

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER V.

The next thing was a stove. The young Tuckers could not believe it possible that one was really coming, but father and mother were agreed that such should be the case. "It was real queer," the mother said, but when they were in town the other day, they went into the stove store for a new shovel, and the man had offered them a second-hand stove as good as new, real cheap, and father had said then: "If we had anything to put with it in the front room we would buy that stove, for it is a bargain; and I don't know but we better, as it is, for we may never have so good a chance again." And they had talked about it all the way home, but it had seemed rather foolish to buy a stove when there wasn't another thing to help furnish with; and there, when they reached home, they found the furniture had come! So the first thing the father did next day was to send word to town that he would take that stove, and now he was going in to see about pipe and things, and bring out the stove. Wonderful times these, that had come to the Tuckers.

I am wrong, though, about the stove being the next thing. The next thing had been the writing of a letter to Mr. Thomas Fletcher. Christie's first letter!

It created a good deal of excitement in the Tucker family. The father himself went to town and bought a quire of nice paper and envelopes to match, and a new steel pen for Christie. She had a pen holder, and took daily lessons in writing, but the pen had done good service, and it was decided that for this occasion she ought to have a new one. "I thought I might as well get a quire while I was about it," Mr. Tucker said in a half-apologetic tone as his wife looked at the paper, and he fancied he saw surprise in her face at the quantity.

"Christie will be writing other letters maybe, as she grows older. I would like to have her write to her uncle Daniel once in a while, and there may be others; this Mr. Fletcher might write to her again."

Nobody thought this very probable, and as for writing to her uncle Daniel, or rather to his city wife, aunt Louise, Christie privately thought that she really would much rather write to Mr. Fletcher; she felt better acquainted with him. However, she rejoiced in her box of pretty paper, and gave it a place of honor on the wonderful what-not, and thereafter was busy during her leisure moments for two days, getting a letter ready to send to Mr. Fletcher. She wrote and re-wrote it on her slate, consulting with Karl over the sentences, until he knew them by heart, and sung them through the house to a popular tune, greatly to Christie's dismay.

At last the letter was written on one of the new sheets of paper, the envelope addressed by Christie's own hand, the important little green stamp affixed to the right-hand corner, and the document was ready for the mail. Not a bad-looking document either. You girls who dash off a letter every few days to somebody, being careless as to whether each word has the correct spelling, and each capital is in its place, and forgetting the punctuation marks altogether, and filling the lines with descriptions of things that were "perfectly splendid," when you only mean that they were very pretty, or talking of something that was "just horrid," when you only mean that it was rather unpleasant, need not have been ashamed to have had Christie's carefully written letter travel in the same mail bag.

Really, before it is sealed you shall have a peep at it, just to see what you think of the little girl who had never been to school a day in her life.

Kewancee, Jan. 18.

"DEAR MR. FLETCHER:

"I remember you very well. I don't think I ever can forget you. I think of my journey on the cars a great deal. And now I have so many beautiful things to remind me of it all the time! I don't know how to thank you, but mother says if you knew how glad I was over them every day, she thinks you would be thanked. There was carpet enough for the front room and my room, and a nice large piece left over for mother's room. I wanted mother to have the whole one for hers, but she said that would not be polite to you, and that she would rather I had it anyway. I knew that, because she would rather we children

should have things than to have them herself. I suppose mothers are always so.

"The carpet is the—I was going to say the prettiest one I ever saw, but I never saw one before, only a rag carpet, and this doesn't look any more like a rag carpet, it seems to me, than the sky looks like our blue washtub!

"It is most the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. Except the moss, and the real true berries out in the woods in the spring, I think it is quite the prettiest. I would like to have you look in our front room, it is so nice. My brother Karl says he should not know that he had ever seen the room before, it is so changed.

"The sofa just fits a place between the mantel-piece and a window, and the two lovely chairs are by the south window, and when the sun shines on them, they look as though they were made of moss. I don't let the sun shine on them much for fear it will fade them; only once in a while, to make a picture. My little sister Nettie is trying to make a picture on her slate of one of the chairs, and she made one so natural that father said he could most sit down on it. The chair is large enough for mother and Nettie and the baby, and when father takes the other one, and has Karl on one side and me on the other, he says, 'Now, mother, we are seated in our treasures, and our treasures are seated with us; who so happy as we?'

"And we are truly very happy indeed, and you did it all! I cannot think why you and the Governor were so good.

"Father thinks perhaps I ought to write a letter to the Governor and thank him, but I am afraid to do that, for I don't know him so well as I do you, and if you would only be so kind as to tell him when he comes to see you, how much we thank him, I will be very glad, and I am sure he will like that better than to be troubled with a letter. The bedstead fits right into a niche in my room. Karl thought it would; he measured it with his eye. I didn't think so, but Karl was right; father says he has a very true eye, and that he ought to have a chance to learn mathematics. Karl says he is going to learn them without a chance; that he hasn't time to wait for any chances. The flowers on the bedstead and bureau are so natural that my little baby sister tries to pick them, and she tries to pick the berries from the carpet, too, and looks so surprised when they won't come.

"We are going to have a stove in the front room, and once in a while have a fire, so we

can enjoy looking at all the lovely things. And now that we have the front room so pretty, we are going to invite the minister to tea. I wish you could come and visit with him; I know you would like him. His name is Mr. Keith. Mother thinks I am making my letter too long, and I do too; and it seems to me that I haven't thanked you much, after all. I don't seem to know how to do it. But I do feel so truly thankful in my heart, that I most want to cry sometimes, I am so happy. I want to ask you, sir, if you ever hear anything of that dear baby? I did love him so! I would like to see his sweet face and hear his pretty voice. I do hope he is well, and has kept his mother safe.

"Your grateful little 'sister,'

CHRISTIE TUCKER."

"For pity's sake, child!" the mother had said, "you are making that letter too long altogether."

"I know it," said Christie meekly. "But you see, mother, I don't know how to write a letter; I only just know how to talk to him as I did on the cars, and he is different from other people; he seems to like talk."

"I don't know about your telling him all that about your father and all of us sitting in the chairs, and about the children with their queer fancies, it sounds rather familiar. What will he care about all that?"

"I don't know why he cares," said Christie, positively, "but he did care to hear about us all; and asked questions, how old Nettie was, and how the baby looked, and all that. Why, mother, he is different from other people, you know. Why did he care to send me all those nice things, do you suppose?"

And then the mother said, "Sure enough, and perhaps he would like the letter; she should, she knew, if she were away from home and it were written to her." And Christie said that her desire had been to let him see things in the front room and see how nice they looked so that he would be pleased with all his work.

"You might have left that out about my having a true eye, and meaning to study mathematics; he certainly doesn't care for that, and it would have made the letter several lines shorter."

This was Karl's suggestion. But Christie declared that she wanted to say that, she didn't know why, she just felt as though it ought to go in and she meant to put it in. Still the letter did seem very long, and I don't know that it would have been sent,

had not Mr. Keith come out to make a call on the very evening when they were talking it over, and what did the father do but say:

"Let's leave it to Mr. Keith, he is used to letters. Christie, read out your letter to him and see if he thinks it is too long or too familiar."

Then had Christie's cheeks grown very red, and she had whispered to her mother that she was sure she couldn't do that. But Mr. Keith had seemed to be very much interested, and had urged the reading, and besides Christie was in the habit of obeying her father, and her mother whispered to her that she might leave that part out about inviting him to tea; so with a frightened little voice she began the reading.

Nobody knew what was the matter with Mr. Keith; he got out his white handkerchief, and coughed, and wiped his mouth and his nose and his eyes; certainly he seemed to have taken a hard cold since he came into the warm, bright kitchen! But no sooner was the letter finished than he cleared his voice to say that not a line of it ought to be omitted. He thought the old gentleman would feel grieved if there were one word less than had been told him.

"I don't understand writing letters very well," Christie explained; "this is the first one I ever wrote, and I kept forgetting it was a letter and thought I was talking with him; he talked to me a good deal on the cars, and seemed to want to know about the children and everything."

"Of course he did," Mr. Keith said, and then he added something over which Christie pondered curiously for many a day. "See here, Christie, if I were you, I would not try to learn how to write letters, I would just keep on talking to people when I wrote to them; I think it is the best way for you."

(To be Continued.)

PASS THEM ON.

When the Rev. Mark Pearse was about fourteen years old, he went to London, having been in a school in Germany. He stayed in London long enough to spend all his money, excepting enough to pay his fare to his home in Cornwall.

He went by train to Bristol, and there took passage on a vessel. He thought that the passage money included his board, and therefore ordered his meals that day.

At the end of the journey a dapper little steward presented a bill for meals to the lad.

"I have no money," said the surprised boy. "Then," replied the steward, "you should not have taken your meals at the table. What is your name?"

"Mark Guy Pearse."

The steward closed his book, took the boy by the hand and said,— "I never thought I should live to see you. My mother was in great distress years ago. My father had died suddenly, and your father was very kind to my mother and me. I promised myself then that if I could ever do so, I would show like kindness to some one your father loved."

The truly grateful steward paid the boy's bill, gave him five shillings, and sent him ashore in a boat rowed by five sailors.

Mark's father was waiting to receive his son.

"Father," said the boy, "it is a good thing to have a good father," and then the story of the steward's kindness was told.

"My lad," said Mr. Pearse, "it is long since I passed the kindness on to him in doing what I did. Now he has passed it on to you. As you grow up mind that you often pass it on to others."

Years afterwards, when the boy had become a man, he was going by rail on a short journey, when he saw a boy crying bitterly.

On asking the cause of his grief, the boy replied that he had not enough money by four-pence to pay his fare to the town in which he lived.

Mr. Pearse at once bought the boy a ticket, and then related his own experience on the steamer years before.

"And now," he concluded, "I want you to be sure and pass this kindness on to others if you are ever able to do so."

As the train left the station, the smiling boy waved his handkerchief and said,—

"I will pass it on, sir; I will pass it on." Good deeds, kind acts—pass them on. Pass them on. The year awaits them—three hundred and sixty-five days—full of human needs.—*Youth's Companion.*

Easter Hymn—Jesus Lives.

FRANCES E. COX.

From the German.

"I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."



Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia.

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia.