

Family Reading.

The Long Journey.

When our feet become heavy and weary
On the valleys and mountains of life,
And the road has grown dusty and dreary,
And we groan in the struggle and strife,
We hit on the difficult pathway,
Glance back over valley and plain,
And sigh with a sorrowful longing
To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures,
And seasons of joy and delight,
While before all is doubting and darkness,
And dread of the gloom and the night;
All bright sunny spots we remember—
How little we thought of them then!
But now we are looking and longing
To rest in those places again.

But vain of the vainest is sighing,
Our course must be forward and on;
We cannot turn back on the journey,
We cannot enjoy what is gone.
Let us hope, then, as onward we travel
That oases may brighten the plain,
That our road be beside the sweet waters,
Though we may not begin it again.

For existence for ever goes upward—
From the hill to the mountain we rise,
On, on, o'er invisible summits
To a land in the limitless skies,
Strive on, then, with courage unshaken—
True labor is never in vain—
Nor glance with regret at the pathway
No mortal can travel again.

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER III.

ONLY ANOTHER MONTH.

Old Treffy did not regain his strength. He continued weak and feeble. He was not actually ill, and could sit up day after day by the tiny fire which Christie lighted for him in the morning. But he was not able to descend the steep staircase, much less to walk about with the heavy organ, which even made Christie's shoulders ache.

So Christie took the old man's place. It was not always such pleasant work as on that first morning. There were cold days and rainy days; there was drizzling sleet, which lashed Christie's face; and biting frost, which chilled him through and through. There were damp fogs, which wrapped him round like a wet blanket, and rough winds, which nearly took him off his feet. Then he grew a little weary of the sound of the poor old organ. He never had the heart to confess this to old Treffy; indeed he scarcely liked to own it to himself; but he could not help wishing that poor Mary Ann would come to the end of her troubles, and that the "Old Hundredth" would change into something new. He never grew tired of "Home, sweet Home," it was ever fresh to him, for he heard it in his mother's voice.

Thus the winter wore away, and the spring came on, and the days became longer and lighter. Then Christie would go much farther out of the town, to the quiet suburbs where the sound of the barrel organ was not so often heard. The people had time to listen in these parts; they were far away from the busy stir of the town, and there were but few passers by on the pavement. It was rather dull in these outlying suburbs. The rows of villas, with their stiff gardens in front, grew a little monotonous. It was just the kind of place in which a busy, active mind would long for a little variety. And so it came to pass that even a barrel organ was a welcome visitor; and one and another would throw Christie a penny, and encourage him to come again.

One hot spring day, when the sun was shining in all his vigor, as if he had been tired of being hidden in the winter, Christie was toiling up one of these roads on the outskirts of the town. The organ was very heavy for him, and he had to stop every now and then to rest for a minute. At length he reached a nice-looking house, standing in a very pretty garden. The flower beds in front of the house were filled with the early spring flowers; snowdrops, crocuses, violets, and hepaticas were in full bloom.

Before this he used Christie began to play. He could hardly have told you why he chose it; perhaps he had no reason for doing so, except that it had such a pretty garden in front, and

Christie loved flowers. His mother had once bought him a penny bunch of spring flowers, which, after living for many days in a broken bottle, Christie had pressed in an old spelling-book, and through all his troubles he had never parted with them.

And thus, before the house with the pretty garden, Christie began to play. He had not turned the handle of the organ three times before two merry little faces appeared at a window at the top of the house, and watched him with lively interest. They put their heads out of the window as far as the protecting bars would allow them, and Christie could hear all they said.

"Look at him," said the little girl, who seemed to be about five years old; "doesn't he turn it nicely, Charlie?"

"Yes, he does," said Charlie, "and what a pretty tune he is playing!"

"Yes," said the little girl, "it's so cheerful. Isn't it nice?" she added, turning round to the girl who was holding her by the waist, to prevent her from falling out of the window. Mabel had heard her papa make a similar remark to her mamma the night before, when she had been playing a piece of music to him for the first time, and she therefore thought it was the correct way to express her admiration of Christie's tune.

But the tune happened to be "Poor Mary Ann," the words of which nurse knew very well indeed. And as Mary Ann was nurse's own name, she had grown quite sentimental whilst Christie was playing it, and had been wondering whether John Brown, the grocer's young man, who had promised to be faithful to her for ever and evermore, would ever behave to her as poor Mary Ann's lover did, and leave her to die forlorn. Thus she could not quite agree with Miss Mabel's remark, that "Poor Mary Ann" was so cheerful, and she seemed rather relieved when the tune changed to "Rule Britannia." But when "Rule Britannia" was finished, and the organ began "Home, Sweet Home," the children fairly screamed with delight; for their mother had often sung it to them, and they recognized it as an old favourite; and with their pretty, childish voices they joined in the chorus; "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home." And as poor Christie looked up at them it seemed to him that they at least did know something of what they sang.

"Why have not I a nice home?" he wondered. But the children had run away from the window and scampered down stairs to ask their mamma for some money for the poor organ boy. A minute afterwards two pennies were thrown to Christie from the nursery window. They fell down into the middle of a bed of pure white snowdrops, and Christie had to open the garden gate and walk cautiously over the grass to pick them up. But for some time he could not find them, for they were hidden by the flowers; so the children ran down stairs again to help him. At last the pennies were discovered, and Christie took off his hat and made a low bow as they presented them to him. He put the money in his pocket and looked down lovingly on the snowdrops.

"They are pretty flowers, missie," he said.

"Would you like one, organ-boy?" asked Mabel, standing on tip-toe and looking into Christie's face.

"Could you spare one?" said Christie eagerly.

"I'll ask mamma," said Mabel, and she ran into the house.

"I'm to gather four," she said, when she came back; "organ-boy you shall choose."

It was a weighty matter, selecting the flowers; and then the four snowdrops were tied together and given to Christie.

My mother once gave me some like these, missie," he said.

"Does she ever give you any now?" said Mabel.

"No, missie, she's dead," said Christie, mournfully.

"Oh," said little Mabel in a sorrowful, pitying voice, "poor organ-boy, poor organ-boy!"

Christie now put his organ on his back and prepared to depart.

"Ask him what his name is," whispered Mabel to Charlie.

"No, no; you ask him."

"Please, Charlie, ask him," said Mabel again.

"What is your name, organ-boy?" said Charlie, shyly.

Christie told them his name, and as he went down the road he heard their voices calling after him:

"Come again, Christie; come again another day, Christie; come again soon, Christie!"

The snowdrops were very faded and withered when Christie reached the attic that night. He tried to revive them in water, but they would not look fresh again; so he laid them to rest beside his mother's faded flowers in the old spelling book.

Christie was not long in repeating his visit to the suburban road; but this time, though he played his four tunes twice through, and lingered regretfully over "Home, Sweet Home," he saw nothing of the children and received neither smiles nor snowdrops. For Mabel and Charlie had gone for a long country walk with their nurse, and were far away from the sound of poor Christie's organ.

Treffy was still unable to get out, and he grew rather fretful sometimes, even with Christie. It was very dull for him, sitting alone all day; and he had nothing to comfort him, not even his old friend the organ. And when Christie came home at night, if the store of pence was not so large as usual, poor old Treffy would sigh and moan, and wish he could get out again, and take his old organ out as before.

But Christie bore it very patiently, for he loved his old master more than he had loved any one since his mother died; and love can bear many things. Still, he did wish he could find some one or something to comfort Treffy, and to make him better.

"Master Treffy," he said one night, "shall I fetch the doctor to you?"

"No, no, Christie, boy," said Treffy; "let me be, let me be."

But Christie was not to be so easily put off. What if Treffy should die, and leave him alone in the world again? The little attic, dismal though it was, had been a home to Christie, and it had been good to have some one to love him once again. He would be very, very lonely if Treffy died; and the old man was growing very thin and pale, and his hands were very trembling and feeble; he could scarcely turn the old organ now. And Christie had heard of people "breaking up," as it is called, and then going off suddenly; and he began to be very much afraid old Treffy would do the same. He must get some one to come and see his old master.

The landlady of the house had fallen downstairs and broken her arm. A doctor came to see her, Christie knew; oh, if he would only step upstairs and look at old Treffy! It was only a little way from the landlady's room to the attic, and it would only take him a few minutes. And then Christie could ask him what was the matter with the old man, and whether old Treffy would get better.

These thoughts kept Christie awake a long time that night; he turned restlessly on his pillow, and felt very troubled and anxious. The moonlight streamed into the room, and fell on old Treffy's face, as he lay on his bed in the corner. Christie raised himself on his elbow, and looked at him. Yes, he did look very wasted and ill. Oh, how he hoped Treffy would not go away, as his mother had done, and leave him behind.

And Christie cried himself to sleep that night.

The next day he watched about on the stairs till the landlady's doctor came. Old Treffy thought him very idle because he would not go out with the organ; but Christie put him off with first one excuse and then another, and kept looking out of the window and down the court, that he might see the doctor's carriage stop at the entrance.

When at last the doctor came, Christie watched him go into the landlady's room and sat at the door till he came out. He shut the door quickly after him, and was running down the steps, when he heard an eager voice calling after him.

"Please, sir, please, sir," said Christie.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" said the doctor.

"Please, sir—don't be cross, sir, but

if you would walk upstairs a minute into the attic, sir; it's old Treffy, and he's ever so poorly."

"Who is old Treffy?" said the doctor.

"He's my old master; that's to say he takes care of me, at least it's me that takes care of him, please sir."

The doctor did not quite know what to make of this lucid explanation. However, he turned round and began slowly to ascend the attic stairs.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked kindly.

"That's what I want to know, sir," said Christie; "he's a very old man, sir, and I'm afraid he won't live long, and I want to know, please. But I'd better go in first, please, sir; Master Treffy doesn't know you are coming."

Master Treffy said Christie, walking bravely into the room, "here's the landlady's doctor come to see you."

And to Christie's great joy, old Treffy made no objection, but submitted very patiently and gently to the doctor's investigation, without even asking who had sent him. And then the doctor took leave, promising to send some medicine in the morning, and walked out into the close court. He was just getting into his carriage, when he felt a little cold hand on his arm.

"Please, sir, how much is it?" said Christie's voice.

"How much is what?" asked the doctor.

"How much is it for coming to see poor old Treffy, sir? I've got a few coppers here, sir," said Christie, bringing them out of his pocket; "will these be enough, sir? or, if not, sir, I'll bring some more to your house to-morrow."

"Oh," said the doctor, smiling, "you may keep your money, boy; I won't take your last penny, and when I come to see Mrs. White, I'll give a look at the old man again."

Christie looked, but did not speak his thanks.

"Please, sir, what do you think of Master Treffy?" he asked.

"He won't be here very long, boy; perhaps another month or so," said the doctor, as he drove away.

"A month for so! only a month!" said Christie to himself, as he walked slowly back, with a dead weight on his soul. A month more with his dear old master! only another month! And in the minute which passed before Christie reached the attic, he saw, as in a sorrowful picture, what life would be to him without old Treffy. He would have no home, not even the old attic; he would have no friend. No home, no friend! that would be his sorrow. And only another month before it came! only another month!

It was with a dull, heavy heart that Christie opened the attic door.

"Christie boy," said old Treffy's voice "what did the doctor say?"

"He said you had only another month, Master Treffy," sobbed Christie, "only another month; and whatever shall I do without you?"

Treffy did not speak. It was a solemn thing to be told he had only another month to live; that in another month he must leave Christie, and the attic, and the old organ, and go—he knew not whither. It was a solemn, searching thought for old Treffy.

He spoke very little all day. Christie stayed at home, for he had not heart enough to take the organ out that sorrowful day; and he watched old Treffy very gently and mournfully. Only another month! only another month! was ringing in the ears of both.

But when the evening came on, and there was no light in the room but what came from the handful of fire in the grate, old Treffy began to talk.

"Christie," he said, uneasily, "where am I going? Where shall I be in a month, Christie?"

Christie gazed into the fire thoughtfully.

"My mother talked about heaven, Master Treffy, and she said she was going home. 'Home, Sweet Home,' that was the last thing she sang. I expect that 'Home, Sweet Home,' is somewhere in heaven, Master Treffy; I expect so. It's a good place, so my mother said."

"Yes," said Treffy, "I suppose it is; but I can't help thinking I shall be very strange there, Christie, very strange indeed. I know so little about it, so very little, Christie, boy."

"Yes," said Christie, "and I don't know much."

"And I don't know any one there, Christie; you won't be there, nor any one that I know; and I shall have to leave my poor old organ; you don't suppose they'll have any barrel-organs there, will they, Christie?"

"No, said Christie, 'I never heard my mother speak of any; I think she said they played on harps in heaven.'"

"I shan't like that half so well," said old Treffy, sorrowfully; "I don't know how I shall pass my time."

Christie did not know what to say to this, so he made no answer.

"Christie, boy," said old Treffy, suddenly, "I want you to make out about heaven, I want you to find out all about it for me; maybe, I shouldn't feel so strange there if I knew what I was going to; and your mother called it 'Home, sweet home,' didn't she, Christie?"

"Yes," said Christie, "I'm almost sure it was heaven she meant."

"Now, Christie, boy, mind you make out," said Treffy, earnestly; "and remember there's only another month! only another month!"

"I'll do my best, Master Treffy," said Christie, "I'll do my best."

And Christie kept his word.

Courage in Every-day Life.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to provide for the entertainment of your friends within your means, not beyond them.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to wear a seedy coat, though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent to do so.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whom so ever exhibited.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance when you have been convinced he lacks principle. 'A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities,' but not with his vices.

The Bicycle.

A Boston manufacturing company is pressing the Bicycle upon the attention of ministers as a safe, convenient, and economical substitute for the horse. The use of the wheel has found favor, as one might well imagine, at "the hub"; and several of the ministerial dignitaries of that centre have become devoted bicyclists. Even the learned Professor, Borden P. Bowser, of the Boston University, the distinguished Methodist theologian and Metaphysician, may be seen on any fine day astride of his "machine" enjoying the "poetry of motion," as he whirrs through the thoroughfares of Boston. A Protestant Episcopal Rector, in Michigan, actually rides out to his Sunday-afternoon appointments on the unstable vehicle. When rebuked by a parishoner for his worldliness, he expressed his surprise that the people should not see that kicking a crank was as pious as walking, declared that he was not working a horse on Sunday, did not compel any one to harness, and drive on the sacred day, and asked if one did not break the Sabbath with four wheels about twice as much as with two. Rev. Mr. Gifford glories in his superior speed, and defends him against all rivals.—*Home Circle.*

A company of Second Adventists in Texas have prepared a tent for the occupancy of Christ—they so thoroughly believe in his early coming.

CAVARS OF THE BLADDER.—Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-paiba." \$1.

A Few Big Things.

AN AMERICAN COLOSSUS.—The Academy has from time to time given an account of the progress made by M. Bartholdi with his gigantic statue of Liberty, destined to serve as a light house at the entrance of New York harbour. Last week this statue was roughly set up, and a breakfast was given inside it to the chief representatives of the French press. The table was laid for twenty-five guests in one of the thighs of the statue, to which the company had to ascend by a series of ladders. After breakfast, M. Bartholdi and M. Gaget and Gauthier, the engineers, took the visitors round the workshops, where forty men have been engaged constantly for several years in hammering, and fitting the various pieces of which this statue is composed. The head was finished in 1878, when it figured at the French exhibition; the arm also, which it stretched forth holding a torch, was sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition; and the drapery and legs are now nearly finished. The constructor, indeed, gives hopes that this gigantic Liberty, the largest colossus that the modern world at least has ever produced, may be placed on the pedestal America is erecting for it not later than the end of 1883.

A BIG RAILWAY SCHEME.—The most decidedly biggest thing in creation will be the line of railway proposed to be made by Mr. Rowan Helper, an engineer of Missouri—when completed. Mr. Helper has put forward a project for making a direct line between Behring Straits, at the extreme north of the American continent, and Cape Horn, at its south. The line is to be styled "the American Intercontinental Railroad," and Mr. Helper and his associates declare that it will be open for traffic by the year 1892, which will be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the New World. If the promoters can get the money, there is really nothing that will hinder them from making their cherished line of railway; but we stand aghast at its cost. The railway would stretch for nearly the whole distance between the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, from about 65 deg. N. to 55 deg. S. latitude and would consequently have a direct length of about 7,500 miles, and allowing 25 per cent, for deviations from the straight line, of nearly 9,500 miles, a 56-lb. rail to be employed, the weight of metal per mile of a single-line railway would be 88 tons; and thus no less than 836,000 tons of rails would be used in the construction of the permanent way. But as the track of such a railway would be almost sure to be double, the above total would also have to be doubled. Several very nice points of international duties on rails entering into the calculation, we leave it to our readers to reckon up the cost for rails alone.—*Iron.*

GIGANTIC AUSTRALIAN TREES.—The *Minneapolis Lumberman* in a recent issue gave a lengthy article on Australian big trees. The writer remarks that the marvellous dimensions of the forest trees of this continent are little known by the majority of readers. The following paragraphs may perhaps be fresh news to some of our readers:—The trackless forests in the west of Tasmania also contain huge timber, and bushmen report that they have met with specimens of eucalyptus measuring 200 feet from the ground to the first branch, and fully 350 feet in all. Until 1878 there was standing on the eastern slope of Mount Wellington, within four miles of Hobart Town, a eucalyptus measuring 86 feet in girth, and more than 300 feet in height, and its ruined boll still forms a grim chamber in which many a merry party have enjoyed a picnic. The famous tree of the Huon forest measures 70 feet in girth 8 feet from the ground, and is stated to be 240 feet high, but in the deep gorges of this grand forest the writer has seen higher trees than this, though not of quite equal circumference. But Victoria now claims the glory of owning the biggest of all the living "big trees" in the world, so far as height is concerned. In the Dandenong district at Fernshaw has recently been discovered a specimen of *eucalyptus amygdalata*, or almond-leaf gum, which has been accurately measured as reaching the enormous height of 380 feet before throwing out a single branch, and 430 feet to the top, and having a girth of sixty feet at some distance above the ground. Some idea of what a height of 430 feet represents may be gained from the fact that this gum-tree, if growing by the side of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, would overtop the clock tower by exactly 100 feet.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1; Druggists.