

"No, sir," said Christie; "not quite. I thought a good deal about them; but there was one thing that I thought I should look at more than anything else, and may be touch."

There was a curious little note of awe in her voice as she said these last words that made her listener bend his head curiously, and question in tones of deepest interest:

"What was that?"

"A piano."

She spoke the words almost under her breath.

"My dear child! did you never see a piano?"

"Oh, no, sir. My mother has, often. She used to play on one when she was a girl, and she has told me about it often and often. I think I know just how it looks. I can shut my eyes and see it; and I can think a little how it sounds; at least, it seems as though I could. It isn't like the carpet; I can't imagine that; but the music is easier. Father has a flute. We have a carpet, of course," she added, drawing herself up with a bit of womanly dignity, "but it is made of rags, and looks very different from Brussels, mother says. And I can't imagine a very great difference in carpets; but I can imagine things about music, you know."

"I know," nodded the old gentleman; and he thought to himself that he knew several things which she didn't.

After a little he said:

"And so you are missing all these wonders; but a good many interesting things have happened, I should think?"

Then did Christie's eyes sparkle.

"I should think there had!" she said. "I was thinking just a little while ago that I should have enough to tell mother and father and Karl all the rest of the winter. We have only a few books and we have to tell things to each other, instead of reading."

Father said I was to keep my eyes open to-day, and I guess he will think I have."

This last she said with a happy little laugh.

"I guess he will," declared the old gentleman, "and I hope he will understand to what good purpose you have done it. What did you expect to see in the city that would interest you?"

"Oh, I didn't know. A very great many things, I suppose; but I couldn't imagine them. Only one: One day father, when he was in the city, saw the Governor of the State; you know he lives there. And to go to uncle Daniel's, we ride past his house; and I thought, may be, he

might be in the door, as he was when father went by, and I would see him. Father says he is a splendid-looking man, and he is a grand temperance man, you know, and I wanted just to have a glimpse of him; but I don't suppose I shall."

Then the old gentleman took out his handkerchief and used it vigorously on nose, and eyes and even mouth.

"He isn't at home to-day," he said at last.

"Isn't he?"

There was real disappointment

in Christie's voice. It was evident that she had not quite given up her glimpse of the Governor.

"No; but you needn't care now, after having had such a nice chance to look at him, and even talk with him."

You should have seen Christie's face then. For a moment she was quite pale with bewilderment.

"I don't understand you," she said timidly, and in her heart she wondered whether the nice old gentleman was a little crazy.

"Why, my dear child, it is a good while since morning, I know, but my memory is good, and I distinctly remember seeing you sit up straight in that seat over there beside the Governor of the State, and heard him talking to you in what seemed to be a very interesting way."

Christie sat up straight now, her eyes glowing like two stars, her small hands clasped together, and her voice with such a ring of wondering delight in it that Wells stopped in the middle of his sentence to look over at her.

"Really and truly?"

That was all she said.

"Really and truly. I saw it with my own eyes. And a grand man he is; worth knowing."

Not another word said Christie for the space of two minutes. Then she drew a long, fluttering sigh of delight, and murmured: "What a thing to tell father and mother and Karl."

"You like to see people of importance, do you?" the old gentleman asked, after watching her face in amused silence for a few minutes.

"Oh, so very much! People who are grand, and splendid, and worth knowing."

Then I suppose you would have been interested in one of the Governor's children, for instance, even if you did not know the boy; just for the sake of his father?"

"Yes, indeed, I should. But he didn't have any boy with him this morning."

"No; I was thinking of myself, and of my father, and wondering whether you would not be interested in me for his sake."

Christie thought to herself that she was interested in him for his own sake, but she did not like to say this, so she waited expectantly for what would come next.

"The truth is, I belong to a very noble family: old and grand in every way. It would be impossible to get any higher in rank than my brother is."

Christie heard this with wondering awe, and looked timidly into the pleasant face beaming on her. She said to herself that she had thought all the time there was something perfectly splendid about him, but it had not occurred to her that he belonged to such very grand people.

(To be continued.)

GODLINESS consists not in a heart to intend to do the will of God, but in a heart to do it.—  
Jonathan Edwards.

LIVE in the present, that you may be ready for the future.—  
Charles Kingsley.



THE FRIEND AT MIDNIGHT;  
OR, THE REWARD OF IMPORTUNITY.

(Luke xi. 5-13)

At midnight to his sleeping friend  
He turns, and knocking at the door,  
He begs and prays that he will lend  
Three loaves to him from out his store.

"For at my gate e'en now there stands  
A friend of mine, all travel-worn  
And unexpected, who demands  
Comfort and food before the morn."

His half-waked friend, within, replies  
"Trouble me not, my door is barr'd,  
My children sleep, I cannot rise."  
Such his refusal cold and hard.

But he, without, quits not the door:  
More strongly pressing his request,  
He knocks still louder than before,  
And gives his churlish friend no rest;

Till, through the window, from above,  
The loaves are granted to his plea,  
Grudgingly granted—not for love,  
But for his importunity.

We have a Friend, who slumbers not,  
To all our needs and cares awake:  
At midnight dark, or noonday hot,  
To Him our sorrows we may take.

Whene'er we humbly ask He hears,  
Or earnest seek, He marks our cry,  
And when we knock with sobs and tears,  
He opens to us instantly.

The bar of sin, which closed the door,  
Himself has taken clean away:  
The gate flies open ever more  
To all who trust in Him and pray.

In every pressing want or woe,  
Which weighs on us, or those we love,  
To our true Friend, O let us go,  
And He will help us from above.

He is not troubled with our prayer,  
Or weary of our urgent plea:  
He bids us cast on him our care,  
He loves our importunity!

RICHARD WILTON.