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."

Then, as they went, the air Grew thick with snow-flakes flying ; But all the roses fair Hung down their heads, a dying.

Cried June, in sorrow : "Nay, We may not walk together. You've turned my skin to gray, And spoiled my golden weather.

"Go now, I pray you go, Before my last bud closes. Take you your cold white snow, And give me back my roses !" -Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas for

Select Serial. CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAI

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, hrough.'

another man.

Oh! all sorts of rubbish, said the man with the toothache; 'bright cities, and funerals, and snowdrops; and once he got up and began to sing; I wonder you didn't hear him.'

'It would have taken a great deal to make me hear him, said the other, 'tired out as I was last night; what did he sing though?"

'Oh, one of the tunes on his old organ. I expect he gets them in his head so that he can't get them out. think it was 'Home, sweet Home,' he was trying it last night;' and the man went to his work.

'Well, Mrs. White.' said another man, 'it the boy's in a fever, the sooner you get him out of this the better; we glad to see you.' don't want all of us to take it.'

When the men were gone, the landlady went up to Christie to see if he were really ill. She tried to wake him, but he looked wildly in her face, and did not seem to know her. So she lifted him by main force into a little dark room under the stairs, which was filled with boxes and rubbish. She was not an unkind woman; she would not turn the poor child into the street in his present condition; so she made him up a little bed on the floor, and giving him a drink of water she left him to continue her work. That evening she fetched the parish doctor to see him, and he told her that Christie was in a fever.

For many days little Christie hung between life and death. He was quite unconscious of all that went on; he never heard the landlady come into the room; he never saw her go out. She was the only person who came near him, and she could give him very little attention, for she had so much to do. But she used to wonder why Christie talked so often about 'Home, sweet Home; through all his wanderings of mind this one idea seemed to run. Even in his delirium, little Christie was longing for 'the city bright,'

recover; he regained his consciousness and slowly, very slowly, the fever left him. But he was so weak that he could not even turn in bed; and he could scarcely speak above a whisper. Oh, how long and dreary the days were to him! Mrs. White had begun to grow tired of waiting on him, and so Christie was for many a long hour without seeing anyone to whom he could speak.

It was a very dark little chamber, only lighted from the passage, and Christie could not even see a bit of

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

the world. All day long there was no

strokes hour after hour. And then he would watch the faint gray light creeping into the dark room, and listen to the footsteps of the men going out to their daily work.

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

If little Christie had not had a friend in Jesus, his little heart would almost have broken in the loneliness and desolation of those days of weakness. But though his faith was sometimes feeble, and he was then very downcast in spirit, yet at other times little Christie would talk with Jesus, as with a dear friend, and in this way he was comforted. And the words which the clergyman had read to his old master were ever ringing in his ears, Let not your heart be and little Christie clasped his thin hand

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 side the gates a little longer, to do somehad a very severe attack of fever, and he needed all manner of nourishing things to bring back his strength. But and he's never ceased chatting the night there was no one to attend to the wants What did he talk about? asked except the dear Lord; He had not forgotten him.

> 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 dispirited. '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. I was too much for little Christie! He held out his arms to him in great joy, aud 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

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. He had asked the woman who cleaned the room about him, and she had told him that Christie had never been there since he went away. The clergyman had wondered what was the matter, and had come as soon as he

' And now, Christie,' he said, 'tell But Christie was so glad and so happy now, that the past seemed like a long, troubled dream. He had waked up now, and had forgotten his sorrow and his loneliness.

The clergyman and Christie had much pleasant talk together, and then Mr. Wilton said:

'Christie, I have had a letter about you, which I will read to you:'

The letter was from little Mabel's papa, who was a friend of the clergy-

MY DEAR MR. WILTON-There is a poor boy of the name of Christie (what his surname is I do not know) But, after a time, Christie began to living in a lodging-house in Ivy Court, Percy Street. He lived formerly with an old organ-grinder, but I believe the old man was thought to be dying some weeks ago. My dear wife took a great fancy to the boy, and my little Mabel frequently talks about him. I imagine he must be left in a very destitute condition; and I should be much obliged if you could find him out and provide for him some comfortable home with any respectable person who will act as a mother to him.

'I inclose a check which will pay his In the sweet by-and-by expenses for the present. I should like him to go to school for a year or two, and then I intend, if the boy desires to serve Christ, to bring him | And our spirits shall sorrow no moreblue sky. He felt very much alone in up to work as a Scripture-reader

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. No money or pains will I spare to do for him what she herself would have done, had her life been spared.

Kindly excuse me for troubling you with this matter; but I do not wis 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 LINDESAY." 'Christie,' said the clergyman, 'the dear Lord has been very good to you.

'Yes' said little Christie, 'old Treffy was right; wasn't he, sir?' 'What did old Treffy 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,

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

'So he knelt down by Christie's bed 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 outthing to show Thee how I love Thee

'Yes, Christie,' said the clergyman, as he rose to go, ' you must work with of the poor motherless boy. No one, a very loving heart. And when the work is over will come the rest. After the long waiting will come ' Home sweet home.'

no place like Home, no place like

The Sweet By-and-By.

an account by the author of the origin of the popular hymn, "Sweet by andby," at the request of Mr. J. P. Mc-Caskey, the compiler of the Harpers' "Franklin Square Song Collection." classist. Music is not an end, but a The account is as follows:

of sheet-music (songs) and other musithe year 1867, we commenced work on "The Signet Ring: a new Sabbath school music book," afterwards pub-Chicago. The "Sweet By-and-by" was one of the songs written for that

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. me all about these long, weary weeks. had learned his peculiarities so well. that, on meeting him, I could tell at a over the souls of men. By these much glance when he was in one of those criticised hymns men have been lifted melancholy moods, and had found that out of the degradation of sin into the I could rouse him from them by giving | blessedness of a holy life. By their him a new song or hymn to work upon. aid hard hearts have been melted to On such an occasion he came into my tenderness, stubborn wills have yielded place of business, and walking down to to the pleadings of holy love, and the stove, turned his back to me without speaking. I was at my desk writ- repentant sinners. By the power of ing. Presently I turned to him and these hymns vain and frivolous songs

'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 indiffer-

Turning to the desk, I penned the following lines as fast as I could write: There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar, For the Father waits over the way,

To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by-and-by We shall meet on that beautiful shore, We shall meet on that beautiful shore

We shall sing on that beautiful shore, The melodious songs of the blest, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest:

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-aud-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. Web ster. 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 h violin, and he played the melody. 1 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 'Signet Ring.' While singing it, Mr. R. R. Crosby, now resident of Richmond, Illinois, came in and after listening awhile with tears in his eyes, uttered the prediction; . That Hymn is immortal.'

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 fashiou, 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 'Yes,' said Christie brightly, 'there's | condemned the hymns as meaningles, jingles of machine-made rhymes. We freely admit that, judging by their standards, there is ground for their criticisms. But precisely here is our point of divergence. We do not thus The Lancaster Examiner published judge. We are fully aware that many of the hymns are sometimes weak in thought, and faculty in construction. We admit further that the music is far removed from that which is termed means. Our esthetic critics themsel-In the year 1861, I became a resi- ves will admit this. Then we chaldent of the village of Elkhorn, Wiscon- lenge them to show where, in all the sin, the home of the composer, J. P. history of so-called classical music, Webster, and shortly after became ends have been attained so noble in associated with him in the production time, and so blessed in eternity, as those accomplished by this despised cal works. In the summer or fall of Moody and Sankey music. Let the classical point to the single instance on record, where immortal souls have ascribed to high art music their salvalished by Messrs. Lyon & Healy, I tion 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 angels have had cause to rejoice over 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." Regarded from a merely human standpoint, such music as this may ephemeral, but upon the parapets of heaven its influence is seen to be eternal. In view of the transcendent

souls, in the light of the judgementthrone, 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 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.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, " when he re turned. It is not my husband's fault He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work, nor the pay for that which he had done, To day he went for the last time to collect debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the faint- Butths' Department. ing, motionless figure on the bed.

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

'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 any 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 name less 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

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 glories which are to be accorded at last, latter replied, 'Twas a great pile of to those who have been wise to win 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 graspings; 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 brawn and brain, When the shoulders widen-everything else being equal-the mental processes broaden also. This is a fact in mental philosophy. - Boston Journal.

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 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

CURIOUS 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 wicked-

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

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 CURIOUS 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: Nos. 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 18, 21, 22, 23.

No. 3. A word square: CANADA AZORES NORMAL ARMADA

DEADEN ASLANT No. 4. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC

E mble M N ettl E G uita R R usti C bija H V ienn A

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.

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