almost every century. One famous unknown because unneeded. But, as king of by-gone days made his castlecourt a chess-board, on which the pieces were courtiers and esquires. friendly prompting as the body politic The costumes were of murrey and gold cloth, and blue vestments powdered with silver stars. Knights armed capa-pie, pranced over the squares, and a scene of gorgeous splendor was witnessed by multitudes of admiring subject The king and his opponent governed the moves of the splendid field from a canopied balcony above.

"Here on a pigmy field, two armies This pale as new-fall'n snow,-that,

plushing red : Intense the interest that their leaders As though a kingdom were indeed at

FLIES AND BUGS. - Flies, roaches ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

# Keep Cheery.

One of the most delightful sights we know of is that of sunshine in human faces. How such a man draws us to himself! See his large, sunny nature Nothing seems to cloud his face. While others are gloomy or discouraged, he is full of hope and full of courage. He house. looks on the bright side; laughs at adversity and snaps his fingers in the face of discouragements. He tones up all around him. Soldiers on the march feel the invigorating effect of such a man's presence, Tired workers everywhere are cheered and strengthened by the sight of such faces and the sound of such

This is a priceless possession to a mother, wife, teacher, minister, or any leader of men. Think of the discouragement and weariness of working on, day by day, by the side of one, or under gloomy and morose. It were as pleasant to labor in darkness and shadows.

Cheery men and women are stronger men and women. They do more. They age less, carry no useless burdens, and avoid much friction. Their faces are known and read of all men, and what a joyous, health-giving tale they

Do you say, this is all beautiful and true, but these we speak of have no trials? No ill-health, or broken for-tunes, or crushed hopes have ever come to shadow and embitter their lives? Stop, friend, this supposition of yours is all wrong. These men and women could tell you often of severe sickness or great reverses of fortune.

Oh how we need such men and women now ! We need them in every home and every church. Are you one of these? Then you are doing good continually; doing it as the sun shines in heaven, or the rain falls on the earth. God bless you in your helpful ministry.

Are you not one of these? Then you miss much of the sweetness and joyousness of life. Get out from under the clouds. You were never meant to live in tears continually. Rejoice ! Cheer up! Whistle, sing, do some-thing to brighten yourself. Live honestly before God and men, and do good. Cheer up others, and thus fill your soul

with sunlight. "God bless us every one," and fill our souls with the sun-A clergyman of Highington, in the shine of his presence, and our daily life with sunny faces, kind words and unselfish acts.

#### Going to Church.

"I have to go to church every Sunday to keep my Christian life just passable," said a very earnest believer. "When I omit public worship, I feel that my standard of living is lowered." We never go beyond our ideals. We need to keep at constantly at our best to maintain a high. standard. Some said that the secret of Jenny Lind's success was that she tried to excel on every occasion. When asked once why she sang her most finished pieces before an audience at the South mostly of colored people, she replied:

"I value my art too highly to degrade" it, even occasionally, by any wilful disregard of what I consider due to it.?

Without action we grow stagnant, or retrograde in things pertaining to moral as in mental aquirements. It is easy to say we can worship God by reading a good sermon at home. The cares of the household often crowd out the book we meant to read. The spirit of worshi promoted by the sanctuary, the rest that the house of God gives, the taking of the mind from every day duties and sur roundings, the inspiration to better livings he influence upon others in kee the day sacred, all make regular chur going a necessity to those who would keep their Christian hope and life in selves, and an inspiration to others.-Congregationalist.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma.

No. 197. A prudent Proverb of Solomon, considering the uncertainty of all earthly

things, composed of 25 letters: Nos. 6, 16, 3, 10, was a preacher who made few converts.

Nos. 4, 2, 14, 19, 20, 24, 6, had a vineyard, at 1, 3, 3, 14, 10, 3, 20, 21, 6. Nos. 9, 11, 23, 13, is a city that was to be forgotten 70 years. Nos. 22, 19, 7, 18, is a term applied to

Nos. 5, 25, 13, 14, 17, 8, 10, was the last disciple that Jesus chose. Nos. 9 and 15, are first and last letters of a criminal that received peculiar

Wolfville, Oct. 29, 1882.

nonor from our Saviour.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

470. Form two squares of five-word

1. Straight. 2. One banished.

A musical instrument. 4. A woman's name. 5 Resting against.

1. To take off square corners 2. A girl's name. 3. One who looks over.

4. Going away by stealth. A Charade.

 A prefix meaning wrongly. 3. One who constructs. The whole a dangerous person in a

472. Pi-place these letters in proper order so as to make two beautiful Ew stum ton ohep ot eb sworem, Dan ot thareg eth pire dlog sare,

Litun ew veah stifr nebe swerso Dan readwet eth sworruf thwi stare. Si ti ont stuj sa ew kate ti, th, symittae dlorw fo sour? File's ified lliw ledyi sa ew kame ti,

A resthav fo norths ro sworfle. 473. Behead foot-clothing, and leave an agricultural implement; Behead a drop, and leave an organ of the sense; Behead a portion, and leave a wild

Find answers to the above-write them down-and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

Answer to Scripture Erigma.

No. 196. I. L aodicea. 2. O nyx. 4. E lymas.

6. O badish. pent therepasses

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS. 465. Lord Macaulay's Charade-Cod. " 466. Pencil.

467. Ass-ass-i-nation. 468. Untied, united.

469./1. Forest, foster, softer. 2. Deigns, design, signed, singed.