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The gamily Circle.

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THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I prayed for BEAUTY-for the magic spell That binds the wisest with its potent thrall, That I within fond human hearts might dwell, And shine the fairest in the festive hall. I would have seen the lordliest bend the knee, The loveliest bow, o'erdazzled by my charms; While he I long had vainly loved-ah, he, Subdued, should clasp me fondly in his arms !

- But Beauty o'er my spirit waved her wing, Yet shed no brightness on my form or face : And passing years but darker shadows fling Upon the cheek where care hath left its trace. My prayer, if heard in heaven, hath been denied; No heart bows humbly 'neath my beauty's sway; And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride, With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for RICHES. Oh! for lavish wealth, To pour in golden showers on those I loved : I would have gladly spent my youth and health, Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved. I prayed for riches, that before God's shrine I might with gifts and costly tributes kneel; And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine Too poor to show the fervor of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not; and the liberal deeds My heart devised, my hand must fail to do; And though o'er prostrate truth my spirit bleeds, In vain the aid of magic gold I woo. The poor may plead to me for daily food, And those I love in daily want may pine; I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood, But other gifts than this can ne'er be mine.

I prayed for GENIUS-for the power to move Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubbor To execute the deeds of holy love, [wills And light Truth's fire upon a thousand hills, I prayed for Eloquence to plead the cause Of human rights and God's eternal grace; To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws, And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe No portion of the fire that burns within; In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may wreathe In scorching flames to vanquish human sin. Powerless my words upon the air float by. And wrong and crime disdain the weak crusade; While vice gleams on me its exultant eye, And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I prayed for PEACE-for strength to bear The keen privations of my humble fate; For patient faith to struggle with despair, And shed a brightness o'er my low estate, I prayed to be content with humble deeds, With "widow's mites," and humble charities, To follow meekly where my duty leads, Though through the lowliest vale of life it lies.

This prayer was answered; for a peace divine Spread through the inmost depths of all my heart I felt that that same blessed lot was mine Which fell on her who chose the better part. What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind ? It is a happier lot than wealth or fame To do my duty with a willing mind! Harper's Weekly.

"I'm looking for a little girl," she said, "and heard this place recommended. These are not your children." "O, no'm, I'm not so rich as that. Let

any mean, low ways. Come here, Lizzie. Now look in her face, ma'm. That's how moon down for her, if she asked him for it. 'taters is all a rottin'." But I knew they I chooses my children.' "Then are none of these yours ?"

"Never had one in my life, ma'm," was the smiling response.

"You are paid, then, for taking care of and providing these children with homes." "Not a stiver, ma'm; who's to pay me?

They're all poor orphans-not one of 'em has a father or mother-except me-and I'm both to them, they think," she added, looking round her, affectionately. "To be sure, I suppose I'll be half sorry I took the wee things-but what could I do? They'd honest parents as was taken off with heavy sickness, and I couldn't see them abused. thousands of such poor creeters in the world, but I'll do all I can. I've put thirty-one into good homes." I repent of Adam's sin every time I have to get up a new dress." Did you ever! One cold snowy Sabbath in December, she "What!" cried Mrs. Lane, in astonish-

ment, "take care of and provide for thirtyone children, besides these.' "Yes'm, an' the Lord's enabled me to do

have they, an' whether it's knack in me, or goodness in them, I don't know, but they'll this," thought I. all mind me, that they will, ma'm, with lifting up a finger."

Here then was an unexampled case of Christian heroism. Here was this poor woman working for Christ, alone, unaided either by church, state or private charity.

"I am sure,' said Mrs. Lane, afterward, "I felt my cheeks burn with a sense of my own unworthiness before this noble woman. Without husband, children or means, she had rescued thirty-one helpless young creatures from the streets; taught them to be cleanly, virtuous and truthful; fed them, clothed them, cherished them. I took Lizzie, and have never regretted it, but I have regretted ever since, and do now, that never till then did I really see what it was to be a follower of Christ. The world has no honors for such women as Betsy; Heaven only can adequately crown their holy deeds as befits them."-Alma in Watchman and Reflector.

A MONOMANIAC.

I have an intimate friend who, alas, is a monomaniac!

As the word implies, her mania is confined to one subject-she is extra-sensible otherwise-but that "one subject" is the allimportant one of dress and fashion. She don't regard the subject as of primary importance, but labors under the hallucination that the culture of the mind and heart should take the precedence. She acts as if decency and comfort were actually the main purposes of dress, and as if, those ends accomplished, all were right.

She has a lucid interval now and then, to be sure, when she devotes herself with great | How he does keep things a moving! He zeal to her wardrobe, and has dresses, &c., makes the wind blow; he makes the water

Poor dear! how I pity her! You see the morning it all came back to me, long, pale, very heart of her mania is, that she don't blind and bleeding, and I am a tired-out, care for dress per se, and, so don't make it used-up potato. Better shut your eyes, for

no good comes from looking over yonder. I me see," instantly assuming a business air— "there's Lizzie—she's been here long enough for a recommend. She's a bearty, strong girl, ma'm, an' never'll trouble you with any mean low ways. Come have Tiggin low ways. Come have Tiggin low ways the way to be way the bar would have a gleam of reason in it, if her emight be a gleam of reason in it, if she wore old-fashioned things from necessity; but it's no such thing. She has plenty of any mean low ways. Come have Tiggin her would have a structure of the way the bar would have a structure of the way to be way the bar would have a structure of the way to be way the bar would have a structure of the way to be way the structure of the way to be way the bar would have a structure of the way to be way the structure of the structure of the way to be way the structure of the structure of the way to be way the structure of the way to be way the structure of the way to be way the structure of the st her chief end. The insanity is that she might and yet does were only weeping because they wanted to grow and couldn't. not dress fashionably!

Furthermore, it's "a cross" to her that she has to dress at all. One evening she said heap, "that is just what I told you. Better to me, with a sigh, "I have a dress-maker be contented. My eyes don't trouble me. to me, with a sigh, "I have a dress-maker coming to-morrow; isn't it a trial?" Keep together in a heap, and you won't see

Now, (though I wouldn't for the world any thing." "Hear! hear! hear!" called out a hunhave any body know it) I am pinched for dred thick voices down in the dark, and all means; so I answered with an inward groan, the stupid potatoes thumped on the bottom "I shouldn't think it a trial if I had all these nice goods to be made up." of the bin till it shook again.

"Shouldn't you?" answered she in inno-cent surprise, "but I do. I have just been any trouble; this meeting is adjourned." seeking patience by reading the third chapthe dark among the rest, whose eyes never ter of Genesis, and reflecting that it is for True, it's but little I can do, for there's our sins we have to dress at all. I am sure troubled them. But as many as sixty or seventy rolled down on the outside of the heap, and began staring at the window till

their eyes stuck out an inch, and they said, "What is it? What makes me feel so? wore a hood to church ! I thought myself pre-What shall we do ?" pared for any development, but it was too much to see her sit there, listening to every down cellar and picked over the potatoes. word of the sermon, just as unconscious of it with my own hands for more than fifteen her hood as if the proverb "out of sight All the other ones, who had their eyes years back. I've never wanted, neither out of mind" were true of ladies' head-gear. screwed up tight, I tucked away in the

"See if I don't give her a shaking up for dark. And every day my cook goes down and gets a dozen of them to roast or boil.

So I seized upon her, going home, and But all the watchful ones, which I put in the whispered in her ear, "What upon earth basket, I have brought up and planted in my possessed you to wear that thing to church?' garden. She glanced down in a dazed way at her hear the green vines whispering to each other about their pretty purple blossoms with cloak, dress over-shoes, then up into my face with an innocent "What is amiss?"; " That hood !" hissed I.

orange centres. "How different it is here!" "What fun it is to grow." "I'm big enough to cover a hen's nest with six eggs." And "Oh, yes, I forgot I had it on." said she with a quiet smile, "I was threatened with tooth-ache, and couldn't go out without it ?" when I went to the hill where I planted the

"Then stay at home," growled I; "you wouldn't catch me out such a day, spoiling poor old lady who sprouted so in the cellar, I found the leaves soberly talking together my new hat and feathers, if I was not obliged about thirteen little potatoes that were hanging on their roots, and they were growing to be there to sing." every day.

"There is a divine law against our forsaking the worshipping assembly," replied my friend, solemnly, " but is there any law, human or divine, against wearing a hood inside a church?"

"Yes," snapt I, "the law of fashion, which break at your peril."

She only smiled, and asked me very coolly

ing to that! I have about given up arguing with her; it is only folly to argue with a maniac; but I thought her husband must feel dreadfully; vine in the field, and every blade of grass.

"When I wanted a wife," said he, "I searched the city through for a young lady who had not a monomania for dress and fashion, and she was the only one I hit upon : so I married her, and she saits me first-rate. Only think of it !-- Congregationalist.

THE SUN'S WORK.

"What a master the sun is, to be sure!"

simple words be paraphrased, they will run thus:-

"I have only recently come into the world, and find it on the whole a right gladsome place. But I begin to see that there are laws to be obeyed, and dangers to be avoided. You have been much longer on the earth than I, and must know much more about it. Give me some of your valuable experience. which I shall highly prize. I have no silver or gold to reward you with, but you shall at least have the extravagant gratitude natural to my years."

There are persons existing who, in thoughtlessness, perpetuate the enormity of replying You are a most troublesome child;" or, "O I am sick and tired of your questions;" or, "Your tongue never rests;" which might be paraphrased: "Navigate your way, as best you can, over the troubled ocean of life; you shall have no pilotage of mine."

SOME DIFFERENCE.

A few short years ago, a little fellow Eddy, not slow in roguery, complained that James had been throwing stones at him. The teacher inquired into the matter, and found the charge correct. She said to Eddy: "What do you think you should do if you

were teaching, and had such a boy as that?" "I think I should flog him," was the re-

Upon this, James began to fear the result, and so he filed in his complaint.

"Eddy throwed a stone at me t'other day," said he.

"Ah," said the teacher, "I must know about this matter. Is it true, Eddy, that vou have been throwing stones at James?"

Eddy hung his head, and confessed it. After a little thumbling of the strings, she says:-

"Well, Eddy, what do you think you should do with two such boys as you and James?"

"I think," said he, sobbing, "I should try em again !"-R. I. Schoolmaster.

A PRECIOUS HYMN.

"Who feeds them ?" asked I. "We do," said the leaves.

"There," said the big potato on top of the

"Keep in the dark, and you won't have

Then the big old potato settled down into

The next day I took a basket and went

And every still moonlight night now,...

"How do you get you own living?" asked I.

"When the sun shines the air feeds us and we grow, and when it is night we keep a saying, The light is better than the dark. if I had been instructed by Dr. B—'s ex-cellent sermon, just as if I had been attend-do you know what has become of those other potatoes who kept their eyes shut?"

"They are all wasted," said I. "But what has made you grow so?" And every so one day I went to condole with him about and all the corn, and the great hickory trees And what do you think he up and said? around the garden, sang out together :---

We are children of the light, And the sun in its might Thrills us through with delight.

And the wind came along to listen, saying:

And the sun sent me here, To join your good cheer.

Then a gentle rain came down patter, patter, patter.

Go up, go down, go here, go there,

The sun is working every where.

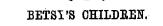
-Little Corporal.

Some time in the year 1836, Edward, the child of many prayers—now a youth of 18—had been brought by divine grace to feel his sinfulness, and was led to trust in Christ. The examination of his conversition had been made by the pastor and elders of the church, who were all satisfied. The Sabbath was drawing nigh when this youth was to stand before a large congregation and avow his faith in Christ. His soul was much agitated, and Satan was busy with suggestions. The young man betook himself to earnest prayer, that the God of Jacob would strengthen him, that he might manfully bear his testimony for that dear Friend who had bought him with his blood.

Just before the services began, while the pastor was looking for a hymn, an aged servant of Christ arose and gave out that well known hymn of Dr. Watts :

- "What sinners value I resign; Lord, 'is enough that thou, art mine. I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in rightcousness."

This was sung by the whole congregation; the young man's fears all left him; he was filled with unutterable joy, and felt that he could bear his



"I want a good girl, one I can rely upon, and one who will not teach the children all sorts of vile practices," said Mrs. Lane, " but I almost despair. Of course, I don't expect perfection: I am willing to put up with faults, but vices I will not tolerate."

Why don't you try to get one of Betsy's children ?" asked the lady with whom she was talking. "Betsy's children? Who, pray, is Betsy?

"An old lady—I don't know whether she's Scotch or Irish, though I remember now she's a north of Ireland woman. She lives in a place called Bird's Alley.'

"Why, what is there about her or her children that I should go there? How many has she?"

"The number varies at different times. Some days she has five or six; others as many as ten or eleven."

" What can you mean, my dear woman?" "Just what I say. She adopts every poor, homeless, motherless child she considers will pay for the training, and keeps her a certain time. Strangely enough, she gets most of these children under such control, whatever their previous habits have been, that she can generally find good places for them, and I believe they have never disappointed her."

"That is very singular. The woman must be a curiosity. I'd like to see her for that reason alone. I believe I'll go there."

The following day found Mrs. Lane standing upon the threshold of a large, tidy-room, the floor of which was as white as hands could make it, overlooking a curious sight. Some eight or nine girls, from three years old to fifteen, apparently, were busy in various parts of the room. Even the fingers of the smallest were at work tearing paper into small shreds. Three-the three eldest, stood ironing, heaped-up baskets at their sideour were knitting or sewing, and all were clean and tidy, smiling and apparently

happy. "Did you want to see mammy?" asked one of the eldest, coming forward, flat in hand.

"Yes, I should like to see her," said Mrs. Lane.

"Won't you sit down, ma'am? she'll be here in a minute," and the lady accepted the chair and seated herself.

Presently, a large, kindly-faced woman entered. She wore a dress of Scotch gingham, scant but neat, a wide, white apron, and a large, broad-frilled-cap, the frill neatly plaited. Courtesying to her visitor, her broad face became radiant with a smile of such peculiar beauty that, in gazing upon it, Mrs. Lane almost forgot herself.

first care to something else, and just wearing grass. the new garments on and on, regardless of

the changing fashions, till, sometimes, they actually begin to wear out. It is just so in regard to her children; she is forever attending to their studies, or work,

and they such dear, bright, good, pretty

children, too. The fact is, she gives no more time or thought to the momentous matter of dress, than is really necessary.

You would not believe how oblivious she is to new fashions.

"How do you like waterfalls?" said I to her last spring. "I like them very much," she replied.

"Do you?' said I, surprised, "what kind ?" "Of every kind," she replied, "I never

saw one I did not like." "Why in the world, then, don't you wear

one?" cried I, "you have just the head and hair for it, and I will show you"---I was cut short by her look of utter bewilderment, and remembering her mania, realized she did not know what a waterfall was, but actually thought I was talking of-of (what shall I call them,) water tumbles, Niagara, and such !

When as sometimes does happen, thanks to the dress-maker, she gets a real downright | something in me makes me feel as if I should fashionable dress, and you go to church all agog to see it, she is about sure to come in | the window. At any rate, I'm going to try very quietly, in some plain, decent thing, she's worn at least a dozen times before. "Why in the name of common sense did chance is, any how."

you not wear your new silk yesterday? asked I, one Monday.

"Oh, I never thought of it," she replied, "but now that you remind me of it, I don't uncomfortably long, and is so made as to require much time and thought in dressing. A church is no place for finery."

"What do you want with the dress, then?" cried I, quite vexed. "Oh, to wear to some places where I should

be singular without something of the kind," she replied.

"Just as if you were not always singular in your dress," cried I, my patience quite gone.

She blushed, with tears in her eyes, as

made very much like other folks, but it is flow; he makes the grass grow; and-but soon over, and she again relapses, giving her haven't told you how I found out about the

One evening I went down cellar to get a slice of bread and a piece of meat for a "cold the dark, I trod on something long and round of the poultry-yard. or play, while she makes warm flannels, and and slender; it crushed under my foot with "I was trying to see, miss, if there was knits lamb's wool stockings for them; but a juicy sort of squirm, so that I thought I any way through it," the hedgehog humbly knits lamb's wool stockings for them; but a jurcy sort of squirm, so that I thought is replied. as to a real stylish rig-out, they never have must have trodden on a nice, crisp little replied. "What for?" demanded the pullet, pertly. it. It actually gives me the heart-ache to snake. Having eaten my bread and meat I see them so wronged by their own mother, went to bed. When morning came, I went down cellar, where my bath-room is, to take the other side, if I could get there," said the a cold plunge, and then I saw what I had trodden on-a long, white potato sprout. It had got out of the bin, and stretched out toward the window, long, pale, thin and sickly. surance. It had got half way to the light when I trod

on it, and smashed its hopes. I pitied the poor struggler, and took up entially. its bruised body, and laid it back tenderly in "O, ye the bin.

As I did so, I noticed that the potatoes were holding a meeting, and consulting what to do. They were gathered up together in a pile, and every eye was turned anxiously | ious to learn her value as an authority. towards the light.

I could only get there, I know I should | my friends yonder are eating up the barley,' grow."

"But we cannot get there, is the trouble," said a fat potato, who was on top of the the fence and seen all over it?" inquired the heap, "no good comes of stretching out to hedgehog, earnestly. get to the light."

"Well; 1 am sure I can't help trying; burst, every time I look over yonder toward it to-morrow. I'm going to open my eyes wide, and send out a feeler, and see what the

"Chance !" said a feeble vpice, "chance ! felt so once; but look at me now." And light than any of you. I always have been. together !" I have more eyes than any of you. I was the plumpest potato in all the bin. I slept soundly, and lay still. I was fat and contented till, one day, I saw that light you are



"What are you staring at the fence for ?" snack," as we call it. I had thin slippers on asked a conceited pullet of a hedgehog, who my feet, and as I walked across the floor in | was minutely inspecting the boundary fence

"I should like to see what's to be seen on hedgehog.

"O, there's nothing worth seeing, take my word for it," said the pullet with great as-

"Yes, miss, certainly; no doubt then, you know all about it," said the hedgehog, defer-

"O, yes, you may be sure my opinion is worth having," said the pullet, evading the hedgehog's inquiry, and turning away.

"Your opinion, miss! It is based on know ledge, of course ?" asked the hedgehog, anx-

"I don't know what you mean, exactly; "How plainly I can see it," said one. "If but I can't waste time in talking now, while said the pullet, moving off.

. "I mean, miss, you've been on the top of

"Not I; I wouldn't take the trouble," said the pullet, much confused.

"Ah! then you have scratched your way under it, and have seen it from below," cried the hedgehog, determined to know the truth.

"Not I; I wouldn't take so much trouble; but I know very good judges who have, and they told me all about it," said the pullet, running away from any more questions.

"Well, well," cried the hedgehog; "was all the potatoes turned their eyes to look at there ever such conceit? her wings are not the speaker, who was too feeble to come to long enough, I see now, to fly over the fence, think I shall ever wear it to church; it's meeting, but lay off at the edge of the bin, nor her feet strong enough to scratch under all shrivelled up, with a bruised and bleed-ing sprout coiled around her. She continued other side, as if she knew it all by heart. I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all the works that my hande hed mount the g sprout concet around not solve the solve the How true it is that ignorance and conceit go and on the labor that I had labored to do, and

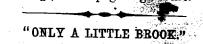
TELL ME A STORY.

talking about. After that I couldn't shut is, rests to a very large extent on ignorance; of little children gathered, bright and happy, my eyes. I felt as if every thing inside of and there is really no solid safety till knowme wanted to get out. I tried to roll over, ledge be acquired. On this account the little to catch the hymns of their young voices floating but I couldn't, and so one day I let one of being is imbued by the all-wise Parent with up through the skies, to mingle with the songs of She blushed, with tears in her eyes, as but I couldn't, and so one day I to one of bong is timened a, the unit has I atom with up through the skies, to mingle with the songs of she said, "I don't want to be singular, but my eyes stretch wide open, and stuck it out the most remarkable thirst for information. angels, and as they see many an opening flower, she said, "I don't want to be singular, but neat and comfortable, and enough in style not to attract attention to myself; but the fashions change often, and time flies so swiftly and sucking, stretching and growing, till it boys and girls you met allowed only a brief space of time to elapse before making the right to envy any micht the fashions change often, and timeflies so swiftly and sucking, stretching and growing, the to be all my space of time to elapse before making the sucked out all my blood and used up all my space of time to elapse before making the right to envy any, might the greatest of earth's great too far behind the times in dress."

testimony for Christ before all the world.

That hymn has been precious to him during the past 30 years, during which time he has been constantly bearing his testimony for Jesus. Has been all the time, and is now, a warm-hearted la-borer in the Sunday-school. During the late war he consecrated money, time and labor in the work of the Christian Commission.

A text of Scripture, verse of a hymn, or a sweet song of Zion, often proves to the weary and timid Inristian, like the sprig of moss in the desert which animated and inspired Mungo Park. Let Christians often speak in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, on the pilgrimage of life.



A simple, but very touching incident has been related to us, says the Maine Press, in connection with the last moments of a beautiful girl in Bath. who lately died at the age of nine. A little while before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood around her, watching the last movings of the gentle breath, the last faint flutterings of the little pulse, they became aware, from broken words, that she shrank with natural dread from the unknown way that was opening for her.

She had come to the borders of the mysterious river, which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her tiny feet seemed to hesitate and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the long, dark way, till at the very last she brightened very suddenly, a smile of confidence and courage lighted up her sweet face, "Oh, it is only a little brook !" she said, and so passed over to the heavenly shore.

THE FOUNDERS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. Seated on a throne which was already shaking beneath him, with a cloud darkening his royal brow, and remorse, like a worm gnawing at his heart, King Solomon gave utterance to this me-lancholy soliloquy: "I made me great workswhatever mine eyes desired I kept not from themlooked on all the works that my hands had wrought, behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit. There was no profit under the san !" With other feelings the founders of Sunday-schools bend from heaven to look on the work of their hands. As The peril in which the tender boy or girl they look down from their thrones on the millions every Sunday, into these schools, and as they listen

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