

The Family Circle.

THE CHILD AND THE WHITE ROSE.

"White Rose, talk to me! I don't know what to do, Why do you say no word to me, Who say so much to you?"

"I'm bringing you a little rain, And I shall be so proud, If, when you feel it on your face, You take me for a cloud."

"Here I come so softly, You cannot hear me walking; If I take you by surprise, I may catch you talking."

"Tell all your thoughts to me, Whisper in my ear; Talk against the winter, He shall never hear."

"I can keep a secret, Since I was five years old; Tell if you were frightened, When first you felt the cold;"

"And in the splendid summer, While you flush and glow, Are you ever out of heart, Thinking of the snow?"

HOW DAFFY TOOK CARE OF DIX.

"I'm ready to go now, Daffy," said her mother, as Daffy came into the neat kitchen. Daffy's mother was going out to work all the morning.

"But, mother, I haven't even read my chapter," said Daffy. "Very well," said her mother, coldly; "it's your own fault, then, for you have had plenty of time. You must think of some verse that you know, till I come back; for it will never do to leave Dix long enough to read a whole chapter."

Dix was Daffy's little brother. His whole name was Dixmont.

"Here are some paper and scissors for Dix," said Mrs. Downs, stooping to kiss the child. "Dix, be a good boy till mamma comes back, will he?"

"Dix will," said the child; and Mrs. Downs went away.

And Daffy sat looking out of the window, trying to think of a verse that she knew, as her mother had told her. "Ah, I have it!" she said to herself, at last: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And what was that other said about it? Oh, I remember. If Jesus loved little children so much, then those who wish to follow Him, must be kind to them for His sake; and of such little children as Dix are the kingdom of—O dear! where is Dix?"

Daffy started up, for it had suddenly grown very quiet in the room; and quietness where Dix was, or had been, was always a forerunner of mischief.

"Dix, where are you?" cried Daffy.

No answer from Dix, but an ominous sniping in the next room.

Daffy had dashed into the room in a moment, but it was too late. Snip, snip, went the scissors, and a large piece was cut out of Mrs. Down's best white counterpane.

"Dixmont!" cried Daffy, "aren't you ashamed? Come away this minute. What will mother say?"

Dix began to cry. Poor Dix, how much was he to blame?

"Now, Dix," said Daffy, putting him down on the floor, with a little shake, "you must sit right there, and cut that paper, and don't you dare move a step."

But Dix only cried harder than ever.

"Dear, dear," said Daffy, rummaging in the closet, "what a funny thing this is!—all tin, and glass, and—O, there's a knock at the door!"

"Sit perfectly still, Dix, till I come back," said Daffy, as she ran away to the door.

But Dix got very tired of sitting perfectly still; for, you must know that it was Daffy's most intimate friend that had knocked, and Daffy had a great deal to say to her. So Dix jumped up, and pattered, pattered, went his little feet over the kitchen floor to the closet.

"Oh, oh," he cried, seating himself on the closet floor, "buska, buska!" Now, buska meant—in Dix's vocabulary—basket, and this particular basket was full of eggs. But Dix didn't know that eggs were thirty cents a dozen, and if pounding them—to which treatment Dix never failed to subject any thing with which he came in contact—would break them, so much the better and—O, O!" cried Dix again. This time it was the "funny thing all tin, and glass," that Daffy had referred to, which took the fancy of Dix—viz: a molasses pitcher, on a lower shelf. And into this pitcher—partly full of molasses—it was his next care to put as many of the eggs, as by dint of pushing, squeezing, and breaking, he could get in.

But in the midst of his energetic smashing of eggshells, Daffy returned.

Now, of course, it was all the fault of poor Dix; that he had not remained sitting perfectly still on the floor, and the consequence was, that his face and hands received a very rough washing from Miss Daffy, and his ears were saluted with occasional slight reprimands, from the same source, such as, "O naughty, naughty Dix." "Mother will punish Dix." But it could not have been Daffy's fault at all, could it?

Poor Dix had such dreadful qualms of conscience, I suppose, at Daffy's solemn way of putting it, that he crept off humbly into a corner, and put his thumb in his mouth—the only solace he could think of under the circumstances.

But it occurred to Daffy, after awhile, that she was not very much like the good little James and Elizab, that figure in Sabbath School books, and she accordingly set herself vigorously to the task of amusing her little brother.

Dix being in a very subdued state, was easily amused; and Daffy flattered herself that she was being remarkably amiable, as the clock ticked away and carried the hands

round to eleven. And now it was time to make the fire for dinner, and fill the kettles, and for this latter purpose Daffy took a small tin pail in one hand, and the willing hand of Dix in the other, and proceeded to the spring.

This spring trickled into a hogshead sunk into the ground; and into this hogshead it was the delight of Master Dix to gaze; for, you must know, he saw a little boy in the bottom, a pretty little boy, with bright eyes and hair, and red cheeks, looking right up at him. Dix thought it must be rare sport to live in the bottom of a hogshead of clear water, and look up at all the little boys and girls that came there.

And to-day, Dix had plenty of time to gaze, for Daffy saw a butterfly, and immediately put down her tin pail, and ran after it. Daffy was always chasing butterflies, either real or imaginary. So Dix, having nothing else to do, threw himself flat on the ground, and smiled down at the little boy; the little boy smiled up at him, and they were having a very entertaining time, when suddenly Daffy heard a loud outcry, and turned quickly around, just in time to see a little figure plunge head first into the hogshead.

Daffy left her butterfly then, and ran back to the hogshead, screaming all the way. The neighbors could not fail to hear, and Dix was soon seized by the feet, drawn up from the hogshead, and carried in safety to his mother's house.

And many a weary day did little Dix lie in pain after that fall, and faster and faster went the money of poor Mrs. Downs, and many were Daffy's breakfasts, dinners, and suppers of potatoes, and only potatoes, at which she sometimes grumbled, but her mother always said, "Not a word, Daffy; this was all owing to you, and you should bear your part of the trouble in which we are involved without a murmur."

"What a thoughtless child!" cried Sue Sleepy-eyes. But she did not seem to know that she was just as thoughtless herself, only not in precisely the same ways. I hope none of my readers will make a similar mistake, when they condemn poor, thoughtless Daffy.—Student and Schoolmate.

THE CRUSADE OF THE CHILDREN.

Besides the crusades undertaken by knights and their followers, there was another, of which little has been written, and yet it was a strange and interesting proceeding. The zeal which inspired men to bind the blood-red cross to their shoulders, incited, also, more youthful spirits, and, about the year 1212, the Crusade of Children took place. Girls, as well as boys, engaged in it, and it is said that nearly ninety thousand children started for the Holy Land.

They formed two bands. One went from Germany; the other from France.

In Germany, the children were aroused to this expedition by a certain native of that country—either a heartless deceiver, or a fanatic—who bore the name of Nicholas. The ignorant young folks were persuaded to credit the prediction that a drought was at hand, so fearful, that it would cause the Mediterranean Sea to become dry. And the boys and girls, breaking loose from their guardians and school-masters, set off for Genoa, in the fond hope of marching to Jerusalem across the arid bed of that vast inland sea. The wiser among their parents and friends strove to withhold them from so foolish and perilous an enterprise, but expostulation was lost upon these frenzied youths. Some were put into close confinement; but they burst open doors, broke passages through walls, and managed to join their fellow-pilgrims. The poor little adventurers were destitute of guides, provisions, and money; but, when asked what they proposed to do—they answered with assurance, "To visit the Holy Places," and with hopeful hearts they started upon the romantic pilgrimage.

The pope of Rome, at this time the powerful and energetic Innocent III., was told of all this, and, in reply, uttered a groan, and cried, "These children reproach us with being buried in sleep, while they are flying to the defence of the Holy Land." Such was the superstition of the age, that many grown people believed these boys and girls fulfilling the will of Heaven, and some followed their confused and needy ranks, while others gladly bestowed upon them food and money. The host of enthusiastic young crusaders quitted Germany, traversed Saxony, wended their way over the Alps, and at last reached Italy.

But one calamity after another had befallen them on their long journey through these picturesque lands. Thieves had entered their bands, and robbed them of baggage and gifts, which they had received as pilgrims. Disease, the long weary march, heat, and lack of proper food, had greatly lessened their numbers. Now a part were ruthlessly seized and made slaves, but seven thousand presented themselves before Genoa.

The senate gave them leave to rest for six or seven days within the walls of the city; but, afterward, repenting of this kindness, partly from fear that their multitude would cause a famine, ordered them to go elsewhere. It has been believed, however, that some young Germans, of noble birth, were allowed to remain as citizens of Genoa, and that they became founders of distinguished families.

The other pilgrims, finding the blue waves of the Mediterranean rolling as of old, and despairing of seeing the Holy City, turned their faces homeward. And the way which they had trodden in lively troops, cheering each other with joyous songs, one by one, they mournfully retraced, with naked feet, suffering from hunger, and the heartless gibes of those whom they met on their tedious journey. Such was the fate of the German boy and girl crusaders.

Nor were the young French pilgrims more fortunate. They gathered together near Paris; and, passing through Burgundy, arrived in safety at Marseilles. Here, two merchants, Hugh Ferrers, and William Porcus, proclaimed that, from the piety of their

hearts, they were willing to give all pilgrims to the Holy Land a free-passage across the sea. The youthful crusaders gladly accepted the apparently generous offer, and, in seven vessels, embarked from Marseilles. They had been but two days at sea, and were near the island called St. Peter, when a terrific storm burst upon them, and the angry waters swallowed two of the ships with all their passengers. Some years afterward, at the command of Gregory IX., a church was erected upon this island, in memory of the young crusaders who perished here at this time; and, formerly, the spot could be pointed out where the bodies, which were washed on shore, were buried. The other voyagers escaped the waves, and landed, some at Bugia, the picturesque sea-port of Algeria; others, at Alexandria in Egypt.

At these places, the zealous crusaders learned the value of the kindness of the Marseilles merchants, for Hugh Ferrers and William Porcus were engaged in the business of selling young boys to the Saracens, and all these helpless youths were now sold as slaves; some to the Saracens, others to slave-merchants. A number of them who refused to embrace Islamism, died as Christian martyrs.

There were some who entered upon the ill-starred expedition of the Children's Crusade, and yet escaped its varied perils. It seems hard that they were not allowed to remain peacefully in Europe. The pope required them, with the exception of those who were deemed physically unfit for the march, to fulfil the vow which they had made, by fastening the cross upon their garments, and they were obliged, later in life, to start again for Jerusalem, or to buy their freedom from the pilgrimage by alms.

This ended the Children's Crusade of the thirteenth century. In the nineteenth, let us hope that our young people better understand the object for which they should gird themselves for battle, and the means of victory.—Ibid.

FORGIVE US AS WE FORGIVE.

An incident, related in one of the New York daily prayer meetings, and which bears upon this subject, may be of interest and benefit to some. An old man told of a revival in which he had been an active participant, and through the means of which a lady of influence was brought under conviction. Night after night she was found at the altar, yet failed to find peace; the most earnest prayers and faithful exhortations seemed of no avail. At the close of the services on one occasion she seemed almost despairing, and when the congregation retired, she was left still kneeling at the altar rails. A few of the older brethren and sisters, in response to her passionate entreaties not to leave her to perish, remained. They prayed and talked with her for some time, till finally one asked her to pray aloud. She pleaded inability. He commenced the Lord's Prayer, requiring her to repeat it after him. When he came to the petition, "Forgive us," etc., she stopped. He repeated it, when she cried out, "I cannot—O, I cannot say that!" He arose from his knees and told her she might as well go home, for she had no right to expect forgiveness of God while she withheld it from a fellow-creature. After some time being spent in expostulation, pleading and weeping, she was enabled by divine grace to make the sacrifice, and went home rejoicing in the smiles of a reconciled God. At the time of the recital of the incident, she had been living an exemplary, useful and devoted Christian life for some twenty years.—Zion's Herald.

POOR PEOPLE AND POOR MONEY.

In a sermon on the disadvantages of being poor, preached by Henry Ward Beecher, occurred the following:—"In all the troubles and mischief that arise from false weights and spurious currency, it is usually the poor that suffer the most. Here is a spurious quarter of a dollar. The merchant, in whose hands it chances to be, thoughtlessly, of course, (for merchants are always honest) passes it to the trader, and he seeing that it does not look quite right, but not thinking it worth while to scrutinize it too closely, passes it to the grocer; and he, glancing at it, and not liking the looks of it, but not wishing to be over-particular, and saying, 'I took it and must get rid of it,' passes it to the market-man, he, saying, 'it might as well be kept travelling,' passed it, as he was journeying, to the conductor, and he knowing that it is not good, but disliking to say any thing to the man, says to himself, 'I will keep it and give it to somebody else,' and passes it to a sewing woman. She is poor, and a person that is poor is always watched; and when she offers it, it is discovered to be spurious and is refused! 'It is nearly my whole day's wages, but it is counterfeit, and of course I must not pass it,' she burns it up, and so is the only honest one among them all. Bad bills, spurious currency, almost always settle on the poor at last."

THEY SHALL COME FROM THE EAST AND FROM THE WEST.

Col. Steiner, of Frederick, Md., made a speech at the S. S. Convention of that State, in which he said: "Travelling out West, a few years since, I met a friend who had just been journeying through California. He was out one evening upon an extended plain, well suited for grazing. He thought he heard strains of sweet and soft music, and looked far as the eye could reach, but saw nothing. As he passed on, it came stronger, sweeter upon his ear. He recognized a human voice. Ascending a little rise in the plain, just beyond, he saw a child sitting, watching sheep, and singing, 'I want to be an angel.' "What are you doing, my child?" he asked. "I am keeping Sunday-school, sir," was the reply. He thought he saw there the mustard seed grown into a thrifty twig. Again, this summer, I met a

friend who had travelled in the East, who told him that in a little Arab village, not far from the ruins of Nineveh, he was startled by hearing an Arab child humming one of the familiar American Sunday-school tunes. That, he thought, was a leaf of the mustard tree. Yet again, two springs since, he saw gathering in one of the largest buildings in Paris, the Imperial Circus, some 5000 little French children, Protestant babes, singing the stirring tunes of the Sabbath-school, that have found their way into almost every corner of the earth. Here was a noble branch of the Sunday-school tree, sprung from such a humble planting, and yet so blessed by the showers and suns of heaven as to bring forth that which we now see and hear."

SAVED BY A KITTEN.

There is a thrilling story told of a cabin boy and his kitten, that illustrates in a marked degree the providence of God that often, by the most trifling incident, saves the life of an individual. It was in his first voyage, and all the more thrilling to him. When the vessel stood out from Boston, young Jack thought there was never any thing finer than to be at sea in a noble ship. For days and days, the strong wind and heaving ocean bore them safely and swiftly toward their destined haven. But when off the coast of Africa near the Azore Islands, the ship encountered a heavy gale. Had the ship been in mid ocean, she would have been fearfully driven and tossed by the raging elements, yet no doubt would have been saved. As it was, however, it seemed impossible to avoid the land. It was impossible also, to steer safely into any quiet harbor, for no harbor was at hand, and so after all efforts proved unavailing, she struck upon the grim rocks that studded the "lee shore," as the sailors call it. "Cut away the boats!" shouted the captain. Every man was glad to obey the order, for the fury of the waves was fast breaking up the vessel. Jack was only a small boy, but he worked away nimbly, doing what he could. The crew consisted of twenty-four men, and there were three boats on board; one of these, the largest, called the long boat; the other two taking the name of "jolly boats." Though the last named were somewhat smaller, yet they were calculated to live in as heavy a sea as the "long boat." One of the "jolly boats" had been lowered, and Jack was about jumping in, in haste with many others, when, strange as it may seem, he happened to think of his little kitten, that had been his pet all the way out from home.

"Now," said Jack, to himself, "I must take Mollie with me; it would be very cruel to let her drown." So across the deck he hastened, and descended the hold into the cabin, where poor Mollie lay huddled up in a corner. He soon had her in his arms, and was on deck; but the boat in which he thought to have gone was separated from the vessel, while, at the same time, he observed that the second small boat was manned. Well, in less time than it takes me to write this, all were off the ship; of course Jack was among the last in the long boat. The sea arose to a fearful height, and soon there was nothing to be seen of the ship, but a few floating spars. It was found to be very difficult to keep the boats from swamping, yet in the hands of skillful seamen, all went well. Darkness soon enveloped these little crafts in the folds of night. It was impossible for them to keep longer together. It was a fearful crisis: all that could be done was to give themselves up to the mercy of the winds. Once the captain, who was with Jack, ordered them to try the oars, hoping that they might make land, but it nearly capsized them, so it was abandoned. At length morning came, but Jack with his keen eyes could see nothing of the other boats. Where could they be? Through the whole succeeding day and the following night, they were tossed about by the heavy swells of the ocean, and did not make land till the morning of the third day. Where were the other boats? you ask. Alas, they capsized and all perished that were on board. Little Jack knew that if he had not gone back after kitten, he would have shared their fate. He was then wayward and thoughtless, but now, through the grace of God, he thanks the Lord Jesus for the deliverance.—Boston Recorder.

LUTHER THE SINGER.

I believe that there must be more meaning in the simplest word of our Saviour than we have yet found out—probably than we shall ever find out. But some of his sayings we may be allowed, I think, to judge more profound than others. Among those which seem to me deepest in significance is the saying, "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God," which surely implies that their poverty has something to do with their blessedness. At all events, it would be easy to show some of the truest advantages as springing from a lowly birth, like that of our Lord, like that of Luther.

Had not Luther been born in poor estate, he could not have written with such simple realism about the ox and the ass, the manger and the hay. He sings just like a cottage-child rejoicing over his baby-brother. If he had not been of lowly birth, he would not have exulted in such simple outbursts of nature. An artificial education tends to a vulgarity of mind, revealing itself in the discovery of vulgarity where it does not exist. Wherever you see strong expressions of disgust, you may most probably detect a vulgar mind, and you have reason to doubt, besides, whether the disgust exists anywhere but in the mind that disgustedly expresses it. One of the severest tests to which breeding, as we call it, could be put, would be the sudden reduction to poverty from the enjoyment of all the means and appliances of wealth, bringing humiliation to the man who cannot accept them as the will of God. Then should we see how far the breeding lay in the pride of appliance, or in the simple condition of the soul. And that beha-

viour which comes nearest to God's feeling, when he made man, and when he made his Son the son of a poor woman, will be the heaven-acknowledged type of true behavior, of right and dignified and graceful viour, of right and dignified and graceful manners. Again, I say, it was partly in virtue of his lowly birth that Luther came so close in heart and feeling to the birth of the child Jesus. Only let no poor man think to exclude the rich thereby; for the man who is poor in spirit is the man who reaps the benefit of poverty, whether he be a beggar or a millionaire.

The straightforward fulness of these hymns stands in strong contrast both to the artificiality of most religious compositions of the same age in England, and to the inanity of a great proportion of the hymns of the present day. This one seems to be, for all time, as modern now as it was when he wrote it,—expressing the heart of the eternal relationship between man and God:—

CHRIST-SONG.

From heaven the angel-troop came near, And to the shepherds did appear. A tender little child, they cry, In a rough manger lies hard by.

In Bethlehem, David's town of old, As prophet Micah has foretold; Our Master, Jesus Christ, it is, Who brings you all his saving bliss.

And ye may well break out in mirth, For God is one with you henceforth; His Son is born of flesh and blood; Your brother is the eternal God.

He will not, cannot leave you. Thee need Set you in him your confidence; Whatever foes stand in the road, Defy them in the name of God.

To you what can do death or sin? The true God is to you come in. Let hell and Satan raging go— The Son of God's your comrade now.

All safe at last your lives ye find, For you are now of God's own kind. For this thank God, now and always, Patient and happy every day. Amen.

—Sunday Magazine.

SOCIAL THEORISTS AND CHRISTIANITY.

Social theorists, who overlook the power of Christianity, are likely to fall into important errors. Dr. Draper thinks that every nation must grow old and die, like the individual, and that the leading Christian nations of the world must soon experience the fate of China. But he forgets that the church of Christ has in it a preserving power to arrest the process of decay. The *Quarterly* says:

"That little society of which we read in the third and fourth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, was the pledge of the world's civilization. Look at its mutual love, its world-wide sympathies. It could not but progress in intellectual as in moral development. Here was the mighty power, rising up, growing, expanding, which met the advancing tides of Eastern and Northern barbarism, overcame their force, and converted them into modern civilization. Here is what gave rise to our great cities and our mighty works. Here is what, if adhered to, will keep those cities from the fate of Tyre and Carthage, of Nineveh and Babylon. Here is what, if held fast to, will prevent the fulfilment of Macaulay's famous prediction of the fate of London. If she preserves her Christianity, and honors her Lord and her God, the New Zealander of a future day will never gaze with mournful interest from the broken archway of the Thames upon the ruins of great London. He will never see the willows waving, or the rushes growing, where now rise her storehouses and her palaces; or the wild water-bird floating in undisturbed security upon that mighty stream which now carries the navies and the commerce of the world. For Christianity, with its expansive growth, possesses also the attribute of un fading youth. A thousand years in its history are but a day. There is no wrinkle on its brow, no stain on its crown of glory."

POWER OF AN AXE.—The other day I was holding a man by the hand—a hand as firm in its outer texture as leather, and his sun-burnt face was as inflexible as parchment. He was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those who complain that they get nothing to do, as an excuse for idleness. Said I, "Jeff, what do you axe work at?" "Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago that cost me two dollars. That was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord. I have done nothing else, and have earned more than six hundred dollars; drank no grog, paid no doctor, and have bought me a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl who has earned two hundred dollars since she was eighteen. My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with. After I left him, I thought to myself, 'that axe and no grog.' These are the two things that make a man in the world. How small a capital that axe—how sure of success with the motto 'No grog.' And then a farm, and a wife, the best of all."

WHY WILLIE WANTS THE CURTAINS UP.

Cold wind, cold wind, You may rumble shrilly; Snug and happy in his bed, Lies our little Willie.

Round moon, round moon, On the snow you glisten; You may hear our Willie laugh, If you will but listen.

Bright stars, bright stars, How the snow has drifted! Mother, let the curtain stay: Let me have it lifted!

For I like to see the stars, If awake I'm keeping, And to have the stars see me, If I am a-sleeping.