

Family Reading.

Death of the Old Year and Birth of the New.

Sitteth the Old Year silent, 'Mid the evening shades of his life, And with thoughts of the past so varied Is his aged bosom rife;—

Select Serial.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN.

BY MRS. O. F. WALTON. CHAPTER X.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

The next morning some of the lodgers in the great room below remembered having heard sounds in the stillness of the night, which had awakened them from their dreams and disturbed their slumbers.

allowed him to be the poor, weak instrument in bringing this soul to Himself. There would be one at least at the beautiful gates of 'Home, sweet Home,' watching for his home-going steps.

Mr. Wilton looked anxiously for Christie when he entered the crowded mission-room on Sunday evening. Yes, Christie was there, sitting as usual on the front bench, with a very pale and sorrowful face and with heavy, down-cast eyes.

'To-night,' said the clergyman, 'I am to speak of 'Home, sweet Home, and of those who dwell there—the great multitude of the redeemed. It is a very holy place; there is no speck on the golden pavement, no evil to be found within the city.'

'Oh,' said the clergyman, 'never forget that this is the only way to stand before that throne. Being good will never take you there, not being as bad as others will avail you nothing; if you are ever to enter heaven, you must be washed white in the blood of the Lamb.'

'St. John was allowed to look into heaven, and he saw a great company of these redeemed ones, and they were singing a new song, to the praise of him who had redeemed them. And since St. John's time, said the clergyman, 'oh! how many have joined their number. Every day, every hour, almost every moment, some soul stands before the city gates.'

'And my friends,' said the clergyman, 'as the holy God looks on these souls He sees in them no trace of sin, the blood has taken it all away; even in His sight they are all fair, there is no spot in them. They are faultless and stainless, perfectly pure and holy.'

'Oh! my friends, will you ever join their number? This is a dark, dismal, dying world; will you be content to have your all here? Will you be content never to enter 'Home, sweet Home?'

'One old man,' said the clergyman, 'to whom I was talking last week is now spending his first Sunday in that city bright.'

A stillness passed over the room when the clergyman said this, and Christie whispered to himself, 'He means Master Treffy, I know he does.'

'If I were to hear next Sunday,' said the clergyman, 'that any one of you was dead, could I say the same of you? Whilst we are meeting here, would you be in 'Home, sweet Home?'

'Oh! do answer this question in your own heart,' said Mr. Wilton, in a very earnest voice. 'I do want to meet every one of you in 'Home, sweet Home.' I think that when God takes me there I shall be looking out for all of you, and oh! how I trust we shall all meet there—all meet at home!'

'I cannot say more to-night,' said the minister, 'but my heart is very full. God grant that each of you may now be washed in the blood of Jesus, and even in this life be made whiter than snow, and then say with a grateful heart, 'Lord, I will work for Thee, love Thee, serve Thee, all I can!'

'Till in the snowy dress, Of thy redeemed I stand, Faultless and stainless, Faithful and stainless, Safe in that happy land.'

And then the service was over, and the congregation went away. But Christie never moved from the bench on which he was sitting. His face was buried in his hands, and he never looked up, even when the clergyman laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

'Oh! he sobbed at last. I want to go home: my mother's gone, and old Treffy's gone, and I want to go.'

The clergyman took Christie's little brown hand in both of his, and said, 'Christie, poor little Christie, the Lord does not like to keep you outside the gate; but He has work for you to do a little longer, and then the gates will be opened, and home will be all the sweeter after the dark time down here.'

There was no one to-night to whom Christie could tell what he had heard. He waited a minute outside the attic door, as if he was almost afraid to go in, but it was only for a minute, and when he walked in all fear passed away.

The sun was setting, and some rays of glory were falling on old Treffy's face as he lay on the bed. They seemed to Christie as if they came straight from the golden city, there was something so bright and so unearthly about them. And Christie fancied that Treffy smiled as he lay on the bed. It might be fancy, but he liked to think it was so.

And then he went to the attic window and looked out. He almost saw the golden city, far away amongst those wondrous, bright clouds. It was a strange, glad thought, to think that Treffy was there. What a change for him from the dark attic! Oh, how bright heaven would seem to his old master!

Christie would have given anything just to see for one minute what Treffy was doing. 'I wonder if he will tell Jesus about me, and how I want to come home,' said Christie to himself.

And as the sunset faded away and the light grew less and less, Christie knelt down in the twilight and said from the bottom of his heart:

'O Lord, please make me patient, and please some day take me to live with Thee and old Treffy, in 'Home, sweet Home.'

Trial of Fred's Faith.

'I'm hungrier than ever to-night,' Fred said Maggie Lee, as she sat on the doorstep of a little brown house, wearily trying to patch a large hole in her brother's jacket.

but then I couldn't go to Sunday-school. This long-sleeved apron wouldn't do to wear, for it hardly comes down to my knees.'

Poor, troubled Fred, looking tenderly down upon his little sister, said: 'It is dreadful to be so poor, Maggie, but it is worse to do wrong. You wouldn't want me to work every Sunday and disobey God. He will not let us starve. Mother said he always took care of children who hadn't any father and mother, so he will be sure to look after us.'

'I suppose mother knew,' said Maggie; 'but if God don't remember to help us pretty soon, I shall think she didn't quite understand. Don't you believe God sometimes forgets, just as people do, or perhaps he don't know the bread and everything most is all gone. We have not told him.'

'Why, Maggie! you know God never forgets, and he knows everything, but he likes to have us ask him for what we need, and he may be waiting for that, so let's pray to him right away.'

Maggie dropped her work, and together they went into the house, where, kneeling beside a low bench, they offered the childlike prayer of faith which God always delights to hear and answer.

'There is one thing which we can sell perhaps that will help us for a day or two, till I can find work,' said Fred, slowly, as, with brighter faces, as they seated themselves on the door-step; 'I can take our little Mrs. Betty Bringle to Farmer Green, if you wouldn't mind much, for you know we haven't had any eggs for several days, and we haven't anything to give her to eat, either.'

'O Fred! I don't see how I could spare Mrs. Betty. I have such nice talks with her when you are gone away; and if you ever find a place, you can buy her back.'

'Don't say if, Maggie; I shall find a place, for we have just asked God for it.'

'Well,' said Maggie, drawing a deep sigh, 'let's go and see what Mrs. Betty says about it.' So they went out into the coop, where the little white hen had just gone to roost; and after a conversation which Maggie seemed to understand, they decided that Mrs. Betty was willing to go, although Maggie insisted upon it that Betty did not give one consenting nod until she had been assured that they would bring her back some day.

'Hurrah!' suddenly cried Fred, 'What did you lay your eggs in this chip-basket for, Mrs. Betty? Well! for that, little lady, you shall stay here till Monday anyway! Look here, Maggie, four eggs! So we shan't starve to-morrow.'

Bright and early the next morning, Fred and Maggie, dressed in the patched jacket and pink gingham, were seated in their places in Sunday-school. They both had teachers who were much interested in their scholars. Fred's teacher was the daughter of a wealthy merchant; but none of her numerous social engagements ever prevented a faithful preparation for her class. The subject of the lesson for that day was 'The Trial of Abraham's Faith,' and as she earnestly endeavored to bring the truth home to their practical use, she noticed that Fred though always attentive, seemed unusually impressed by her words. She told them that whenever they were tempted to disobey God, because obedience seemed likely to bring them trouble, their faith was tried in something the same manner as was Abraham's.

'Then,' said Fred, 'will God be sure to make it come out all right for us now, as he did for Abraham?'

When she assured him that God always overruled all things for good to those who trust and obey him, such a look of peace and satisfaction came over his face as convinced her that the subject touched her own experience, at the very time. After school, therefore, in order to open his way for him to tell her his troubles, if he chose, she asked how he was getting along at Mr. Finch's. He then gladly made known all his perplexities, when she comforted him, saying, 'Do right, Fred, and never fear, the Lord will provide.'

Monday morning as Fred and Maggie with loving caresses were putting their one little pet into a basket, to take to Farmer Green's, a carriage stopped at the door, and Mr. Mayhew, the father of Fred's Sunday-school teacher, jumped out. Fred quickly stepped forward, when Mr. Mayhew said 'are you Fred Lee? If so, I have a place for you. Mr. Finch would like you to go back to him, and will increase your wages.'

Fred pressed his lips firmly together and said, 'Much obliged, sir, but I can't work for Mr. Finch.'

'Why, not?' said Mr. Mayhew; 'I thought you wanted a place very much indeed.'

'I do, sir,' answered Fred; 'but if I go to him I must work on Sundays, and I can't do that.'

'Now I know that thou fearest God,' said Mr. Mayhew, softly. 'I am needing a boy myself, and one who will not work Sunday is just the kind that I should like, Will you come to me?'

'Do you mean it?' said Fred; 'I would like to come to-day. I can work real hard, for I'm pretty strong.'

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Mayhew; 'I'm in earnest, and I'll pay you a week in advance.'

An hour later, Fred was busy in Mr. Mayhew's large establishment, while Maggie and Mrs. Betty Bringle were talking over the good news together, on the door-step.

A Swiss Good Night.

Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another besides that of sounding the far famed Ranx des Vaches, or Cow Song; and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature.

When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn, and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking trumpet, 'Praise the Lord God! As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsman, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at last settles over the scene. All the herdsman kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime it has become dark. 'Good-night!' at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsman, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest.

Josiah White.

Josiah White, (a Friend) a few miles from his own residence, meeting a Friend who inquired how he was in health, replied, 'Pretty well; but a little fatigued with riding; my horse goes rather roughly; he is hardly fit for the saddle, and I believe I must provide me with another.'

'What dost thou use him for in common?' 'He is a good cart-horse.'

'Well, I have an easy-going saddle-horse and want a carriage-horse; perhaps it will suit us both to exchange.' They had the horses out, and at length agreed to the proposal. Some months after, the like occasion bringing them together, they renewed the dialogue.

'Well, Josiah, how dost thou like the horse?' 'Josiah—' Why, so well, that I thought I had deceived thee; and have brought five pounds in my pocket which I desire thee to accept, as I believe it to be about the difference in the value.'

'Surprising, Josiah! Why I had the same thought of thee; and have actually brought the sum to offer thee supposing the advantage to have been all on my side! After indulging in a pleasantry on this singular occasion, they concluded to keep to their bargain, and each to take back his five pounds.—Friends' Intelligencer.

Youths' Department.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma.

No. 205.

- 1. A Gentle ruler who heard the truth from one of its most eminent teachers.
2. One of the most conspicuous servants of God, distinguished by one grace especially.
3. A prophet who lived when defecation from the true God had become general, and was attended with great corruption of morals.

CURIOS QUESTIONS.

- 498. Form two word squares:
1. A thin man.
2. A contest.
3. A measure of land.
4. A rumbling quadruped.

- 1. An ancient garden.
2. A foreign fruit.
3. An abbreviated name.
4. Not far away.

Incomplete Poetry.

O! God for all events, You cannot want when God's your friend, Weigh well your part, and do your duty, Leave to Omnipotence the rest, Heaven may not grant thee all thy wish, Yet say not thou that heaven's God is like both good and bad, In what he gives, and what he takes, Perhaps what goodness gives To morrow goodness takes.

500. A Riddle.

I cheer the sick and lonely child With light and fond caress, And oft with whispers have beguiled The aged in distress.

The gates and bars of men I mock, And ever love to roam Where on the high and craggy rock The sea fowl makes her home.

I'm found on fields of battle red, And oft 'gainst town and tower; The valiant and the strong have fled, And died before my power.

My face nor form you ne'er have seen Where I in summer play, Yet I with you have often been— I meet you every day. O. NEAL.

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. 204.
1. I chato d.1 Sam. iv. 21.
2. S hebb a.1s. xxii. 15; xxxvii. 13.
3. A rmgaddo n. Rev. xvi. 14, 16.
4. I shu 1.1 Sam. xiv. 49.
5. A malekit e.2 Sam. i. 2, 8.
6. H anamu 1. Jer. xxxii. 8, 9.

ISAIAH—DANIEL

- ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.
No. 496.
A abilities, N obleness, Y ears, E steem, E ducation, H onor, W idow, A miability, A bundance, R eligion, P leaseure, P assion, Y outh.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

- 1. Tiberius Caesar.....Luke iii. 1.
2. Pontius Pilate.....Luke iii. 1.
3. Felix.....Acts xxv. 25.
4. Porcius Festus.....Acts xxv. 27.
5. Agrippa.....Acts xxvi. 13.
6. Festus.....Acts xxvi. 24.
7. Agrippa.....Acts xxvi. 28.
8. Herod.....Acts xii. 1-3.
9. Sergius Paulus.....Acts xiii. 7-12.
10. Publius.....Acts xxviii. 17.

Pop-corn.

Oh, the sparkling eyes, In a fairy ring! Ruddy glows the fire, And the corn we bring. Tiny lumps of gold One by one we drop; Give the pan a shake— Pop! Pop! Pop! Pussy on the mat Wonders at the fun; Merry little feet Round the kitchen run. Smiles and pleasant words Never, never stop; Lift the cover now— Pop! Pop! Pop! What a pretty change! Where's the yellow gold? Here are snowy lambs Nodding in the fold. Some are wide awake, On the floor they hop; Ring the bell for tea! Pop! Pop! Pop!

HEAD-year is sausages that reach not be heads ha (i. e., m and soak at least them in boil; c till the b to cool, one vess as soon every bo though plenty of those w ing to cl pepper just a p cloves in Skim all liquid a into the few mo to cool. pickle, put the into the Telegra For o apples i core th clear w jar to c tender; usual, a sugar t most o result, the app having by the lemon- PAST put a alum a acid or will no insects moisture a wide and ke in use. All the ho in san their p A d owes l observ believe by any take s To vent goods color take a cup water minute in wh squeeze repeat board in tw ing c tempo enough tably ting you c Th cooki home peopl go to a kn reign mast ment up a after This had prep my have Fren whic to h peas which T need eye, need wor seen cool