

Family Reading.

January and June.

Said January to June. Pray, let us walk together, The birds are all in tune, And sunny is the weather. And look you : I will show, Before the long day closes, A pretty sight I know, Worth all your summer roses.

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

By Mrs. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTIE WELL CARED FOR.

What's the matter with that little lad? said one of the men to the landlady, as she was preparing their breakfast the next morning. He's got a fever, or something of the sort. He's been talking about one thing or another all night. I've had toothache, and scarcely closed my eyes, and he's never ceased chatting the night through.

the world. All day long there was no sound but the distant shouts of the children in the court, and in the evening he could hear the noise of the men in the great lodging-room. Often he was awake the greater part of the night, and lay listening to the ticking of the clock on the stairs, and counting the strokes hour after hour.

No one came to see Christie. He wondered that Mr. Wilton did not ask after him, when he missed him from the mission-room. Oh, how glad Christie would have been to see him. But the days passed slowly by, and he never came, and Christie wondered more and more. Once he asked Mrs. White to fetch him to see him, but she said she could not trouble to go so far.

Still, those weeks did seem very long and tedious. At last, he was able to sit up in bed, but he felt faint and dizzy whenever he moved. For he had had a very severe attack of fever, and he needed all manner of nourishing things to bring back his strength. But there was no one to attend to the wants of the poor motherless boy.

It was a close tiring afternoon. Christie was lying upon his bed, panting with the heat, and longing for a breath of air. He was faint and weary, and felt very cast down and despondent. "Please, dear Lord," he said aloud, "send some one to see me."

And even as he spoke the door opened, and the clergyman came in. It was too much for little Christie! He held out his arms to him in great joy, and then burst into tears.

Why, Christie, said the clergyman, are you no glad to see me? Oh said little Christie, I thought you were never coming, and I felt such a long way from home! Oh, I am so glad to see you!

Then Mr. Wilton told Christie that he had been away from home, and that another clergyman had been taking his duty. But the night before he had preached for the first time since his return in the little mission-room, and he had missed Christie from the front bench.

amongst the lowest class of the people in your neighborhood. I think I could not perpetuate my dear wife's memory in any better way than by carrying out what I know were her wishes with regard to little Christie.

Kindly excuse me for troubling you with this matter; but I do not wish to defer it until our return, lest I lose sight of the boy. The dismal attic where Christie and his old master lived was the last place my dear wife visited before her illness; and I feel that the charge of this boy is a sacred duty which I must perform for her dear sake, and for the sake of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Believe me, dear Mr. Wilton, Yours very sincerely, GERALD LINDESEY. Christie, said the clergyman, 'the dear Lord has been very good to you.' Yes, said little Christie, 'old Treffly was right; wasn't he, sir?'

'What did old Treffly say?' asked the clergyman. He said the Lord had some work for me to do for him, said Christie, 'and I didn't think there was anything I could do; but He's going to let me, after all!'

'Yes, said the clergyman, smiling; 'shall we thank Him, Christie?'

'So he knelt down by Christie's bed and little Christie clasped his thin hand and added his words of praise:

'Oh Jesus I thank Thee so much for letting me have some work to do for Thee; and, please, I will stay outside the gates a little longer, to do something to show Thee how I love Thee Amen.'

'Yes, Christie,' said the clergyman, as he rose to go, 'you must work with a very loving heart. And when the work is over will come the rest. After the long waiting will come 'Home sweet home.'

'Yes,' said Christie brightly, 'there's no place like Home, no place like Home.'

The Sweet By-and-By.

The Lancaster Examiner published an account by the author of the origin of the popular hymn, "Sweet By-and-By," at the request of Mr. J. P. McCaskey, the compiler of the Harpers' "Franklin Square Song Collection."

Mr. Webster, like many musicians was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life. I had learned his peculiarities so well, that, on meeting him, I could tell at a glance when he was in one of those melancholy moods, and had found that I could rouse him from them by giving him a new song or hymn to work upon.

On such an occasion he came into my place of business, and walking down to the stove, turned his back to me without speaking. I was at my desk writing. Presently I turned to him and said,

'Webster, what is the matter now?' It is no matter, he replied: 'it will be all right by-and-by.'

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight, and I replied: 'The Sweet By-and-By! Why would not that make a good hymn?' 'Maybe it would,' said he indifferently.

In the sweet By-and-By We shall sing on that beautiful shore, In the Sweet-By and By We shall sing on that beautiful shore. To our bountiful Father above We will offer the tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet By-and-By We shall praise on that beautiful shore In the Sweet By-and-By We shall praise on that beautiful shore. In the meantime two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it, his eye kindled and his whole demeanor changed.

Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played the melody. In a few minutes more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down. I think it was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words, before the two gentlemen before named, Mr. Webster and myself, were singing the hymn in the same form in which it afterwards appeared in the 'Signal Ring.'

I think it was sung in public shortly after, for, within two weeks, almost every child on the street was singing it.

Moody and Sankey Music.

By Rev. R. B. HULL.

It has become the fashion, in certain quarters, to sneer at what is called "Moody and Sankey music." High art musicians have told us that the tunes were unworthy the name of music. High art literary critics have condemned the hymns as meaningless jingles of machine-made rhymes.

Our aesthetic critics themselves will admit this. Then we challenge them to show where, in all the history of so-called classical music, ends have been attained so noble in time, and so blessed in eternity, as those accomplished by this despised Moody and Sankey music. Let the classical point to the single instance on record, where immortal souls have ascribed to high art music their salvation from sin, and then we shall listen more attentively to their denunciations.

We know full well that these hymns and tunes are simple, both in form and in expression, and we are perfectly willing to leave to others that style of music which is considered classical in proportion as it is incomprehensible. This unclassical music, and these unambitious rhymes, have had power over the souls of men. By these much criticised hymns men have been lifted out of the degradation of sin into the blessedness of a holy life.

By their aid hard hearts have been melted to tenderness, stubborn wills have yielded to the pleadings of holy love, and angels have had cause to rejoice over repentant sinners. By the power of these hymns vain and frivolous songs have been banished from millions of homes; and places which once heard nothing but sentimental songs, or worse, have re-echoed to the strains of the "Sweet By-and-By," and "I need Thee Every Hour." Christians folding "their faith-clad arms in lazy lock" have been aroused to a noble energy, as they joined in singing "Rescue the Perishing," and "Work for the Night is Coming"; and men struggling against sin have sung themselves into a new strength and hope to the music of "Yield not to Temptation," and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

soils, in the light of the judgement throne, I would rather be Ira D. Sankey than Handel or Beethoven; I would rather be Robert Lowry or W. H. Doane than Mozart or Mendelssohn.—New York, Dec. 1882.

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on one evening, and asked to go to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop, behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

The banker, having warmed and fed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there was a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, \$10. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table. No man has a right to be generous until his debts are paid, and the most efficient use of money is not alone in alms giving, but to pay liberally and promptly the people whom we employ.—Baptist Weekly.

Mother Don't Work.

A little boy on his way to build fires and sweep offices in Boston, while the stars were yet in the sky, said to the writer:

'My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off. Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast.'

'How old is the baby?' I asked. 'Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us.'

'Are you well paid?' 'I get \$2 a week and my father gets \$2 a day.'

'How much does your mother get?' With a bewildered look he said: 'Mother! why, she don't work for anybody.'

'I thought you said she worked for all of you.'

'Oh, yes; for us she does. But there ain't no money into it.'

This wife of a day laborer represents a large class of hard working women. The compensation of affection, the love of husband and children, and the nameless and numberless blessings that come with and belong to the family life, can no more make up to a wife the loss of all money value for her service than they would to her husband if the same poverty of position were thrust upon him.

It was a dull period for news when the enterprising managing editor of a Western daily, headed an item concerning the death of a cat, 'Nine Lives Lost.'

A little girl, addressing her sister, asked, 'what was the chaos Pa' was reading about to-day?' To which the latter replied, 'Twas a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in.'

Walking.

It would be money to the pocket, happiness to the heart, and sedative to the nerves of the great American people—especially its woman kind—if they knew how to walk and how to enjoy walking. They are a fine race physically: if they had more flesh on their bones and blood in their veins, if they did not labor under the insane delusion that it was a breach of good manners for any woman professing to belong to social life to weigh more than a hundred and twenty-five pounds. They have good heads and fine foreheads, when the prevalent spasm for bangs passes over and allows you to see them, but the tendency of both brains and body is toward length without breadth or thickness; they mount high, but go neither broadly or deeply enough. They are full of new ideas, of gropings and grasplings; they are rich in inventions and innovations; but the solid thought necessary to amalgamate all these brilliancies and vagaries into sound sense and make practical wisdom come from it is what we most need. And walking will do it by a natural doctrine of evolution; for walking doth beget healthy appetite, and appetite cries for food, and food makes blood, and blood left to itself develops brain and brain. When the shoulders widen—everything else being equal—the mental processes broaden also. This is a fact in mental philosophy.—Boston Journal.

Bouth's Department.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma.

No. 207. Give answers to the following questions and their initials will give the name of an extensive and beautiful plain covered with oak trees, mentioned in the book of Genesis:

- 1. What priest was said to have had no ancestors? 2. What sovereign reigned over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces? 3. Where was it five kings met and hid themselves? 4. A family of total abstainers in the time of the prophet Jeremiah? 5. A priest who died because he allowed his sons to go on in a wicked course.

QUIRIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 5. Literary Amusements. Behead frozen rain, and leave weakness; Behead two alike, and have a life giving fluid; Behead a large vessel, and leave a joint; Behead a large fish, and leave an exclamation; Behead a string of cars, and have a shower; Behead part of a whip, and leave a tree; Behead a support, and leave a noisy disturbance.

No. 6. A Charade.

- 1. Half an inch. 2. To work with a spade. 3. The people under one government. The whole, anger on account of wickedness.

No. 7. Hats off.

- 1. Remove your hat and have tea (T). 2. Remove your hat and have "an adult male," also, "the bark of trees used in curing hides." 3. Remove your hat, and have one of the three primitive colors. 4. Remove your hat, and have "a linen ornament worn by clergymen about the neck."

No. 8. Give the answers to the following Bible questions with the book, chapter and verse:

- 1. Who composed the songs of praise sung in Solomon's temple? 2. Prove that instrumental music was a part of ancient worship? 3. What tree is mentioned as comparatively superior to other trees. 4. Where are curling irons used by the ancients. 5. Was soap used by the ancient Jews?

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

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

No. 206.

"Not slothful in business."

ANSWERS TO QUIRIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 1. Literary amusement. A charade. Notable; not able; no table.

No. 2. It was done by placing the girls in the following order:

- Ans. 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 18, 21, 22, 23.

No. 3. A word square:

C A N A D A
A Z O R E S
N O R M A L
A R M A D A
D E A D E N
A S L A N T

No. 4. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

E mble M
N ettl E
G uita R
R ussi C
A bija H
V ionn A
E nign N
R egen T

ENGRAVER-MERCHANT.

God gave us two ears, two eyes and one tongue, that we might hear and see just twice as much as we say.