

The Family Circle.

TO THE ROSE OF GETHSEMANE.

Among the gems of the collection is a Rose, the original of which was picked in the Garden of Gethsemane, pressed in this state, and after remaining several years in this state, was presented to the author. On immersing it in water, the petals became softened, and were placed in their original position; those in the centre retained their beautiful color, and the fragrance was like that of a fresh-blown rose.

Fair Rose of Gethsemane! nursed by the sod Which drank the hot tears of the sad Son of God, When o'er the brook Kedron his weary steps led, And those whom he loved all forsook him and fled.

Beholding, I wonder, thou beautiful thing, Such fragrance and loveliness ever could spring From that cold, dewy garden, trampled and wet With soldiers' rude feet and Christ's agonized sweat, Which, like drops of blood, trickled down to the ground, While timid disciples lay sleeping around.

And much do I wonder that in his distress, His lips move to curse not, but only to bless: That beauty still thrives where such agony knelt, From ground that had witnessed the sorrows he felt; Though the fig-tree he cursed, he prayed for his foes, And where thorns grew for him, for them blooms the rose.

I look at thee weeping, thou innocent flower, Fair, silent memento of that dreadful hour. He saw with a sorrow God only could feel The rabble blasphemers in mockery kneel. His weeping eye saw, what no mortal could see, His own wounded side on that ignoble tree.

I look at thee, smiling with joy through my tears, Sweet Rose of Gethsemane, confined for years. My eager hand took thee, thy grave-clothes unbound, When lo! in thy heart a sweet perfume I found.

And when from thy petals the bands were untied, Like "Rose Damascena" thy fair cheek was dyed. No more will I weep, then, thou child of a day, When ages have passed in their swift course away.

Our Lord shall behold the redeemed among men, And all his soul's travail be satisfied then; With each ransomed soul will the perfume remain Of those crimson drops from the Lamb that was slain.

Mrs. Dr. Badger, in "Floral Belles."

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

"Just wait one minute, Milly; my bouquet is almost ready, and I wish you to carry it to Miss Whitworth, just to show the dear old lady we have not forgotten her on this New Year morning."

The child thus addressed looked eagerly up at the speaker. "O, mamma," she said, "what a pretty flower! I can't think how you contrive to arrange it so nicely. I am sure Miss Whitworth will like it very much; and I am so glad she will have something to cheer her. It must be very dull to live alone, as she does, never able to go out, and at New Year's time, too! Mamma, and may I take her the mark I finished yesterday—the one with the text on it, 'Bear ye one another's burdens'?"

"Certainly, Milly, you may; and I know no one who obeys the command on your mark more fully than Miss Whitworth does. But now time is passing; so fetch your basket, and I'll pop the flower into it."

Milly ran off, returning soon, with the mark in one hand and the basket in the other; and after receiving the flower, set off. There was snow on the ground; and despite a bright sun, the air was bitterly cold, causing little Milly to draw her warm cloak close round her and quicken her steps to almost a run. But by degrees she got accustomed to the cold, slackened her pace, and began to look about her.

It was quite a country scene—fields upon fields meeting the eye, and large trees growing on each side of the road; while in the distance, the spire of a church and some of the houses on the height told where lay the little town. The fields were now white with snow, and the little stream, which in summer danced gaily along the road where Milly walked, was now bound fast in icy fetters, and long pendant icicles hung from its banks.

Still, with the sun glistening on all, Milly thought the landscape a beautiful one; everything looked so pure and fresh. Then, when her eyes were dazzled with gazing on the spotless white around, they rested with pleasure on the bouquet in her basket, which was lovely indeed—a bunch of pure white Christmas roses were encircled with the bright crimson leaves of the Virginian creeper, and sprigs of the mimosa, with its golden balls, the whole surrounded by the beautiful glossy green leaves of the holly, with here and there a bunch of their scarlet berries. O yes, Milly was sure Miss Whitworth would like that, and her mark too. As she looked at the words on it, she began to ponder what they really meant. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

How could she do that? Just then a man with a heavy parcel on his back passed the child, and she wondered if the text meant that she should have offered to help him to carry it a little way; but then it was so large, she could not have done so; and the man was young and strong, and looked quite able to bear it himself. No, no; that could not be its meaning. Besides, mamma said Miss

Whitworth obeyed the command; and she could not carry heavy burdens for other people, poor old lady! for she never was able to do more than just walk across the room, and hardly ever left her easy-chair; and Milly laughed to herself at the thought of her carrying a heavy burden. But she was such a dear old lady, she would ask her the meaning of the text, and she knew she would explain it to her.

Miss Whitworth was very much pleased to see Milly's bright little face, and was much gratified by the thoughtful love shown in the presents of the bouquet and mark. She looked thoughtfully at the text; then drawing Milly to her side, she said, "Is not that a pleasant command, dear? Do you try to obey it, Milly?"

"I? No, Miss Whitworth; but mamma says you do. What does it mean, please? and how do you bear other people's burdens?"

The old lady smiled. She saw the child was thinking of some heavy weight, which would require a strong body to bear, and wondering how one so frail as she could do that. Happy Milly! As yet she knew nothing, from experience, of mental burdens, whose weight is often so great as to crush to the ground even the strongest spirit. "What think you, Milly? When weary, sad hearts come to me for comfort and help, if I can cheer them, and point them to Him who can comfort and help them better than any earthly friend, do I not lighten their burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ?"

O yes! Milly saw that plain enough; and one instance after another rose to her memory of stories she had heard her mamma tell, of how helpful Miss Whitworth had been to many in distress; for, somehow, all her friends, when trouble fell on them, felt sure of Miss Whitworth's sympathy, and hastened to pour the cause of their distress into her ear; and with truth she could say—

"Old and young all brought their troubles, Great or small, for me to bear; I have often blessed my sorrow, That drew others' grief so near."

O yes! Milly saw how Miss Whitworth could obey the command; but then, how could a little girl do so? She would have asked her friend, but just then two ladies came in, and the conversation changed; and soon afterward Milly had to say Good-bye, as she had a commission to do for her mamma in the town, and had to be home soon.

Certainly there was no burden on Milly's light heart, as she bounded along—now glancing at the shop windows, now at the passers-by. Presently she turned into a grocer's shop and gave her mamma's message to a pleasant-looking woman who stood behind the counter. While she was speaking, a gentle-looking widow, very poorly dressed, came in, and buying a small quantity of tea, went silently out.

The grocer's wife looked compassionately after her. "Poor body!" she said, "I've given her more than the proper quantity. 'Deed, she has much need of a good cup of it to cheer her. She has a heavy burden to bear, now that her husband is dead, and she left with five young bairns. It's not much they are like to have for their New Year's dinner, I suspect!"

"A heavy burden!" thought Milly. "Poor woman, how I wonder if I could help her to bear it! mamma would send her something, I know; if I asked her to do so; but then, that would not be me; and the text says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' O, I know what I'll do! I have that bright, new half-crown papa gave me to-day. I'll ask Mrs. Alison if it will buy anything for the poor woman's dinner."

"Yes, miss, it will buy enough to make her heart dance for joy, I'm sure," was the reply she received in answer to her question. "Look here, miss, and I'll do the best for you I can; for, 'deed, Jean Grey's a decent body, and much to be pitied;" and taking Milly's basket, she put into it some slices of ham, half a dozen of eggs, a small quantity of butter, and sending a boy to the baker's across the way, she obtained a loaf of bread, to add to the little store. Milly's half-crown had purchased all these; and now Mrs. Alison slipped in some sugar, and a packet of raisins for the children, telling Milly that these were presents to her, to help to fill her basket.

Milly's eyes beamed with delight; and accompanied by the shop-boy, to show her the way, she set off to the widow's house, to leave her gift. She found the widow sitting, with a sad heart, toiling at a piece of work, and contrasting the New Year day, when she had hardly a scrap for herself or children, for dinner or supper, with that of former years, when her husband was alive, and comfort and plenty reigned in their little house. The children, too, hung about, not saying much, only their faces telling they were hungry.

But if Milly found heavy hearts when she entered, she left light ones. Her timely gift, offered with kind words and loving sympathy, had lifted the dark cloud off the heart of mother and children; and if little Milly could have peeped in that night, and seen the little group gathered round the supper-table, and heard the merry laughter, and watched the mother's pleased face as she looked at her little ones, she would have felt sure that she had helped to bear the burdens of some less favored than herself.

It was with a very happy heart she turned homeward. She had intended to have bought a new doll with her half-crown; but she was sure, had she done so, it would not have given her half the pleasure she felt now. Surely there was no little girl in the world so happy as she was!

The sun was shining very brightly now, and the cold was not nearly so great as when she had left home—at least so thought Milly. The man with the burden on his back passed her again. He had evidently been disappointed in selling his goods, and he looked more tired and cast down than he had done in the morning. He touched his hat to the child, saying, "Good-day, little miss." Milly returned the greeting with a sweet smile, and "A good New Year to you," and then tripped on, little imagining that she had really done the very thing she had, a few hours before, smiled at the idea of her doing—helped him to bear that heavy burden. But so it was. The bright smile and the kindly New Year's greeting had cheered the lonely pedlar—and sent a glow of love through his heart.

Ah! there are few more efficient ways of lightening the burdens of those around us, than by kind words. It was the same Spirit who indited the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens," who caused it also to be written, "Be ye kind one to another."

There was a New Year's party in Milly's home that evening, and merry peals of laughter from little voices echoed through the house; but it was something more than the merry games and magic-lantern (dearly as she enjoyed them) that made Milly say to her mamma, as she lay down on her little bed, that that New Year's day was the very happiest one she had ever known. No; it was something more than these things which made her feel so—even the joy of having learnt the lesson, how even she, child as she was, could obey the command given to all the followers of the loving and compassionate Jesus, to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil his law. Ere she fell asleep she had told the story of the poor widow, and how she had spent her half-crown; to her mother, sure of her approval; and as Mrs. Napier printed a good-night kiss on the forehead of her little daughter, she thanked God that the first lesson her child had learned in the New Year had been the blessed one of "bearing one another's burdens;" and her earnest prayer for her little Milly that night was, that amid all the trials which she might meet in life, she might be enabled to cast her own burden on the great Burden-bearer, who is as willing as he is able to help.

"How many deeds of kindness A little child can do, Although it has so little strength, And little wisdom too."

"It wants a loving spirit, Much more than a strength, to prove How many things a child may do For others, by its love."

SELF-CONQUEST.

The wisest of men, King Solomon, says, "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." In some countries where the shore is low, as in Holland, they raise immense mounds, or dykes of earth, to keep out the waves of the ocean. If there should be the smallest breach in the dyke, the water begins to press from all parts toward the opening; and if not immediately stopped, the sea overcomes all resistance, and sweeps away the barriers, burying cities and villages beneath the flood; and spreading misery and ruin all around. "Therefore," speaks Solomon again, "leave off contention before it be meddled with"—rather, before it be "mingled together," that is, before your spirits be joined in conflict, before you deal out hard words against one another.

"Greater," says Solomon, "is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Courage and skill only are needed in the one case; but what efforts, and above all, what strength from God, to accomplish the other! Such conquests, however, may and have been made, and that even by the young. As an illustration, let me mention how a little girl acted under circumstances of provocation, and the victory which she gained over herself.

Two little sisters—Frances, about seven, and Augusta, about five years old—were as happy as little girls could be, loving their parents and each other dearly. Sometimes, however, as it happens with the best of friends, little differences would arise. On one of these occasions, Frances, perceiving how matters were tending, with a thoughtfulness, decision, and self-command surprising in so young a child, said, "I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes." She acted immediately upon her resolution, and left the room for a short time. When she returned, the storm was hushed, and they went to their play as happy as ever.

This is no imaginary story, but a fact, and occurred just as it is related; and it teaches our young friends, nay, all of us, a most useful lesson.

Were all children to act like the little girl I have mentioned, how many sad scenes would be avoided, and what happiness would spring up in youthful hearts from self-conquest. There is this to encourage, that just as bad habits grow in strength, the more they

are yielded to; so each time temper is overcome will strength be gained for future conflict. Only remember, no effort of your own can accomplish it without the aid of God's Holy Spirit. That aid will be given if you earnestly and devoutly seek it. If parents, though sinfully, know how to give good things unto their children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?

COMFORTABLE PEOPLE.

Blessings on the class of whom Cowper's "Comfortable People" stand representative. Little they know, as they pass along life's troubled way, how much hearty cheer they quietly dispense. In these "comfortable" characters, simplicity and truth are the basis of a superstructure of genuine good nature. Without perfect truth, the good nature will lead to weakness of flattery, or injudicious assent, which, although for the time soothingly pleasant, eventually robs of the element of comfort, which is based largely on trust. There must be no shams, no traps laid behind plausible words, no fear of breaking through the crust, and by some unguarded word being precipitated into unpremeditated quicksands. No rancor, it is true, are exempt from shallow ones, and those falsely labeled; yet among the middle-aged and elderly are we most apt to find this element of comfort. They have tried life, and learned to take things at their just value, and where in advanced life adversity has neither sharpened, nor warped, nor drank the sweet waters of life's fountain dry, there we find the most of this "comfortable" charm. How gratefully we remember one old lady, who, though seldom met, and then for little more than passing greetings, yet gave out this element so largely. There is a stamp of genuineness about such people that flimsy people could no more take than Severa china could take impress of the guinea stamp. You know the Bonafides wherever you meet them; and if their names be not upon the door-plate, you know their house the moment you have entered it. Mrs. Bonafide does not distress you with excuses, if you arrive unexpectedly. She does not keep you in 'state in the parlor when the sitting-room requires her presence. She does not follow the fashions indiscreetly, irrespective of taste and adaptability, either in furniture or apparel. She does not sport a new silk while the seamstress remains unpaid. She does not remember what you wore the last time she met you, better than she remembers what you said to her on that occasion. And her religion, if we may take the liberty with loving hand to draw aside the veil from the soul's portal, we shall see is not an occasional garment in which she statelyly pays tithes, but the atmosphere of her life, vivifying and making beautiful the action of its secret springs. She herself puts aside the curtain, and her soul comes forth to meet us in all beautiful, unpremeditated words and acts. God bless her! With such an one, there is what Cowper so well termed "comfort." The family likeness among the Bonafides is strong. Though toned down here, or touched up there to some piquant combination, or again brought out with well-defined distinctness, the members of the family are at all times easily recognizable. And, dear reader, just here, with memory photographing the thousand acts through which his pure soul shone, remembering his daily life, and that intellectual vigor of clearness and directness, which could have been co-existent only with a soul drawing daily life-draughts from the pure fountain of truth—let us name softly that great, good man, Abraham Lincoln; let us with utmost reverence name him pre-eminently a king among the Bonafides. We love to think of him in connection with this dear, homely word—"comfort," which suits him well.

Talent, grace and beauty are good gifts of God, and to be desired; but the truth of such a character—and by truth we mean, not only that which is implied by veracity, and kindred words, but love and loyalty to truth and right, as such—this truth is above them all; and joined with fine courtesy of heart, which, in fact, is almost inseparable from it, gives that of which so great a portion stand in need in this great world, and of which social and business intercourse is apt to give so little, viz.: comfort.—Home Magazine.

THE TRUE ORNAMENT OF WOMAN.

It is the decoration of the soul, rather than of the body, about which Christian woman should be chiefly solicited. The soul is indestructible and immortal, and so should its ornaments be. What can jewels of silver or jewels of gold do for this? Can the diamond sparkle upon the intellect? or the ruby blaze upon the heart? or the pearl be set in the conscience? or the gorgeous robe clothe the character? or the feather or the flower wave over the renewed and holy nature? The appropriate ornaments of the soul are truth and holiness, knowledge, faith, hope, love, joy, humility, and all the other gifts and graces of the heavenly Spirit.

RESPONSIBILITY.

This living is a fearful thing! I think, Sometimes, when broad and deep before me rise The awful shadows of our destinies— 'Twere better God should plunge me o'er the brink Of the abyss of nothingness—so weak My dropt hands are to do, my lips to speak The deeds and words that echo on so far. Too heavy for our frail humanity— Crushes me down as to His judgment-bar. Why! death is naught to this! If we should pray, If we should tremble, when the hour draws nigh, So should our hearts be lifted all the way. To live hath greater issues than to die. —Carl Spencer, Catskill, N. Y.

CHILD-RIDDEN.

We take the following extract from the Methodist, which we commend to parents:— The Divine order is that the parents shall rule; and that they may do it lovingly and wisely, children are born into an atmosphere of love. Such is the beauty and blessedness of wise parental rule, that good kings and governors have been called the fathers of their people; but if law should fall into disrepute, the nation sinks into ruin. The same is true of families. A household in which the parents are subject to the whims and caprices of their children, is a legitimate object of pity and contempt.

This tyranny of children begins early. Its first form is unchecked passion and unresisted dictation. Thus started, with a fair field before it, it blooms out into extravagant demands for spending-money, for costly dress, for attendance upon fashionable amusements, theatres, operas, dances, and the like. The boys go and come when they please; carry night-keys in their pocket, come in at midnight, sleep late in the morning, get to school after the time, if at all, break their education up into useless bits, and become fast young men long before they come of age. The girls have scarcely so good a chance for the display of their independence, and often grieve that they were not born boys. They are resolved, however, to do all that the proprieties of their girlhood will permit. They swell out their hoops and their waterfalls; they have card parties and dancing parties; they go to the theatre at sixteen; they order carriages at pleasure; load themselves with jewelry, and do all these things without regard to cost, or without a thought as to how money is earned.

What a pitiable sight, and how disgusting it is, to see a family grown suddenly rich, turned upside down as to all its forms of life and modes of thought by a parcel of petted and puffed-up children! The parents were originally Methodists, plain and poor. Their early homes did not even contain a piano. They were reared to hold cards in utter abhorrence, and to regard the dance and the theatre as sinfully worldly. But money has come, and brought with it fashion, and for the children a measure of, at least, outer refinement. They see plainly enough that the parents are not up to the mark in grammar and manners, and other matters of the lighter sort. They feel their own superiority, and blush for the old people. They are new in fashionable life, and must demonstrate their respectability. They must have what others have, and do what others do. They have been to college and boarding-school, and are educated. They have found out that opposition to cards, theatres, operas, dances, is the merest prejudice of ignorance and superstition, and the parents, meekly accepting the situation, allow themselves to be metamorphosed into lay figures, dressed according to the fashion and instructed how to repeat the parrot phrases of fashionable life. They see prodigies in their children; their authority is yielded up as to superiors; the whole domestic life is changed; old acquaintances are dropped; life becomes a painful struggle for social position.

FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

The family is the tap-root of society. If it continues fresh and vigorous, there need be no fear of morals, religion or politics. The nation will be secure, and Christianity will flourish and spread. In reading the memoirs of Rufus Choate, one cannot but be struck with the influence which his early home puritan education had upon his mind and heart through his whole career. He never ceased to reverence the religion of his father, nor did it cease to guide and steady him amid all the fluctuations of a fickle atmosphere of religious opinions, and the temptations of a professional success which had proved the moral ruin of too many. Sometimes we fear the tendency in our times is too largely in the direction of outward associations and operations, to the neglect of home. Our age is so external, practical, leveling, that in our excess of zeal to benefit the masses we are in danger of usurping the hours which belong to the house, the real foundation and crown, at last, of a perfect society.

It is, therefore, of imperative importance that the family relation be thoroughly guarded; and to be guarded it is not enough that it be insisted upon, but the home must be rendered a spring of perpetual blessings to its members. Intelligence, piety, cheerfulness must illumine, gladden and

refine it. Resources for improvement and enjoyment must be furnished under the paternal roof, and thus the necessity and excuse for seeking them elsewhere be avoided. There is scarcely any, nay, not one, of many exercises needed in the healthful culture of the mind, which may not be rendered comparatively agreeable to the young. Religious devotions, despite natural total depravity, may be so conducted as to be a delight instead of a bugaboo to children. The love of reading can be indefinitely promoted, and that, too, of an instructive, solid sort; while the school lessons may be so illustrated and talked about as to be relieved of much of their distastefulness. If the heads of families would take the same pains to make the home charming to their offspring as they do to make money to spend upon them in needless luxury, or to bequeath to them at death, then would there be many more bright, beautiful, symmetrical Christians, and fewer, far fewer, broken parental hearts. David's teaching to home virtue brought him to the sad lament, "O Absalom, my son!" It will not do to parry the obligation with "I don't know how," "It is not my nature." It is the first, the sublimest business, before the mast, the ship, the field, that we study how, and so change our natures as to save our children. Let invention be set to work and we shall be surprised at its fertility. Thus will the days glide happily by, and the seasons advance with deepening joys.—Christian Advocate.

AWAKENING A SLEEPER BY TELEGRAPH.

The Leeds Mercury publishes the following story as an instance of the many singular applications of telegraphy. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. M., residing in London, is employed there to "manage the wire" for a Glasgow journal; that is to say, he arranges the news to be sent down each evening by the wire which that newspaper employs, by special arrangement with one of the companies. The principal office of that company is at the top of several flights of stairs in one of those immense buildings, erected to furnish office accommodation, which abound in some quarters of the city. After a certain hour in the evening, the telegraphic clerk, who sends off the "copy" by wire, is the sole occupant of this mansion, with the exception of the porter who attends to the door, which, after the hour referred to, is generally shut. This functionary, who is not often found nodding, got into this abnormal Homeric state a night or two ago, and so profound was his slumber, that not all the fantasies which Mr. M. performed on the door—loud enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers, and even louder than the works of some of our modern composers—could arouse him. It was, of course, out of the question to attract the attention of the clerk, at the foot of the establishment. Mr. M. fortunately, however, hit upon the following expedient for letting the porter know that he was waiting for admission. He went to an adjoining telegraph station and sent a message to the company's office in Glasgow, requesting the clerk there to telegraph to the clerk in the London house, and instruct him to go downstairs to rouse the porter. This was done with perfect success in about twenty minutes. In that time, therefore, persons at a distance of over four hundred miles succeeded in awakening one who was only separated from the employer by a door, and who, even at that short distance, was deaf to all persuasion.

THE VALUE OF RELIGION.

Religion commences with love to God and terminates in love to man. Thus begun and thus ended, it involves every duty and produces every action which is praiseworthy or useful. There is nothing which ought to be done which it does not effect. There is nothing which ought not to be done which it does not prevent. It makes intelligent creatures virtuous and excellent. It makes mankind good parents and children, good husbands and wives, good brothers and sisters, good neighbors and friends, good rulers and subjects, and renders families, neighborhoods and States orderly, peaceful, harmonious and happy. As it produces the punctual performance of all the duties, so it effectually secures the rights, of mankind. For rights in us are nothing but just claims to the performance of duties by others. Thus the religion of the Bible is the true and only source of safety, peace and prosperity to the world.

WHERE IS YOUR BOY?

We saw him last late in the evening, in the company of very bad boys, and they each had a cigar; and, now and then, some of them used very profane language. As we looked at your son, we wondered if you knew where he was, and with whom he associated. Dear friend, do not be so closely confined to your shop, office, or ledger, as to neglect that boy. He will bring sorrow into your household if you do not bring proper parental restraint to bear upon him—and that very soon. Sabbath and public-school teachers can help you, but you must do the most.