



### The Family Circle.

#### LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Saviour, thou to pray didst teach us,  
Hear while we thy words repeat.  
Safe deliver us from evil,  
From temptation guide our feet

From the paths of sin and folly,  
Paths of death and sin's deceit,  
Lead us by thy arm most holy,  
From temptation guide our feet

When by earth's false flatteries blinded,  
Worldly pride and praise are sweet,  
Teach us to be lowly-minded,  
From temptation guide our feet.

When in darkness, lost, forsaken,  
Satan's victory seems complete,  
Doubts dispel, new courage awaken,  
From temptation guide our feet.

Blessed Saviour, thou wast tempted,  
Satan's buffetings didst meet.  
By thy grace upheld we conquer,  
Safely thou wilt guide our feet.

—Margaret Alburthus Burdell in N. Y. Observer.

### NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

On the lonely Carolina coast are many small islands, interspersed with sandy shoals and rocky reefs, which render it dangerous for vessels that approach too near. On these account light-houses are established at proper intervals, and it is about the dwellers in one of these that I have a little story to tell.

The name of the keeper of this light-house was John Lattie. His wife was dead, and he lived there with his two children, and a faithful and attached negro couple, whom the children called Mammy Sylvie and Uncle Brister. Sylvie had been their nurse, and both she and her husband loved them as though they had been their own.

You may think a light-house on a small island—where no one else lived except two fishermen's families—a lonely place for two children. Perhaps it was, but Jack and Nellie did not think so. In good weather they had splendid times on the beach, running up and down the firm white sand, hiding amid the rough rocks that at low tide stood above the water, or picking up pretty shells, and bits of many-colored sea-weed, thrown up by the waves. Sometimes they played with the waves themselves, as merrily as though they had been living playmates. They would go low down to the water's edge, and watch some swelling billow as it came rolling onward to the shore, and cry defiantly: "Come on! you can't catch us!" and then, as the white foam-crest curled threateningly over toward them, they would run up the beach, with the billow in full chase, until the foamy crest broke about their bare little feet, and went gently sliding back into the sea, to give place to another. Sometimes the billow would overtake them, and give them a thorough drenching, but this only excited their mirth. For sea-water does not give chills and colds, and it soon dries, and as their dress was coarse and simple, there was no danger of that being hurt.

One day, by some accident, the glass of the light-house was broken, and Mr. Lattie found it necessary to go in his boat to the main-land, in order to procure materials for repairing it. The little town at which he made these purchases was some five or six miles inland; and he might not return until quite late.

"If I am not back before sunset, Brister," said he to his sable assistant, "be sure to light the lamp in time. You know it will be as necessary to me as to others."

He said this because between the light-house and the shore were many dangerous rocks, some lying beneath the surface of the water, and others above it, to run upon which in the dark would break a boat to pieces. But Mr. Lattie was familiar with the channel, and he knew that with the light for a guide he could steer so as to avoid the rocks.

Now, Mr. Lattie had not been long gone when there came to the light-house, in hot haste, a little ragged boy, begging that Aunt Sylvie would come to his mother, who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. There was no doctor on the island, and Sylvie was very clever as a nurse. So she hastened away with all speed to the fisherman's wife, who lived quite a mile distant, at the opposite

man" to take good care of them, well knowing at the same time, that such warning was not necessary, for Uncle Brister would have sacrificed his own life for the little ones, whom he had helped to carry in his arms almost from the day of their birth. They were gentle and obedient children, though it had always been observed that Nellie, who was only seven years old, possessed much more firmness and decision of character than Jack, nearly two years her senior. She was also more generous; and I am afraid that with all her decision she gave up too much to her brother, and helped to make him selfish. For instance: if they were sent to Jean Long's for fish, generally it was Nellie who carried the basket, while Jack amused himself with playing by the way, or, if Sylvie made ginger cakes or "puffs," and gave the two first baked to the children, it was Jack who claimed the biggest or the nicest-looking, and not unfrequently got a taste of Nellie's also.

The children played all the morning very happily together, building a fort of loose rocks, like the great stone fort which they could see in the distance, many miles away. In the afternoon they went in-doors, where they found Brister standing at one of the windows, shading his eyes with his hand and looking anxiously toward the west.

"Do you see the boat, Uncle Brister?" enquired Jack, standing on tip-toe to look out.

"Please no Lord, I wish I could dat," answered the old man, more as if speaking to himself than to them. "I don't like de looks o' dat ere sky, and dere aint never no good in dem witchy mare's tails," pointing to some long scattered clouds which were moving rapidly up from the west. "Ef I knows anything 't all, I knows we'se gwine to have a squelin' squallin' storm. Please de Lord Massa and Sylvie was safe home."

The old man's prediction was correct. In less than an hour the wind burst upon them, the waves were lashed into foam, and the storm raged around the light-house in all its fury. The children, sitting by the fire, listened to the roaring of the wind and the waves without, and felt the walls tremble with the force of the tempest. Old Brister had gone about and made all secure, and now, as it began to grow dark, he started up the winding staircase that led to the top of the tower, in order to light the lamp. As he crossed the room the children noticed that he staggered a little, and caught hold of the door-post to steady himself. Then he put his hand to his forehead, and so stood still a moment, then began feebly to ascend the stairs. An instant after there was a heavy fall, and to their horror the children saw the old man lying at the foot of the stairs motionless and apparently dead.

They started up with a cry and rushed toward him. He was not bleeding anywhere, but his breathing was thick and heavy, and though his eyes were open he did not appear to see them, or to know anything. The truth was, the old man had had a stroke of apoplexy.

"What shall we do? oh, what shall we do?" cried Nellie, bursting into an agony of tears.

"We can't do anything," sobbed Jack, hopelessly. "I wish, oh, I wish father and Mammy Sylvie were here."

Nellie, kneeling by the side of Brister, seemed to make an effort at composure.

"Jack," she said, more calmly, "don't you think we might warm him, and rub him, and give him a little hot brandy to drink? That is the way they brought the drowned men to life again."

"He aint drowned," answered Jack, with a little expression of contempt for his sister's suggestion.

"Yes, but it might do him good. Feel how cold his hands are, and rubbing might do him some good. Oh, Jack, let us try to pull him to the fire!"

With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing the old man in front of the great hearth, where Nellie placed pillows under his head, and covered him with a blanket. Then she heated a little brandy, and put a spoonful between Brister's lips, and the two children then commenced rubbing him with all their little strength, though Nellie trembled and the tears rolled down Jack's face. But, in truth, it was a trying situation for them, alone and helpless as they were.

Suddenly Nellie started up with a cry.

"The lamp, Jack! Oh, Jack, the lamp isn't lighted!"

It was dark now, and the storm, though subsiding, still raged. How many fishing-vessels out at sea, and caught in that sudden storm, were now vainly looking out for the warning beacon that was to save them from danger and guide them into safety! And her father! Did she not remember his parting words to Brister:

"Be sure and light the lamp in good time. It is as necessary to me as to them."

And the lamp was not lighted! In storm and darkness her father might be seen now struggling amid those foaming waves and treacherous rocks, for the child felt instinctively

ly that no danger could keep him back from the post of his duty and the loved ones dependent upon him. Eagerly, tremblingly, Nellie rose to her feet.

"Oh, Jack, father! We must light the lamp!"

"We can't," answered poor, frightened Jack, helplessly. "We don't know how."

She felt that it would be of no use to appeal further to him—not that Jack was heartless, but irresolute and vacillating when thrown upon his own resources. So Nellie—brave little heart—resolved to do the best she could.

"You can stay and take care of Uncle Brister, Jack," she said; "and rub him all you can. I will try to light the lamp."

"But you don't know anything about it, and I don't want to stay by myself," said Jack, blubbering; "I wish father was here."

Nellie went carefully up the narrow, winding stair to the top of the light-house. She had seldom been here, and had never seen the lamp lighted, and, as Jack had said, knew nothing about it; and she now found to her dismay that she could not reach the lamp. The wind and the rain beat against the thick glass by which this little room in the top of the tower was surrounded, and swept in strong fitful gusts through the broken panes; and Nellie thought that even were she able to light the lamp, it might inevitably be put out again. What was to be done? If she could only keep a light of any kind burning, it might be of some use. There was a large lantern downstairs, she knew; and hurrying down she got this, and lighting it, carried it up again, and hung it where she trusted it might be seen. But it shone so feebly that she feared it would not be noticed, or might even be taken for the light of a fisherman's cottage, in which case it would serve only to lead astray instead of guiding safely.

Poor little Nellie wrung her hands in despair. Oh, if she only had somebody to help her! How frail, and forlorn, and miserable she felt! And just then—she never knew how it was—just then she seemed to hear, amid all the roar of the storm, the sweet words of the hymn her dead mother had been so fond of singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." She knew it by heart, and now she stood involuntarily repeating fragments of it to herself, until she came to the words—

"Other refuge have I none  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.  
Leave, oh leave me not alone—  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring."

A strange feeling of peace and comfort stole into the heart of the child. "God is here: He can help me," was her thought; and instantly after she recollected that in the woodshed connected with the kitchen was a great pile of pine-knots. The wind could not blow out the flame of a pine-knot, but would rather serve to fan it. So down the steep, wearisome stairs the poor child again went, and presently returned to the top of the tower with her arms full of the pine-knots. These she lighted and carefully disposed all around the little glass-covered room—wherever she could find a place in which to stick her torches—so that the brilliant, ruddy glare might be visible in all directions. And there, alone in the dreary summit of the tall light-house, shivering in the cold wind and rain that beat upon her slight figure, a good poor little Nellie, listening to the storm, straining her eyes through the darkness, and trembling with anxiety and excitement as she thought of her father in the storm, and of poor Brister, dying in the room below, perhaps. But still through it all seemed to sound the sweet words of the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

An hour passed, and poor Nellie, intently listening, thought that she heard sounds below, and then a faint echo of some one calling her name. Then came a strong, hurried step on the stair, and in the red, smoky glare of the pine torches she saw her father standing. Oh, with what a sharp cry of relief and joy she sprang forward to meet him, though at the very moment in which his arms were outstretched to receive her—overcome with cold and fatigue and anxiety—she tottered and fell almost insensible at his feet. Very tenderly, with tears in his eyes, the rough light-house-keeper bore his little daughter below, and placed her in bed; and there, with a delicious consciousness of safety and rest, poor Nellie fell asleep. She never awoke until the bright sunlight of the next morning fell across her bed, when opening her eyes, she saw Mammy Sylvie's kind motherly face bending over her, with tears streaming down her sable cheeks.

"Bress de Lord, dar aint another child in all de Car'lins fit to hold a pine-knot to her," said the affectionate creature, proudly. "An' I heard Jean Long say, when his boat come in las' night, dat ef it hadn't been for de light-house lamp, he an' t' others would sartainly been lost."

"And so should I," said Mr. Lattie, fondly smoothing his little daughter's hair, and then he told her how he had watched in rain for the light, and not seeing it, had attempted to

cross in the storm and darkness, when suddenly a red glare had shone out, and revealed to him that he was drifting fast upon one of the most dangerous of the reefs. From this he had with difficulty extricated himself, and guided by the strange light had succeeded in reaching home in safety, and there had found old Brister as we have described, while Jack, worn out with rubbing and crying, lay asleep by the fire. Where was Nellie? and what could be the meaning of the red fitful glare in the light-house tower? Almost sinking with fear and apprehension, the father had mounted the stairs, and there, at the first glimpse of his little daughter,—pale and trembling, yet standing firmly at her post—he had read the whole story. And how proud he afterward was of his brave little girl who can very well imagine.

Aunt Sylvie had been prevented returning home by both the storm and the illness of the fisherman's wife. She had felt no anxiety about the child, believing that their father must have returned.

The little family at the light-house there still happy and contented. Nellie, a big girl now. Uncle Brister, who entirely recovered, in this day very fond of telling this story to the people who sometimes in summer cross over to visit the light-house. "Guess it'd be fast light-house was eber lighted up wid pine-knots," he says.—*St. Nicholas.*

### MY TRAMP.

BY MRS. S. S. ROBBINS.

Sitting, one morning, on the broad piazza of our summer home, with Hamerton's "Wendholme" in my hand, I was interrupted by hearing the gate open and, in a minute, steps on the walk. Now nothing can be more utterly unassuming than this same home. The house is one story and a half, the paint has seen fresher days, and generally there is an air of absenteeism; beside, we are out of the village, and consequently removed from chance visitors. When the gate rattled on its hinges—a trick it well understood—I always knew some friend was on the way or the marketmen were round on their daily calls; but this step, on this morning, had a peculiarity which said to me "Tramp," before, between the low-lying branches of the avenue of Norway spruces, I saw the young man coming toward me. He was slight, graceful in his movements, rather well-dressed, and lifted his hat with altogether a gentlemanly air as he saw me.

Everybody has a timid streak. Mine lay in the fear of tramps—for, as I have said, our house is quite out of the village, and long French windows, shabbily fastened, offer easy ingress at any hour of day or night; doors there are, too, everywhere, with and without bolts, as it may happen. Very much at the mercy we are of every lawless intruder. But this young man, tramp though he undeniably was, had a clear, gray eye, which met mine fully as I looked up from my book, and a smile, with a kind of pathos that had almost a hungry pleading, as I waited for his request. He stopped at a short distance from me and began nervously to break off small twigs from the tree by which he stood, neither of us speaking. At length I asked:

"Do you wish anything?"

"I'm not used to begging, ma'am," he broke out, in a low, musical voice, "but I have had a long walk, and I am almost starved. If you would give me some breakfast, and let me work to pay for it afterwards, I should be very much obliged to you."

Afterward if I had only said before, he should have had a hearty breakfast, and all the ghosts of political economy that haunted my brain would have been laid on the instant. But afterward—there it was, in the true, lazy, good-for-nothing tramp style. I pampers to idle begging! Not if I knew myself. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," was a part of my Bible in which I rigidly believed. So I said, turning the leaves of my book a little impatiently:

"You are too young and too healthy to be a beggar. You look to me as if you were made for better things."

Not a word spoke he in answer; he just turned on his heel, and was slowly leaving the yard when my heart—a miserable, weak heart, that is always at war with my principles—gave a great tug, and I called after him:

"Come back. You shall have your breakfast. I only wish you had proposed to earn it before you ate it."

He did not turn, and I called again, in a softer tone:

"I should be sorry to turn even a dog away hungry. Come back. I will tell my cook to give you a bite."

He stopped, came back a step or two, and said:

"But I am not a dog. I am poor, can't get work, and am out in search of it. I haven't a cent, and I don't want what I can't earn. I would have offered to earn my food first, but I am weak and faint for want of it."

"Come back! come back!" I said, now, more cordially than I could have welcomed