

surrounded with bad men"? You need have no contaminating confidences with them, and no bad man can make you dab if you will be good. Do you say, "But think how long the quest, how difficult the discipline"? Exactly, the hardness of the discipline is proportioned to the splendor of the result. Is the drudgery of holiness, of character-making, worse than any other drudgery? Is it worse than the drudgery of fame, of which Dickens said that all he was he owed to the habit of tireless industry and patience; or of literary excellence, of which Robert Louis Stevenson has told us that long before he dared to print a line he experimented ceaselessly in the study and combination of words; or of power, the quest of which made Bonaparte the hardest-worked man in Europe, and led him to say, with an enthusiasm which we may well emulate, that "impossible" was a blockhead of a word, and was not found in his vocabulary? Men take infinite pains and exercise infinite purpose to win these things, but they will take no pains to win character. And yet, to achieve character,—how much greater a thing than to gain wealth, or fame, or power, since all else fades, and character alone remains! Summon your purpose to this supreme task and remember that the bravest and noblest lives of this generation have been lived by young men, by men like Arthur Toynbee and Keith Falconer, and Mackay of Uganda, and Bishop Hannington, who have lived and died for the world as truly as did Paul himself. There is no time to lose. It is given to youth to save the world, because youth is the period of enthusiasm, of ideal-worship, and of purpose. Let your daily litany be

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

In that single, simple verse of Carlyle's the secret of all victorious life is hidden.

Family Department.

I BELIEVE IN THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Ah! they are more our own,
Since now they are God's only,
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's carcases.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven,
Who shared our grief and mirth,
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot,
Gravely and sweetly around us—
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

FABER.

HOME, SWEET HOME

BY MRS. WALTON.

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

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 daytime, 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 nearer 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 mere 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 any one 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 only once, 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 indeed, and leaning forward he pleaded with his little congregation to come to the blood that they might be washed and cleansed. He begged them to use the second verse of the hymn and to 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, each 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 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 neighbors, and who seemed to have forgotten all they had heard. And these filled the 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 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