

The Whistling Boy.

Over the pavement comes the schoolboy, lips  
up-ket, cheeks outblown,  
Scrap of ancient tunes he whistles, little  
catches of his own;  
For is it not vacation time, the greatest of all  
boons,  
When he wanders like an Arab in the golden  
afternoons;  
Whistle, whistle, how his treble through the  
varied bustle cleaves,  
Drowning out the noisy chatter of the spar-  
rows in the eaves;  
Whistle, whistle, what a joyance as it echoes  
up the street,  
I have heard in all my journeyings no music  
half so sweet;  
For he whistles down the shadows that the  
joyous years have cast,  
And in whistling off the present he has  
whistled up the past.

I have heard the blackbirds whistle on a  
swaying maple bough,  
And have heard the ploughmen whistle as  
they walked behind the plough;  
I have heard the mournful meadow-lark,  
whose whistle is a wail,  
And well I know the whistle of the brown  
and bonny quail;  
Yet none of these may enter in the city's  
grimy walls  
Where the crash of wheels is constant and the  
veiling smoke appals,  
But the thrilling of the schoolboy seems to  
bring them back to me  
And I see an old red schoolhouse by a gnarled  
wild cherry tree;  
For his whistling tells of happiness unmixed  
with care's alloy,  
And I mark amid his shrilling lilt I whistled  
when a boy.

"Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Lauris,"  
"Yankee Doodle came to town,"  
"Sailor's Hornpipe," "Old Dan Tucker,"  
"Money Musk" and "Camperdown,"  
Why, I seem to smell the clover, and the bass-  
wood buddings bright,  
There's a well-sweep in the distance and an  
orchard to the right,  
And the pink-white apple-blossoms nod this  
message from each bough,  
"School is over for the summer, school is  
over, over now."  
Whistle, whistle, they are coming, all my  
happy boyhood's days,  
With the sound of running waters, and the  
winding wooded ways;  
Whistle, whistle, now he ceases—and you  
sunshaft's amber gleam  
Turns as gray and cold as winter—God have  
mercy, 'tis a dream.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER XIII.—CHRISTIE'S WORK FOR THE MASTER

It was a hot summer's afternoon, some years after, and the air in Ivy Court was as close and stifling as it had been in the days when Christie and old Treffy lived there. Crowds of children might still be seen playing there, screaming and quarrelling, just as they had done then. The air was full of smoke and dust, and the court looked as desolate as it had done in those years gone by. It was still a very dismal and a very forlorn place.

So Christie thought, as he entered it that sultry day; it seemed to him as far as ever from "Home, sweet home." Yet, of all the places which he visited as a Scripture-reader, there was no place in which Christie took such an interest as Ivy Court. For he could not forget those dreary days when he had been a little homeless wanderer and had gone there for a night's lodging. And he could not forget the old attic, which had been the first place, since his mother's death, that he had been able to call home. It was to this very attic that he was going this afternoon. He climbed the rickety stairs, and as he did so he thought of the night when he had crept up there for the first time, and had knelt down outside old Treffy's door, listening to the organ, his old master's last gift to him. And scarcely a week passed that he did not turn the handle and listen to the dear old tunes. And he always finished with "Home, sweet home," for he still loved that tune the best. At a when Miss Mabel came to see him, she always wanted to turn the old organ in remembrance of her childish days. She was not

Miss Mabel any longer now, though Christie sometimes called her so when they were talking together of the old days, and of Treffy and his organ. But Mabel was married now to the clergyman under whom Christie was working, and she took great interest in the young Scripture-reader, and was always ready to help with her advice and sympathy. And she would ask Christie about the people he visited, and he would tell her which of them most needed her aid. And where she was most needed young Mrs. Villiers was always ready to go.

And so it came to pass that when Christie knocked at the old attic door, it was opened for him by Mrs. Villiers herself, who had just come there to see a poor sick woman. She had not met Christie in that attic since the days when they were both children, and Mabel smiled as he came in, and said to him, "Do you remember the occasion when we met here before?"

"Yes," said Christie, "I remember it well; there were four of us here then, Mrs. Villiers, and two out of the four have gone to the bright city which we talked of."

"Yes," said Mabel, with tears in her eyes; "they are waiting for us in 'Home sweet home.'"

The attic did not look any more cheerful that day than it had done when old Treffy lived there. The window panes were nearly all broken and filled with pieces of brown paper or rag. The floor was more rotten than ever, and the boards seemed as if they must give way when Christie crossed the room to speak to a forlorn-looking woman, who was sitting on a chair by the smouldering fire. She was evidently very ill and very unhappy. Four little children were playing about, and making so much noise that Christie could hardly hear their mother speak when she told him she was "no better, no better at all, and she did not think she ever should be."

"Have you done what I asked you, Mrs. Wilton?" said Christie.

"Yes, sir, I've said it again and again, and the more I say it, the more miserable it makes me."

"What is it, Christie?" said Mrs. Villiers. "It's a little prayer, ma'am, I asked her to say: 'O God, give me thy Holy Spirit, to show me what I am.'"

"And I think he has shown me," said the poor woman, sadly; "anyhow, I never knew I was such a sinner; and every day as I sit here by my fire I think it all over, and every night as I lie awake on my bed I think of it again."

"I've brought another prayer for you to say now, Mrs. Wilton," said Christie, "and I've written it out on a card, that you may be able to learn it quickly: 'O God, give me thy Holy Spirit, to show me what Jesus is.' God has heard and answered your first prayer, so you may be sure he will hear this one also. And if he only shows you what Jesus is, I am sure you will be happy, for Jesus will forgive you your sin, and take away all its heavy burden."

The poor woman read the prayer aloud several times, and then Mrs. Villiers took a book from her pocket and began to read. It was a little much-worn Testament. It had once been blue, but from constant use, the colour had faded, and the gilt edges were no longer bright. It was not the first time that same Testament had been in that old attic. For it was the same book from which Mabel's mother had read to old Treffy fifteen years before. How Mabel loved that book! Here and there was a pencil-mark which her mother had made against some favourite text, and these Mabel read again and again, till they became her favourites also. It was one of these which she read to the poor woman to-day: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And then Mrs. Villiers explained how ready Jesus is to save any soul that comes to him, and how his blood is quite sufficient to take away sin.

The sick woman listened eagerly, and a tear came into Christie's eye as he said: "There is no text that I love like that, Mrs. Villiers. Mr. Wilton preached on it in the mission-room the second time I went there, and I felt as if I could sing for joy when I heard it; I will remember how I ran up the stairs to this attic, to tell it to my old master."

"And you've found it true, Christie?"

"Yes, ma'am, indeed I have; and Treffy found it true too."

Then Mrs. Villiers and Christie took their leave; but as they were going down the steep staircase Christie said, "Have you time to call on Mrs. White for a few minutes, ma'am? She would be so pleased to see you, and I don't think she will live very long."

Mrs. Villiers gladly agreed to go; so Christie knocked at the door at the bottom of the stairs. A young woman opened it, and they went in.

Mrs. White was lying on a bed in the corner of the room, and seemed to be asleep;

but presently she opened her eyes, and when she saw Christie her face brightened and she held out her hands in welcome. She was an old woman now, and had given up taking lodgers several years before.

"Oh, Christie," said she, "I am glad to see you; I have been counting the hours till you came."

"Mrs. Villiers has come to see you to-day, Mrs. White."

"Oh! how good of you," said the poor woman; "Christie said you would come some day."

"You have known Christie a long time, have you not?" said Mrs. Villiers.

"Yes," said the old woman, "he came to me first as a little ragged boy, shivering with cold; and I liked the look of him, ma'am, he was so much quieter than some that came here; and I used to give him a crust sometimes, when he looked more starved than usual."

"Yes, Mrs. White," said Christie, "you were often very good to me."

"Oh! not as I should have been, Christie; they were only crusts I gave you, bits that were left from the men's meals, and not so much of them either; but you've come to me, and you've brought me the Bread of Life—not just bits and leavings, but enough and to spare, as much as I like, and more than enough, for all I want."

"Oh, Christie," said Mrs. Villiers, "I am glad to hear this; the dear Lord has been very good to you; your work has not been in vain."

"In vain!" said the old woman; "I should think not! There's many a one, Mrs. Villiers, that will bless God in the home above for what you and your father have done for this lad; and there is no one who will bless him more than I shall. I was as dark as a heathen till Christie came to me, and read to me out of his Bible, and talked to me of Jesus, and put it all so clear to me. And now I know that my sins are forgiven, and very soon the Lord will take me home; and oh, dear! how nice that will be,

"When in the snowy dress  
Of thy redeemed I stand,  
Faultless and stainless,  
Faultless and stainless,  
Safe in that happy land."

"I see that Mrs. White knows your hymn, Christie," said Mrs. Villiers.

"Yes," said Christie, "I taught her it a long time ago, and she is as fond of it as my old master was."

And after a little more conversation Mrs. Villiers took her leave, and Christie continued his round of visits. All that long, sultry afternoon he toiled on, climbing dark staircases going down into damp cellars, visiting crowded lodging-houses; and everywhere, as he went, dropping seeds of the Word of Life, sweet words from the Book of books, suited to the hearts of those with whom he met.

For in that book Christie found there was a word for every need, and a message for every needy soul. There was peace for the sin-burdened, comfort for the sorrowful, rest for the weary, counsel for the perplexed, and hope for the dying. And Christie always prayed before he went out that God's Holy Spirit would give him the right word for each one whom he went to see. And, as he knocked at the door of a house, he always lifted up his heart in a silent prayer, something like this:

"Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, give me the opportunity of saying something for thee, and please help me to use it, and show me how to say the right word."

And so it was no wonder that God blessed him. It was no wonder that wherever he went Christie not only found opportunities of doing good, but was able to use these opportunities to the best advantage. It was no wonder that when the people were ill they always sent for the young Scripture-reader to read and pray with them. It was no wonder that the little children loved him, or that the poor, tired mothers were glad to sit down for a few minutes to hear him read words of comfort from the Book of life. It was no wonder that all day long Christie found work to do for the Master, and souls waiting to receive the Master's message. He was generally very tired when he went home at night, but he did not mind this. For he never forgot old Treffy's sorrow, a few days before he died, because he had only a week left in which to show his love to his Saviour. And Christie thanked God every day that he had given to him the honour and privilege of working for him.

Christie lodged in a quiet street not far from Ivy Court. He used to live some way out of the town, for he liked to have a walk after his day's work was done; but he found that the poor people often wanted him for different things in the evening and at other times, and so he removed nearer to them and

nearer to his work. And very often they would come to him with their troubles, and sit in his little room pouring out their grief. The young men especially were very glad to come to Christie's lodging to have a talk with him; and once a week Christie had a little prayer-meeting there, to which many of them came. And they found it a great help on their way to heaven.

When Christie opened the door of his lodging on the day of which I am writing, he heard a sound which very much surprised him. It was the sound of his old barrel-organ, and it was playing a few notes of "Home, sweet home." He wondered much who could be turning it, for he had forbidden the landlady's children to touch it, except when he was present to see that no harm came to it. He sometimes smiled to himself at his care over the old organ. It reminded him of the days when he had first played it, with old Treffy standing by him and looking over his shoulder, saying in an anxious voice, "Turn her gently, Christie, boy; turn her gently."

And now he was almost as careful of it as Treffy himself, and he would not on any account have it injured. And so he hastened upstairs to see who it could be that was turning it this morning. On his way he met his landlady, who said that a gentleman was waiting for him in his parlour, who seemed very anxious to see him, and had been sitting there for some time. And, when Christie opened the door, who should be turning the barrel-organ but his old friend Mr. Wilton? They had not met for many years, for Mr. Wilton had settled in another part of England, where he was preaching the same truths as he had once preached in the little mission-room. But he had come to spend a Sunday in the scene of his former labours, and he was very anxious to know how his friend Christie was getting on, and whether he was still working for the Saviour, and still looking forward to "Home, sweet home."

It was a very affectionate meeting between Mr. Wilton and his young friend. They had much to talk about, not having seen each other for so long.

"So you still have the old organ, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, looking down at the faded silk, which was even more colourless than it had been in Treffy's days.

"Yes, sir," said Christie, "I could never part with it; I promised my old master that I never would, and it was his dying gift to me. And often now when I hear the notes of 'Home, sweet home,' it takes my thoughts to old Treffy, and I think what a happy time he must have had in 'the city bright,' all these fifteen years."

"Do you remember how you used to want to go there too, Christie?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilton, and I don't want it any the less now; but still I should like to live some years longer, if it is His will. There is so much to do in the world, isn't there, sir? And what I do only seems to me like a drop in the ocean when I look at the hundreds of people there are in these crowded courts. I could almost cry sometimes when I feel how little I can reach them."

"Yes, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, "there is a great deal to do, and we cannot do a tenth part, nor yet a thousandth part, of what there is to do; what we must strive after is, that the dear Master may be able to say of each of us, 'He hath done what he could.'"

Then Mr. Wilton and Christie knelt down and prayed that God would give Christie a blessing on his work, and would enable him to lead many of the people, in the courts and lanes of that wretched neighbourhood, to come to Jesus, that they might find a home in that city where Treffy was gone before.

(To be continued.)

Kinds That Are Wanted.

WANTED: A boy that is manly and just,  
One that you feel you may honour and trust,  
Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him  
brings,  
Its sunshine and pleasure, or troublesome  
things;  
Whose eyes meet your own with no shadow  
of fear  
No wile on the face that is open and clear;  
Straightforward in purpose, and ready to  
push—  
For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the  
bush;"  
Who scornfully turns from a something to  
gain,  
If it bring to either a sorrow or pain;  
Who is willing to hold what is right, ever dear;  
And is patient, undisturbed, the wolf or the steer;  
Who does all he can with a heart that is free;  
He is wanted, that boy, whatever his state.