

## A Junior League Girl.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

I will tell you of a Syrian maid,  
Her name I do not know;  
But I can tell you the words she said,  
Though she lived in the long ago.

A little serving-maid was she,  
And she waited on Naaman's wife;  
But she saw that grief and misery  
Had darkened her mistress' life.

For Naaman, her master, wasted away,  
A loathsome leper was he;  
And they knew, as they watched him, day  
By day,

For his illness no cure could be.

They spoke of him to the Syrian maid,  
And, as she heard them tell,  
"Would God my master would go," she said,  
To the prophet of Israel.

It was but a little thing to say,  
The words were tremblingly said;  
But Naaman to his dying day  
Thanked God for the Syrian maid.

For he went to the prophet of Israel,  
God he heard to his plea,  
And his heart grew like a little child's;  
He was healed of his leprosy.

I know of a Prophet, a mighty King,  
Who can heal the people now.  
Would God some word of mine could bring  
A soul at his feet to bow.

For though, like the leper, unclean, defiled,  
Your heart has become by sin,  
If you come to Christ like a little child,  
He will make you pure and clean.

## THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ONLY WAY INTO "HOME, SWEET HOME."

THAT week was a very long and sorrowful one to Treffy and to Christie. The old man seldom spoke, except to murmur the sad words of the hymn, or to say to Christie in a despairing voice,

"It's all up with me, Christie, boy; no home for me."

The barrel-organ was quite neglected by Treffy. Christie took it out in the day-time, but at night it stood against the wall untouched. Treffy could not bear to hear it now. Christie had begun to turn it one evening, but the first tune it had played was "Home, sweet home," and Treffy had said bitterly, "Don't play that, Christie, boy; there's no 'Home, sweet home' for me; I shall never have a home again, never again."

So Treffy had nothing to comfort him. Even his old organ seemed to have taken part against him; even his dear old organ which he had loved so much, had helped to make him more miserable.

The doctor had looked into the attic again, according to his promise, but he said there was nothing to be done for Treffy, it was only a question of time, no medicine could save his life.

It was a very terrible thing for old Treffy thus to be slipping away, each day the chain of his life becoming looser and looser, and he drawing near each day to—he knew not what.

Treffy and Christie were counting anxiously the days to Sunday, when they would hear about the second verse of the hymn. Perhaps after all there might be some hope, some way into the bright city, some entrance into "Home, sweet home," through which even old Treffy's sin-stained soul might pass.

And at last Sunday came. It was a wet, rainy night, the wind was high and stormy, and the little congregation in the mission-room was smaller than usual. But there was an earnest purpose in the faces of many who came, and the clergyman, as he looked round at the little company when he gave out his text, felt that many of them had not come from curiosity, but from an honest desire to hear the Word of God. And he lifted up his heart in very earnest prayer, that to many in that room the Word which he was about to speak might be a lasting blessing.

The mission-room was very still when the minister gave out his text. Little Christie's eyes were fixed intently on him, and he listened eagerly for every word:

The text was this: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The clergyman first reminded them of his

last Sunday's sermon, of the bright golden city where they all longed to be. He reminded them of the first verse of the hymn:

"There is a city bright,  
Closed are its gates to sin."

And then he asked very gently and tenderly, "Is there anyone in this room who has come here to-night longing to know of some way in which he, a sinner, can enter the city? Is there such a one here?"

"Ay," said little Christie under his breath, "there's me."

"I will try, by God's help to show you the way," said the clergyman. "You and I have sinned. One sin is enough to shut us out of heaven, but we have sinned, not once only, but hundreds of thousands of times; our souls are covered with sin-stains. But there is one thing, and only one, by which the soul can be made white and clear and pure. My text tells us what it is—'The blood of Jesus Christ.'"

Then the clergyman went on to explain how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash out sin. He spoke of the death of Jesus on Calvary, of the fountain he opened there for sin and for uncleanness. He explained to them that Jesus was God's Son, and that therefore his blood which he shed on the cross is of infinite value. He told them that, since that day on Calvary, thousands had come to the fountain, and each one had come out of it whiter than snow, every spot of sin gone.

The clergyman told them, that when these washed ones reached the gates of pearl, they were thrown wide open to them, for there was no sin-mark on their souls, they were free from sin. And then he looked very earnestly inside, and leaning forward he pleaded with his little congregation to come to the blood which he shed on the cross, and to be washed and cleansed. He begged them to use the second verse of the hymn, and say from the bottom of their hearts:

"Saviour, I come to thee  
O Lamb of God, I pray,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Wash all my sins away."

"There is one little word in my text," said the minister, "which is a great comfort to me. I mean the word all. All sin. That takes in every bad word, every bad thought, every bad action. That takes in the blackest blot, the darkest stain, the deepest spot. All sin, every sin. No sin too bad for the blood to reach. No sin too great for the blood to cover. And now," said the minister, "every soul in this room is either saved or unsaved, either washed or not washed."

"Let me ask you, my dear friends, a very solemn question: Is the sin or the blood on your soul? One or the other must be there. Which is it?"

The clergyman paused a moment when he had asked this question, and the room was so still that a falling pin might have been heard. There were deep searchings of heart in that little company. And Christie was saying deep down in his heart:

"Cleanse me and save me  
Cleanse me and save me  
Wash all my sins away."

The minister finished his sermon by entreating them all that very night to come to the fountain. Oh, how earnestly he pleaded with them to delay no longer, but to say at once, "Saviour I come to thee. He begged them to go home, and in their own rooms to kneel down feeling that Jesus was standing close beside them. "That is coming to Jesus," the minister said. He told them to tell Jesus all, to turn all the sin over to him, to ask him to cover it all with his blood, so that that very night they might lie down to sleep whiter than snow.

"Will you do this?" asked the clergyman, anxiously; "Will you?"

And little Christie said in his heart, "Yes, that I will."

As the congregation left, the clergyman stood at the door, and gave a friendly word to each one as they passed by. He looked very tired and anxious after his sermon. It had been preached with much prayer and with much feeling, and he was longing, oh, so earnestly, to know that it had been blessed to one soul.

There were some amongst the little congregation who passed by him with serious, thoughtful faces, and as each one went by he breathed an earnest prayer that the seed in that soul might spring up and bring forth fruit. But there were others again who had already begun to talk to their neighbours, and who seemed to have forgotten all they had heard. And these filled their young minister's heart with sorrow. "Is the seed lost, dear Lord!" he said, faithlessly. For he was

very tired and weary, and when the body is weak our faith is apt to grow weak also.

But there was something in Christie's face as he passed out of the room which made the clergyman call him back and speak to him. He had noticed the boy's attention during his sermon, and he had longed to hear whether he had understood what he had heard.

"My boy," said the minister, kindly, laying his hand on Christie's shoulder, "can you tell me what my text was to-night?"

Christie repeated it very correctly, and the clergyman seemed pleased. He asked Christie several more questions about the sermon, and then he encouraged the boy to talk to him. Christie told him of old Treffy, who had only another month to live, and who was longing to know how he might go to "Home, sweet home." The clergyman promised to come and see him, and wrote down the name of the court and the number of the house in his little brown pocket-book. And before Christie went home the clergyman knelt down with him in the empty mission-room, and prayed that that very night the dear Lord would wash Christie's soul in his most precious blood.

Christie walked away very thoughtfully, but still very gladly, for he had good news for old Treffy to-night. He quickened his steps as he drew near the court, and ran up the stairs to the attic, eager to tell all to the poor old man.

"Oh, Master Treffy!" said Christie; "I've had such a time! It was beautiful, Master Treffy, and the clergyman's been talking to me, and he's coming to see you; he's coming here," said Christie, triumphantly.

But Treffy was longing for better news than this.

"What about 'Home, sweet home,' Christie?" he asked.

"There is a way, Master Treffy," said Christie. "You and me can't get in with our sins, but 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' That's in the Bible, Master Treffy, and it was the clergyman's text."

"Tell me all about it, Christie," Treffy said, in a tremulous voice.

"There's nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away the sin, Master Treffy," said Christie, "and you and me have just got to go to him and ask him, and he'll do it for us to-night; the clergyman said so. I've learnt another verse of the hymn, Master Treffy," said Christie, kneeling down beside him and repeating it reverently:

"Saviour, I come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I pray,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Cleanse me and save me,  
Wash all my sins away."

Treffy repeated the words after him in a trembling voice.

"I wish he'd wash me, Christie, boy," he said.

"So he will, Master Treffy," said Christie; "he never sends anybody away."

"Ay, but I'm an old man, Christie, and I've been a sinner all my life, and I've some done such bad things Christie. I never knew it till this last week, but I know it now. It's not likely he'll ever wash my sins; they're ever such big ones, Christie."

"Oh! but he will," said Christie, eagerly; "that's just what the clergyman said; there's a word in the text for you, Master Treffy: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' All sin, all sin, Master Treffy: won't that do?"

"All sin," murmured old Treffy, "all sin! yes, Christie, I think that will do."

There was a pause after this. Christie sat still looking into the fire. Then he said suddenly,

"Master Treffy, let's go right away now and ask him"

"Ask who?" said old Treffy, "the clergyman?"

"No," said Christie, "the Lord Jesus. He's in the room—the minister said he was. Let's ask him to wash you and me, just now, Master Treffy."

"Ay!" said old Treffy, "let's ask him, Christie." So the old man and the boy knelt down, and with a strong realization of the Lord's near presence, little Christie prayed:

"O Lord Jesus, we come to thee, me and Master Treffy; we've got lots of sins to be washed, but the minister said you wouldn't send us away, and the text says all sin. We think it means us, Lord Jesus, me and Master Treffy. Please wash us white; we want to go to 'Home, sweet home;' please wash us in the blood to-night. Amen."

Then old Treffy took up the words, and in a trembling voice, added,

"Amen, Lord; wash us both, me and Christie, wash us white. Please do. Amen."

And then they got up from their knees, and Christie said,

"We may go to bed now, Master Treffy, for I'm sure he's done it for us."

Thus the man at the gate had received both the trembling old man and the little child, and as they had entered in they had heard a gracious Voice very deep down in their hearts saying to each of them again and again, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE.

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week.

"Why, pray?" I asked. "It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have to do it I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward. I never know who should be mentioned first; and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room all you have to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins; Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station, the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. Please, in performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."—Harper's Young People.

## HER POINT OF VIEW.

THE had moved into a new flat. It was not conspicuous for its cheerful surroundings or for its pleasant outlook. The average woman would have found there only a commonplace shelter from the snows of winter and the rains of summer.

A lady friend called, and was asked by the cheerful housewife to note the pleasant outlook from the parlour windows.

"Yes," says Mrs. Blase, "I see a remarkably fine lot of chimneys."

"Chimneys!" exclaimed Mrs. Sunnyside, "why, I never saw any chimneys before. I looked over the chimneys, and saw only those magnificent trees that form the line on the horizon. I thought only of the trees and the sunsets."

And so she goes through life, with eyes closed to chimneys and dingy roofs, but wide open to drink in all there is of good. If the trees are in leaf, or if the leaves have been scattered by the wind, there is beauty in the old elms that sway in the gales beneath her window, bearing the raindrops or the snowflakes, or radiant with the sunshine. Her cheerfulness is infectious; it fills her home and the lives of her companions.—The Boston Journal.

## IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

OR all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sear-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.—Woman's Signal.