Death of the Old Year and Birth of the New.

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

Thinking, with eyes closed softly, Of the dreamy time of his youth, When he fancied that life was lasting And its every promise truth :-

Thinking, with sudden starting, Of the sluggish tide in his veins, How with sinewy strength of manhood He had grasped life's richest gains :-

Thinking, alas! with wrinkles Growing deeper still on his brow, Of his frame in its trembling weakness And the pain that racks it now.

Misty and dim in contrast Comes the future up to his gaze, And with silver head bowed he trieth To trace out its untrod ways.

Chilly the night and darker As the late hours hurry by, But the hoary-crowned head still boweth Still is closed the age dimmed eye.

Cometh the New Year brightly With the morning's first rosy beams; His step is the patter of childhood, In his eye joy's pure light gleams.

Speaketh he to the aged, Caressing the white cheek and hair, But his touch meets an icy chillness And he knows that death is there.

Weepeth he not-divining The presence of death at his side? Nay, joy in his eye still is shining, Smiles on his lips abide.

See! with his gentle fingers, In his beautiful childish way! Of the flowers that bloom in the windows He weaveth a vestment gay.

Wrapping the rigid features In this shroud so fragrant and fair, He hides all the chill and the horror, And forgets that death is there. C. M. REYNOLDS.

# 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. Some maintained it was only the wind howling in the chimney, but others felt sure it was music, and said that the old man in the attic must have been amusing himself with the organ at midnight.

she heard of it; 'he'll never play it again; he's a dying man, by what the doctor says.'

turning his old organ in the middle of last night,' said a man from the far corner of the room. 'I'll bet you a shilling he was.'

The landlady went up stairs, to satisfy his curiosity, and rapped at the attic door. No one answered, so she opened it and went in. Christie was fast asleep, stretched upon the bed where his old master's body lay; the tears had dried on his cheeks, and he was resting his head on one of Treffy's cold, withered hands. The landlady's face grew grave, and she instinctively shuddered in the presence of death.

Christie woke with a start, and looked up in her face with a bewildered expression. He could not remember at first what had happened; but in a mo ment it all came back to him, and he turned over and moaned.

The landlady was touched by the boy's sorrow; but she was a rough woman and knew little of the way of showing sympathy; and Christie was not sorry when she went down stairs and left him to himself. As soon as the house was quiet, he brought a neighbor to attend to old Treffy's body,

and then crept out to tell the clergyman. Mr. Wilton felt very deeply for the desolate child. Once again he committed him to his loving Father, to the Friend who would never leave him nor forsake him. And when Christie was gone he again knelt down and thanked less, faultless and stainless, safe in that God with a very full heart for having happy home.'

allowed him to be the poor, weak instru-There would be one at least at the beautiful gates of 'Home, sweet Home,' watching for his home-going steps. Old Treffy would be waiting for him there. indeed washed in the precious blood of ly down upon his little sister, said: said are you Fred Lee? If so, I Oh, how good God had been to him! Christ? Have you indeed been for-It was with a thankful heart that he given? Have you indeed come to but it is worse to do wrong You would like you to go back to him, and sat down to prepare his sermon for the Jesus? next day, on the last verse of the hymn. Treffy helped him much in the realizato speak.

Mr. Wilton looked anxiously for Chris. tie 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 the minister, "but my heart is very sorrowful face and with heavy, down- full. God grant that each of you may cast eyes. And when the hymn was being sung, the clergyman noticed the and even in this life be made whiter tears were running down the boy's than snow, and then say with a grateful cheeks, though he rubbed them away heart, 'Lord, I will work for Thee, love with his sleeve as fast as they came. Thee, serve Thee, all I can: But Christie looked up, almost with a smile, when the clergyman gave out his text. It was from Revelation vii. 14, 15: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God.'

· To-night,' said the clergyman, 'I am to speak of ' Home, sweet Home, up, even when the clergyman laid his and of those who dwell there-the hand kindly on his shoulder. 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. The tempter can never enter there, sin is unknown -all is very, very holy. And on the white robes of those who dwell there there is no stain; pure and clean and spotless, bright and fair as light are those robes of theirs. Nothing to soil them, nothing to spoil their beauty, they are made white forever in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are they comforted the child, and then once before the throne of God.

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 to every soul washed in the blood of Jesus those gates of pearl are thrown open; they are all dressed one by one in a robe of white, and as they walk through the 'Not he,' said the landlady when golden streets, and stand before the throne of glory, they join in that song which never grows old: 'Amen. Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanks-'Just you go and ask him if he wasn't giving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.'

'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?' Oh! will you delay coming to the fountain, and then wake up, and find you are shut out of the city bright, and that for ever?

'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." 'He was a poor sin-stained old man, the clergyman went on, but he took Jesus at His word, he came to the blood of Christ to be washed and even here he was made whiter than snow. And two nights ago the dear Lord sent for the old man; and took him home. There was no sin-mark found on his soul, so the gates were opened to him; and now in the snowy dress of Christ's redeemed he stands, faultles and stain-

'If I were to hear next Sunday,' said but then I couldn't go to Sunday-school. take to Farmer Green's, a carriage Whilst we are meeting here, would you knees." be in . Home, sweet Home!' Are you

And what he had just heard of old your own heart, said Mr. Wilton, in a us starve. Mother said he always took very earnest voice. 'I do want to meet | care of children who hadn't any father tion of the bright city of which he was every one of you in 'Home, sweet and mother, so he will be sure to look Home.' I think that when God takes after us. 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 !

now be washed in the blood of Jesus.

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

And then the service was over, and on which he was sitting. His face was buried in his hands, and he never looked

'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.' And with other gentle and loving words he buy her back.' more he prayed with him, and Christie Oh,' said the clergyman, never went away with a lighter heart. But he could not help thinking of last Sunday evening, when he had hastened home to tell Treffy about the third verse of the hymn.

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

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 for that, little lady, you shall stay here them. And Christie funcied that Treffy smiled as he lay on the bed. It might | gie, four eggs! So we shan't starve tobe fancy, but he liked to think it was

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

Christie would have given anything subject of the lesson for that day was just to see for one minute what Treffy 'The Trial of Abraham's Faith,' and provide me with another.' was doing. 'I wonder if he will tell Jesus about me, and how I want to come home, said Christie to himself.

the light grew less and less, Christie knelt down in the twilight and said from the bottom of his heart:

and please some day take me to live with Thee and old Treffy, in ' Home, sweet Home."

### Trial of Fred's Faith.

Fred, said Maggie Lee, as she sat the doorstep of a little brown house, look of peace and satisfaction came wearily trying to patch a large hole in her brother's jacket. It was the only one he had, and she wanted him to look as well as possible in Sunday-school the next day, so that the other boys should not laugh at him. "I almost wish," continued Maggie, " you had not given up your place in Mr. Finch's store gladly made known all his perplexities, don't you. We used to have plenty to eat, when you worked there. Are you right, Fred, and never fear, the Lord not afraid we are going to starve? will provide." There isn't but one slice of bread in the house, and I don't know of anything we' gie with loving caresses were putting

ment in bringing this soul to Himself the clergyman, that any one of you This long-sleeved apron wouldn't do to stopped at the door, and Mr. Mayhew, was dead, could I say the same of you? wear, for it hardly comes down to my the father of Fred's Sunday-school

> "It is dreadful to be so poor, Maggie, have a place for you. Mr. Finch wouldn't want me to work every Sun-'Oh! do answer this question in day and disobey God. He will not let

'I suppose mother knew,' said Maggie; 'but if God don't remember to help us pretty soon, I shall think she 'I cannot say more to-night,' said 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 the congregation went away. But offered the childlike prayer of faith Christie never moved from the bench | which God always delights to hear and

. There is one thing which we can sell perhaps that will help us for a day or gether, on the door-step. 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 obedience and faith which they never to Farmer Green, if you wouldn't mind much, for you know we havn't had any eggs for several days, and we havn'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

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

· 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, is heard by the neighboring herdsman. they decided that Mrs. Betty was they issue from their huts, take their 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 all the mountains and rocky cliffs some day.

'Hurrah!' suddenly cried Fred, the scene. All the herdsmen kneel and What did you lay your eggs in this chip-basket for, Mrs. Betty? Well! it has become dark. 'Good-night!' at till Monday anyway! Look here, Mag-

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 faithful preparation for her class. The as she earnestly endeavored to bring the mon?" truth home to their practical use, she noticed that Fred though always atten-And as the sunset faded away and tive, seemed unusually impressed by her words. She told them that whenever they were tempted to disobey God, because obedience seemed likely O Lord, please make me patient, 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 'I'm hungrier than ever to-night. always overruled all things for good to those who trust and obey him. such a over his face as convinced her that the subject touched her own experience, at the very time. After school, therefore, in order to open the way for him to tell her his troubles, if he chose, she asked how he was getting along at Mr. Finch's. He then when she comforted him, saying, 'Do

Monday morning as Fred and Magcan sell, except—well the pink gingham; their one little pet into a basket, to ing out the point of his text.

teacher, jumped out. Fred quickly Poor, troubled Fred, looking tender- stepped forward, when Mr. Mayhew

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

'Why not?' said Mr. Mayhew; I thought you wanted a place very much indeed.' to recall his nation from a hypocritical

'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 needing a boy myself, and one who will not work Sunday is just the kind that I should like, Will you come to

'Do you mean it?' said Fred; 'I would like to come to-day. I can work real hard, for I'm pretty strong.2 'Certainly,' replied Mr Mathew; 'I'm in earnest, and I'll day you a week in advance.'

An hour later, Fred was Jusy in Mr. Mayhew's large . estallishment. while Maggie and Mrs. Bet Bringle were talking over the good news to-

So Mrs. Betty did not hve to leave her home, and Fred and Maggie did not starve, but learned a lesson of forget - Golden Rule.

#### A Swiss Good Night.

Among the lofty montains and elevated valleys of Switz land, the Alpine horn has another we besides that of sounding the far amed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Sor; and this is of very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy ammits of the moun tains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot tiles his horn, and pronounces clearly and loudly through it as through a speaking trumpet, ' Praise the Lord God! As soon as the sound Alpine home, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from around. Spence at last settles over pray with encovered heads. Meantime last calls the highest herdsmen through his hord. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsmen, and the rockey cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest

#### Josiah White.

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

What dost thou use him for in com-

Josiah - ' He is a good cart-horse.' Well, I have an easy-going saddlehorse 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

Josiah- Why, so well, that I

thought I bad 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 thine; and have actually brought the sum to offer thee supposing the advantage to have been all on my side l'

the horse?

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'

The following distinctive features in Dr. Fraser's Presbyterian church, are by some held to be semi-heresy. "The congregation was led by a choir and sang the Jubilate and the Te Deum. To have lived to hear that in a Presbyterian church seemed a very strange thing. Dr. Fraser also knelt during the long prayer.' He had the revised New Tes-

## Bouths Department.

Original and Selected. Scripture Enigma.

No. 205.

1. A Gentile ruler who heard the truth from one of its most eminent 2. One of the most conspicuous ser-

vants of God, distinguished by one grace 3. A prophet who lived when defection from the true God had become general, and was attended with great corruption of morals. He exposed the absurdities of idolatry, and endeavoured

to a sincere allegiance to Jehovah. 4. An evangelist closely connected with one older and still more distinguished, by whom he is commended for a Christian virtue, which dwelt in him unfeignedly, as it had also done in his mother and grandmother.

5. A king who was threatened by a Monarch whose vast army he was utterly unable to resist. Yet he quailed not, but put his trust in the arm of Jehovah; and in consequence experienced singular and signal deliverance.

The initials name the grace, by the presence or absence of which these individuals were characterised.

#### CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

498. Form two word squares:

I. A thin nat. 2. A contest. 3. A measure of land.

4. A ruminating quadruped,

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

Incomplete Poetry. On God for all events -You cannot want when God's your ----Weigh well your part, and do your -Leave to Omnipotence the ---Heav'n may not grant thee all thy -Yet say not thou that heav'n's ---God is alike both good and ---In what he gives, and what -Perhaps what goodness gives ----To morrow goodness takes -----

A Riddle.

With light and fond caress, And oft with whispers have beguiled The aged in distress. The giant trees, the grain and grass,

cheer the sick and lonely child

The flowers that gem the field, Whenever I am pleased to pass To me their homage yield. 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;

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-

The valiant and the strong have fled,

I meet you every day. O. NBAL. Find answers to the above-write them down-and see how they agree with the

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

answers to be given next week.

No. 204. chabo d.1 Sam. iv. 21. hebn a.Is. xxii. 15; xxxvi.1,3. 3. A rmageddo n. Rev. xvi. 14, 16. i. 1 Sam. xiv. 49. malekit e.2 Sam. i. 2, 8. anamu 1.Jer. xxxii. 8, 9.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS. No. 496. A bilities, N obleness, Y E steem, E ducation

ISAIAH-DANIEL.

Wiadom, A miability, A bundance, R eligion. P assion, Y outh, A HAPPY NEW YEAR. 1. Tiberius Cæsar.....Luke iii. 1. 2. Pontius Pilate.....Luke iii. 1. Felix ..... Acts xxiv. 25.

4. Porcius Festus ..... Acts xxiv. 27.

5. Agrippa...... Acts xxv. 13.

6. Festus...... Acts xxvi. 24.

7. Agrippa...... Acts xxvi. 28.

8. Herod...... Acts xii. 1-3.

9. Serguis Paulus.... Acts xiii. 7-12.

10. Publius ...... Acts xxviii. 7.

### 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-Pip! 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-.. Pip! Pop! Pop!

What a pretty change ! " Clear M. Where's the yellow gold ? Here are snowy lambs all eggs Na ding in the fold jour oils e wide awake. On the floor they hop; Ring the bell for tea! " stead Pip! Pop! Pop!

sausages that reas not be heads ha (i. e., m and soal at least them in boil; cod till the l to cool, one vess as soon every bo chop th though plenty o sage. those w ing to ch pepper just a cloves i Skim al liquid a into the few mo

JAN

HEAD

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