

## THE DAILY CROSS.

BY MRS. T. D. CREWSDON.

The followers of the Son of God  
Have each a daily cross to bear,  
And he who treads where Jesus trod  
Must not refuse His cup to share.

But sin can ne'er be crucified  
By cross or suffering of our own;  
The cross whereon Immanuel died  
Alone can win the victor's crown.

We own but one Gethsemane,  
And there the debt of woe was paid;  
We know but one true Calvary,  
And there was sin's atonement made.

Tis sweet, O Lord, thy cup to share,  
Of true discipleship the sign;  
And easy is the cross to bear,  
If faith beholdeth only thine.

They grant us grace to drink the cup,  
Whate'er that daily cup may be;  
And cheerfully the cross take up,  
And bear it meekly after Thee.  
—The *Fireside*.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")

## CHAPTER IV.—TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

After the story was finished the husband and wife sat for a long time side by side, in absolute silence. Both pairs of eyes were fixed on the glowing embers in the fire; the wife's reflected back both the lights and the shadows; they were troubled eyes, troubled with possible joy, troubled also with the dark feelings of anger. The husband's, on the contrary, were calm and steady. No strong hope was visiting them, but despair, even disquietude, seemed miles away. Presently the wife's small nervous fingers were stretched out to meet her husband's, his closed over them, he turned his head, met her anxious face, smiled and spoke.

"So it seems on the cards that you might have been rich, Lottie. Well, it was unjust of your father not to have made some provision for your mother, and you, but—but—he has long been dead, the whole thing is over. Let it pass."

"Angus! do you know what I should like?" asked his wife.

"No. What?"

"I should like to meet those two men, John and Jasper Harman, face to face, and ask them without the least preamble or preparation, what they have done with my father's real will!"

"Dear Lottie, you must get this strange idea out of your head. It is not right of you to harbor such thoughts of any man."

"I should like to look so hard at them," continued Charlotte, scarcely heeding her husband's words. "I know their eyes would flash, they would be startled, they would betray themselves. Angus, I can't help it, the conviction that is over me is too strong to be silenced. For years, ever since my mother told me that story, I have felt that we have been wronged, nay, robbed of our own. But when I entered that house to-day and found myself face to face with my half-brother's daughter, when I found myself in the house that I had been forbidden to enter, I felt—I knew, that a great wrong had been committed. My father! why should I think ill of my father, Angus? Is it likely that he would have made no provision for my mother whom he loved, or for me? Is it likely that he would have left everything he possessed to the two sons with whom he had so bitterly quarrelled, that for years they had not even met? Is it likely? Angus, you are a just man, and you will own to the truth. Is it likely, that with his almost dying breath, he should have assured my mother that all was settled, that she could bring me up well, in comfort and luxury, that Charlotte Harman and I should be friends? No, Angus! I believe my father; he was a good and just man always; and, even if he was not, dying men don't tell lies."

"I grant that it seems unlikely, Lottie; but then, on the other hand, what do you accuse these men of? Why, of no less a crime than forging a will, of suppressing the real will, and bringing forward one of their own manufacture. Why, my dear wife, such an act of villainy would be not only difficult, but, I should say, impossible."

"I don't know how it was done, Angus,

but something was done, of that I am sure, and what that thing was I shall live, please God, to find out."

"Then you—you, a clergyman's wife—the wife of a man who lives to proclaim peace on earth, good-will to men, you go into your brother's house as a spy?"

Mrs. Home colored. Her husband had risen from his chair.

"You shall not do that," he said; "I am your husband, and I forbid it. You can only go to the Harman's, if they are indeed the near relations you believe them to be, on one condition."

"And that?" said Charlotte.

"That you see not only Mr. Harman's daughter, but Mr. Harman himself; that you tell him exactly who you are. . . . If, after hearing your story, he allows you to work for his daughter, you can do so without again alluding to the relationship. If they wish it dropped, drop it, Lottie; work for them as you would for any other strangers, doing your best work bravely and well. But begin openly. Above all things thinking no evil in your heart of them."

"Then I cannot go on these conditions, Angus, for I cannot feel charity in my heart towards Mr. Harman. It seemed such a good thing this morning. But I must give it up."

"And something else will come in its place, never fear; but I did not know until to-night that my Lottie so pined for riches."

"Angus, I do—I do—I want Harold to go to a good school, Daisy to be educated, little Angus to get what is necessary for his health, and above all, you, my dearest, my dearest, to have a warm overcoat, and good food."

"Ah, Lottie! you are a witch, you try to tempt me, and all these things sound very pleasant. But don't dream of what we haven't, let us live for the many, many things we have."

## CHAPTER V.—LOVE IS A DIAMOND.

The next day Angus Home went out early as usual, about his many parish duties; this was, it was true, neither a feast nor a fast day, nor had he to attend a morning service, but he had long ago constituted himself chief visitor among the sick and poorest of his flock, and such work occupied him from morning to night. Perhaps in a nature naturally inclined to asceticism, this daily mingling with the very poor and the very suffering, had helped to keep down all ambitions for earthly good things, whether those good things came in the guise of riches or honors; but though unambitious and very humble, never pushing himself forward, doing always the work that men who considered themselves more fastidious would shun, never allowing his voice to be heard where he believed wiser men than he might speak. Mr. Home was neither morbid nor unhappy; one of his greatest characteristics was an utter absence of all self-consciousness.

The fact was, the man, though he had a wife whom he loved, and children very dear to him, had grown accustomed to hold life lightly; to him life was in very truth a pilgrimage, a school, a morning which would usher in the great day of the future. His mental and spiritual eyes were fixed expectantly and longingly on that day; and in connection with it, it would be wrong to say that he was without ambition, for he had a very earnest and burning desire, not only for rank, but for kingship by-and-by; he wanted to be crowned with a crown of righteousness.

Angus Home knew well that to wear that crown in all its lustre in the future, it must begin to fit his head down here; and he also knew that those who put on such crowns on earth, find them, as their great and blessed Master did before them, made of thorns.

It is no wonder then that the man with so simple a faith, so Christ-like a spirit, should not be greatly concerned by his wife's story of the night before. He did not absolutely forget it, for he pondered over it as he wended his way to the attic where the orphan swifths lived. He felt sorry for Lottie as he thought of it, and he hoped she would soon cease to have such uncharitable ideas of her half-brothers; he himself could not even entertain the notion that any fraud had been committed; he felt rather shocked that his Lottie should dwell on so base a thing.

There is no doubt that this saint-like man could be a tiny bit provoking; and so his wife felt when he left her without again

alluding to their last night's talk. After all it is wives and mothers who feel the sharpest stings of poverty. Charlotte had known what to be poor meant all her life, as a child, as a young girl, as a wife, as a mother, but she had been brave enough about it, indifferent enough to it, until the children came; but from the day her mother's story was told to her, and she knew how close the wings of earthly comfort had swept her by, discontent came into her heart. Discontent came in and grew with the birth of each fresh little one. She might have made her children so comfortable, she could do so little with them; they were pretty children too. It went to her heart to see their beauty disfigured in ugly clothes; she used to look the other way with a great jealous pang when she saw children not nearly so beautiful as hers, yet looked at and admired because of their bright, fresh colors and dainty little surroundings. But poverty brought worse stings than these. The small house in Kentish Town was hot and stifling in the months of July and August; the children grew pale and pined for the fresh country air which could not be given to them; Lottie herself grew weak and languid, and her husband's pale face seemed to grow more ethereal day by day. At all such times as these did Charlotte Home's mind and thoughts refer back to her mother's story, and again and again the idea returned that a great, great, wrong had been done.

In the winter when this story opens, poverty came very close to the little household. They were, it is true, quite out of debt, but they were, only so because the food was kept so scanty, the fires so low, the dress so very insufficient to keep at a distance the winter's bitter cold; they were only out of debt because the mother slaved from morning to night, and the father at less and less, having, it is to be feared, less and less appetite to eat.

Then the wife and mother grew desperate, money must be brought in—how could it be done? The doctor called and said that baby Angus would die if he had not more milk—he must have what is called in London baby-milk, and plenty of it. Such milk in Kentish Town meant money. Lottie resolved that baby Angus should not die. In answering an advertisement which she hoped would give her employment, she accidentally found herself in her own half-brother's house. There was the wealth which had belonged to her father; and there were the riches to which she was surely born. How delicious were those soft carpets; how nice those cushioned seats; how pleasant those glowing fires; what an air of refinement breathed over everything; how grand it was to be served by those noiseless and well-trained servants; how great a thing was wealth, after all!

She thought all this before she saw Charlotte Harman. Then the gracious face, the noble bearing, the kindly and sweet manner of this girl of her own age, this girl who might have been her dearest friend, who was so nearly related to her, filled her with sudden bitterness; she believed herself immeasurably inferior to Miss Harman, and yet she knew that she might have been such another. She left the house with a mingled feeling of relief and bitterness. She was earning present money. What might she not discover to benefit her husband and children by-and-by?

In the evening, unable to keep her thoughts to herself, she told them and her story for the first time to her husband. Instantly he tore the veil from her eyes. Was she, his wife, to go to her own brother's house as a spy? No! a thousand times no! No wealth, however needed, would be worth purchasing at such a price. If Charlotte could not banish from her mind these unworthy thoughts, she must give up so excellent a means of earning money.

Poor Charlotte! The thoughts her husband considered so mean, so untrue, so unworthy, had become by this time part of her very being. Oh! must the children suffer because unrighteous men enjoyed what was rightfully theirs!

For the first time, the very first time in all her life, she felt discontented with her Angus. If only he were a little more every-day, a little more practical; if only he would go to the bottom of this mystery, and set her mind at rest!

She went about her morning duties in a state of mental friction and aggravation, and, as often happens, on this very morning when she seemed least able to bear it, came the proverbial last straw. Anne, the little

maid put in her head at the parlor door. "If you please, 'em, is Harold to wear 'em shoes again? There's holes through and through of 'em, and it's most desp'rate sloppy out of doors this mornin'."

Mrs. Home took the little worn-out shoes in her hand; she saw at a glance that they were quite past mending.

"Leave them here, Anne," she said. "You are right, he cannot wear these again. I will go out at once and buy him another pair."

The small maid disappeared, and Charlotte put her hand into her pocket. She drew out her purse with a sinking heart. Was there money enough in it to buy the necessary food for the day's consumption, and also to get new shoes for Harold? A glance showed her but too swiftly there was not. She never went on credit for anything—the shoes must wait, and Harold remain a prisoner in the house that day. She went slowly up to the nursery; Daisy and baby could go out, and Harold should come down to the parlor to her.

But one glance at her boy's pale face caused her heart to sink. He was a handsome boy—she thought him aristocratic, fit to be the son of a prince—but to-day he was deadly pale, with that waxy look which children who pine for fresh air so often get. He was standing in rather a moping attitude by the tiny window; but at sight of his mother he flew to her.

"Mother, Anne says I'm to have new shoes. Have you got them? I am so glad."

No, she could not disappoint her boy. A sudden idea darted through her brain. She would ask Miss Mitchell, the drawing-room boarder, to lend her three-and-sixpence which the little shoes would cost. It was the first time she had ever borrowed, and her pride rose in revolt at even naming the paltry sum—but, for the sake of her boy's pale face!

"I am going out to buy the shoes," she said, stooping down to kiss the sweet upturned brow; and she flew down-stairs and tapped at the drawing-room door.

Miss Mitchell was a lady of about fifty; she had been with them now for nearly a year, and what she paid for the drawing-room and best bedroom behind it, quite covered the rent of the shabby little house. Miss Mitchell was Charlotte Home's grand standby; it was a very uninteresting person neither giving nor looking for sympathy, never concerning herself about the family in whose house she lived. But then, on the other hand she was easily pleased; she never grumbled; she paid her rent like clock-work. She now startled Lottie by coming instantly forward and telling her that it was her intention to leave after the usual notice; she found the baby's fretful cries too troublesome for her room under the nursery; this was one reason. Another, perhaps the most truthful one, was, that her favorite curate in St. Martin's Church over the way, had received promotion to another and more fashionable church, and she would like to move to where she could still be under his ministry. Charlotte bowed; there was nothing for it but to accept the fact that her comfortable lodger must go. Where could she find a second Miss Mitchell, and how could she possibly now ask for the loan of three-and-sixpence.

She left the room. Where was the money to come from to buy Harold's shoes? For that little pleading face must not be disappointed. This care was, for the moment, more pressing than the loss of Miss Mitchell. How should she get the money for her boy? She pressed her hand to her brow to think out this problem. As she did so, a ring she wore on her wedding-finger flashed; it was her engagement ring; a plain gold band, only differing from the wedding-ring, which it now guarded, in that it possessed one small, very small diamond. The diamond was perhaps the smallest that could be purchased, but it was pure of its kind, and the tiny gem now flashed a loving fire into her eyes, as though it would speak if it could in answer to her inquiry. Yes, if she sold this ring, the money would be forthcoming. It was precious it symbolized much to her; she had no other to act as guard; but it was not so precious as the blue eyes of her firstborn. Her resolve was scarcely conceived before it was put in practice. She hastened out with the ring; a jeweller lived not far away; he gave her fifteen shillings, and Charlotte, feeling quite rich, bought the little shoes and hurried home.