

Family Reading.

My Faerie Prince.

BY ANTHONY R. ANDERSON.

"I want to hear a story before I go to bed, An' muzzer, you can tell me the best-est one, I know!" And on my breast there nestled a curly golden head—"One teeny story, muzzer, an' then I'll truly go," And then I dropped my knitting, and with folded hands I sat, And searched my drowsy brain for stories old and new; When I began to tell one, my listener said, "Not that!" "Until I really wondered what tale of mine would do!

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE MABEL'S SNOWDROPS.

The next morning Christie woke with a happy heart, for he remembered his last night's prayer, and in his simple faith he had taken the Lord at his word and that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin. But old Treffy's doubts and fears came back again. He began to look within, and the remembrance of his sin returned upon him. What if, after all, there was sin on his soul? What if the gates were still closed against him? "Christie, boy, I don't feel it's all right with me yet," he said anxiously. "Why not, Master Treffy?" asked Christie. "Why, I've been so bad, Christie; it doesn't seem likely He'd do it for me so soon as that; there's such a deal of sin on my soul." "But you asked him to wash you, Master Treffy, didn't you?" "Ay, I asked Him, Christie," said Treffy, in a despairing tone. "And He said He would if you asked Him, Master Treffy, didn't He?" "Ay, Christie, I believe he did," said Treffy. "Then of course he has done it," said Christie. "I don't know, Christie, boy; I can't feel it," said old Treffy pitifully. "I don't seem to see it as I ought." So, whilst little Christie was walking in the sunshine, old Treffy was still groping on in the shadow, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, but never trusting. Christie paid another visit to the suburban road that week. Little Mabel and her mother were coming out of the house when Christie reached the gate. The little girl ran eagerly forward when she caught sight of the organ, and begged her mamma to stay whilst she turned the handle just six times. The lady spoke very kindly to Christie; she asked him several questions, and he told her about old Treffy, how ill he was, and how he had not another month to live. The tears were in the lady's eyes, and she asked Christie where he lived, and wrote it down on a white tablet which she carried in her pocket. "Mamma," said little Mabel, "I want to whisper something to you." The lady bent down her head to listen, and then said kindly:

"Yes, if you like." Mabel darted into the house, and returned with a large bunch of single white snowdrops, prettily arranged with sprigs of dark myrtle leaves. Very white and pure, and lovely they looked. "Here, organ-boy," said Mabel, as she put them into his hands, "these are my own dear snowdrops; Aunt Helen gave me them, and you must take them to Master Treffy, he'll like them, won't he?" she said. "Ay! that he will, missie," said Christie warmly. "Mabel," said her mother, "you must teach Christie the little prayer I told you always to say when you looked at the snowdrops." "Yes," said Mabel, "I will. This is it, Christie; 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' Christie looked up brightly. "Will you say that prayer, Christie?" asked the lady kindly. "Yes, ma'am," said Christie; "it's just like what me and Master Treffy said last night." "Cleans me and save me, Cleans me and save me, Wash all my sins away." Then the lady smiled when Christie said this, and seemed very pleased. "I am so glad you know of the only way to be washed white," said the lady. "These snowdrops, always make me think of the souls washed white in the blood of Jesus." The lady and little Mabel passed on, and Christie looked down very tenderly on the flowers. How he would love them now! He turned his steps homeward at once, for he did not want the snowdrops to fade before they reached old Treffy. How fair, and clean, and pure they looked! So different to the smoke and dirt of the noisy court. Christie was almost afraid lest the thick air might soil them as he carried them through it. Some of the children ran after him and begged for a flower, but he guarded his treasures very carefully till he reached the attic. And when Christie opened the door, who should be there but the clergyman, sitting beside old Treffy, and talking to him earnestly! He stopped to give Christie a kind word, and then went on with what he was saying. He was telling Treffy about the death of Jesus and how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash away all sin. "I can't see that it's all right with me," said Treffy, in a trembling voice; "It seems dark and dim to me yet, I don't feel that I've got it; I can't feel happy." "Treffy," said the clergyman, suddenly, "do you think I would tell you a lie?" "No, sir," said old Treffy; "I'm sure you wouldn't; I could see it in your face, sir, if nowhere else. No, sir, I'd trust you anywhere." "Now, Treffy," said the clergyman, taking a half-crown from his pocket. "I've brought this for you. You cannot work now, and you need many things you cannot get; I will give you this money to buy them with." "Thank you, sir," said old Treffy, the tears running down his cheeks; "I can never thank you enough. We are very badly off just now, Christie and me." "Stop, Treffy," said the clergyman, "it isn't yours yet, you must take it." Treffy put out his trembling old hand, and took the half-crown with another murmur of thanks. "Do you feel that you've got it, Treffy?" said the clergyman. "Yes, sir, it's here," said old Treffy. "Are you sure you've got it, Treffy, said the clergyman again." "Yes, sir," said Treffy, in a bewildered voice, "I know I have; I don't know what you mean sir." "I will tell you what I mean," said the clergyman. "The dear Lord Jesus has come into this room just as I have, Treffy. He has brought a gift for you, just as I did. His gift has cost Him far more than mine cost me; it has cost Him His life. He has come close to you, as I came, and He says to you, as I said: 'Old Treffy, can you trust Me? do you think I would tell you a lie?' And then He holds out His gift, as I did Treffy, and He says, 'Take it; it is for you.' Now, Treffy, what have you to do with this gift? Just exactly what you did with mine. You have not to work for it; or wait for it. You have just to put

out your hand and take it. Do you know what the gift is?" Treffy did not answer, so the clergyman went on: "It is the forgiveness of your sins, Treffy; it is the clean heart, for which you are longing; it is the right to enter into 'Home, sweet home,' for which you have been praying. Treffy; will you take the gift?" "I want to take it," said old Treffy, "but I don't know how." "Did you stop to think how you were to take my gift, Treffy?" "No," said the old man, "I just took it." "Yes," said the clergyman, "exactly; and that is what you must do with the Lord's gift, you must just take it." "Would it have pleased me, Treffy," said the clergyman, "if you had pulled your hand back and said, 'Oh, no, sir! I don't deserve it; I don't believe you would ever give it to me, I can't take it yet.'?" "No," said Treffy, "I don't suppose it would." "Yet this is just what you are doing to the Lord Jesus, Treffy. He is holding out His gift to you, and He wants you to take it at once, yet you hold back, and say, 'No, Lord, I can't believe what you say, I can't trust Thy word, I can't believe the gift is for me, I can't take it yet.' Treffy," said the clergyman, earnestly, "if you can trust me, oh, why can't you trust the Lord Jesus?" The tears were running down the old man's face, and he could not speak. "I am going to ask you another question, Treffy," said the clergyman. "Will you trust the Lord Jesus now?" "Yes, sir," said Treffy, through his tears; "I don't think I can help trusting him now." "Now, Treffy, remember Jesus is in this attic, close to you, close to me, very, very near, Treffy. When we speak to Him, He will hear every word we say; He will listen to every sigh; He will read every wish. "But, before you speak to Him, Treffy, listen to what He says to you," said the clergyman, taking his Bible from his pocket. "These are His own words, 'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,' for 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' Treffy, will you trust the Lord Jesus? Do you think He would tell you a lie?" "No," said old Treffy; "I'm sure He wouldn't." "Very well, Treffy, then we will tell him so." The clergyman knelt down by Treffy's side, and Christie knelt down too, and old Treffy clasped his trembling hands whilst the clergyman prayed. It was a very simple prayer; it was just taking the Lord at His word. Old Treffy repeated the words after the clergyman with the deepest earnestness, and when he had finished the old man still clasped his hands and said, "Lord Jesus, I do trust Thee, I do take the gift, I do believe Thy word." Then the clergyman rose from his knees and said, "Treffy, when you had taken my gift what did you do next?" "I thanked you for it, sir," said Treffy. "Yes," said the clergyman, "and would you not like to thank the Lord Jesus for His gift of forgiveness?" "Oh," said old Treffy, with tears in his eyes, "I should indeed, sir." So they all knelt down again, and in a few words the clergyman thanked the dear Lord for his great love and goodness to old Treffy in giving him pardon for his sin. And again old Treffy took up the words and added: "Thank you, Lord Jesus, very much for the gift; it cost Thee Thy life; oh, I do thank Thee with all my heart." "Now, Treffy," said the clergyman, as he rose to go, "if Satan comes to you to-morrow and says, 'Old Treffy, do you feel you've got forgiveness? perhaps after all it's a mistake, what shall you say to him?'" "I think I shall tell him my text," said old Treffy, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "That will do, Treffy," said the clergyman; "he can't answer that. And remember, the Lord wishes you

to know you are forgiven, not to feel you are forgiven. There is a difference between feeling and knowing. You knew you had taken my gift, and you didn't know what I meant when I asked you if you felt I had given it to you. It is the same with the Lord's gift, Treffy. Your feelings have nothing to do with your safety, but your faith has a great deal to do with it. Have you taken the Lord at his word? Have you trusted Him? That is the question." "Yes, sir," said Treffy, "I have." "Then you know you are forgiven, said the clergyman with a smile. "Yes, sir," said Treffy, brightly, "I can trust Him now." Then Christie walked up to Treffy and put the bunch of white snowdrops in his hand. "Miss Mabel gave me them," he said, "and she said I was to say a little prayer whenever I looked at them: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'" "Whiter than snow," repeated the clergyman, "whiter than snow; Treffy! that is a sweet word, is it not?" "Yes," said old Treffy, earnestly, as he looked at the flowers, "whiter than snow, washed white in the Blood of Jesus." Then the clergyman took his leave, but as he was crossing the court, he heard Christie running after him. He had a few of the lovely snowdrops and a sprig of the dark myrtle in his hand. "Please sir," said Christie, "would you like a few of them?" "Thank you, my boy," said the clergyman, "I should indeed." He carried the snowdrops carefully home, and they taught him a lesson of faith. The seed he had sown in the mission room had not been lost. Already two poor sin-stained souls had come to the fountain and had been washed whiter than snow. The old man and the little boy had taken the Lord at his word, and had found the only right way into the bright city, into 'Home, sweet Home.' God has been very good to him in letting him know this. Surely, he would trust in the future.

An Angel's Touch.

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep and leaning her head against the barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her, and after asking who she was, said: "Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I will give another." They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Just look a-there—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burned yet where an angel touched it?" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery."—Washington Chronicle.

ETERNAL YOUTH.—The more we experience the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth, for all people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring ever fresh and flourishing.—Fenelon.

Man has but one chance.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

Gentlemen, this universe, up to the edge of the tomb, is not a joke. There are in this life serious differences between the right and the left. Nevertheless, in our present career, a man has but one chance. Even if you come weighted into the world, as Sinbad was with the Old Man of the Sea, you have but one chance. Time does not fly in a circle, but forth, and right on. The wandering, squandering, dissipated moral leper is gifted with no second set of early years. There is no fountain in Florida that gives perpetual youth; and the universe might be searched probably in vain for such a spring. Waste your youth; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your middle life; in it you shall have but one chance. Waste your old age; in it you shall have but one chance. It is an irreversible natural law that character attains final permanence, and in the nature of things final permanence can come but once. This world is fearfully and wonderfully made, and so are we, and we shall escape neither ourselves nor these stupendous laws. It is not to me a pleasant thing to exhibit these truths from the side of terror; but, on the other side, these are truths of bliss; for by this very law through which all character tends to become unchanging, a soul that attains a final permanence of good character runs but one risk, and is delivered once for all from its torture and unrest. It has passed the bourne from behind which no man is caught out of the fold. He who is the force behind all natural law is keeper of his sheep, and no one is able to pluck them out of his hand. Himself without variability or shadow of turning, he maintains the irreversibility of all natural forces, one of which is the ineffably majestic law by which character tends to assume final permanence, good as well as bad.

Slander.

"People may expatiate upon the evils of intemperance, polygamy, and other gigantic social evils," said a guest, "but from observation I can say that I believe there is no commerce more active or more hurtful to society and the church than that of slander. There is a traffic in this article from the weakest solution to the strongest, in that which concerns the statesman and that which concerns the humblest laborer." "Yes," I replied; "and the vendors of this pitch are not altogether among the lower classes of society, in homes of ignorance. Sometimes we meet them where we expect a higher style of manhood and womanhood, among those who have much cultivation and Christianity." "Now," replied the good Domine, jestingly addressing the ladies at the table, "you ladies who have so much executive ability, who have been so successful in various social reforms,—surely you might exert an influence for good." A league called, 'The Society for the Prevention of Slander' is suggested.

It will explain virtues to be vices in disguise. It is astonishing with what unconscionable avidity fabulous reports are heralded. Recently a visitor came several miles to narrate a disparaging report. "Incredible!" I exclaimed. "This person you refer to is incapable of such conduct as your statement implies! I prefer not to hear any more!" "Well," replied this officious personage, somewhat crestfallen, "perhaps time will convince you!" And from this the conversation turned to other social topics. When the visit came to an end, faint and disheartened I closed the door upon this retiring guest. Unhappily the suggestion was not without any effect even on me. Some people achieve meanness, others have it thrust upon them. To the latter class we must all occasionally belong. Not infrequently have I been reported as having made assertions which were wholly incongruous with my character, by those with whom I had not the slightest intimacy. Such trials have caused me the bitterest and yet most profitable hours of life,—bitterest, less those whom I held most dear, should believe and become estranged; most profitable, because in agony of spirit I have been divested of sufficiency, and through depths of trouble have entered into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. He that sitteth at the helm of the universe, and who stilleth the tempest with one word, sends trial and adversity to his people not only as an act of sovereignty, but as a test of faith. Then let us cling closer to the immutable, immovable Rock of Ages. Dear sufferer from misrepresentation, can you not leave your reputation in the hands of your Almighty Friend, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass: And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon day." You are not an orphan, but a child of a King. He is able to keep all that you have committed to Him against that day. The true believer must have a heart at rest and a mind at peace, because stayed on its Redeemer.—Intelligencer.

My Father's Will.

A good old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with his Bible in his hand, when a friend met him and said: "Good morning, Mr. Price, what are you reading there?" "Ah, good-morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along." "Well, and what has he left you?" said the friend. "Why, he has bequeathed to me a hundred fold more in this life and in the world to come, life everlasting."—Baltimore Bulletin.

Thoughtful Mary.

"I don't see how I'd get along without Mary, now," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features and put another ladle of soft soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating out from the adjoining parlor. "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, now." "A'ays on these days when I hev the tiringest work, she just picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet Rest, By and By,' and 'Mother's Growing Old,' and sings 'em fur me afore she goes out on the lawn to play croquet with the other young folks. 'Tain't every gal as ud be so thoughtful, I kin tell you. Now, most on 'em ud just bang away with 'Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel,' or 'Whoop 'em up, Eliza Jane,' but she ain't none o' that sort. She's a pile o' comfort," and Mrs. Blucher fanned herself with her apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water.—Toledo American.

Men who are worthless in the church for giving, for laboring, for helping, can yet discourage a pastor and frustrate a revival, and defeat the new meeting-house.