# Ene Family Circle.

#### [For the American Presbyterian.] THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

With many a slow and weary step, with many a slip and fall. I'm climbing up the mountain side; at times I can but crawl. The way is stony, steep, and hard, my bleed-ing feet are bare, But once I reach the mountain top, 'tis little

I shall care.

The air below is often full of 'wildering mist dark morass and bog; But O! the table land that lies on yonder

mountain's brow, Is cut from out the living rock-there heaven's

own breezes blow. Ol sweet it was, at early morn, to loiter on the replied Christie. "That was no' ex-

road ; O! sweet to hear the bonny birds, to press the flowery sod. I hardly felt the cross I bore—the goal seemed

very near; But hour by hour came on apace, and storms

came dark and drear.

My barden grows with every step, I scarce can see His face, Whose presence lightens, like the sun, the

gloomiest, coldest place; "Help! help!" I cry; my eager hands are stretching out for aid. O! gentle Saviour, lift me now; I totter, I'm

afraid l

"For, one by one, the friends have gone who journeyed at my side, They've reached it soon, the mountain top, those spirits purified.

Beloved One, to Thee I cling; my faith is very weak;

But on Thy promises I lean, Thy saving grace I seek.

"O! lift me to the mountain top; O! gently bear me home ; The visions of that precious rest, shall cheer

me as I roam ; For whether near, or whether far, the Father's

house may be, My soul shall still hold fast her hope, her con-

fidence in Thee!" The saints on yonder mountain top, they walk

in robes of white; The holy angels strike their harps, with ever new delight ; The little children, early saved, sing hymns of

love to God, And there shall we, our anthems raise, for we

were bought with blood. M. E. M.

ELSIE FRASIER'S WORK.

FROM HOURS AT HOME. (Continued.)

For two or three weeks Christie's work went on as usual) Her father called to bid her good-bye before he sailed; and then she heard no more from Shoemaker's Close, until one day, when she was "doing" her upper rooms, a fellow-servant called her down to speak with her brother Dan. Christie finished the room she was arranging, and then walked leisurely down-stairs with a very rigid face. If Dan wanted anyin surprise from her maid's plain thing, he was not likely to get it that visage to Elsie's cherub face, and day. As soon as Christie entered the exclaimed involuntarily, "What a room where he was waiting, he hurried charming child !" Elsie dropped a little toward her, wiping his face with a courtesy, as she had been taught to do torn handkerchief, and crying out, "O, when spoken to by her betters; and Christie! puir wee Elsie has gotten timidly glanced around at the grand sic an awty fall, I think she's dead." For a moment Christie stood looking room and finely-dressed lady, who, ob-For a moment Christie stood looking at him in helpless bewilderment. Then she ran up-stairs for her things, The she ran up-stairs for her ther the she ran up-stairs for h Then she ran up-stairs for her things, pride, as she stood with folded hands and leaving a message for her mistress, who was not at home, she hurried away with Dan at the top of their speed. It was a long walk with all her haste; and she tried to learn the particulars from Dan, but he could tell her very little. A man had carried her home in his arms, looking like "a dead bairn," he said, sobbing; and Betty had gone off into screaming hysterics. Mrs. Macintosh had come in to help them, while her husband ran for a doctor; and Dan, not, knowing what to do, had gone first for Charlie. whose work was near the High street, and then for Christie. When they entered the court, Christie sat down on the first step of the stair, trembling and faint, and told Dan to run up and bring her word that she was not dead. He did as he was told; but soon has. tened to the head of the stairs, and bawled out to his sister, #Come up, Christie, come up-she's no'a, bit the waur." Christie rose and went slowly up the stairs, feeling sick and confused with the excitement and fatigue she had undergone. Betty met her at the head of the stairs, laughing and crying at the same breath. "Come in. wo." Elsie's relationship to her maid-serat the same breath. "Come in, woman, and sit down," she cried. "Ye're just like mysel'. O! I thought I was going out o' my, mind a' thegither." Mrs. Macintosh, who was sitting in the room with her favorite restorative before her, now insisted on Christie drinking a glass of what had been made for her mother; whose nerves Mrs. Macintosh said, "just took the upper hand of her entirely;" and as she had mixed a much greater quantity than Betty could be persuaded to take, she was preventing waste by finishing the remainder. Christie learned from the two women that Elsie had been sent on an errand by her mother, which took her up a long outer-stair; and when she had reached the landing, and was about to enter the door, a large boy came rushing down-stairs, and in a sort of rude play pushed her against the railings, which, being either rotten or ill-secured, gave way, and precipi-tated her some twenty feet into the court below. That she escaped with her out when Christie put her to bed at life, was probably owing to her fall being broken by a wash-tub, which the tenant of the lower, room had set against the stairs. "And she cam' doun on the tub wi', her back and shoulders, and sae saved, her head, ye ken; though she lay like ain dead for half an hour."

"The doctor says that when she has had a sleep she'll be nain the would have be impolited a poor little ragged child would never divided a mind, that he would have trying to find and bring them back to be impolite to customers. He knew fallen but for a beam of the ceiling lang!" There was a sort of sad pa-tience in the child's voice that startled hold out when he was laughed at laboring under no little excitement. Christie, and rising immediately she could be trusted. Remember that a By the time Christie had heard all lit the gas and looked anxiously at El- boy who is uniformly polite in his bethis she was sufficiently calm to enter sie. There seemed nothing the matter the closet and look at Elsie. Here she with her ; though her cheeks were the world where a rude boy has one. found Charlie sitting on the side of flushed and she looked feverish, her the bed, and regarding the child with pulse was natural, and her skin moist a very anxious face. She was sleep and cool. Christie could not undering with her eyes half open, and start- stand it. Sitting down by the child, ed and moaned uneasily as if in pain. she talked with her for a while, and Charlie-directed Christie's attention to learned that Hisierlay awake nearly and fog, The earth I tread leads, now and then, through the troubled, twitching face and hands, every night now. "I'm quite happy and asked her what she thought, say a' the day," she said in reply to Chris-ing, "That's no a right sleep, ye ken." tie's questions; "but it's weary, weary "It's maybe the awfy fright she got, in the dark, and fearmost. Sometimes since the doctor says she's a' right," I canna keep frae greeting," and her lip trembled as she spoke. Christie sat beside her for more actly what he said," whispered her

brother, "though it's nae guid contra- than two hours before she fell asleep, dicting our mither. He said there and then watched her with a dreadful was naething to be done, as nae banes | pain at her heart, for Elsie slept with were broken, but to keep her quiet; half-closed eyelids, and her hands and but it some way seemed to me that he eyebrows twitched in the same nervous way which had alarmed Charlie looked guy serious, though I could get nae mair out o' him than that." in that first sleep after the fall. Christie caught his uneasiness at once, Clearly there was something. wrong but Mrs. Frasier became quite angry with the child.

"She'll be ta'en frae us," she groanher. "Its just Christie's way, boding ed, and falling on her knees prayed passionately for Elsie's life. Her reigion was more of fear than love, and like many another fearful worshipper, she thought of her God more as an brighter than could reasonably have avenger than a preserver, and she was been expected, so that her sister re- haunted by a "fearful looking for of turned to her place, having charged judgment." She slept no more, but Dan to bring her word every Sabbath | dressing herself, went about her work how Elsie appeared. On the two suc- with a heavy heart.

It was late when Elsie woke, and ceeding Sabbaths Dan came the bearer about the middle of the day Dan came family and their governess to the sea. of glad tidings; Elsie was better, though she complained of headache; and on the for her. The old gardener gave her They used post horses with their own third, as Christie could not get home a pot of crocus, and another contain- carriage. They had not gone many for some time, he brought her with ing a geranium in full flower, and the miles before she discovered that the cook a little basket which Mrs. Came- cook, contrary to her orders, had filled him, so that she might see how well she was looking. Very lovely she was | ron had filled with candies; and she all the pockets and every spare nook in the little straw hat and neat merino skipped off with Dan, who carried a of the coach with provisions. She dress and jacket; for, thanks to her flower-pot in each arm, perfectly radi- was much annoyed, and the first time sister, whatever the others might lack, ant with delight. Christie watched they stopped to change horses had she was always provided with neat, them down the road, Elsie turning everything turned into a hamper, and every now and then to wave her hand, told the servant to give it away. The suitable clothing; and Betty Frasier, like many incorrigible slovens, spared till they were out of sight, and then governess asked permission to go with no time nor pains in dressing herself closed the gate and returned to the the servant while the carriage was or children when anything took them house, with the large tears rolling detained to see it properly given. A down her cheeks. Watching her close- reluctant consent was obtained, and ly all the morning, with eyes sharpen- she hastened into the poorest part of After she had been duly admired in the servants' hall, Christie took Elsie ed by apprehension; Christie had be the town that lay near the inn. She upstairs, to let the mistness see her. come convinced that the child was had little time for any choice, so turn-Mrs. Cameron was a reserved and changed for the worse; her face was ing down the street she resolved to haughty woman, having no children thinner, with dark shadows under the leave the hamper at the first cleanof her own; but she was not deficient eyes, and the nervous twitching of the looking house she came to. Passing in that instinctive love of "bairns" eyebrows, which Charlie had first no several, she stopped at one with a which so strongly characterizes the ticed in her sleep, was present when snow-white curtain in a bright win-Scottish people. Christie led Elsie awake also, though the play of the dow. She knocked against the door, forward, saying, "This is the little child's features when talking and but receiving no answer, tried the

(To be Concluded)

GENTLENESS AND ITS REWARD.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's warehouse. One was older than the other, and had some expe-

haviour has ten chances of success in better than the last. Come, try once He unrolled it, and how long do you

-Christian World. [For the American Presbyterian.]

A PRAYER.

BY STOCKTON BATES.

Apart from all the toil and woe Of this probationary state,

In weariness I sadly go, And plead before the heavenly gate.

My Father, cleanse me from the dust, The sinful thoughts, the actions vain, That stain with their corrosive rust, And sear the ever-active brain.

And let me, as the purling brook That ripples o'er its shining bed, Be pure and clear; while every nook Reflects the beauties overhead. Then may I gently wander where

The fragrant flowers of knowledge bloom And, like the bee, with busy care Sip from their cups the sweet perfume.

Preserve me by Thy mighty power, Protect me in the fearful strife, Refresh me with the vernal shower And smooth the Horny path of life.

Then, as the earth in fruitful field Beturns the blessings from above, So would my thankful spirit yield A rich return för all Thy love.

#### REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER

A lady was traveling with her young sister, mem, that I got sie a fright laughing made it less preceptible du-about a while ago." The lady looked ring the day. skeleton was kneeling at a bedstead, which was the only article of furniture in the room. She looked languidly at the lady, who, without delay emptied the hamper on the ground, ham, pork-

pie, tongue, etc. "I was told to give this away," said she, "and as I knew no one here, I

thou hast no faith yet; but that was more."

The look of quiet love in the father's face, and his still open arms, at length it under the microscope, he counted assured our hero there really was no from seventy to seventy-five eggs, and danger; or it may be, so much reverence and trust in a parental smile, that might be not less than eight millions he forget the danger. Be this as it Papa," asked Kitty, on their way may, this time, little Willy stood bolt home, "what do you think of a horse upright, and jumped over the dreadful gulf into his father's powerful arms. He looked up with a smile; and his father, setting him on the floor, said, works! in wisdom hast Thou made "There, Willy, that was faith. There them all." That Bible verse is what is the gulf of hell between you and thought," replied Kittyeternal life; your Heavenly Father holds out for you the arms of his love, and sent his only Son to die and prove it to you. Trust Him as you have

trusted me, and you will save your soul."

KITTY AND THE HORSEHAIR.

Susan and Jane called me, one afternoon, to see Kitty King, and what do tary disclosed in his report the fact, you think they brought her? A long that two hundred families in the coun. horsehair. Susy had one and Jane had one. Kitty was very glad. She went immediately for a bowl of water, and put the horsehair in. Mother was curious to know what the little girls had got. She went, and looking over this subject?" "Certainly, Mr. Cor. their heads, asked what it was,

"Why, mamma, they say horsehairs will turn to water snakes, and we want to see them turn," said Kitty.

Who says so ?" asked mother. "They," answered Kitty; Alice Goodyear, Tom, and everybody." "Did Alice and Tom ever see them urn ?"

"I do not know as they ever saw them at it," said Kitty; "but they do turn. Tom says horse-troughs are full of them?

"Full of what?" asked Mrs. King. "Snakes," cried Kitty. "No, hairs," said Susy.

"I looked into two troughs at my ancle's, where horses drink, and I could not find either snakes or hairs," said Jane; "but I suppose they do." "No horsehair ever turned into a water snake, little ones," said Mrs. King; "it is not according to God's laws;" and she left the children to go into the garden.

"Mamma, of course, does not know everything," whispered Kitty, much tried by her mother's opposite views. 'She hasn't been to all the places where horses drink. How can she tell what their hairs do when they get into water?"

"What makes fishes?" said Susv. "Yes," cried Kitty, "yes, indeed." Morning, noon and night Kitty anxiously watched the horsehair in the water.

Some time after, as papa was sitting after tea, "Little daughter," he said, tion. In this world there is no other "vour horsehair can never become a water-snake."

eggs, or rather it was a roll of eggs about the size of a white coffee bean think the roll was? Four yards long. Cutting it across, and putting a bit of he thought the whole number of eggs hair worm?"

"What do you, Kitty ?" asked papa 'O Lord, how manifold are Th

YOU MUST BE IN EARNEST.

It is related of Hon. Tom Corwin of Ohio, that he dropped into a meet. ing one evening, in Lebanon, to see what "the brethren" were doing. It was a meeting of the Bible Society, and the business was done in a very lifeless, hum-drum way. The Secre. ty were destitute of the Bible, and some brother deplored in suitable phrase the shameful fact, when Mr. Corwin rose and said : "Mr. President, may I be allowed to say something on win; we shall be glad to hear you! "Well, sir, I want to say that you are not in earnest. Your report said, that there are two hundred families in this county without the Bible! This could not be if you were in earnest. In the great contest for the election of Har. rison, we Whig members of Congress gave our whole salary to carry that election. We were in earnest.  $W_{\theta}$ thought the salvation of the country dedended upon it. If you want to carry on this work, and really mean that every man shall have a Bible, vou must be in earnest. You must go to work and give every man the Bible." The meeting was electrified. Some one immediately rose and moved to make Thomas Corwin President of the Warren County Bible Society. It was unanimously carried, and Mr. Corwin rose again: "Sir, if I accept the presidency of this Society, it is on one condition, that you go to work, and no such report as that is made again. When this Society meets three months from to-day, the report must be, that no family in Warren county is with-out a Bible." The work was done, and every family supplied. Mr. Corwin judged the Bible Society, and judged the whole Church precisely as all intelligent men do judge it in their hearts. Motives they cannot know degrees of faith they cannot measure but they can see what is *done*, and they infer the motives and the faith from the character and measure of the ac-

standard.

regarding the little sister, her usually drew her toward her and asked with a smile if Christie was very kind to her. Elsie smiled brightly. "Very kind, mem. They're a very kind to me.

when they mentioned their fears to,

ill, as her fether says. She's ave look-

After some hours Elsie woke, and,

being glad to see Christie, seemed

ing out for squalls," she said.

from home.

"Is that because you're so good a little girl?" asked the lady. Elsie looked serious for a moment, and then shook her head.

"I think no."

"Why?" said Mrs. Cameron. "You are very good, I am sure. Why do you think no?"

"Because," replied the child, "mony ain doesna ken whether I'm guid or no; and a' body's aye very guid to me forbye my ain folk. I think it's just guid-natur, mem, but I'm very glad o't." And the bright smile flashed over the little face again, bringing all its dimples into play.

Mrs. Cameron's idea of being kind to the children of "the lower class" was to inquire if they went to school, present them with oranges, and dismiss them with the gracious assurance that she was sure they tried to be very vant, and, drawing the child toward her, kissed her more than once, and said to the delighted Christie: "After all, the little one does not seem robust; and as she has had a long walk, you had better keep her with you all night, if you think your mother will permit it, and let her brother come for her in the morning." Then she directed Christie to give her brother and sister their dinner; and Dan was dismissed as soon as the meal was over, while Elsie remained to sleep with her sister. It was a wonderful afternoon for Elsie. Mrs. Cameron had a fine garden, with vinery and greenhouses full of rare and beautiful flowers, and the child followed the old gardener about in a perfect rapture of admiration. It seemed like a glimpse of Paradise to the poor little girl, whose life had been spent in that dark court, where there was nothing to please the eye, and the sense of smell was a positive disadvantage. She was fairly tired

last, and fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. But toward morning Christie was

awakened by the child tossing restless-

widow. His clothes were well mendstern face all aglow with pleasure, ed, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger very favorably. Though the elder lad came recome my need." Though the elder lad came recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance which seems trifling in itself had influenced him in making this decision. The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own doorstep at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk, her footslipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the halfmelted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin, ragged clothes; but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped to search for them. Two were found in the snow; the other two hall of what was once the manor house, were probably in the little icy pool but which was then occupied by a about till one of the missing pence now? was found, but the other seemed hope "W

lessly lost. "I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed dren will have no supper." "There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which and he was evidently afraid to stand contained but very few more, and then upright in so unusual a situation. he made haste to wash his hand in the snow, and dry it on his coarse white they passed along, "It's plain enough my arms." you are a greenhorn in the city."

The gentleman had observed it all, At the end of his month of probation, to turn his mind to compliance. he had grown so much in favor with all parties, that the engagement was he made an effort to jump; but his its bag of eggs floated away, and Kitrenewed for a year.

his success? It was his politeness.

instead of thanking or even answering her, the woman, still on her knees, raised her hands and said, "I thank A few words told her story. She

had lost her husband after twenty weeks of fever. Nursing him had reduced her strength and devoured her substance. She was too weak to work, and had been compelled to part with all her goods, piece by piece, to pay her rent and obtain bread. "I knew I could work if I had meat to nourish me," she said, "but where could I get it ?---where?" she continued; "why from Him who sent it by you just as I was asking Him to let me have some unless it was His blessed will that I should go to the work-house."

### ILEUSTRATION OF FAITH.

"Father," said a little Welsh boy to his parent, who had been explain- cannot turn to a snake." ing the Scriptures to his family, in the

"Well, I think you are, Willy. from his chair.

The boy no sooner approached, than his father raised him from the ground, chest of drawers that stood beside the wall. The child's color went and came,

"Now, Willy," said his father, placing himself at a little distance,

The child's position and the father's command were alike calculated to pro- He poured it out into a basin of water, and scarcely asked the rude boy a duce alarm, and did produce it. But and began to get out the tangles, question; but, after some conversation the father's look was calm, and kind, when he found it was twisted round with William, he said he would be and serious, and the child had invited and hugging up a bag of its eggs. It willing to take him for a time on trial. the lesson; so he had nothing for it but did not want to be straightened out;

"Why not, papa?" asked Kitty hastily. "Because it is a law of God, in

creating things, that life brings forth life, and like produces like," he answered.

"I am sure I don't know what all that means," said Kitty, in a puzzled tone

Papa put his hand in his seed-box and took out a kernel of corn. "This kernel," he said, showing it to Kitty, "though hard and dry outside, has life inside. Plant it, and the life bursts out, and sprouts and grows up, and bears corn, not potatoes or carrois, but corn; and it is just so with a grain of the wheat-it produces its like, wheat. Would you not think it odd for an apple-tree to produce children-little girls hanging and growing on all its branches?" Kitty was highly diverted by the picture. "Things have no power to change their nature. A horse

"No more could a horsehair," added Kitty quickly, by this time beginning to see that it was possible for a little beside the curbstone. William brave farmer, "father, you said you would girl to be mistaken," "Then what did ly stripped up his sleeve and plunged one day, when I was old enough, teach folks say so for?" asked she, casting a his hand down into the water, groping me what faith is. Am I old enough sidelong, disappointed look at the orsehair in the bowl.

"Ignorance is apt to jump to wrong Come to me," said his father, rising conclusions," said papa. "There is sometimes found in our brooks a long, black, thread-like worm, called the horsehair worm, because it looks the child, "and mammy and the chil- and set him on the top of a double like a horsehair, not because if ever was one."

> Kitty felt secretly glad there was something.

"Professor ---- has one," added papa. "Would you like to see it?" That she should. The next day her handkerchief. The other boy looked and holding out his arms; "now, papa took her to the professor's study, on with contempt, and remarked, as Willy, stand upright and jump into where the worm was in a bottle of water. It looked, Kitty thought, like

a small tangle of black sewing-silk. but it was, and proved to be half a Raising himself somewhat, at length | yard long. While this was going on,

heart failed him, and he drew back ty wondered if the worm would care. Now, shall I tell you the secret of further from the edge of the drawers. Indeed it did. Almost immediately it "Ah, Willy," said his father, "thou moved toward the eggs, and tried to That means a kind expression of kind hast no faith-try again." Willy weave itself around them, like a kind feelings. Many very fashionable peo- thought a moment, and perceived the mother protecting its young. The ly about and sighing heavily. She took ple are far from being polite, and nature and drift of his father's experi-professor then unwound it again. In her in her arms and hushed her soft sometimes the most lowly are remark. ment. He came back again to the doing so the bag broke, and some of ly, but Elsie still stirred and sighed, able for it. The merchant knew that edge, and at this time he did make the the eggs dropped out and floated off. and at length she roused her sister the boy who would be truly polite to spring, but so imperfectly, and with so It was curious to see the poor worm

## THE NOBLE NEGRO BOY.

The following incident, in the fatal collision of the Niagara with the Postboy on the Mississippi, was related to me by an eye-witness :---

The two steamers struck, and th Niagara immediately careened and be gan to sink. The wildest constern tion was at once universal. Ladies rushed to and fro with piercing screams, imploring the men to help them.' But no means seemed at hand and each sought his individual rescue At this fearful moment a negro be

-one of the crew-was seen quiet lashing a long and stout rope round his body, at the other end tying a stick of wood in its centre.

Instantly, with this apparatus, threw himself into the river. Turning upon his back, the stick drifted to the rope's end; and calling upon two l dies who stood on the edge of the boa -one with a child in her arms-h urged them to spring and catch eithe end of the stick. Horror-stricker they hesitated. The negro lay calmi on the waves, and in tones of confi dence told them it was their only hope, insisting that he would carr them safely to the shore. For anothe instant they hesitated; but gathering courage from his self-possesion, and realizing that it was their last moment they took the leap, and both succeed ed in grasping the stick. Turning quickly, to prevent their seizing him the heroic fellow struck out with strong muscles for the land. The ra pid current was well nigh resistless; but he wrestled manfully with his burden. The energy of despair kept them to their hold, and at length their feet touched bottom. Both ladies, with the clinging little one, were saved Many witnessed this feat. It exhibit ed not only a cool, unparalleled bravery, but was wholly disinterested as both ladies were strangers. should be added that the boy left his own trunk, with his best clothing and three hundred dollars in money, sink with the wreck.-Rev. J. W. Al

A LITTLE WORD.

vord.

A little word in kindness spoken, A motion or a tear, Has often healed the heart that's broken; And made a friend sincere.

A word-a look-has crushed to earth Full many a budding flower, Which, had a smile but owned its birth. Would bless life's darkest hour.