



## THE QUIET HOUR.

## The Cross-Bearer.

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."

Yet, as I could not quite refuse Him,  
I sought out many another kind,  
And tried, among those painted crosses,  
The smallest of them all to find;  
But still the Lord held forth my own,  
"This must thou bear and this alone."

Unheeding, then, my dear Lord's offer,  
My burdens all on Him to lay,  
I tried myself my cross to lighten,  
By cutting part of it away;  
And still, the more I tried to do,  
The rest of it more heavy grew.

Well, if I cannot go without it,  
I'll make the most of it I may,  
And so I held my cross uplifted,  
In sight of all who came that way.  
Alas! My pride found bitterly,  
My cross looked small to all but me.

And then I was ashamed to bear it,  
Where others walked so free and light,  
I trailed it in the dust behind me,  
And tried to keep it out of sight.  
"Till Jesus said, "Art thou indeed  
Ashamed to follow as I lead?"

No! No! Why this shall be my glory,  
All other things I count but loss,  
And so I even fashioned garlands,  
And hung them round about my cross.  
"Ah, foolish one, such works are dead,  
Bear it for me," the Master said.

And still I was not prompt to mind Him,  
But let my self-will choose the way,  
And sought me out new forms of service,  
And would do all things but obey.  
My Lord, I bless Thee for the pain  
That drove my heart to Thee again.

I bore it then, with Him before me,  
Right onward thro' the day's white heat,  
Till, with the toil and pain o'er-mastered,  
I, fainting, fell down at His feet;  
But for His matchless care that day,  
I should have perished where I lay.

Then Jesus spoke, "Bring here Thy burden,  
And find in me a full release,  
Bring all thy sorrows, all thy longings,  
And take instead my perfect peace;  
Trying to bear thy cross alone!  
Child, the mistake is all thine own."

And now my cross is all supported,—  
Part on my Lord, and part on me,  
But as he is so much the stronger,  
He seems to bear it—I go free,  
I touch its weight just here and there,  
Weight that would crush were he not near.

Or, if at times it seemeth heavy,  
And if I droop along the road,  
The Master lays His own sweet promise  
Between my shoulder and the load.  
Bidding my heart look up, not down,  
Till the cross fades before the crown.

## The Cross.

The command of Christ to "take up the cross" has been signally and widely misunderstood. The Christian life presents so broad a front that all views blend in it. This is but one. They err who would make it the characteristic of religion. "Deny thyself, and take up thy cross," but still be not seeking for burdens. If the Lord says to thee, "Go forward," go, though the next step may be over a precipice five hundred feet deep, where, far below, the trees look like grass. The air may become solid under your feet, but if not, go forward where duty calls, and the end shall be peace and life; but don't be ever feeling as if the burden of the Lord were heavy, to be borne with groans and sighings, or that you must turn from life's pleasures merely because they are pleasures. Christianity asks no such sacrifices, she gives fullness to the joys of life, saying only, "Walk in the love and fear of God; rejoice freely in all life's pure pleasures, but murmur not if God sees fit to take them from you. Be patient when the trial comes, but be not seeking poverty of any earthly delight."

H. W. BEECHER.

## Perfect Peace.

Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace,  
Over all victorious in its bright increase.  
Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day;  
Perfect, yet it groweth deeper all the way.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,  
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand.  
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,  
Not a blast of hurry touch the spirit there.

Every joy or trial cometh from above,  
Traced upon our dial by the sun of love.  
We may trust Him solely all for us to do;  
They who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true.

Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest,  
Finding, as he promised, perfect peace and rest.  
F. R. HAYES.

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

## How Our Vicar Got His Deanery.

In a snug country village remote from a town,  
Our quiet old vicar had long settled down.  
An old college fellow, he knew nothing more  
Of the world than to think modern fashions a bore.  
Old friends and old notions still had his support  
In theology, politics, manners, and port.  
He raised his own cucumbers, weeded his borders,  
Discoursed with the doctor on parish disorders;  
Presided at vestry, distributed coal,  
Did his best for his flock both in body and soul;  
He kept them all constantly under his sight,  
And penned his discourses on Saturday night;  
Digested his dinner and text, as he sat  
By a good sea-coal fire, along with his cat.  
He was slightly pig-headed, but kind and forgiving;  
The simplest but truest old gentleman living.

His cat with the vicar had lived all her days,  
And observed all the household's methodical ways.  
She had regular hours, and a regular place  
For mousing, and snoozing, and washing her face.  
There was one other pet—a small black-muzzled pug.  
Who enjoyed, with old pussy, a share of the rug.  
This pug came, I fear, of a heterodox breed—  
A sad dog, in fact, of the radical creed.

She looked crabbed and soured, as though the world spited her;  
Her tail had been cut, and the insult had blighted her.  
When the church bell was tolled, she would set up a wail,  
As she wished church and state had been served like her tail!  
She eyed the churchwardens with looks rather sinister,  
But never would growl at the Methodist minister.  
She patronized Puss, but indulged a sensation  
That she came first herself in the scale of creation.

This quaint little household, so snug and symmetrical,  
One day felt a shock little less than electrical.  
From his patron, an earl, came a letter addressed,  
To our Vicar, red-sealed with supporters and crest.  
Within it were stated his wishes to meet  
His old college friend at his new country-seat.

As the days are now short, and the weather not fine,  
There's a bed at your service, and pray come to dine.  
There was no time to lose; so he packed up his bag;  
Former Hodge lent his trap, the churchwarden his nag.  
The ribbons were handled by Nathan the clerk;  
It was not quite the turn-out one meets in the Park.

At the mansion arrived, in the drawing-room seated,  
With the greatest respect he soon found himself treated.  
He was quite made at home; and the hostess and host  
Vied each with the other who'd welcome him most.  
While a group of gay ladies collected around him;  
They had read Doctor Syntax, and guessed they had found him.

'Mid the buzz of fast talking, he soon caught the sound  
Of a something like "Kettledrum" whispered around;  
And not knowing then what a kettledrum meant,  
Expected some music, and waited content.

Then the doors were thrown open—the room was ablaze  
With lights borne by servants, and bright silver trays.  
Tea, coffee, and cake round the circle were handed;  
But the Vicar, perplexed, couldn't half understand it.  
He had meant to have dinner, neglecting his lunch  
For visions of venison, real turtle, and punch.

But contented the best of the bargain to make,  
He went in, in style, at the coffee and cake;  
Thinking, "What a mistake I've been making, I see;  
Why, bless me! I'm only in time for the tea!"  
So he smothered his grief, but a move occurred later,  
Which made his perplexity greater and greater:

The guests one by one took a bed-chamber light,  
Slipping quietly off without saying good-night;  
And before he could think what the dickens was in it,  
He found himself left all alone for a minute!  
When, thinking to do like the others was best,  
He merely exclaimed, as he followed the rest:

"How the great are maligned! 'Tis believed by the nation,  
They indulge in late hours, and like dissipation.  
What lies all these radical papers have said!  
Why, it's scarce eight o'clock, and we're all off to bed!"  
His bedroom was all that his heart could desire,  
With a jug of hot-water and brisk cherry fire;

And having no longer excuse or impediment,  
He undressed, blew his light out, and straight into bed he went.  
He had not been there long, when the sound of a gong  
The passage came mellowly stealing along;  
Not with fierce bange and crashing,  
And riot and dashing.

But with soft modulation, like bees in a tub,  
Finishing off with a faint rub-a-dub.  
The melodious hum on his drowsy ear pouring  
Only made him exclaim: "Why, there's somebody snoring."  
Now, warned by this gong, all the party below  
Round the dining-room table were ranged in a row;

But one seat was vacant. "Why, who can be late?"  
Said the earl, who was not in a humor to wait.  
'Why, the chaplain's not here. What can keep him so long?"  
Run, Wilson, and beat a loud peal on the gong!"  
The gong soon gave out a most terrible roar:  
It had never been half so belabored before.

In the vicar's apartment it echoed like thunder;  
And he leaped bolt upright, wild with terror and wonder.  
'Twas like Giant Blunderbore beating a metal drum;  
'Good gracious! he cried; 'why, that can't be the kettledrum!"  
Then he rushed to the passage; but nothing he found  
To assist him, but darkness and silence all round.

His heart against his ribs fluttered quickly and quicker,  
When again the gong crashed, and away flew the vicar.  
He soon lost his way—at a corner he stumbled,  
And down a back staircase half ran, and half tumbled;  
And an accident happened that made his pace merrier—  
He trod on two cats, and upset a bull-terrier.

At the foot was a door—he had no time to knock at it,  
For his impetus sent him head-first with a shock at it.  
In a snug cozy room, by a bright polished grate,  
Mrs. Dobbs, the housekeeper, was sitting in state.  
On the grate was a kettle—the kettle was steaming;  
And Mrs. Dobbs watched it with countenance beaming;

Then sugar and lemon, the peel and the juice,  
She put in a covered jug ready for use.  
And next a stone bottle proceeded to fork out  
From a cupboard hard by, and pop came the cork out.  
'Twas a spirit that cheers, and at times makes one frisky;  
The gods call it nectar, and Irishmen—whisky.

And, lastly, when these preparations were over,  
Poured in boiling water, and shut down the cover.  
How often when we think our surroundings are snuggest,  
With a potion all-bitter comes Fate, like a druggist!  
Mrs. Dobbs had just settled her eyelids to close  
For a nap, with the fragrance of punch on her nose.

For there, all in white, was a ghost or a man?  
Who eyed them askance with a rueful grimace;  
He was stamping with pain, and was nipping his face.  
His hair was all wet, and his cheeks they were very white,  
As though he'd been drinking the wine they call sherry-white.

At his feet lay the housekeeper, like a dead body;  
And the whole room was steaming with hot whisky toddy.  
Meanwhile, in the dining-room all were quite merry,  
The first course was ended—the soup and the sherry;  
But instead of the entrée detailed on the carte,  
Came one that made all of them all rise with a start.

It dashed through the door with a terrible clatter;  
'Twas a woman for certain—but mad as a hatter,  
With ribbons all flying, and wild streaming hair,  
With mouth all agape, and eyes all aflare;  
And rushing as fast as the famed Tam o' Shanter,  
She upset the butler, and smashed his decanter.

And screamed out in accents of horror and dread:  
'Sure his Reverence is drunk and the housekeeper dead!  
I refrain from detailing a long explanation  
Of the scene that ensued on this strange revelation.

How the guests rushed at once to the scene of the tragic act,  
And returned in a roar, as if changed by some magic act;  
While faces all pallid were, two minutes after,  
Convulsed with loud shouts of unquenchable laughter.

Suffice it, that one who enjoyed it the most,  
In Her Majesty's cabinet held a high post;  
And he said: "Since I've guided the helm of the nation,  
I've never enjoyed so divine a sensation.  
What does he not merit, who had such a fright  
To supply us with special amusement to night?"

Come, give us your votes. What shall be his reward?  
He'd be quite out of place, if we made him a lord.  
We can scarce make a baronet of the old body;  
Nor even a Knight of the Bath of hot toddy;  
But to-morrow, at Windsor, I'll speak to the Queen,  
And the next Dean that dies—why, our friend shall be Dean.

## Buck Fanshaw's Funeral-Committeeman and Minister.

Somebody has said that in order to know a community, one must observe the style of its funerals and know what manner of men they bury with most ceremony. I cannot say which class we buried with most eclat in our "clash times," the distinguished benefactor or the distinguished rough; possibly the two chief grades or grand divisions of society honored their illustrious dead about equally; and hence, no doubt, the philosopher I have quoted from would have needed to see two representative funerals in Virginia before forming his estimate of the people.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, it is true, but in defence of a stranger unfairly beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window, broken his neck; and after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in the verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without juries?

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons put in mourning, all the municipal and fire company flags hung at half-mast, and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform and bring their machines duly draped in black. Now let us remark in parentheses—as all the people of the earth had representative adventures in the Silverland, and as each adventurer had brought the slang of his nation or his locality with him, the combination made the slang of Nevada the richest and most infinitely varied and copious that had ever existed anywhere in the world, perhaps, except in the mines of California in the "early days." Slang was the language of Nevada. It was hard to preach a sermon without it, and be understood. Such phrases as "You Bet!" "Oh, no, I reckon not!" "No Irish need apply," and a hundred others, became so common as to fall from the lips of a speaker unconsciously—and very often when they did not touch the subject under discussion, and consequently failed to mean anything.

After Buck Fanshaw's inquest, a meeting of the short-haired brotherhood was held, for nothing can be done on the Pacific coast without a public meeting and an expression of sentiment. Regretful resolutions were passed, and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was deputed to call on the minister, a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committeeman, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit, and in after days it was worth something to hear the minister tell about it. Scotty was a stalwart rough, whose customary suit, when on weighty official business, like committee work, was a fire helmet, flaming red flannel shirt, patent leather belt with spanner and revolver attached, coat hung over arm, and pants stuffed into boot tops. He formed something of a contrast to the pale theological student. It is fair to say of Scotty, however, in passing, that he had a warm heart and a strong love for his friends, and never entered into a quarrel when he could reasonably keep out of it. Indeed, it was commonly said that whenever one of Scotty's fights was investigated, it always turned out that it had originally been no affair of his, but that out of native goodheartedness he had dropped in of his own accord to help a man who was getting the worst of it. He and Buck Fanshaw were bosom friends for years, and had often taken adventures "pot luck" together. On one occasion they had thrown off their coats and taken the weaker side in a fight among strangers, and after gaining a hard-earned victory turned and found that the men they were helping had deserted early, and not only that, but had stolen their coats and made off with them. But to return to Scotty's visit to the minister. He was on a sorrowful mission, now, and his face was the picture of woe. Being admitted to the presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears; but with an effort he mustered his voice and said in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"  
"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I did not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:  
"Why, you see, we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you would give us a lift, if we'd tackle you—that is if I've got the right of it, and you are the head clerk of the dosology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."  
"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:  
"You rather hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg pardon. What did I understand you to say?"  
"Well, you've rather got the bulge on me, or maybe we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off; and so the thing I'm on now is to rust out somebody to jerk a little chin-muscle for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered."