

TAKE UP THY NEIGHBOR'S BURDEN.

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BY J. M. CAVANESS.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
The thieves have taken all,
And left him bleeding, dying,
To weak for help to call;
Let heartless priest and Levite
Haste to their empty shrine;
Do thou lift up thy brother,
Pour in the oil and wine.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
"Who is he?" dost thou ask!
The one who needs thy succor,
Who bends beneath his task;
The load that he is bearing
Once may have pressed with pain
The shoulder of another—
Transfer it once again.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
This lesson thou must learn:
The wheels of fortune stay not,
Invisibly they turn;
Thy riches may to-morrow,
Take wings and fly away;
And he may lift thy burden
Whose thou shalt lift to-day.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
His name ye may not know;
A cross he may be bearing
To Golgotha's rough brow;
Then eat the part of Simon,
Tho' not compelled thou beest,
And he whose cross thou bearest
Will give a crown to thee.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
And do thy little part,
For him who loves thy sorrows
On his great loving heart;
Refuse his cup of suffering—
Touch not its chrismal rim,
And thou hast no communion
Or fellowship with him.

—Central Christian Advocate.

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO A GIRL.]

The following letter of a lady of Springfield, Ill., published in *McClure's Magazine*, illustrates Lincoln's kindness of heart. The incident took place after Mr. Lincoln had been in Congress.

The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kindness. My first impression of Mr. Lincoln was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks.

The day came; but, as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked; and I poured out all my story.

"How big is the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big." And he

pushed through the gate and up to the door.

My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little, old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. "Oh!" he cried. "Wipe your eyes, and come on quick."

And before I knew what he was going to do he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him.

THE BRAVEST DEED.

A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:—

"It was a hot day in July in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

"In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for some hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment, and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"I can't stand it no longer, boys; I'm going to take that poor feller my canteen."

"For answer to this foolhardy speech, one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod, and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officers moans, "Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of the utmost remonstrance, he had tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a smudge bush, tied to the stick the precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it

back, as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper, later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I could never forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all."

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier with quivering voice.

A TRUE SERVANT AND DISCIPLE.

John Howe, the famous Puritan divine, became Cromwell's chaplain in 1657. He was much respected by men of all parties, and in the ticklish times of the Commonwealth his help and protection were often asked for, and never in vain. Yet he was never known to ask a favor for himself. One day Cromwell took notice of this self-denial, saying to him: "You have begged favors for everyone but yourself, Mr. Howe. When will your own turn come?" To which Howe returned this answer: "My Lord Protector, my turn is always come when I can serve another."—*Presbyterian Review*

PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* says: "No authentic portrait of Christ exists. He never sat for His picture. He never intended His physical lineaments to descend to posterity. He calls for spiritual perceptions of Him. Man is saved by faith, not by sight. The face of Christ is beyond human portrayal. Genius has attempted to delineate it, but the ideal is far in advance of the execution. Some of the attempts are more striking and impressive than others, but one and all are merely fancies of the human brain, and at best defective. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, said a few days before his death: 'The more I remember such efforts as I have made to express the face of Christ, the more I am discontented with them. I do not think there is one which can be looked on as anything but a failure.'"

The sober second thought is not worth much to the man who is trying to catch a train; but it is as good as a life-preserver to have around when one undertakes to settle other people's quarrels.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.