

Family Reading.

A Harvest Hymn.

BY DAVIDSON BURNS, D. D.

Let us sing our Harvest Song—
Let us sing it gladly,
Not as do some drunken throng,
Shouting fierce and madly.

Great in power, and wondrous far,
Past all human knowing,
Making wind and cloud His car,
Is our God's forgoing.

Angels' food shall be our meat,
Corn immortal growing,
Wheat and honey sweet
Pleasantly flowing.

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER IV.

MABEL'S FIRST LESSON IN ORGAN-GRINDING.

The next day Christie had to go out as usual. Old Treffy seemed no worse than before—he was able to sit up, and Christie opened the small window before he went out to let a breath of fresh air into the close attic. But there was very little fresh air anywhere that day. The atmosphere was heavy and stifling, and poor Christie's heart felt depressed and weary.

Christie was not disappointed this time. He had hardly turned the handle of the organ twice before Mabel and Charlie appeared at the nursery window; and, after satisfying themselves that it really was Christie, their own organ-boy, they ran into the garden and stood beside him as he played.

"Doesn't he turn it nicely?" whispered Charlie to his sister.
"Yes," said little Mabel; "I wish I had an organ, don't you, Charlie?"
"Shall I ask papa to buy us one?" asked her brother.

"I don't know, Charlie, if mamma would like it always," said Mabel. "She has such bad headaches, you know."
"Well, but up in the nursery she would hardly hear it, I'm sure," said Charlie, regretfully.

"I should so like to turn it," said Mabel, shyly, looking up into Christie's face.

"Change it, please, organ-boy," she said; "make it play 'Home, sweet Home,' mother does like that so."

But Christie knew that 'Rule Britannia' lay between them and 'Home, sweet Home,' so he took the handle from Mabel, and saying brightly, 'All right, missie, I'll make it come as quick as I can,' he turned it round so fast, that if old Treffy had been within hearing, he would certainly have died from the fright about his dear old organ before the month was over.

But they understood how it was a minute afterwards when little Mabel again began to turn, and very slowly and deliberately the first notes of 'Home, sweet Home,' were sounded forth. She turned the handle of the organ until 'Home, sweet Home,' was quite finished, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, she gave it up to Christie.

"I like 'Home, sweet Home,'" she said; "it's such a pretty tune."
"Yes," said Christie; "it's my favorite, missie. Where is 'Home, sweet Home'?" he asked, suddenly, as he remembered his promise to old Treffy.

"That's my home," said little Mabel, nodding her head in the direction of the pretty house. "I don't know where yours is, Christie."

"I haven't much of a place to call home, missie," said Christie; "me and old Treffy, we live together in an old attic, and that won't be for long—only another month, Miss Mabel, and I shall have no home then."

Poor organ-boy—Poor Christie! said little Mabel, in a pitying voice.
Charlie had taken the handle of the organ now, and was rejoicing in 'Poor Mary Ann'; but Mabel hardly listened to him; she was thinking of the poor boy who had no home but an attic, and who soon would have no home at all.

"There's another home somewhere," said Christie, "isn't there, missie? Isn't heaven some sort of a home?"
"Oh, yes, there's heaven," said little Mabel, brightly; "you'll have a home there, won't you, organ-boy?"
"Where is heaven?" said Christie.

"It's up there," said little Mabel, pointing up to the sky; "up so high, Christie. The little stars live in heaven; I used to think they were the angel's eyes, but nurse says its silly to think that."

"I like the stars," said Christie.
"Yes," said Mabel, "so do I; and you'll see them all when you go to heaven, Christie, I'm sure you will."

"What is heaven like, Miss Mabel?" asked Christie.

"Oh, it's so nice," said little Mabel; "they have white dresses on, and the streets are all gold, Christie, all gold and shining. And Jesus is there, Christie; wouldn't you like to see Jesus?" she added in a whisper.

"I don't know, said Christie, in a bewildered tone; "I don't know much about Him."

"Don't you love Jesus, Christie?" said Mabel, with a very grave sorrowful face, and with tears in her large brown eyes. "Oh! organ-boy, don't you love Jesus?"

"No," said Christie; "I know so little about Him, Miss Mabel."

"But you can't go to heaven if you don't love Jesus, Christie. Oh! I'm so sorry—you won't have a home at all! what will you do?" and the tears ran down little Mabel's cheeks.

But just then the bell rang for dinner, and nurse's voice called the children in.

Christie walked on very thoughtfully. He was thinking of little Mabel's words, and of little Mabel's tears.

Treffy about Mabel's words. Perhaps after all, his old master did love Jesus. Christie hoped very much that he did. He longed for evening to come, that he might go home and ask him.

The afternoon was still more close and sultry than the morning had been, and little Christie was very weary. The organ was heavy for him at all times, and it seemed heavier than usual to-day. He was obliged to sit down to rest for a few minutes on a door-step in one of the back streets, about half a mile from the court where old Treffy lived. As he was sitting there with his organ resting against the wall, two women met each other just in front of the door-step, and after asking most affectionately after each other's health, they began to talk, and Christie could not help hearing every word they said.

"What's that place," said one of them, looking across the road at a long, low building with a board in front of it.

"Oh, that's our new mission-room," Mrs. West, said the other; "it belongs to the church at the corner of Melville street. A young man comes and preaches there every Sunday night; I like to hear him, I do," she went on, "he puts it so plain."

"Puts what plain, Mrs. Smith?" said her friend.

"Oh, all about heaven, and how we're to get there, and about Jesus, and what He's done for us. He's a kind man, is Mr. Wilton; he came to see our Tommy when he was badly. Do you know him, Mrs. West?"

"No," said Mrs. West; "maybe I'll come to-morrow; what time is it?"

"It begins at seven o'clock every Sunday," said Mrs. Smith; "and you needn't bother about your clothes, there's no one there but poor folks like ourselves."

"Well, I'll come, Mrs. Smith. Good-day; and the two parted."

And little Christie had heard all they said, and had firmly made up his mind to be at the mission-room the next evening at seven o'clock. He must lose no time in making out what Treffy wanted to know. One day of the month was gone already.

"Master Treffy," said Christie that night, "do you love Jesus?"

"Jesus!" said the old man; "no, Christie, I can't say I do. I suppose I ought to; good folks do, don't they?"

"Master Treffy," said Christie, solemnly, "if you don't love Jesus, you can't go to heaven, and you'll never have a home any more—never any more."

"Ay, ay, Christie, that's true, I'm afraid. When I was a little chap no bigger than you, I used to hear tell about these things, but I gave no heed to them then, and I've forgotten all I ever heard. I've been thinking a deal lately since I was took so bad, and some of it seems to come back to me. But I can't rightly mind what I was told. It's a bad job, Christie, a bad job."

A Bit of Logic.

Rufus lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlor though it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against Foreign Mission work which is unanswerable; the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year and sent to the cannibals, or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign Missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate; "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle?" chimed in Nannie.

"How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And oh! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs! Something besides foreign missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is secretary, and I'm treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd, I suppose you can; but he is a graduate from a college and a theological seminary besides. I mean to tell him that you think that two millions and a half for foreign missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus sharply. After the girls ran away, he added thoughtfully; "How fast girls grow up! I thought those two were children; and here they are with the Mission Bands, and their large words about 'secretaries and treasurers.'"

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "Those girls had the best of the argument, Rufus; and then he too laughed."

Empty Jars.

Hard by a dentist's office, at a street corner in Chicago, is a hideous advertisement of the dentist's business. And this is the fashion of it. Enclosed in a glass case is a pair of artificial jaws, all glittering with artificial teeth; and these are worked by invisible machinery which is periodically wound up, and so the jaws are evermore kept going. They chew nothing; they do nothing in the way of the accomplishment of any practical result, save as they call attention to the operator inside, who is supposed to be the maker and manipulator of those jaws.

This ingenious device may possibly bring custom to a dental shop; but for ourselves, we declare that we heartily abhor it. It is on the corner where we take the cars; and there, in grinning ghastliness, it continually confronts us. In heat, or cold, by day or night, those brazen jaws, thick set with ivory, keep grinding on in an utterly, aimless, and idiotic way. Time and again have we been tempted to shiver that glass, and end that exasperating exhibition, that seems like a mockery of our poor humanity.

And yet, provoking as this is, it is not by any means a spectacle uncommon. Jaws attached to human heads; brazen jaws; jaws' wound up, working mechanically, unprofitably, and yet almost perpetually—this is the aggravating sight that in almost every place of concourse and discourse, is apt to be encountered.

Paul says: "So fight I, not as one that beats the air"; and he did not 'chew the air,' either. When he opened his mouth, he spoke to some purpose; and his words were as 'apples of gold in baskets of silver.'

In the matter of secular discourse, a man when he talks is expected to say something; but with reference to the infinitely weightier matters that concern the soul's eternal interests, we seem to satisfy our consciences by 'going through with the motions,' and the more mechanical mouthing of pious platitudes, as empty of meaning as is the air of solid nourishment.

It is suggested, indeed, that if we open wide our mouths, the Lord will fill them. And there is, perhaps, something like that in the Scriptures; but there never was a Scripture that was more abused.

There are, indeed, innumerable unforeseen emergencies in life, against which we may not know just how to provide, and with respect to which we may not know just how to provide, and with respect to which we are simply to trust the Lord to furnish all needed resources, whenever they are demanded; but reason and revelation concur in declaring that we are to lay hold and lay up; to fill our hands, and fill our hearts and heads, our storehouse and barn; so that when occasion demands, we may bring forth things both now and old for the enjoyment and edification of any who may hear us. Let us beware

of the reproach of 'dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old with drawing nothing up.' Let us guard against a mechanical and perfunctory performance of our work—the aimless working of empty jaws; and let us study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

Considering how full of precious truth is the Bible, and considering how full is all science, and all history, and all literature, of truth illustrating the Bible—to talk about religion, and yet to say nothing, is of all the talking that ever was done, the most utterly inexcusable.—Baptist Teacher.

Boy Wanted.

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later, it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, any way?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion, he would look a good while before he found one. "Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation," Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were anxious to try to suit him.

"All he wants is a fellow to run errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run errands. John Simmons found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon, at pleasant-enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long deep box there," said Mr. Peters, that I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long deep box, I should think it was, he told himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh most a ton I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails, and screws, and pieces of iron, and broken keys and things; rubbish, the whole of it! Nothing worth touching, and it is dark as a pocket up here, and cold, besides; how the wind blows in through those knot-holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything that I hate, it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken, I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put that box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly; it was the 'nails and things' that I wanted put in order; did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing; besides, I thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to do. He found a little room neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." "I'll try to be, sir," he said; and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand-boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man and a rich man. He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish. Mr. Peters said once, laughing: "Never was a five dollar gold piece so successful in business as that one of his has been; it is good he found it." Then after a moment of silence he said gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible." "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." It is true; Mills the boy was faithful and Mills the man we trust.—The Parson.

The next morning the old sign "Boy Wanted" appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them; he was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold he was sent to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over that box; nothing in it worth his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down-stairs with this message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent, or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the post-office. What do you think? By the close of the next day, Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother; "he said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the 'long box' until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner time now; you may go back to it after dinner." After dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This was a five dollar gold piece."

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it; well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocket-book. After Crawford had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top and labelled thus: "Good screws." "Pretty good nails." "Picture nails." "Small keys, somewhat bent." "Picture hooks." "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know." So on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully and murmured to the mice: "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough; the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the well-known errand-boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." "I'll try to be, sir," he said; and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

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