

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

It was when they were all back in the parlor, the father talking with Mr. Keith, and the young people gathered into a corner by themselves, that Lucy Cox spoke suddenly, with the air of one who had puzzled over this thing long enough and now felt determined to have satisfaction.

"Look here, I want to know now what you did it for?"

"Did what?" asked startled Christie, for Lucy had pushed away her bangs and her great black eyes were fixed on Christie's face.

"Had us come here, me and Lucius, and eat supper and have cake and milk and good things, and sit in your big nice chairs and see that machine and all. What did you do it for?"

Her voice was so loud and earnest that it had stopped the talk of the boys, and Wells was looking right at Christie with a curious smile on his face—not a disagreeable smile, but one that said to her:

"Yes, if you please, I am interested in that very same question. What did you want of the little Coxes?"

"We wanted you to have a good time," said Christie, looking down, her cheeks growing red. "We thought you would like it and we wanted you to."

"What for?" It was Lucy again; she had a talent for asking questions, it seemed, and she kept those black eyes fixed on Christie.

Wells laughed a very little, he could not help it. That was coming right to the point. Why should she be so anxious to have the little Coxes have a good time? To be sure he had a dim idea what she was after, but how was she going to explain to them? That was just what Christie did not know. She hesitated a little, and glanced timidly up at Wells. He would help her if he could; she began to understand this thoroughly, but his face told her that he did not see how she was going to answer this. She looked over at Mr. Keith, but he was busy with her father, their voices dropped low, and their faces looking as though earnest words were being said; Christie would not have interrupted them for a great deal. She must help herself out, and to do so she must begin at the beginning.

"Do you know about Jesus Christ, Lucy?"

"No. I don't want to know any stories now. I want you to tell me what you did this for?"

"I am trying to tell you. Don't you truly know anything about Jesus Christ?"

"No."

"Then," said Christie, a little shocked, and more doubtful than ever how to tell her story, "you know about God, don't you?"

"Not much; and that hasn't got anything to do with it, anyway."

"Yes, it has. It has everything to do with it. Lucy, you know God made you, don't you?"

Lucy nodded.

"Well, he wanted you to have a good time here, and he wanted me to, and everybody, and he made a beautiful world and sunshine and everything so we could, but there is a wicked spirit named Satan who hates us and wants us to be ugly and unhappy; he made us do wrong things. Lucy, do you know about Heaven?"

"No."

"Well, that is the world where God lives, and it is beautiful and there is nothing bad there ever, and God wanted us all to come there and Satan didn't. Then Jesus, God's son, said he would come and help us, and he came away from Heaven and died for us, and helped everybody, and showed us what to do to get away from Satan, and get ready to go to heaven."

"But I want to know what you wanted Lute and me to come over here to supper for, and gave us lots of good things. That don't tell."

Christie looked pained and puzzled, and stole another glance at Wells, which made that young fellow feel as though it would be worth a good deal to understand this story

as well as he did multiplication, for instance, so that he might help Christie. But he had not the least idea what to say, so he kept still. Christie tried again.

"Lucy, I belong to Jesus Christ. I am his servant, and he told me he wanted me to ask you to come here and have a good time."

"Why does He?"

"Because He loves you, and wants you to belong to Him. He has a beautiful place in Heaven that He wants you to live in, and He wants you to get ready to go."

"How will I get there?"

"Why, He will send for you as soon as you are ready. But you must get ready first, and there is a good deal to do."

Lucy looked down at herself.

"I haven't got any better clothes," she said gravely, "and I haven't got any more ribbon to cover up the holes; I found this on the road. I can't get any more ready than I am. And I don't know as I want to go, anyhow. Besides, you ain't told the truth; that ain't got nothing to do with Lute and me coming here to supper."

"Look a here," said Lucius, speaking for the first time, "you had better keep still. We're having a good time, and you needn't go and spoil it."

CHAPTER X.

"I don't want to spoil it," declared Lucy, "I want to know why; and she said she'd tell me."

"I tried to," said poor Christie, "but you

silent and abashed. Christie gently explained.

"Lucy wanted to know why I wanted her, and Lucius to have a good time, and I told her Jesus told me to make them as good a time as I could, and she doesn't think that can be so."

"I see," said Mr. Keith; "she does not know Jesus, and does not see why he should care whether she has a good time or not. Is that it, Lucy?"

Lucy nodded. Mr. Keith looked about him to see what he could find to help in explaining a wonderful old truth to this little dark mind. Mr. Tucker had come back from the kitchen and had Nettie in his arms, and she was intently listening to him. The two sat down together in one of the chairs near, and there was such a look of fatherly love and care on Mr. Tucker's face that the minister thought he would serve as an illustration for Lucy.

"I want you to look at Nettie in her father's arms, and then look at his face, and tell me whether you think he would like to make her very happy in any way that he could."

(To be Continued.)

"WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?"

Round and round, through street and square, the policeman passed on his solitary beat. It was lonely work enough at times, when the streets were hushed and the great city had sunk to rest. There was no stream

think the words over?" he repeated, after a pause.

"Well, I may as well think of that as of anything else," the constable answered. "Yes, I'll promise you to do it if nothing else comes in my way."

The stranger passed on, and in another moment the one to whom he had spoken was alone again on his solitary beat.

"God so loved the world," How familiar the words were, and how vividly they brought back recollections of past days that had long gone by! He had learnt them as a little child, when standing by his mother's knee. Yes, even then the message of free salvation for guilty sinners had been sent to him by the God who had loved him so well that He gave His only begotten Son to die for him upon the cross—the innocent for the guilty.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." Another recollection arose in the constable's mind. A picture of a Sunday-school now came before him; a class of boys, himself among the number, and a patient, earnest Sunday-school teacher, striving week by week to awaken him to a sense of his lost condition, and a knowledge of the great salvation that was provided, "without money and without price," for "whosoever believeth in the Son of God." How far he had wandered away since those days, and yet God in His love and mercy was offering him forgiveness and eternal life again to-night! Would he accept it? Dare he neglect it any longer? He might be in eternity before another morning dawned; lost for ever; not because he was a sinner, but because he had neglected the salvation that was now laid at his feet as a free gift.

He did not reject it. There, alone with himself and God, he accepted the blessed message, and rested his soul on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.—From *Off and On Duty Series*.

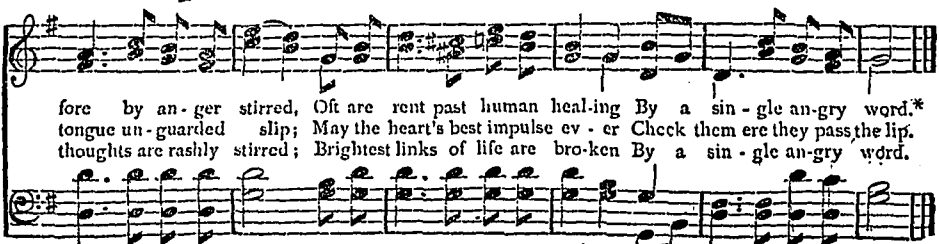
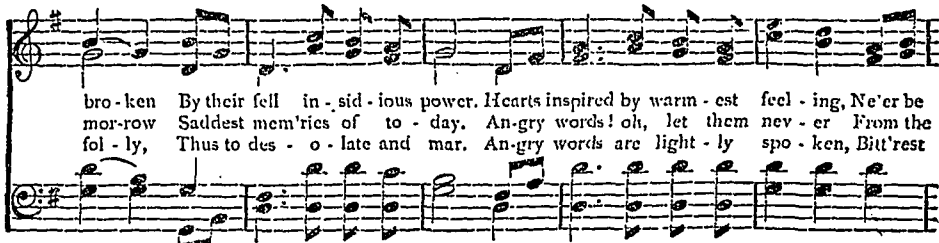
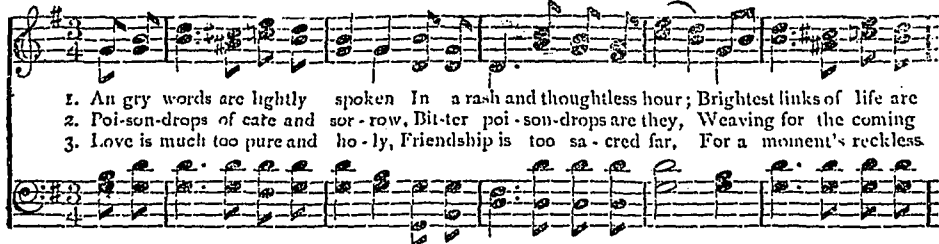
A RESCUED REQUEST.

At a recent Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, says the *New York Observer*, one of the requests received had indeed come out of the depths. It was shipped by the steamer "Oregon," now beneath the waves. Who will say that the letter was not an object of care on the part of divine providence? Weeks after the sinking of the vessel, the mail bag which contained this among others, was found miles away from the scene of the disaster. Under these unusual circumstances we quote the whole letter. It was postmarked "London W., March 6, '86," and an inner envelope bears the words: "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." Thus it seemed to be truly stamped with the King's seal. This is the letter:

"A little girl, about ten years old, sends this request to the people of God in New York: Will all the Christians at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting pray very earnestly for one who is on his way to Australia, and will be stopping at Naples when this reaches New York, that he may be entirely for the loving Lord Jesus; that his life may be a holy one, as Jesus' was, and that he may win souls for him every day. That he may be kept from all the temptations, and that Satan may not have any more power over him. That he may determine to, at all times, follow him in sorrow and in joy to the beautiful home on high by the narrow path, and never get tired of it. That he may never be ashamed of Jesus, and that he may give temper to him and ask him to keep it, for this is one of the giants which Jesus must fight with and conquer, for he cannot. Do, dear friends, pray, for this is a very important request, but I feel happy now that I have told you to tell God all about it, and I will be expecting the answer from him."

KIND WORDS are the brightest flowers of earth's existence, they make a very paradise of the humblest home. A teacher should use them at all times, especially toward poorer members of her class. The teacher with the sour look and the cross, sharp voice, is out of place in the Sunday-school class. *Sunday-School Teacher*.

ANGRY WORDS.



don't understand. Lucy, see here, if you knew Jesus Christ, you would understand all about it."

"Where is He?"

"He went back to Heaven; but He can see from there away down here, and hear what we say, and he tells his servants what to do. He told me to ask you to come here to supper, and make you have a good time."

"I don't believe it."

What was to be done with the little sceptic? Poor Christie looked from one to another of the group in dismay. If there was any one thing she had been in the habit of, all her life, it was being trusted. What to say next to a person who coolly told her she did not believe what she had said, was more than Christie knew. Wells looked both troubled and amused. The ignorance of the little heathen before him was simply amusing to him, but he was troubled to think that he really did not know how to help Christie in the least. At this point, Mr. Keith drew his chair toward the circle. He had heard some of the last words, while Mr. Tucker was answering a call to the kitchen, and it seemed to him time to give the young hostess a little help.

"What is being talked about here?" he asked, smiling brightly on them all, especially on Christie who gave a relieved sigh as she saw him move toward them.

But Lucy did not choose to pitch her red-hot questions or denials at him, so sat

of passers-by now to break the monotony of the watch; and except now and then, when a laugh or wail broke from some of the revellers or sufferers in the great city, all was as silent as a graveyard.

Presently a footstep echoed along the deserted pavement—a light, firm step, that contrasted strongly with the unsteady tread of those who sometimes interrupted the silence of the night. A young man approached and accosted the constable with the request—

"My friend, will you do me a favor?" The one he addressed looked surprised, but replied at once, "I will if I can; what do you want?"

"I want you to promise me to think over some words during the next quarter of an hour that you are on your beat."

"What are the words?" he inquired, in a tone of wonder. "Let's have them, anyway, and I'll think about them if I can."

"They are these," the young man said, as he moved under a gas-lamp and turned over the pages of a small volume rapidly—

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

It was a strange request to make, and the young man waited to know whether it would be granted.

"Will you promise me that you will