BY FLORA WEBSTER BARRETT.

'Tis quenched! the maple's gold and scar let fire, That glow of embers ere the flames expire,

Which yearly light dead Summer's funeral

'Tis not thee, but thine, that lies Darkly hidden from my eyes; Yet I sob and wring my hands, Seeing field and meadow lands Stripped and blasted, thus to part From the sod that shrouds thy heart. Through the wood sounds Winter's tread, Howling winds about thy bed Rend the nests of birdlings flown As I leave thee, cold and lone.

And thus comes Winter! while across the

Dark clouds, the shuttles of his weaver Weaving earth's snowy coverlet, on high.

See, the feathery snowflake speeds Lightly, as ripe thistle-seeds; Softly falling, then, as thrust By some giddy, wayward gust, Upward whirling; now, as swift, 'Tis descending. Through the drift, Toils the woodman's sturdy team, Pausing in a haze of steam, Struggling on with manes blown back, Vanished soon the sledge's track, Smoothed by winds that bare the hill, Sweep the plain and, freakish, fill Road and hollow, loading down Fir and cedar. Gaunt and brown Stretch the elm boughs toward the sky, Lifting snowy burdens high. Wintry voices, over all, On the chill blast rise and fall. Boston Transcript.

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON.

CHAPTER XI. ALONE IN THE WORLD.

Little Christie was the only mourner who followed old Treffy to the grave. It was a poor parish funeral. Treffy's body was put into a parish funeral, Christie went up the suburban coffin, and carried to the grave in a parish hearse. But, oh! it did not matter, for Treffy was at home in "Home sweet Home; all his sorrows and troubles were over, his poverty was at an end, and in 'the Father's house' he was being well cared for.

But the man who drove the hearse was not inclined to lose time upon the road, and Christie had to walk very quickly, and sometimes almost to run, to keep up with him; and on their way they passed another and a very different funeral. It was going very slowly he stood still in astonishment. The indeed. There was a large hearse in front, and six funeral carriages filled with people followed. And as Christie passed close by them in the middle of the road he could see that the the house looked very deserted and mourners within looked very sorrowful and as if they had been crying very rooms were up, and the bed rooms had again he shuddered at the wicked words much. But in one carriage he saw something which he never forgot. With her head resting on her papa's shoulder, and her little white sorrowful face pressed close to the window was his little friend Mabel.

'So her mother is dead !' said Christie to himself, 'and this is her funeral!

He was not sure whether Mabel had seen him, but the little girl's sorrow had sunk very deep into Christie's soul, and it was with a heavier heart than before that he hastened forward to overtake the hearse which was carrying his old master's body to the grave.

So the two funeral processions—that ly with her work. of the poor old man, and that of the fair young mother-passed on to the cemetery, and over both bodies were pronounced the words, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. But all this time their happy souls were in 'Home sweet Home,' far, far away from the scene of sorrow. For a few days before, just at the same hour, two souls had left this world of woe, and him. had met together before the gates of pearl. And as they were both clean and he asked. white, both washed in the blood of the Lamb, the gates had been opened wide, and old Treffy and little Mabel's mother for?" had entered the city together. And now they had both seen Jesus, the dear Lord whom they loved well, and in His fullness of joy.

Christie was obliged to give up the little attic after Treffy's death, for the a bewildered air.

landlady wished to let it for a higher rent. However, she gave the boy leave to sleep in the great lodging-room below, while she took possession of all of old Treffy's small stock of furniture, in payment for the rent which he owed it.'

But the organ was Christie's property: his old master had given it to him most solemnly about a week before he died. He had called Christie to his side, and told him to bring the organ with him. Then he had committed it. to Christie's care.

'You'll take care of ber, Christie,' again. he had said, 'and you'll never part with her, for my sake. And when you play 'Home, sweet Home,' Christie' boy, you must think of me and your mother, and how we've both got there.'

It was hard work for Christie, the first day that he took out his organ surprised at the sudden pause in the tune, and still more s) at the tears lodging-room. which were running down Christie's cheeks. They little thought that the midnight hour. And he could not make up his mind to go on playing the pavement. till he had looked up into the blue sky Treffy's joy. And then the chorus came very sweetly to him, 'Home, sweet home; there's no place like home.' 'And old Treffy's there at last, said Christie to himself as he

finished playing. road, in hopes of seeing poor little Miss Mabel once more. He had never forgotten her sorrowful little face at the window of the funeral coach. And when we are in sorrow ourselves, it does us good to see and sympathize with those who are in sorrow also. Christie felt it would be a great comfort to him to see the little girl. He wanted to hear all about her mother, and but he was not able to eat it. He when it was that she had gone to crawled to a bench in the far corner of ' Home, sweet Home.'

But when Christie reached the house the wall beside him, he fell asleep. pretty garden was there just as usual, of men; they were eating their supper, a bed of heartseare was blooming in the sunshine, and the stocks and forget-me-nots were in full flower. But strange; the shutters of the lower no blinds in the windows, and fooked empty and forlorn. And in the nursery window, instead of little Mabel and Charlie's merry faces, there was a cross-looking old woman with her head bent down over her knitting.

were the children gone? surely no one Oh. dear! what a very sad world this else was lying dead in the house. Christie telt that he could not go home without finding out; he must ask the old woman. So he stood at the gardengate, and turned the handle of the organ, hoping that she would look out and speak to him. But, beyond a passing glance, she gave no sign that she even heard it, but went on diligent-

At length Christie could wait no longer; so stopping suddenly in the middle of ' Poor Mary Ann,' he walked up the gravel path and rang the bell. Then the old woman put her head out of the window and asked what he wanted. Christie did not quite know what to say, so she came out at once with the great fear which was haunting | the fire.

'Please, ma'am, is any one dead?'

'Dead? No!' said the old woman, quickly. 'What do you want to know | briefly.

'Please, could I speak to little Miss | heavy cake, or sour bread-which?' Mabel? said Christie, timidly.

'No, bless you,' said the old woman, presence they were even now enjoying 'not unless you'd like a walk across the sea; she's in France by now.'

all gone abroad for the summer;' and owners felt correspondingly uncomfortthen then she shut the window in a able. Then, instead of going for a decided manner, as much as to say, social, neighborly visit, we got there 'And that's all I shall tell you about just at tea-time; we were not expected

the pretty garden before he moved away. He was very disappointed; be had so hoped to have seen his little friends, and now they were gone. They were far away in France. That was a long way off, Christie felt sure, and perhaps he would never see them

He walked slowly down the dusty road. He felt very lonely this afternoon, very lonely and forsaken. His mother was gone; old Treffy was gone: the lady was gone also! He had no one to cheer him or comfort him; so he dragged the old organ wearily down after old Treffy's funeral; he did not the hot streets. He had not heart so much mind 'Rule Britannia,' or the enough to play, he was very tired and Old Hundredth; or ' Poor Mary Ann, wo'n out: yet he know not where to but when he came for the first time to go to rest. He had not even the old Home, sweet Home, such a rush of attic to call his home. But the pave. feeling came over him that he stopped ment was so hot to his feet, and the sun short in the middle and moved on with- was so scorching, that Christie deterout finishing it. The passers-by were mined to return to the dismal court, and to try to find a quiet corner in the great | Everything was neat and cosy; the

was greeted by a cloud of dust; and the frames. Mrs. Greene beheld it all lest time he played that tune he had landlady called out to him to take him- with satisfaction. Her husband was been in the room of death, and that self off, she could not do with him whilst he was playing it his dearest loitering about at that time of day. So friend on earth had passed away into Christie turned out again, very heartthe true 'Home, sweet Home.' But sore and disconsolate; and going into Christie knew, and the notes of the tune | a quiet street, he sheltered for some brought back the recollection of that time from the hot sun under a high wall which made a little shadow across

Christie was almost too hot and tired and asked for help to rejoice in old even to be unhappy, and yet every now and then he shivered, and crept in the sunshine to be warmed again. He had in the little rocker to think it over. a strange, sharp pain in his head, which uncomfortable. He did not know what was the matter with him, and some-One day, about a week after Treffy's times he got up and tried to play for a little time, but he was so sick and dizzy that he was obliged to give it up, and to lie quite still under the wall, with the organ beside him, till the sun began to set. Then he dragged himself and his organ back to the large lodging-house. The landlady had finished her cleaning, and was preparing the supper for the lodgers. She threw Christie a crust of bread as he came in the room, and putting his organ against

> and talking and laughing noisily. They took little notice of Christie, as he lay very still in the corner of the room. He could not sleep again, for the noise in the place was so great, and now and and coarse jests, which fell on his ear | beautiful fancy-work; so could I, if almost every minute.

been so ill in all his life before. What give Edna lots of ideas for Carrie. As would he not have given for a quiet for Mrs. Dean-you needn't laughlain, out of the reach of the oaths and wandered to old Treffy in 'Home, sweet Home.' What a different place his dear old master was in!

'There's no place like home, no place like home,' said Christie to him-'Home, Sweet Home!'

Mrs. Greene's Reform.

BY KATE SUMMER GATES.

'I'm sick and tired of them. I think they are wrong from beginning to end!' said Mrs. Greene, as she laid aside her wraps, and sat down before

'My dear, what is the trouble?' asked Mr. Greene, with an amused look, from the depths of his easy chair.

'Tea-parties,' responded his wife whole thing through,' she said.

that nature! Everything was delicious to-night; but I felt ashamed of myself and all the rest, all the time. In the chiefly to the earnest prayers of the best; and, of course, some of the rest first that this party was to be a success. - Colton.

'Yes,' said the old woman. 'they've were way behind the others, and the before, and, O Henry, such a supper! Christie stood for a few minutes in | Meats, cakes, and preserves of all descriptions; and I don't know what else! We tasted a bit here and there. gossipped awhile, then came away, and, instead of being better for it, I honestly believe every one was worse, mentally, morally-and I know for sure I at least am physically. I would not wonder a bit, if every individual woman there went home either full of envy because she had not the means to get up a like entertainment, or else planning to eclipse her friend.

'May I inquire to which class you belong?' asked her husband.

'Certainly you may, but I shall not tell you!' was the laughing response.

The next morning, Mrs. Greene took a survey of her little domicile. She peeped into the cosy little parlor to start with, so cosy and prefty, though by no means elegantly furnished. Then she went through the dining-room, which served for a sitting-room also. bay window was filled with thrifty But when he opened the door he plants; ivies climbed over the picturewont to say that the thought of his cheery home like home, made him truer and nobler out in the busy world. But there came a dabious expression

> over her happy face as she peered into the china closet-the china was so plain | ing, and you may blame Mrs. Greene and there was almost no silver at all. 'I don't know,' she said to herself.

remembering how the table had glistened and shone the night before.

'I don't know,' she said, sitting down It took quite a little while, but a

made him feel very bewildered and length she rose, and went about her 'I am going to have a genuine, good

old-fashioned tea-party, Henry,' she

said to her husband at noon. 'When?' To-morrow. It's going to be Give-away' party. I've made out my

list, and every one has something want them to give some one else,' 'Will you tell your plans, or wil

that break the charm?'

'Oh, no. I want you to know so that you can help, and then you are one of the givers, too.'

'In the first place, there are Mr. and Mrs. Hunt; opposite their names you see, I've written Mr. Carpenter, When he awoke, the room was full Edna Love, and Mrs. Dean. I want to get Mr. Hunt and Mr. Carpenter together; for if Mr. Hunt could only know how much good he could do by lending him some of his books and papers, he would do it. Mrs. Hnnt is not specially intellectual; but I'm sure she is kind-hearted, and she does such had time and money. Edna's sister is Christie's head was aching terribly, an invalid, and makes fancy-work and he felt very, very ill; he had never to sell; and I thought Mrs. Hunt could What could be the matter? Where little corner, in which he might have she does dress-making, and Mrs. Hunt's dresses are marvels; she will get wickedness of the men in the great dozen ideas from seeing her. Miss lodging room! And then his thoughts | Egerton will sing for us, and Mrs. Philips will tell about her travels abroad. I want Mr. Dennis to talk art to Amy Willis. She will appreciate it thoroughly, and that will do his heart good. There's a dozen on my self. 'Oh, what a long way I am from list you see, and-I wish you'd pray for a blessing on it. Will you, Henry?" Winthrop Street was astonished. It

was filled with amazement, and inclined to think that Solomon made a mistake when he affirmed that ' the thing which had been should be, for there was no new thing under the sun.'

A tea party like this had never been known within their recollections of Winthrop Street, and yet it was to be. Mrs. Dennis laughed and dubbed it the Kaleidoscope party; but notwithstanding the fun she made of it, she was on hand bright and early, to see the

The ladies came early, as requested; 'And what is the matter with them; and, as also requested, not in full dress

Perhaps it was the cheery atmos-'Henry, you know it is nothing of phere of Mrs. Greene's pretty little parlor. Partly that it may have been, but I am inclined to think it was owing

Edna Love gathered innumerable bints for Carrie; and Mrs. Hunt, Bouth's Westaufment. moved by a sudden benevolent impulse, offered to come and teach her certain new and intricate stitches of embroidery.

Mr. Hunt invited Mr. Carpenter to come to his library any time, and wondered why he had never bethought himself of this simple way of doing a kindness. In the evening Dora Egerton sang to them; and somehow, no one knew exactly how, but they all gathered round the piano, and sang some of the good, old fashioned songs they had been wont to sing in the years gone by.

Then Mrs. Philips wondered if Miss Egerton would not give Belle singing lessons; and Dora's fair face flushed rosily, and her brown eyes just danced at the thought of the extra comforts the tuition would bring to those at home.

'That's the kind of a company to have,' said Mr. Hunt to his better half, on the way home. 'I move that we have one of the same kind up our way before long.'

Mrs. Phillips stopped her basket phaeton at Mrs. Dennis' gate the next morning.

"I want to know if you can tell me, what Mrs. Greene did to us yesterday? She never said a word; but, do you know, I've thought of lifty things] might do for others. For instance, it occured to me that I might take Miss Willis to ride with me this morning instead of you. She would enjoy the drive over Pearl Hill. You are enchanted with the view from there. I know; but you can't see it this mornfor your loss.'

'I am glad to lose it, Clara, for that reason,' replied Mrs. Dennis, her laughing face unwontedly grave. 'I've been wondering-as I sat here-if I couldn't lend a helping hand some way. That's what Mrs. Greene does, and I believe we would all be happier if we did.'

The most extravagant thing in the world is sin. Men think of sin as to its consequence upon the individual who commits it, but the most expensive | Ocean. thing in society will be found to be sin, in whatever form it may appear; and a grand thing it will be when men reach this conviction. Some men think following described words, and the it is very well for men in the pulpit and initials will be a workman of great on platforms to talk about it in trying to induce conviction and persuasion on this moral question, but when they find that the cost of sin touches them in the shape of taxation, they begin to feel a new interest in reforms. It will be found in the long run that the pocket is always on the side of virtue. Men have always formulated somewhat out of their own experience, and when they see that honesty is the best policywell, it will be found to be so with regard to everything that affects personal habits, eating, drinking, dressing, and the mode of conducting life. The most extravagant thing is sin-any thing that is wrong and that violates any great law of morals.-Dr. William

Sometimes, of late years, when our summers have been unusually sunless and cold, we have been told that the cause lay in the icebergs, which, detached in spring from the polar ice, and floating southward into the temperate seas, had chilled our atmosphere. Some such chill has during the last thirty years fallen on much of our poetry, from the influence of negative philosophies. There have been poets among us who, if they had not lived under the cold shadow, possessed gifts which might have carried them to far greater heights than they ever reached. As it is, their poetry, whatever its merits may be, has in it no skylark notes, no tones of natural gladness; still less does it attain that serener joy, which they know, who having looked sorrow in the face, and gone through dark experience, have come out on the farther side. - Principal Sharp.

To think we are able, is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment, is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence. - Samuel Smiles.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have either 'In France !' repeated Christie, with | first place, we were all dressed in our | hostess, that it was so evident from the | a very long head, or a very short creed.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma,

No. 206.

Take one word from each of the following texts and shew the teaching of the Apostle Paul with regard to labor: Boast not thyself of to morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. xxvii. 1.

The way of a slothful man is as a hedge of thorns. Prov. xv. 19. As snow in summer, and as rain in

harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool. Prov. xxvi. 1.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. Prov. xxii. 29.

> CURIOUS QUESTIONS. Literary Amusement.

No. 1. A CHARADE.

Please find a single word Composed of letters seven: Its meaning is quite clear, (In Webster's it is given). And when you've found it out. I'm sure that you will say: 'Tis quite "remarkable!"

If you should now divide, And make it three and four. You may not able be To see it as before.

That must be clear as day!

It seems a strange assertion, And yet 'tis very true; I am not able now To make more clear to you.

Restore and then divide This time in two and five. And then you would exclaim: How strange this sight to give, In furnished dining room! Now really can't you guess This seven-lettered word? I'm sure you can't do less!

No. 2. A very polite gentleman had eleven oranges to give to thirteen boys. and eleven girls, and not wishing to show the least partiality in their distribution, he told them to stand in a row, and count off every ninth one to receive an orange, until the eleven should be given. It was afterwards found that each of the girls had received one. In what order did they stand?

No. 3. Make a word square of the six words here described each having

1. An important part of the British 2. A group of Islands in the Atlantic

3. The original condition of a thing.

4. A fleet of war ships.

5. To make quiet.

6. In a leaning position. No. 4. Form a double Acrostic of the

antiquity, whilst the finals will be a respectable tradesman:

1. A representative article. A plant dangerous to touch.

A musical instrument. 4. Formed of natural branches.

5. A grandson of King Solomon.

6. An Austrian city.

7. A flag. 8. One who rules for another.

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.

F elix Acts xxiv. 24, 25, [11,16. 2. A braham, Gal. iii. 6-9; Rom. iv. 3, saiah....Isa. i. 2, 6-8; xxxi. 6, 7; xl. 18-20; xliv. 9-20; xlvi. 1-7. 4. T imothy 2 Tim. i. 2, 5. 5. H ezekiah.2 Caron. xxxii. 6-8; 2 Kings

> xix. 6, 7, 35. FAITH.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS. Word-Squares:

BRAD EDEN RACE DATE ETTA ACRE NEAR DEER

No. 499. Mutilated Poetry. On God for all events depend, You cannot want when God's your

Weigh well your part, and do your best, Leave to Omnipotence the rest. Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind. Yet say not thou that heav'n's unkind. God is alike both good and wise In what he gives and what denies: Perhaps what goodness gives to-day, To-morrow goodness takes away. No. 500. Wind.

Kindness and Truth.

True worth is in being, not seeming-In doing, each day that goes by, Some little good-not in dreaming Of great things to do by-and by.

For whatever men say in their blindness. And spite of the fancies of youth. There's nothing so kingly as Kindness, And nothing so royal as Truth. -Alice Cary.

If there were no other argument for a future life, sin would furnish one never to be refuted, for it tells of a cause standing over between the Judge and ourselves, for the hearing and decision of which a time must certainly come .-Isaac Taylor.

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