

The Family Circle.

THE CROSS-BEARER.

[COMMUNICATED.] THE CROSS-BEARER. BY MISS A. WARNER. When I set out to follow Jesus, My Lord a cross held out to me; Which I must take, and bear it onward, If I would his disciple be. I turned my head another way, And said, not this, my Lord, I pray!

It was early in the spring, and papa had some difficulty in finding the catnip, for the leaves were scarcely out, but he did get some, and when he was setting it out, he said to the tearful little maiden who watched all his operations, "Totty, my love, hadn't I better put up a board, and write on it 'Cat-nipped in the bud?'" But Totty only smiled, because her papa cheered her up, and though she did not quite understand his fun, the idea of the board with something written on it, seemed to take her fancy. While papa talked with mamma, Totty had worked away at her writing. Presently she raised her head and laid down her pen with a satisfied "There!" and came and climbed to her usual seat on her father's knee. "What is it, Pet? Aren't you going to let papa see it?" Totty looked bashful and said, "I'm afraid you'll laugh. It is only a verse that I'm going to have Willie Weston write on a board for Tabby's grave. You know I can only write printing-letters, but Willie says he'll write it nice in writing-letters with charcoal."

Papa, indiscreet man, promised not to laugh, so Totty brought her sheet of paper to him, and this is what he saw on it, only I never can show you in print those queer little capitals that she made, for there are no types to print such. However, here is the rhyme and the original spelling: "Here lies poor Tabby Norton, the cunningest little thing That ever catnip or played with a string. If she hadn't been so fond of sitting on the well, How long she might have lived I can never tell. Poor Totty's heart most broke when her dear Tabby dy'd, And the more she thought of it the more she cry'd. But when things can't be helped, no more is to be said, So we'll leave her in peace with catnip on her bed."

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECS. "Well, I think that is polite! Grandma expects me to sit still while she takes a nap instead of telling me stories. How selfish some people are." As she spoke, little Patty looked angrily from the old lady nodding in her chair to the book in her lap, and felt very much injured because she couldn't have her own way. The rain pattered on the window-pane, the wind blew dimly, and the winter afternoon was fast deepening into twilight. It wasn't a cheerful scene either inside or out, and Patty couldn't decide whether to cry and wake grandma, or to go and do some mischief. As she sat thinking about her wrongs, her eye wandered to the book again. "Stupid old pictures, I've seen 'em a dozen times, and am tired of 'em. But there is no other book here, and I mustn't leave the room. I wonder how they'd look through grandma's specs." Putting the glasses on her little nose, Patty turned a leaf and looked. Dear me, how very odd it was to be sure! In a minute ago she saw a cat and kittens on the page, and now there was a picture she had never seen. A sweet, pale-faced lady lay in a bed and was putting a little baby into the arms of an old lady who seemed promising something with a tender yet sorrowful look. "Why that's the way my dear mamma did when she gave me to grandma, the day she died! Papa told me about it," cried Patty, very much surprised. Wondering what had come to her book, she eagerly turned over another leaf and there was a new picture. This was a still more curious one, for the figures seemed to move. The same old lady was teaching the same baby to walk, so kindly, so patiently; and the baby seemed to love her dearly, for it ran to her with eager, tottering little feet, and laughed with delight when it was safe in her motherly arms. Several other pictures showed the good old lady caring for the same pretty baby in many ways; watching over it when ill; tending, teaching and amusing it; taking many steps for it, thinking, working and praying for it, and devoting herself to it as faithfully as any mother. Next came pictures showing the baby a little girl, and the old lady still older, but as kind as ever. Judging from the pictures, the child was rather a careless, selfish little girl, for she seemed not to obey, and to leave many things undone. One of these pictures showed this child running away and getting lost, because she was bid to do something she didn't like; and the old lady was seen going after her and bringing her back and forgiving the naughty little girl. Another was where the child appeared to be nearly run over, and the old lady saved her, but was much hurt herself. When Patty saw that, she looked very sober, and the pettish expression left her face, as she said softly, "Yes, that's what grandma did for me; and that's how she got so lame. Poor grandma, I wish I'd got her cane for her when she asked me." The last picture showed the old lady lying dead, and the child, a tall girl now, standing by her with a very sorrowful face that said as plainly as words, "Oh, why wasn't I kinder to her when she did so much for me?" As Patty looked, her eyes grew so dim with tears that the page was all a blur, and, putting up her hand to wipe the drops away, the spectacles fell off and the strange pictures vanished. Patty sat quite still for several minutes, thinking of all the unkind words she had said, the duties she had neglected, the loving acts she had left undone, and all she owed dear, kind, patient, grandma. She covered up her face and cried till her little handkerchief was quite wet, so full of repentant sorrow was she. Suddenly she thought, "It isn't too late; she isn't gone, and there's time to be good to her now. What shall I do to show her how sorry I am?" Wiping up her tears she looked about the room and saw plenty to do. The fire was nearly out, because Patty had forgotten to tell the maid to bring wood, and had lost grandma's cane without which she couldn't walk a step. Patty's playthings lay all about in the untidy way that troubled grandma. The yarn she had been asked to wind, hung in a tangle on the chair where she had left it. Grandma's knitting had dropped down and the stitches were half out, for Patty didn't bring the spectacles and without them she could not pick them up. Grandma's shawl was spread over Patty's doll, and the poor old lady had quietly gone to sleep and never asked for it though she looked chilly even in her nap. "How naughty I am to be so lazy, and selfish, and disobedient. Dear grandma is too kind to punish me, but I ought to be punished, hard," said Patty, shaking herself and wondering how any one could be patient with her. Fall of good resolutions, she fell to work and turned over a new leaf at once, not waiting a minute or saying "I'll be good by and by." She cleaned up her playthings, found the cane and leaned it against grandma's chair all ready for her. She put back the spectacles, picked up the stitches and laid the knitting on the old lady's lap; she folded the shawl softly round her, and grandma gave a little sigh as if the comfortable warmth pleased her. Then Patty built up a grand fire, swept the hearth, and sat down to wind the yarn. Darker and darker it grew outside as night came on; harder blew the wind and faster fell the rain, but within it was bright and warm, for the fire-light danced on the pleasant room, the placid old lady sleeping in her chair and the busy little girl patiently winding the tangle, till the great smooth ball was done. Very thoughtful was Patty's rosy face, as she sat so still; but that half hour did her heart good, for she thought what she was and what she hoped to be, and

prayed a very sincere little prayer that she might keep her resolutions and be a faithful, loving child to grandma. When the old lady woke, she rubbed her eyes and looked about her, feeling as if the good fairies had been at work while she slept. And so they had, for the best and loveliest of household fairies are Love and Cheerfulness. Patty had drawn up the round table and quietly set out the little tea tray with the tiny cups and plates, the old-fashioned spoons and funny plump-top that grandma liked; had toasted the bread herself, just brown and nice, and got everything ready in the most cozy, tempting order one can imagine. "Well, deary, what does it all mean?" cried grandma, smiling with surprise and pleasure, as she looked about her. "It means that I'm trying to be a good child and do my duty as I haven't done it for a long, long while," and Patty put her arms round grandma's neck with a little quiver in her voice that went straight to the old lady's heart. Standing so she told all that had happened, and grandma laughed and said it was only a game. But Patty was sure it was true, only the spectacles wouldn't show any more of the strange pictures when she tried again. "Never mind, my darling, they show me the dearest, most dutiful of little daughters, and I'm quite satisfied," said grandma, kissing the childish face, which from that day made summer sunshine for her through the winter of old age.—Merry's Museum.

GOD'S WORD HID IN THE HEART.

Children, there was once a little boy who went to Sunday school regularly, and learned all his lessons well, so that he had a great many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. This boy was on a steamboat making a journey. One day as he sat alone on deck looking down into the water, two ungodly gentlemen agreed that one of them should go and try to persuade him to drink. So the wicked man drew near to the boy, and in a very pleasant voice and manner invited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him. "I thank you, sir," said he, "but I never drink liquor." "Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you; come and drink with me." "Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," was the boy's ready answer. "You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly." "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," said the boy. "I feel safer, and I think it wiser not to play with adders." "My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, putting on his most flattering air, "I like you; you are no child; you are fit to be a companion of gentlemen. It will give me great pleasure if you will come and drink a glass of the best wine with me." The lad looked him steadily in the eyes and said, "My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' That was a sinning blow to the tempter, and he gave up his wicked attempt and went back to his companion. "How did you succeed?" said he. "O, the fact is," he replied, "that little fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him." Children, that is just what we are trying to do in this Sunday school. We wish to get every boy's mind, and every girl's mind, so full of the Bible, that wicked tempters cannot do anything with them. Now children, there is one Bible verse which shows that this is just the right use to make of the Bible. I wish you all now to learn it, and recite it with me. I will say it alone twice, and then you all say it with me. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Children, hide just as much of God's precious word in your hearts as ever you can.—Dr. Nelson at the St. Louis S. S. Institute.

MIDNIGHT MEETING MOVEMENT.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the workers and friends of this Institution, held on Thursday, October 4, in the large hall, Red Lion-square, London, the following statement was made: From the commencement of the movement, in February, 1860, 105 meetings have been held in London, attended by 13,421 unfortunates, of whom 530 have been restored to friends, 1,800 sent to service, 57 married, 5 reconciled to their husbands, 4 emigrated, 4 sent home to the Continent, 2 placed in business, 300 sent to hospitals, 400 assisted to obtain an honest living, and very many are now in the homes. In the present year 25 meetings have been held in London, attended by 2,000 unfortunates, of whom 231 have been rescued; in addition to which two meetings have been held in Bristol, attended by 110 poor girls—10 rescued. The above statement gives a very inadequate idea of the benefits arising from the movement, which, during the last six years, has awakened the attention of the country, and led to strenuous efforts to remove the evil. In many large and influential towns meetings have been held, and in London many poor girls have been heard of, who never attended the meetings, but who sought a refuge in the various institutions. The general result may be stated thus—many new homes have been opened since 1860, and above 1,000 poor girls rescued annually in the metropolis, besides a large number in other parts of the country. Moreover, the promoters have given their attention to the cause of the evil, to the necessity of enforcing the law against bad houses, and the fearful traffic in this sin, and their efforts in this direction have not been in vain. Lectures have also been given to fast young men, and suitable publications distributed among them.

FOR FANNIE WOODLEIGH FROM FRIENDS WHO LOVE HER.

All the little ones looked at once towards their little crippled friend to see and enjoy her surprise. Could she believe her eyes? Was that beautiful cushioned chair, with wheels and arms by which to move it wherever the owner wished, really meant for her? They scarcely gave her time to think, but carried her and placed her in it in a buzz of eagerness and affectionate delight. Poor little Fannie! She looked helplessly from one to another of the loving faces and bowed her own upon her hands to hold back the fast flowing tears. A little paper book hung on one of the wheels of the chair, and taking it up to see what it might be, Mr. Norton read upon its title page:

MY FAIRY, AND HER WONDER-WORKING.

Published by WILLIE WESTON AND EVA NORTON. When Papa Norton had read that, he opened his eyes pretty wide and began to look further: Here in this pretty primer, was a story about a fairy named Cheerfulness, who lived in the house with Love, and how they worked together to make happiness, and how, even in the midst of poverty and misfortune, they succeeded in making such large quantities of it, that they had even much to give away. Besides the story, there were several of the pretty songs which Fannie had taught to her friends. Just then Mamma Norton came to Papa, with beaming face and said: "Only think, dear, how those children have worked, and how carefully they have kept their secret! Mrs. Weston has told all about it. Eva wrote the story and copied out the songs, and Willie printed the book, and each of their school-mates bought one, and Willie sold other copies at the printing office, and so they gathered together thirty dollars for this beautiful chair. All their own idea, too! Bless their little hearts!" A little hand was slipped into Papa's arm, and somebody whispered: "Am I a blue-stocking now, papa?" But papa did not say anything, he only caught Totty round the waist and hugged her—so close.—Liberal Christian.

LITTLE BLUE-STOCKING.

Papa came into the sitting-room, and weary with his long walk "up town," threw himself into the arm-chair with a "heigho!" At the same moment his eyes fell on his little girl, a-tiptoe at mamma's little writing table, and for the first time in her life, too busy to know that her papa had come in. "What are ye doing, Totty?" "I'm writing, pa dear; I'll see you in a minute," said Totty, with a demure air of business. Mamma looked at papa with such a comical face, and speaking low, so that Totty should not hear, she said—"She's been at it ever since she came home from school, and I guess in school too, perhaps. I expect poor Tabby is to be immortalized and to have a monument suitable to her merits. Only the morning before had Totty's beautiful little tabby-kitten frisked through the house and up and down the grape-vine trellis, and out to the little well-house, where she loved to sit on a convenient ledge, and look over the fence at the passers by. She was in a very gay humor that morning, almost beside herself with the frolic she and Totty had been having with papa after breakfast. A rude boy, who often passed that way, and of whom she was much afraid stopped to look over the fence, and threw a stone at her just as she had settled herself for a nap in the sunshine. She heard the stone rattle against the well-roof, and started wide awake, but she was so confused when she saw the boy that she turned to run, forgetting how narrow her footing was, and over she went, down, down into the well. The bad boy ran off, and Totty went to school, and no one thought of poor Tabby again till Bridget went to draw some water and brought her up with it, very stiff and lifeless. Mamma thought Bridget had better bury poor pussy before Totty came home, but she came in while they were talking of it. How she cried! Well, to be sure, who wonders? Wasn't it just the dearest little kitty that ever was, and didn't Totty want something to play with and love at home besides papa and mamma, who were very nice indeed, but couldn't jump and run, and who didn't have soft, spotted fur? Papa didn't wonder at all? He felt very sorry for the kitty, but more sorry for his little girl, and though he couldn't help her cry, he said he could help her to bury it in a nice place under the snow-ball bush, and would plant a root of catnip over it, and would try to get her another kitty.

When a saint dies, heaven above is as it were moved to receive and entertain him; at his coming, he is received into everlasting habitations, into the inheritance of the saints in light. When an unbeliever dies, we may say of him, "Hell from beneath is moved for him, to meet him at his coming; it stirreth up the dead for him."