THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1868.

The Family Circle.

[COMMUNICATED.] THE OROSS-BEARER. BY MISS A. WARNER.

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 troubles all on him to lay, I thought myself my cross to lighten, By outling 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 of it the most I may; And so I held my cross uplifted, In sight df all who come that Way. Alas, my pride found bitterly, My gross looked small to all but me !

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

No! no !---why this shall be my glory,---All other things I'll count but loss. And so I even fashioned garlands, And hung them round about my cross. Ab foolish one I 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 through the day's white heat:

Till with the toil and pain o'ermastered, I fainting fell down at his feet. But for his matchless care that day, I should have perished where I lay.

But oh, I grew so very weary. When life and sense crept back once more!

The whole horizon hung with darkness, And grief where joy had been before : Better to die, I said, and rest, Than live with such a burden pressed.

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 pea 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. near, SPUCE:

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.

It was early in the spring, and papa had forgot to be kind to the poor, and sweet and some difficulty in finding the catnip, for the gentle to those who needed them far more leaves were scarcely out, but he did get some, | than the great world did." and when he was setting it out, he said to the tearful little maiden who watched all his

operations, "Totty, my love, hadn't I better put up a board, and write on it 'Cat-nipped in the whether it would do good. But I hope my bud ?'

with something written on it, seemed to take | before they learned to write. They have her fancy.

had worked away at her writing. Present-ly site raised her head and laid down her pen with a satisfied "There !" and came and | and birds." climbed to her usual seat on her father's knee.

papa see it ?"

you'll laugh. It is only a verse that I'm mother at home. A quiet, thoughtful girl, going to have Willie Weston write on a she seemed, and mople said she read too board for Tabby's grave. You know I can many books, and thought too much, but she only write printing-letters, but Willie says seemed happy enough. he'll write it nice in writing-letters with Down in the little brown cottage at the charcoal." 911 L 17EU

laugh, so Totty brought her sheet of paper | too, and as cheery as the canary-bird that to him, and this is what he saw on it, only I never can show you in print those queer little capitals that she made, for there are no | songs she sung, she was the life and joy of types to print such. However, here is the rhyme and the original spelling:

"Here lys poor Tabby Norton, the cunningest little thing That ever caut mice or played with a string. If she hadent been so fond of sitting on the well, How long she might have lived I can never tell. Poor Totty's heart most broke when her dere Tabby dyd, And the more she thut of it the more she styd and cryd. But when things can't be helped, no more is to be sed, So we'll leve her in pece with catnip on her bed."

Poor papa! He tried very hard to remember his promise not to langh, but somehow the laugh would come out. It ran up into his eyes and made them tremble like made the dimples show even under the whiskers, and at last his lips parted, and through his white teeth, like two files of soldiers, the laugh ran the gauntlet, and gave an excellent little chuckle before he could take it prisoner. Then Totty blushed, and, half vexed, snatched the paper and ran off through the garden-gate to see Willie Weston, who lived next door.

Then papa said to mamma-"Pretty well for a nine-year-old who can't write yet, now wasn't it? How comical it sounds when children call their dolls and their pets after their own family name, like Tabby Norton. And that bit of philosophy on making the best of it, is so like her. I hope she may keep the spirit for greater trials.

Of course, it did not take long for Totty's little friends to learn that she had written what she called a verse on her dead darling, which Willie Weston had suitably inscribed, and it was not many days before Libby Rice came to get her to write some lines about her yellow-bird, which her brother caught, and which she had kept caged several weeks, but which, pining, alas! for its wild-wood home, had been found dead in the bottom of its cage that morning. Willie Weston's father was an editor, and

as Willie's chief delight had long been to follow the same business in miniature, Mr. Weston taught him to set type, and furnished him with material for printing off any liftle

"And would I be like them if I were to write things some day to print in books?"

little girl will find some other employment But Totty only smiled, because her papa | for her time and mind; for those who write but Totty only smiled, because her pape cheered her up, and though she did not quite understand his fun, the idea of the board world. They mostly have learned to suffer sorrow and their hearts are full, and they While papa talked with mamma, Totty find relief in writing and telling to those sorrows, little one, than losses of kittens

All this talk with papa happened a good while ago, more than four years, and Totty "What is it, Pet? Arn't you going to let had grown into a large girl, almost a young apa see it ?" lady. She had learned to write, she had Totty looked bashful and said, "I'm afraid studied patiently at school and helped her

foot of the street, lived a little maiden who Papa, indiscreet man, promised not to had never walked at all. Beautiful she was Totty gave her. With the books she read aloud, the charming dolls she made, the their little offerings of love. Pictures, candy, fruit and play-things they brought, but never an unkind word or look to the little cripple. She had a sweet low voice, and many were the songs she taught to them, word by word. She and Totty had been fast friends a long time, and Totty spent many an hour with her learning funcy-work and songs. Many other things she was learning of her all the time while she scarcely knew it. She was learning stars, then it spread into his cheeks and patience, perseverance and helpfulness from a lot far less fortunate than her own.

The dear, blessed Christmas time was drawing near, and such a bustle and planning as there was on all sides. For weeks before that time Willie Weston and 'Totty | held frequent meetings and whispered conversations and were too busy for any playtime.

There was to be a Sunday-school Festival and Christmas Tree, reason enough for excitement among the juveniles who could talk of nothing else.

The joyful evening came at last, and the little folks, in their bright winter garments, gathered in the vestry of the church with their parents. The little lame girl was there, too, the children had gone for her themselves with a nice little boy's sled, and she sat among them smiling and happy to behold, for the first time in her life, a Christmas tree. Such a tree as it was! It reached from floor to ceiling, and was weighed down with its varied treasure. One by one the names were called, and the cager possessor of a gift flitted among the crowd to share his pleasure with his friends. All the small articles were taken down, but something still remained in the background. The superintendent drew it to the front of the platform and read from a card:

FOR FANNIE WOODLEIGH FROM FRIENDS WHO LOVE HER.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECS.

"Well, I think that is polite! Grandma expects me to sit still while she takes a nap instead of telling me stories. How selfish some people are.

As she spoke, little Patty looked angrily from the old lady nodding in her chair to the book in her lap, and felt very much in-loveliest or household fairies are Love and way. The rain pattered on the windowpane, the wind blew dismally, and the winter afternoon was fast deepening into twilight. It wasn't a cheerful scene either grandma liked; had toasted the bread her. inside or out, and Patty couldn't decide self, just brown and nice, and got everything find relief in writing and telling to those whether to cry and wake grandma, or to go ready in the most cosy, tempting order one who may be have had sorrow too; greater and do some mischief. As she sat thinking ean imagine. about her wrongs, her eye wandered to the

book again.

"Stupid old pictures, I've seen 'em a pleasure, as she looked about her. dozen times, and am tired of 'em. But there is no other book here, and I mustn't leave the room. I wonder how they'd look for a long, long while," and Patty put her through grandma's specs."

Putting the glasses on her little nose, how very odd it was to be sure ago she saw a cat and kittens and was putting a little baby into the arms pictures when she tried again. of an old lady who seemed promising some- "Never mind, my darling, t thing with a tender yet sorrowful look.

Patty, very much surprised. Wondering the winter of old age-Merry's Museum. what had come to her book, she eagerly turned over another leaf and there was a new picture.

This was a still more curious one, for the figures seemed to move. The same old lady was teaching the same baby to walk, so kindly, so patiently; and the baby seemed all his lessons well, so that he had a great to love her dearly, for it ran to her with many Bible verses in his mind. He was a eager, tottering little feet, and langhed with temperance boy. This boy was on a steamboat delight when it was safe in her motherly | making a journey. One day as he sat alone arms. Several other pictures showed the on deck looking down into the water, two good old lady caring for the same pretty ungodly gentlemen agreed that one of them baby in many ways; watching over it when should go and try to persuade him to drink. ill ; tending, teaching and amusing it ; taking | So the wicked man drew near to the boy, many steps for it, thinking, working and and in a very pleasant voice and manner in-praying for it, and devoting herself to it as vited him to go and drink a glass of liquor faithfully as any mother.

Next came pictures showing the baby a I never drink liquor.' little girl, and the old lady still older, but "Never mind, my as kind as ever. Judging from the pictures, you; come and drink with me." the child was rather a careless, selfish little girl, for she seemed not to obey, and to leave many things undone. One of these pages showed this child running away and "You need not be deceived by it. I getting lost, because she was bid to do would not have you drink too much. A something she didn't like; and the old lady little will do you no harm, and will make was seen going after her and bringing her you feel pleasantly." back and forgiving the naughty little girl. "At the last it bit Another was where the child appeared to stingeth like an adder," said the boy. "I be nearly run over, and the old lady saved | feel safer, and I think it wiser not to play her, but was much hurt herself.

When Patty saw that, she looked very sober, and the pettish expression left her man, putting on his most flattering air, "I

ing by her with a very sorrowful face that sinning blow to the tempter, and he gave up said as plainly as words, "Oh, why wasn't bis wicked attempt and went back to his I kinder to her when she did so much for companion. me !"

prayed a very sincere little prayer that she might keep ber resolutions and be a faithful loving child to grandma.

When the old lady woke, she rubbed her eyes and looked about her, feeling as if the good fairies had been at work while she jured because she couldn't have her own Cheerfulness. Patty had drawn up the round table and quietly set out the little tea tray with the tiny sups and plates, the old fashioned spoons and funny plump teapot that

"Well, deary, what does it all mean?" cried grandma, smiling with surprise and

"It means that I'm trying to be a good child and do my duty as I haven't done it arms round grandma's neck with a little quiver in her voice that went straight to the Patty turned a leaf and looked. Dear me, old lady's heart. Standing so she told all minute that had happened, the grandma laughed page, and said it was only m. But Patty and now there was a picture she had never was sure it was true, only the spectacles seen, A sweet, pale-faced lady lay in a bed wouldn't show any more of the strange

"Never mind, my darling, they show me the dearest, most dutiful of little daughters. "Why that's the way my dear mamma and I'm quite satisfied," said grandma, did when she gave me to grandma, the day kissing the childish face, which from that the children who came to see her and bring she died! Papa told me about it," cried day made summer sunshine for her through

GOD'S WORD HID IN THE HEART.

Children, there was once a little boy who went to Sunday school regularly, and learned vited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him. "I thank you, sir," said he, "but

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt

"Wine is a mocker-strong drink is rag

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and with adders."

"My fine little fellow," said the crafty sover, and the petitish expression left her man, putting on his most nattering air, i face, as she said softly,— "Yes, that's what grandma did for me; and that's how she got so lame. Poor grandma, I wish I'd, got her cane for her a glass of the best wine with me."

when she asked me," not the old lady lying and said, "My Bible says, 'If sinners en-dead, and the child, a tall girl now, stand-tice thee, consent thou not." That was a

" "The pillow of the promise." -- Rutherford.

LITTLE BLUE-STOCKING.

Papa came into the sitting room, and weary with his long walk "up town," threw himself into the arm-chair with a "heighho " At the same moment his eyes fell on his little girl, a-tip-toe at mamma's little writing table, and for the first time in her life, too busy to know that her papa had come in.

"What are ye doing, Totty ?"

"I'm writing, pa dear; I'll see you in a minuto," said Totty, with a demure air of business.

Mamma looked at papa with such a comical face, and speaking low, so that Totty should not hear, she said-" She's been at it ever since she came home from school, and I guess in school too, perhaps. I expect poor Tabby is to be immortalized and to have a monument suitable to her merits.

Only the morning before had Totty's beautiful little tabby-kitten frisked through the house and up and down the grape-vine trellis, and out to the little well-house, where she loved to sit on a convenient ledge, and look over the fence at the passers by. She was in a very gay humor that morning, almost beside herself with the frolic she and Totty had been having with papa after breakfast. A rude boy, who often passed that way, and of whom she was much afraid stopped to look over the fence, and threw a stone at her just as she had settled herself for a nap in the sunshine. She heard the stone rattle against the well-roof, and started wide awake, but she was so confused when she saw the boy that she turned to run, forgetting how narrow her footing was, and over she went, down, down into, the well. The bad boy ran off, and Totty went to school, and no one thought of poor Tabby again till Bridget went to draw some water and brought her up with it, very stiff and lifeless.

Mamma thought Bridget had better bury. poor pussy before Totty came home, but she came in while they were talking of it. How she cried! Well, to be sure, who wonders? Wasn't it just the dearest little kitty that ever was, and didn't Totty want something to play with and love at home besides papa and mamma, who were very nice indeed, but couldn't jump and run, and who didn't have soft, spotted fur? Papa didn't wonder at all? He felt very sorry for the kitty, but more sorry for his little girl, and though he couldn't help her cry, he said he could help her to bury it in a nice place under the snow-ball bush, and would plant a root of catnip over it, and would try to get her another kitty.

scrap he wished to see in that shape. He had even made a few editions of a little newspaper, in which were contributions from several of the boys whom he knew, but most of the paragraphs were his own.

He had promised Libby Rice that if she would got Totty, or, more properly, Miss Evangeline Norton, to make some verses on the departed yellow-bird, they should appear in print in the next issue of the Young America, then " about going to press."

So, in due time it happened that Totty ran to meet her father with a copy of Young America in her hand, and showed him, with quite an exultant air, her name in print. Seated on one of the garden benches, papa read the lines, but this time he did not laugh. They were much better than those she wrote about poor Tabby, but I think papa saw-something in them that made him l little sad, for as he arose to go into the house, he handed them back, only saying :

"I'm afraid my little girl will be a bluestocking, if she don't take care."

Here was a new idea. Blue-stocking! What could it mean? Totty looked down wonderingly at her small ankles, encased in snowy stockings, as if expecting to see them turn suddenly to an indigo shade.

After tea, when papa was reading his paper, he felt a round, curly head thrust under his arm and up towards his face, and a small voice said :

"When you have done reading the paper, will you tell me what a blue-stocking is?"

"Yes," said paps, and lifted her up to his knee, where she laid her head against his breast, and kept as still as a mouse for so long that he thought she was asleep, but as he leaned down to look into her eyes, she started up, with

dressed like some of the men in that old fashion-book of mamma's, and this gentleman used to meet with a company of equally fine ladies, who read and wrote and talked a great deal, and who, I am afraid, thought more of having people listen to and admire them than they did of a true woman's life and duties. It came to be the fashion to call | close !-- Liberal Christian. all such women blue-stockings."

"And were they not good, papa ?"

"I cannot say, dear; I am afraid they

All the little ones looked at once towards their little crippled friend to see and enjoy her surprise. Could she believe her eyes? Was that beautiful cushioned chair, with wheels and arms by which to move it wherever the owner wished, really meant for her? They scarcely gave her time to think, but thinking of all the unkind words she had carried her and placed her in it in a buzz of eagerness and affectionate delight.

from one to another of the loving faces and back the fast flowing tears.

what it might be, Mr. Norton read upon its title page:

MY FAIRY,

and

HER WONDER-WORKING, Published by

WILLIE WESTON AND EVA NORTON.

Sec.

When Papa Norton had read that, he opened his eyes pretty wide and began to look further. Here in this pretty primer, was a story about a fairy named Cheerfulness, who lived in the house with Love, and how they worked together to make happiness, and how, even in the midst of poverty and misfortune, they succeeded in making such large quantities of it, that they had even much to give away. Besides the story, there were several of the pretty songs which Fannie had taught to her friends.

Just then Mamma Norton came to Papa, with beaming face and said :

kept their secret! Mrs. Weston has told with her.

started up, with "Are you ready, papa?" "A blue-stocking? It's a poser to make my little daughter understand it, but I'll try. In old, old, times, there was a very all about it. Eva wrote the story and er thirty dollars for this beautiful chair.

> and somebody whispered : "Am I a blue-stocking now, papa?" But

papa did not say anything, he only caught Totty round the waist and hugged her-so

tears that the page was all a blur, and, putting up her hand to wipe the drops away, the spectacles fell off and the strange pictures vanished.

Patty sat quite still for several minutes, said, the duties she had neglected, the loving Poor little Fannie! She looked helplessly dear, kind, patient, grandma. She covered rom one to another of the loving faces and up her face and cried till her little handker. acts she had left undone, and all she owed bowed her own upon her hands to hold chief was quite wet, so full of repentant sorrow was she. Suddenly she thought, A little paper book hung on one of the "It isn't too late, she isn't gone, and there's wheels of the chair, and taking it up to see time to be good to her now. What shall I do to show her how sorry I am?"

Wiping up her tears she looked about the room and saw plenty to do. The fire was nearly out, because Patty had forgotten to tell the maid to bring wood, and had lost grandma's cane without which she couldn't walk a step. Patty's playthings lay all about in the untidy way that troubled grandma. The yarn she had been asked to wind, hung in a tangle on the chair where she had left it. Grandma's knitting had dropped down and the stitches were half out, for Patty didn't bring the spectacles and without them she could not pick them up. Grandma's shawl was spread over Patty's doll, and the poor old lady had quietly gone to sleep and never asked for it though she looked chilly even in her nap.

"How naughty I am to be so lazy, and selfish, and disobedient. Dear grandma is too kind to punish me, but I ought to be "Only think, dear, how those children purished, hard," said Patty, shaking berself have worked, and how carefally they have and wondering how any one could be patient

Full of good resolutions, she fell to work ma's chair all ready for her. She put back All their own idea, too! Bless their little the spectacles, picked up the stitches and laid hearts!" A little hand was slipped into Papa's arm, and somebody whispered : "" Dut the knitting on the old lady's lap; she folded the shawl softly round her, and grandma gave a little sigh as if the comfortable warmth pleased her: Then Patty built up a grand fire, swept the hearth, and sat down to wind the yarn.

Darker and darker, it grew outside as night came on; harder blew the wind and tropolis, besides a large number in other faster fell the rain, but within it was bright parts of the country. Moreover, the pro-When a saint dies, heaven above is as it and warm, for the fire-light danced on the were such women as would rather meet to- were moved to receive and entertain him; pleasant room, the placid old lady sleeping cause of the evil, to the necessity of enforcwere such women as would rather meet to-gether to talk than to take care of their own homes and children; and try to make a hap-py place for their fathers and husbands and brothers. I am afraid they were so eager to be praised and talked about, and to see their names in books and papers, that they it stirreth up the dead for him."

As Patty looked, her eyes grew so dim with the fact is," he replied, "that little fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him."

Children, that is just what we are trying to do in this Sunday school. We wish to get every boy's mind, and every girl's mind, so full of the Bible, that wicked tempters cannot do anything with them.

Now children, there is one Bible verse which shows that this is just the right use to make of the Bible. I wish you all now to learn it, and recite it with me. I will say it alone twice, and then you all say it with me.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.'

Children, hide just as much of God's precious word in your hearts as ever you can.-Dr. Nelson at the St. Louis S. S. Institute.

MIDNIGHT MEETING MOVEMENT .- At the Quarterly Meeting of the workers and friends of this Institution, held on Thursday, October 4, in the large hall, Red Lion-square, London, the following statement was made: From the commencement of the movement, in February, 1860, 105 meetings have been held in London, attended by 13,421 unfortunates, of whom 530 have been restored to friends, 1,800 sent to service, 57 married, 5 reconciled to their husbands, 4 emigrated, 4 sent home to the Continent, 2 placed in business, 300 sent to hospitals, 400 assisted to obtain an honest living, and very many are now in the homes. In the present year 25 meetings have been held in Londou, attended by 2,000 unfortunates, of whon 231 have been rescued; in addition to which two meetings have been held in Bristol, attended by 110 poor girls-10 rescued. The above statement gives a very inadequato idea of the benefits arising from the movement, which, during the last six years, has awakened the attention of the country, and led to strenuous efforts to remove the evil. In many large and influential towns meettings have been held, and in London many poor girls have been heard of, who never attended the meetings, but who sought a refuge in the various institutions. The general result may be stated thus many new homes have been opened since 1860, and above 1,000 poor girls rescued annually in the me-