

Family Department.

ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD.

(BY MARGARET DOORIS, IN "THE LIVING CHURCH.")

Men of large sympathies for human need,
With souls aglow
Some loving service for the Lord to show !
In life and creed
They follow Him with tender, generous deed.

They aim not for ambition's lofty height ;
But yet in love,
They strive to lift to brighter plains above,
To God's sweet light,
Souls sunk by sin in darkest shades of night.

To make men better, happier, day by day
Through all the years ;
To lighten toil, and dry life's bitter tears ;
Some sunny ray
To shed along a brother's dreary way.

To blend best energy of heart and brain
With all their powers,
And scatter smiles and words of cheer as flowers,
To ease life's pain—
Not theirs a strife for selfish greed and gain.

Not seeking glory, working not for fame,
O, Brotherhood,
Your loving deeds for mankind's weal and good,
Done in His name,
Though great or small, the Lord ye serve will claim.
London, Ohio, 1892.

HOME, SWEET HOME

BY MRS. WALTON.

CHAPTER IV.—MADEL'S FIRST LESSON IN ORGAN-GRINDING.—Continued.

"What's that place?" said one of them, looking across the road at a long, low building with a board in front of it.

"Oh! that's our new mission-room, Mrs. West," said the other; it belongs to the Church at the corner of Melville street. A young man comes and preaches there every Sunday night; I like to hear him, I do," she went on, "he puts it so plain."

"Put what plain, Mrs. Smith?" said her friend.

"Oh, all about heaven, and how we're to get there, and about Jesus and what He's done for us. He's a kind a man, is Mr. Wilton; he came to see our Tommy when he was badly. Do you know him Mrs. West?"

"No," said Mrs. West; may be I'll come to-morrow; what time is it?"

"It begins at seven o'clock every Sunday," said Mrs. Smith; "and you needn't bother about your clothes, there's no one there but poor folks like ourselves."

"Well, I'll come, Mrs. Smith. Good day," and the two parted.

And little Christie had heard all they said, and had firmly made up his mind to be at the mission-room the next evening at seven o'clock. He must loose no time in making out what Treffy wanted to know. One day of the month was gone already.

"Master Treffy," said Christie, that night, "do you love Jesus?"

"Jesus!" said the old man; "no, Christie, I can't say I do. I suppose I ought to; good folks do, don't they?"

"Master Treffy," said Christie, solemnly, "if you don't love Jesus, you can't go to heaven, and you'll never have a home any more—never any more."

"Ay, ay, Christie, that's true, I'm afraid. When I was a little chap not bigger than you, I used to hear tell about these things, but I gave

no heed to them then, and I've forgotten all I ever heard. I've been thinking a deal lately since I was took so bad, and some of it seems to come back to me. But I can't rightly mind what I was told. It's a bad job, Christie, a bad job."

CHAPTER V.—NO SIN IN THE CITY BRIGHT.

It had been a close, sultry day, and it was a still more oppressive night. It was long before Christie could get to sleep, and when at last he had sunk into a troubled slumber, he was waked suddenly by a loud peal of thunder, which made the old attic shake from end to end.

Old Treffy raised himself in bed, and Christie crept to his side. It was an awful storm; the lightning flashed into the attic, lighting up for a moment every corner of it, and showing Christie old Treffy's white and trembling face. Then all was dark again, and there came the heavy roll of the thunder, which sounded like the noise of falling houses, and which made old Treffy shake from head to foot. Christie never remembered such a storm before, and he was very much afraid. He knelt very close to his old master, and took hold of his trembling hand.

"Are you frightened, Master Treffy?" he asked at last, as a vivid flash again darted into the room.

"Yes, Christie, boy," said old Treffy; "I used not to be afraid of a storm, but I am to-night."

Poor Christie did not speak, so Treffy went on:—

"The lightning seems like God looking at me, Christie, and the thunder seems like God's voice, and I'm afraid of Him. I don't love Him, Christie, I don't love Him."

And again the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and again old Treffy shook from head to foot.

"I shouldn't like to die to-night, Christie," he said; "and the lightning comes so very near me. Christie, boy, do you know what sin is?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Christie; "it's doing wrong things, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Treffy, "and I've done a many of them, Christie; and it's thinking bad thoughts, and I've thought a many of them, Christie; and it's saying bad words, and I've said a many of them, Christie. But I never cared about it before to-night."

"How did you come to care about it to night?" asked Christie.

"I've had a dream, Christie, boy, and it has made me tremble."

"Tell me it, Master Treffy," pleaded Christie.

"I was thinking of what you said about loving Jesus, and I fell asleep, and I thought I was standing before a beautiful gate: it was made of gold, Christie, and over the gate there was some shining letters. I spelt them out, and they were, 'Home sweet Home,' Christie, and I said in myself, 'I've found it at last; I wish Christie was here.' But just then some one opened the gate, and said, 'What do you want, old man?' 'I want to come in,' I said. 'I'm very tired, and I want to be at home.' But he shut the gate, and said to me very gravely and sorrowfully, 'No sin can come in here, old Treffy; no sin can come in here.' And Christie, I felt as if I was nothing but sin, so I turned round and walked away, and it grew very dark. And just then came the thunder, and I awoke with a start. I can't forget it, Christie; I can't forget it," said old Treffy.

And still the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and still old Treffy trembled.

Christie could not comfort him, for he was very much afraid himself; but he pressed very close up to his side, and did not leave him until the storm was over, and there was no sound but the heavy downpour of the rain on the roof of the attic. Then he crept back to bed and fell asleep.

The next morning it all seemed like a bad

dream. The sun was shining brightly, and Christie rose and opened the attic window. Everything looked fresh and clean after the rain. The dull heavy feeling was gone out of the air, and the little sparrows were chirping in the eaves. It was Sunday morning, and on Sunday evening Christie was to hear the clergyman preach in the mission-room. Oh! how he wished it was seven o'clock; that he might go and find out what old Treffy wanted to know!

The poor old man seemed very restless and unhappy all that long spring day. Christie never left him, for it was only on Sunday that he could watch beside his dear old master. He could see that old Treffy had not forgotten his dream, though he did not speak of it again.

And at last the long, weary day wore away, and at six o'clock Christie washed himself and prepared to depart.

"Be sure you mind every word he says, Christie, boy," said old Treffy, earnestly.

The mission room was just opened when little Christie arrived. A woman was inside lighting the gas and preparing the place for the congregation. Christie peeped shyly in at the door, and she caught sight of him and ordered him off.

"Isn't there going to be any preaching to-night?" said Christie in a disappointed voice.

"Oh! you've come to the service, have you?" said the woman. "All right, you can come in, only you must sit still, and you musn't talk or make a noise."

Now, as poor Christie had no one to talk to, this was rather an unnecessary speech. However, he went in very meekly, and sat down on one of the front benches.

Then the congregation began to arrive; old men and little children; mothers with babies in their arms; old women with shawls over their heads; husbands and wives; a few young men; people with all kinds of faces, and all kinds of characters, from the quiet and respectable artisan's wife to the poor little beggar girl who sat on the form beside Christie.

And, as seven o'clock struck, the door opened and the minister came in. Christie never took his eyes off him during the whole service. And, oh! how he enjoyed the singing, the last hymn especially! A young woman behind him was singing it very distinctly, and he could hear every word. Oh, if he could only have remembered it to repeat to old Treffy! The words of the hymn were as follows:—

"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin.
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

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.

Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power,
From all that grieveth Thee.

Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!"

And after the hymn came the sermon. The clergyman's text was Revelation xxi 27: "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."

He spoke of the heavenly city of which they had just been singing, the bright, beautiful city, with its streets of gold and gates of pearl. He spoke of the river of the water of life, and the trees on either side of the river. He spoke of those who live in that happy place, of their white robes and crowns of gold, of the sweet songs they ever sing, and the joy in all their faces.

The clergyman also told them that in that bright city, sorrow was never found. No weeping there, no tears, no sighs, no trouble. No