

Family Reading.

The Price of a Drink.

Ten cents a glass—does any one think That this is really the price of a drink? Ten cents a glass, I hear you say, Why, that's not very much to pay. Oh, no indeed, 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb, And if that is all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride, And lies a groveling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast to day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell. Honor and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth; Hope of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavor and noble aim— These are the treasures thrown away As the price of a drink from day to day.

Ten cents a glass! How Satan laughed As over the bar the young man quaffed The besotted liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do.

And before the morning the victim lay With his life blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of drinking a social glass.

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTIE'S WORK FOR THE MASTER.

It was a hot summer's afternoon, some years after, and the air in Ivy Court was as close and stifling as it had been in the days when Christie and old Treffy lived there. Crowds of children might still be seen playing there, screaming and quarreling just as they had done then. The air was as full of smoke and dust and the court looked as desolate as it had done in those years gone by. It was still a very dismal and a very forlorn place.

So Christie thought as he entered it that sultry day; it seemed to him as far as ever from 'Home, sweet Home.' Yet, of all the places which he visited as a Scripture-reader, there was no place in which Christie took such an interest as Ivy Court; for he could not forget those dreary days when he had been a little homeless wanderer and had gone there for a night's lodging. And he could not forget the old attic which had been the first place, since his mother's death, that he had been able to call home. It was to this very attic he was going this afternoon. He climbed the rickety stairs, and as he did so he thought of the night when he had crept up them for the first time, and had knelt down outside of old Treffy's door, listening to that organ; his old master's last gift to him. And scarcely a week passed that he did not turn the handle and listen to the dear old tunes. And he always finished with 'Home, sweet Home,' for he still loved that tune the best. And when Miss Mabel came to see him she always wanted to turn the old organ in remembrance of her childish days. She was not Miss Mabel any longer now, though Christie sometimes called her so when they were talking together of the old days and of Treffy and his organ. But Mabel was married now to the clergyman under whom Christie was working; and she took great interest in the young Scripture-reader, and was always ready to help him with her advice and sympathy. And she would ask Christie about the poor people he visited, and he would tell her which of them most needed her aid. And, where she was most needed, young Mrs. Villiers was always ready to go.

And so it came to pass that when Christie knocked at the old attic door, it was opened for him by Mrs. Villiers herself, who had just come there to see a poor sick woman. She had not met Christie in that attic since the days when they were both children, and Mabel smiled as he came in, and said to him, 'Do you remember the occasion when we met her before?' 'Yes,' said Christie, 'I remember

it well; there were four of us here then, Mrs. Villiers, and two out of the four have gone to the bright city which we talked of then.'

'Yes,' said Mabel, with tears in her eyes; 'they are waiting for us in 'Home, sweet Home.'

The attic did not look any more cheerful that day than it had done when old Treffy lived there. The window-panes were nearly all broken and filled with pieces of paper or rag. The floor was more rotten than ever, and the boards seemed as if they must give way when Christie crossed the room to speak to a forlorn-looking woman who was sitting on a chair by the smouldering fire. She was evidently very ill and very unhappy. Four little children were playing about, and making so much noise that Christie could hardly hear their mother speak when she told him she was 'no better, no better at all, and she did not think she ever should be.'

'Have you done what I asked you Mrs. Wilson?' said Christie.

'Yes, sir, I've said it again and again, and the more I say it the more miserable it makes me.'

'What is it, Christie?' said Mrs. Villiers.

'It's a little prayer, ma'am, I asked her to say: 'O God, give me Thy Holy Spirit, to show me what I am.''

'And I think he has shown me,' said the poor woman, sadly, 'anyhow, I never knew I was such a sinner; and every day as I sit here by my fire, I think it all over, and every night as I lie awake on my bed I think of it again.'

'I've brought another prayer for you to say now, Mrs. Wilson,' said Christie, 'and I've written it out on a card, that you may be able to learn it quickly: 'O God, give me Thy Holy Spirit, to show me what Jesus is.' God has heard and answered you first prayer, so you may be sure He will hear this one also. And if He only shows you what Jesus is, I am sure you will be happy, for Jesus will forgive you your sin and take away all its heavy burden.'

The poor woman read the prayer aloud several times, and then Mrs. Villiers took a book from her pocket and began to read. It was a little, much-worn Testament. It had once been blue, but from constant use the color had faded, and the gilt edges were no longer bright. It was not the first time that same Testament had been in that old attic. For it was the same book from which Mabel's mother had read to old Treffy fifteen years before. How Mabel loved that book! Here and there was a pencil mark, which her mother had made against some favorite text, and those texts Mabel read again and again, till they became her favorites also. It was one of these which she read to the old woman to-day: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' And then Mrs. Villiers explained how ready Jesus is to save any soul that comes to Him, and how his blood is quite sufficient to take away sin.

'The sick woman listened eagerly, and a tear came into Christie's eye as he said: 'There is no text that I love like that. Mrs. Villiers. Mr. Wilton preached on it in the mission-room the second time I went there, and I felt as if I could sing for joy when I heard it; I will remember how I ran up the stairs to this attic to tell it to my old master.'

'And you've found it true, Christie?'

'Yes, ma'am, indeed I have; and Treffy found it true too.'

Then Mrs. Villiers and Christie took their leave; but, as they were going down the steep staircase, Christie said, 'Have you time to call on Mrs. White for a few minutes, ma'am? She would be so pleased to see you, and I don't think she will live very long.'

Mrs. Villiers gladly agreed to go; so Christie knocked at the door at the bottom of the stairs. A young woman opened it, and they went in. Mrs. White was lying on a bed in the corner of the room, and seemed to be asleep; but presently she opened her eyes, and when she saw Christie her face brightened, and she said out her hands in welcome. She was an old woman now, and had given up taking lodgers several years before.

'Oh, Christie,' she held, 'I am glad to see you; I have been counting the hours till you came.'

'Mrs. Villiers has come to see you to-day, Mrs. White.'

'Yes,' said Christie, 'I remember

'Oh! how good of you,' said the poor woman; 'Christie said you would come some day.'

'You have known Christie a long time, have you not?' said Mrs. Villiers.

'Yes,' said the old woman, 'he came to me first as a little ragged boy, shivering with cold; and I liked the look of him, ma'am, he was so much quieter than some that came here; and I used to give him a crust sometimes, when he looked more starved than usual.'

'Yes, Mrs. White,' said Christie, 'you were often very good to me.'

'Oh! not as I should have been Christie, they were only crusts I gave you, bits that were left from the men's meals and not so much of them either; but you've come to me, and you've brought me the Bread of Life—not just bits and leavings, but enough and to spare, as much as I like, and more than enough for all I want.'

'Oh, Christie,' said Mrs. Villiers, 'I am glad to hear this; the dear Lord has been very good to you; your work has not been in vain.'

'In vain!' said the old woman; 'I should think not! There's many a one, Mrs. Villiers, that will bless God in the home above for what you and your father have done for this lad; and there's no one that will bless Him more than I shall. I was as dark as a heathen till Christie came to me, and read to me out of his Bible, and talked to me of Jesus, and put it all so clear to me. And now I know that my sins are forgiven, and very soon the Lord will take me home; and oh! dear, how nice that will be—'

'When in the snowy dress Of Thy redeemed I stand, Faultless and stainless, Faithful and stainless, Safe in that happy land!'

'I see that Mrs. White knows your hymn, Christie,' said Mrs. Villiers.

'Yes,' said Christie, 'I taught her it a long time ago, and she is as fond of it as my old master was.'

After a little more conversation, Mrs. Villiers took her leave, and Christie continued his round of visits. All that long, sultry afternoon he toiled on, climbing dark staircases, going down into damp cellars, visiting crowded lodging-houses; and everywhere, as he went, dropping seeds of the Word of life, sweet words from the book of books, suited to the hearts of those with whom he met.

For in that book Christie found there was a word for every need, and a message for every soul. There was peace for the sin-burdened, comfort for the sorrowful, rest for the weary, counsel for the perplexed, and hope for the dying. And Christie always prayed before he went out, that God's Holy Spirit would give him the right word for each one whom he went to see. And, as he knocked at the door of a house, he always lifted up his heart in a silent prayer, something like this: 'Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, give me the opportunity of saying something for Thee, and please help me use it, and show me how to say the right word.'

And so it was no wonder that God blessed him. It was no wonder that wherever he went, Christie not only found opportunities of doing good, but was able to use those opportunities to the best advantage. It seemed as if he had been raised up by God to do a great and special work among this large class of poor, downcast and oppressed people. It was no wonder that when the people were ill they always sent for the young Scripture-reader to read and pray with them.

It was no wonder that the little children loved him, or that the poor tired mothers were glad to sit down for a few minutes to hear him read words of comfort from the Book of life. It was no wonder that all day long Christie found work to do for the Master, and souls waiting to receive the Master's message. He was generally very tired when he went home at night, but he did not mind this. For he never forgot old Treffy's sorrow, a few days before he died, because he had only a week left in which to show his love for his Saviour. And Christie thanked God every day that he had given to him the honor and privilege of working for Him.

Christie lodged in a quiet street not far from Ivy Court. He used to live

some way out of the town, for he liked to have a walk after his day's work was done; but he found that the poor people often wanted him for different things in the evening and at other times, and so he removed nearer to them and nearer to his work. And very often they would come to him with their troubles, and sit in his little room pouring out their grief. The young men especially were very glad to come to Christie's lodging to have a talk with him; and once a week Christie had a little prayer-meeting there, to which many of them came. And they found it a great help on their way to heaven.

When Christie opened the door of his lodging on the day of which I am writing, he heard a sound which very much surprised him. It was the sound of his old barrel-organ; and it was playing a few notes of 'Home, sweet Home.' He wondered much who could be turning it, for he had forbidden the landlady's children to touch it, except when he was present to see that no harm came to it. He sometimes smiled to himself at his care over the old organ. It reminded him of the days when he had first played it, with old Treffy standing by him and looking over his shoulder, saying in an anxious voice, 'Turn her gently, Christie, boy; turn her gently.'

And now he was almost as careful of it as Treffy himself, and he would not on any account have it injured. And so he hastened up stairs to see who it could be that was turning it this morning. On his way he met his landlady, who said that a gentleman was waiting for him in his parlor, who seemed very anxious to see him, and had been sitting there for some time. And, when Christie opened the door, who should be turning the barrel-organ but his old friend, Mr. Wilton!

They had not met for many years, for Mr. Wilton had settled in another part of England, where he was preaching the same truths as he had once preached in the little mission-room. But he had come to spend a Sunday in the scene of his former labors, and he was very anxious to know how his friend Christie was getting on, and whether he was still working for the Saviour, and still looking forward to 'Home, sweet Home.'

It was a very affectionate meeting between Mr. Wilton and his young friend. They had much to talk about, not having seen each other for so long. 'So you still have the old organ, Christie,' said Mr. Wilton, looking down at the faded silk, which was even more colorless than it had been in Treffy's day.

'Yes, sir,' said Christie, 'I could never part with it; I promised my old master that I never would, and it was his dying gift to me. And often now when I hear the notes of 'Home, sweet Home,' it takes my thoughts to old Treffy, and I think what a happy time he must have had in 'the city bright,' all these fifteen years.'

'Do you remember how you used to want to go there, too, Christie?'

'Yes, Mr. Wilton, and I don't want it any less now; but still I should like to live some years longer, if it is his will. There is so much to do in the world, isn't there, sir? And what I do only seem to me like a drop in the ocean when I look at the hundreds of people there are in these crowded courts; I could almost cry sometimes when I feel how little I can reach them.'

'Yes, Christie,' said Mr. Wilton, 'there is a great deal to do, and we cannot do a tenth part, nor yet a thousandth part, of what there is to do; what we must strive after is, that the dear Master may be able to say of each of us, 'He hath done what he could.''

Then Mr. Wilton and Christie knelt down and prayed that God would give Christie a blessing on his work, and would enable him to lead many of the people, in the courts and lanes of that wretched neighborhood, to come to Jesus, that they might find a home in that city where Treffy was gone before.

Mental Resistance of Disease.

Mr. Andrew Crosse, the great electrician, tells a remarkable incident in his own history. On one occasion a cat bit him very severely in his arm. The beast died from hydrophobia the same day. Here was a case in which any one might have been fully justified in entertaining serious expectations. He appears to have suffered no ill effects for some length of time. Three months afterwards, one morning, he felt considerable pain in the part where the wound had been, with fever. He was about to drink some water when, as he himself relates, 'At the instant that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. 'Either I shall die or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind.'

Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went, a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following day it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind.'

The Heathen have Beat.

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

'Now,' said he, 'I'll have some candy, for I've been wanting some for a long while.'

'Is that the best way you can use your penny?' asked his mother.

'Oh yes! I want the candy very much.' And he hurried on his cap and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again and soon reached the door of the candy store, and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

'Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!'

'What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'

'Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'O I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen.'—Missionary Echoes.

There is a greater sin committed when a parent fails to make a child mind, than in the act of disobedience.

Bouths' Department.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma.

No. 208.

(From the Home Circle.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

What Hebrew wife her rival taunted sore?

What king lost power unwisely seeking more?

Who was a ready scribe in Moses' law? Who, after fasting long, an angel saw?

What prophet wrote of Syria's overthrow?

Who from her husband's mother would not go?

Whose servant tried his master to deceive?

Where did St. Paul his books and parchments leave?

What king of giant race did Israel slay? Who did with pleasing grace the timbrel play?

What priest first used a pulpit made of wood?

Who sought, at risk of life, her people's good?

Where did a servant slay his lawful king? What friend did Paul request his cloak to bring?

What king to Solomon rich dues did send?

What title was given to Paul's Philippian friend?

Who threshed, and by the wine-press hid the wheat?

What mount oft bore the Saviour's sacred feet?

What loving father, in a touching strain, Mourned for a rebel son, ignobly slain?

The initials spell a text from one of the Minor Prophets.

QUIRIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 9. An Historical Person.

I was a Welchman, born in 1599. After the regular course of preparation I became a clergyman of the Church of England, but feeling that my views of liberty of conscience could not be enjoyed to the full, and having to endure persecution, I, like many others, resolved to leave home and went to Boston seeking 'freedom to worship God.' Here however I was again persecuted by the Puritans, principally because I insisted on scriptural baptism—the immersion of believers in water on a profession of faith and of none other but believers, and was ordered to return to England. Instead of this I went to Salem and was driven from place to place, half-starved, and found friends among the Indians, to whom I preached the gospel of peace, and with whom I remained for many weeks. Eventually I with five others went to Rhode Island in June 1636. Here we commenced a new government and were soon joined by others, and at the request of my friends went to England and obtained a charter for a separate government and this became one of the original thirteen States with the freedom I first sought. My views soon gaining a permanent footing are now recognized by all enlightened countries. Who was I?

No. 10. Logogram.

One word in the first verse will be found transposed in the other verses. Silently he stood beside her, While her tears fell thick and fast; And her heart was nearly broken, Thinking they must part at last.

'Dearest Herbert!'—this she murmured— 'Woe unto the wicked press— Gang that laid this trap to catch thee! Dost thou think thou'lt get redress!'

Then he gazed, with rapt attention, On her face, so fair to see; 'Lena, darling, don't forget me; For I ne'er can forget thee.'

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. 207.

M elchisedec, A hasuerus, M akkedah, R ehoboam, E li.

MAMRE.

ANSWERS TO QUIRIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 5. Hail, all. Pair, air. Ship, hip. Shark, hark. Train, rain. Lash, ash. Bracket, racket.

No. 6. In dig nation.

No. 7. (1) That, T; (2) Manhattan, man, tan; (3) Hatred, red; (4) Hat-band, band.

No. 8. Bible Questions.

1. David and Asaph. 2 Chron. xxix. 30. 2. 2 Chronicles vii. 7; xxix. Daniel iii. 3. The Apple. Solomon's Song ii. 3. 4. Yes, Isaiah iii. 22. 5. Yes, Jeremiah ii. 22.

A correspondent writes to the London

Rock—the Low Church organ of the Church of England—that he was waiting at the Windsor railway station a few days ago, and saw three or four gentlemen from Clewer standing near him. They all wore the Roman collar, and the limp felt hat, and the long, single-breasted frock coat which is the uniform of themselves and their friends. A gentleman who got out of the train was evidently surprised at seeing them; and asked one of the porters if they were Roman Catholic priests; 'No Sir,' was the reply. 'They ain't Roman priests, but they are very good imitations of them.'