## MESSENGER. CHRISTIAN

## family Reading.

6

C'm-

Johnny's opinion of Grandmothers Grandmothers are very nice folks ; They beat all the aunts in creation, They let a chap do as he likes, And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all, What a poor fellow ever could do For apples, and pennies, and cake, Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma," To let a boy have a good time; Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true, Tother way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea, And pies, a whole row in the cellar, And they're apt (if they knew it in time) To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then, And makes a great racketing noise, They only look over their specs, And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys :

" Life is only so short at the best ; Let the children be happy to-day," Then look for awhile at the sky, And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns, very low, To themselves, as they rock by the fire, About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think, Will find a hot tear in his eye,

Behind the blinds, resting on an invalid couch, was Nellie Montgomery, the young and cherished wife of the major, looking as though her hold of lite was slipping away very quickly. 'Well, my Nellie, how goes it this

afternoon, dearie? Better I hope, because I have some news to tell you, and you must try to be strong, dear, for my sake.'

The deadly whiteness which came over her lovely young face, told her husband that she already guessed by danger of being turned out by the what she was threatened, separation woman who lighted the gas-lamps. from him !

The little Gracie was by her side on out now, for the young Scripture-reader the couch, and Archie-the boy of was a well-known man in the district. whom they were so proud-had come He was always there early, before any

were covered with the blood which flowed from a ruptured vessel on the ing to hear a word of comfort to tell to lungs, the trial had been too much.

The sorrow of those about her, all of whom loved the gentle lady, was to-night, and Christie had been very

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN BY MRS. O. F. WALTON

CHAPTER XIV.

"HOME, SWEET HOME, AT LAST."

It was Sunday evening, and Christie was once more in the little missionroom ; but not now as a poor ragged boy, sitting on the front bench, and in She would not dream of turning Christie

in with his father, full of the news of the people arrived, and he used to about his pony. The young wife look- stand at the door and welcome each ed at them both, and then turning to one as they came in, helping the old her husband, and pointing to the child- men and women to their seats, and ren, said, 'Oh, Archie, my husband, looking out anxiously for those whom he don't leave us; it will not be for long.' had invited for the first time during the His silence confirmed her fears. week. And if any little ragged boys She put out her arms for him to raise stole in, and seemed inclined to listen, her, for a sudden weakness had seized Christie took special care of them, for her; but the loving arms that lifted her he had not forgotten the day when he had first come to that very room, long-

his old master.

pitiful to see. They went about with busy all the afternoon, giving special weeping eyes and hushed voices. Her invitations to the people to be present, know about our little home. It is, I seen me doing.'

gyman's side.

'And, now Christie,' said Mr. Wilton, do you think you can be ready to start with me to-morrow morning at eight o'clock ?'

Christie.

'Yes, Christie; you have had hard work lately, and I have asked leave from Mr. Villiers to take you home with me, that you may have a little | their efforts are well rewarded. country air and quiet rest. I am sure it will not be lost time, Christie; you will have time for quiet reading and prayer, and you will be able to gain strength and freshness for future work. Well, do you think you can be ready in time?"

his being late ; he thanked Mr. Wilton with a voice full of feeling, for he had sometimes longed very much for a little pause in his busy life.

And the next day found Christie and Mr. Wilton rapidly travelling towards the quiet country village in which Mr. Wilton's church was to be found.

What was the result of that visit may be gathered from the following extract, taken from a letter written by Mr. Wilton was to take the service Christie to Mr. Wilton some months later :

hair; and, as bait, they use the red was rushing with seven-league boots berries of the mountain ash, of which over forests and mountain-tops. For ptarmigan and thrushes are very fond. all that, he did not lose hold of his Now comes the test of their strength; staff, which he pressed with all his but the snow is too deep and loose to might into the snow behind him, thus . To start with you, sir ?' repeated wade through, and to climb a declivity slightly retarding his furious speed. on skees is by no means as easy as it is

> to slide down a smooth hill-side. Half an hour's climb brings them to the trapping grounds. But there, indeed, 'Oh, look, look father !' cries the boy, ecstatically. 'Oh, what a lot we have caught ! Why, there are three dozen birds, as sure as there is one.' 'There is cnough to buy you a new

\* - - - - \*

coat for Christmas, lad,' he says, chuckling; 'and if we make many more such Christie thought there was no fear of hauls, we may get enough to buy mothon Sundays.'

> father,' protests the lad, a little hesi- them from diverging or crossing. He tatingly (for it costs many boys an | had a feeling of grandeur and triumpheffort to be generous); 'my coat will ant achievement which he had never come along soon enough. Although, experienced before. The world lay at to be sure, my old one is pretty shabby,' his feet, and he seemed to be striding he adds, with a glance at his patched over it in a march of conquest. It sleeves.

'Now, quick, laddie,' his father called are unhappily brief. Ola soon knew by out. 'Stir your stumps and bring me your bag of bait. Get the snares to reached the level ground; yet so great 'I promised you that I would let you rights and fix the berries, as you have Ola was very fond of this kind of his father's farm, and only stopped work, and he pushed himself with his some fifty feet below the barn. His staff from tree to tree, and hung the limbs ached, and the arm which had tempting red berries in the little hoops | held the staff was so stiff and cramped and arches which were attached to the that the slightest movement gave him bark of the trees. He was in the pain. Nevertheless, he could not make up midst of this labor, when suddenly he his mind to rest; he saw the light put heard the report of his father's gun, in the north window to guide him, and, looking up, saw a fox making a and he caught a glimpse of a pale, great leap, then plunging headlong into auxions face behind the window-pane, the snow. 'Hello, Mr. Reynard,' remarked | was waiting for him. And yet those Nils, as he slid over toward the dead last fifty feet seemed miles to his tired animal. 'You overslept yourself this morning. You have stolen my game so long, now, that it was time that I up on him in his joy and knocked him should get even with you. Now, sir, we are quits.' When the task of setting the snares in order had been completed, father and son glided lightly away under the huge snow-laden trees to visit their traps which were set farther up the mountain. And when they turned their faces | a brave one !' homeward, they had, beside the ptarmigan and the fox, a big capercailzie (or grouse) cock and two hares. The twilight was already falling, for in the Norway winter it grows dark early in in ST. NICHOLAS for February. the afternoon. 'Now, let us see, lad,' said Ola's father, regarding his son with a strange dubious glance, ' if you have got Norse blood in your veins. We don't want to go home the way we came, or we should scarcely reach the house before midnight. But if you dare risk your neck with your father, we will take the western track down the bare mountainside. It takes brisk and stout legs to stand in that track, my lad, and I won't urge you, if you are afraid.' 'I guess I can go where you can, father,' retorted the boy, proudly. 'Ola, my lad l' cried a Norse father | 'Any way, my neck isn't half so valu- | Willis did such a naughty thing !" call

Christie walked home by the cler- their snares, made of braided horse- had slid right out into the air-that he Now the pine-trees seemed to be running past him in a mad race up the mountain-side, and the snowy slope seemed to be rising to meet him, or moving in billowy lines under his feet. Gradually he gathered confidence in himself, a sort of fierce courage awoke within him, and a wild exultation surged through his veins and swept him on. The wind whistled about him and stung his face like little sharp needles. Now he darted away over a snowed-up fence or wood-pile, shooting era silver broach, too, to wear at church out into the air, but aways coming down firmly on his feet, and keeping 'No, buy mother's broach first, his mind on his skees, so as to prevent was glorious ! But all such sensations

JANUARY 31, 1883.

his slackening speed that he had was the impetus he had received that he flew up the opposite slope toward and knew that it was his mother who and aching legs. When he reached the front door, his dog Yutul jumped flat down in the snow; and oh, what an effort it took to rise! But no sooner had he regained his feet, than he felt a pair of arms flung about his neck and he sank, half laughing, half

TO GRO the seeds grow in F in small pit, hot-be had, a su will do. by twenty deep, mac After the 15th of F three iuch transplan those they and a hal way, or p and pots treating t boxes. 1 About on planting i hardened night and Set out p Plant Wa rows and the other The rows apart. F ach, etc., cabbage 1 the cabb After cab on the sa

ARTIFI

MADE INC

not been

it is bette

hens for

cumbator

manure,

well, and

the eggs

plan of a

procure a

hold thre

well-heat

place it i

temperat

freezing.

well, and

JAN

To know what will come at the last For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray, For a boy needs their prayer every night; Some boys more than others, I s'pose,

Such as I, need a wonderful sight.

## Refu Select Sevial. ARCHIE. A TALE OF INDIA. CHARTER 1.

" Papa-papa dear, come and see how nicely my new pony canters," said little five-year old Archie to Major Montgomery as he rode up to the palisades within which stood his bungalow. with its pretty flower-shaded verandah. 'Mirza has taken me," continued the boy, ' down the hill path as far as Colonel Clinton's and back, and when Tom came out to look at the pony, he said he was an ugly fellow, and not half so good as his; I don't like Tom Clinton, papa, do you ?'

" Never mind what Tom says, my son,' replied the Major; 'so long as wept bitterly. you like your pony, let Tom like his own best; but be sure never to be tempted to retaliate by saying that you think his is ugly; that would not be right, Archie. You must always be a gentleman.

"I have not given my pony a name yet, papa.'

" Ah, that must be thought about; what shall it be?'

Archie pursed up his mouth, and tried to look very thoughtful; then after a moment or two of indecision, he said : ' Do you remember dear mamma's little dog, Cherry, that died? well na. I think I should like

husband never left her side during that for he wanted them very much to hear think, one of the happiest to be found long night of sorrow. Lola, her ayah, his dear friend.

bathed the pallid, damp brow with fra-The mission-room was quite full grant waters, but it was evident to all when Mr. Wilton entered it. How it rejoiced him to see Christie going about that her hours were numbered.

amongst the people, with a kind word Silent and sad were those who watched the young life ebbing slowly away for each, and handing them the small then in the solemn silent hour, when hymn-books from which they were to the east was radiant with the rosy and sing !

golden glory of the new-born day, a · Come, for all things are now ready. ransomed spirit was borne on angels' That was Mr. Wilton's text. How wings across the shining river, to the still the mission-room was, and how fair country beyond, where the hand of earnestly all the people listened to the divine love wipes all tears away ! sermon! The clergyman first spoke Major Montgomery was quite stun- of the marriage feast in the parablened by the loss of his wife. So sudden

so carefully spread, so kindly prepared, a removal as this he had never thought all ready there-and yet no one would of. His pretty Nellie, so good and come! There were excuses on all true, so gentle and loving, and withal sides, every one was too busy or too so wise, with that sweet wisdom which idle to attend to the invitation; no

teaches humility and submission-how one was ready to obey that gracious could he live without her? Who ' Come,'

would care for his motherless little And then Mr. Wilton spoke of Jesus, ones? What could he say to his boy and how he had made all things ready -his noble little Archie, who loved for us; and how pardon is ready and his mother so devotedly, when he asked peace is ready; the Father's arms 'Where is my mamma?' His baby ready to receive us; the Father's love Gracie too! and the bereaved and ready to welcome us; a home stricken young husband could bear no heaven ready prepared for us. That, more, and sinking on his knees by the he said, was God's part of the matter. bed on which the dear remains lay, he 'And what, my dear friends,' he

The Major's grief was interrupted for all things are now ready.' Come; by the entrance of Lola, his poor you have only to come and take; you Nellie's trusted ayah, with wee Gracie have only to receive this love. Come, crowing and jumping in her arms. Advancing timidly to her master, her come, for all things are now ready.' eyes swollen and red with weeping, she Now ready. There is a great deal in pointed to the still form by whose side that word 'now.' It means to-nighthe knelt, and then putting the little one this very Suuday; not next year or into her father's arms, said, 'Oh, Sahib, Missie Nellie love this little little babe so much, you love her too; Nellie see you from heaven, she so happy,' and throwing her chuddar over her tear-

next week ; not to-morrow, but nowall things are now ready. God has done all he can ; He can do no more,

and he says to you, 'Come !' Will you not come? Are God's good things not stained face, Lola went out and left the worth having; would you not like to

in this world. I shall always bless God

that I came to your village and met my dear little wife.

'At last I have a 'Home, sweet Home" of my own. We are so happy together! When I come home from my work I always see her watching for me, and she has everything ready for me, and the evenings we spend togegether are very quiet and peaceful. Nellie likes to hear about all my visits during the day, and the poor people are already so fond of her they come to her in all their troubles. And we find it such a comfort to be able to pray together for those in whom we are interested, and together to take them to the Saviour.

'Our little home is so bright and cheerful & I wish you could have seen it on the evening on which we arrived. Mrs. Villiers had made all ready for us, and with her own hand had put on the

tea-table a lovely bunch of snowdrops and dark myrtle leaves. And I need not tell you that they reminded me of of those which she had given me when she was little Miss Mabel, and when she taught me that prayer which I have never forgotten, ' Wash me, and I shall went on, is our part? Come; come, be whiter than snow.'

'And now, dear Mr. Wilton, you may think of Nellie and me as living together in love and happiness in the dear sin-stained soul; come, weary one; little earthly home, yet still looking forward to the eternal home above, our true, our best, our brightest ' Home, sweet Home !' '

THE END.

A Day on Skees (Norwegian Snow-Shoes.)

father and child alone with their dead ! lie down to sleep feeling that you were to his young son, one crisp, cold winter able as yours.'

crying, into his mother's embrace. 'Cheer up, laddie,' he heard some one saying. 'Ye are a fine chap and

He knew his father's voice; but he did not look up; he was yet child enough to feel happiest in his mother's arms .- From a " New Winter Sport,"

Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults-it makes you uncharitableyour soul grows smaller-your heart loses its generous blood, when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry their sins in your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If any. body says to you, "Oh! that Mary

to mind some virtue that Mary possesses,

up to the date two according finished, been inc and are manure, as they this is co with shee and give not neces day. T this has should be the prop ascertain chipped. upper mo may have when first chick d breaks covered which it is in the tion. T hatching and ha incubato

or the cl hens, as keeper.-

THE

FOWLS,-

been do

poultry,

the com

ite with

several

receives

from los

become

the farn

custom

improve

qualitie

are fav

popular

under a

disappo

the con

more to

improve

the co

fowl ev

for egg

There

the m

which j

the ver

of seve

mixed.

farm w

the sig

horn,

This is

for en

call my pony	y Cherry; dear mamma	
	I'm sure, and baby Gracie	There is no
too.'		and there is

So be it, my son; and now I must go and see how your dear mamma is; she was very sadly when I left her this morning.'

Major Montgomery had brought his young wife to the Hills, in the hope that the fresh air, cool and bracing, would restore her health, which had been declining since the birth of her little girl twelve months before. The children all had become pallid from the effects of the heat of the climate, the major therefore had made up his mind to take his family to England as the only means of saving his Nellie's life. which was now gravely threatened. He his dearly-loved and much-cherished wife was too ill to think of such a journey. Unless a great change came about-well, he must trust in God, and wait.

In India a deep verandah runs round the bungalow, and that again is protected from the heat of the sun by blinds made of the long, broad tattie grass, which are kept wet in order to get coolness.

Т	here is	no	rel	igion with	out wors	hip
				worship		

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse ; for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still .- Colton.

I am more and more sure by experience, that the reason for the observance of the Sabbath lies deep in the

everlasting necessities of man's nature, and that as long as man is man, the blessedness of keeping it not as a day saw with an aching heart how fearfully of rest only, but as a day of spiritual attenuated she had become, and that rest, will never be annulled. -F. W Robertson.

> Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others; for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reci. procation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will ?- Thos. a Kempis.

forgiven? Would you not like one day | morning, ' fetch the axe from the woodto sit down to the marriage-supper of shed and bring me my gun from the the Lamb?

Mr. Wilton, as he ended his sermon traps, and the snares up in the birch-St. John caught a glimpse of its glory glen.' amidst the wonderful sights he was permitted to see. And so important was it, so good, so specially beautiful, that the angel seems to have stopped him, a luncheon, consisting of cold smoked that St. John might write it down at ham and bread and butter, in a gayly once: Wait a minute, don't go any painted wooden box, which Ola slings farther, take out your book and make across his shoulder, while Nils, his father a note of that-" Write, blessed are they sticks the axe into his girdle, and with which are called unto the marriage his gun in one had and his skee-staff

supper of the Lamb.' 'Are you one of those blessed ones? winter morning. They then climb up asked the clergyman. ' Are you wash- the steep snow-banks, place their skees ed in the blood of the Lamb? Will upon the level surface, and put their you sit down to that supper? Have feet into the bands. Nils gives a treyou a right to enter into ' Home, sweet | mendous push with his staff and away Home?' I know not what is your an- he flies down the steep hill-side, while swer to these questions. But if you his little son, following close behind cannot answer me now, how will you him, gives an Indian war-whoop, and in that day answer the Great Searcher | swings his staff about his head to show of hearts?'

And with this question the sermon ended, and the congregation left; those of them who had known Mr. Wilton with him, and to get a parting word of counsel or comfort.

'Now for it, lad! Make yourself corner behind the clock, and we will "Oh, what a day that will be!' said see what luck we had with the foxready. Strap the hunting-bag close under your girdle, or you will lose it.

> Test your staff to make sure that it will hold, for if it breaks you are And Ola has no need of being asked gone. Be sure you don't take my track. twice to attend to such duties. His You are a fine chap and a brave one. mother, in the meanwhile, has put up closely, and stood with loudly palpita ting heart ready for the start. Before him lay the long, smooth slope of the mountain. If it had not been his father who had challenged him, he would have much preferred to take th in the other, emerges into the bright circuitous route down into the valley.

how little he needs it.

two, three !'

Whew, how fast he goes !

In a few seconds father and son have stood looking after him. Then, nervreached the bottom of the valley, and still lingering behind, to shake hands before them is a steep incline, overand glided out over the terrible degrown with leafless birch and elder forests. It is there where they have clivity. His first feeling was that he sure test of what we really are.

and hold it up to her praise. For your 'Spoken like a man!' said own sake, learn to make this a habit .-father, in a voice of deep satisfaction. Young Reaper.

> We received from a friend a few months ago an inquiry cut by him from some other paper, to this effect :

Many a noble woman gives up pleasure and comfort to please a man ; but where is the man who will give up tobacco to please a woman,—especially if the wo-man be his wife? Ola followed his father's directions

He added a request that the locality of any such man, if known, might be indicated. Since then we have had notice of two (and might probably have been certified of many more) instances of men giving up the weed to gratify their ladies in prospect of marriage, and two instances of husbands making the surrender to please their wives. The two City, N. J., the other at Ithaca, Mich.

The man who goes through life with an uncertain doctrine, not knowing what he believes,-what a poor powerless creature he is ! He goes around through the world as a man goes down the street with a poor wounded arm, forever dodging people he meets on the street for fear they may touch him. -- Phillips Brooks.

What we are at home is a pretty

"Ready !' shouted Nils, advancing toward the edge of the slope: 'One, last mentioned reside, one at Cape May And like an arrow he shot down over the steep track, guiding his course steadily with his staff ; but it was scarcely five seconds before he was lost to sight, looking more like whirling snow-drift than a man. With strained eyes and bated breath, Ola ing himself for the feat, he glanced at his skees to see that they were parallel,