

Poetry.

GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

Oh! grieve not the spirit,
That's dead, spirit, inward pleading;
Not always will he stay
If thou resist his holy leading.
He calls thee now,
To Jesus bow.
O soul for thee the Lord hung bleeding!
A crown is on that brow,
For thee, O sinner, is that dear head wounded!
Canst thou not see it now,
That loving face with thorns surrounded?
Accursed for thee
Upon the tree,
The blessed one in whom all grace abounded.
He knuckled yet once more,
Where many a time, with dewy face and sighing
He's called to thee before,
Ah! what say, Thy Lord denying?
Oh, go thy way!
Some far off day,
I'll listen to Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy dying.
A time will surely come,
When thou, O soul! Thy Lord denying,
Shalt meet him in His home,
And see the throne, the angels lowly lying.
In that sad day
Thy Judge will say,
"Depart, accursed, thou heed'st not my dying."
Then grieve him not away.
Once more those wounds, that dear side riven,
Are calling thee to-day.
Stay not, but seek, improve to be forgiven.
Now He will hear,
His Spirit's near,
The angel waits to write thy name in heaven.

Miscellaneous.

A QUAKER CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. Prosser was one of the "silent poor." Sometimes the wolf stood howling at her door, but she made no complaint, and tried to keep him at bay with the only weapon she owned—her little needle. The wolf, by and by, it killed Mrs. Prosser.

Shemlight had been glad when God released her; only there was her poor little girl left to shiver all alone in the cold world. The child had a father, it is true, or the remnant of one, for he was little more than a sot. He married, a second time, a woman married and worthless, but she ran away; and finally Mrs. Prosser died; so that was left for little Miriam then but the poor house! And very glad was she to go there, for she felt that she was better than the street.

The matron felt a pang of unvoiced pity as she looked at the little vagrant, so delicate, so dirty, so pinched by an untimely frost. Her uncombed hair surged from the top of her head like a water-sput; but it was as bright as the golden fleece, and rare would have made it silky soft. She spread out her stiff fingers fan-like before the cooking stove in the poor-house kitchen, and seemed to enjoy the heat with her whole soul.

"Where are your mittens, child?" said the matron.

"Never had any, ma'am."

"Your shawl?"

"Haven't anything, ma'am, but the clothes that's on me; the rag-man got the rest."

"Poor thing! The overcoat tells me you have neither father nor mother."

"I had a papa once, but he wasn't much of one. He had fits, my pa did. I knew when he was going to have the fits; I could smell 'em in the bottle."

"Where do you stay at night?"

"Oh, I sleep home. My mother's gone one went off, but she didn't die; I wished she had."

It seemed to little Miriam as if the six frosty springs of her life had suddenly melted into a glorious summer. She thought the poor-house was next door to heaven; but there she made a mistake. The matron was kind enough in her scolding way; but there were two old women among the paupers who frightened the child almost out of her senses.

One of these, Mrs. Dresser, always sat within two inches of the stove-pipe, on account of chronic rheumatism; and if Miriam did not open the door, the sufferer poured forth a torrent of abuse which seemed actually to make the dishes rattle and to shake dust from the bags of herbs hanging over head.

The other one, Miss Felicia Pepper, with a solitary eye, a red nose, and a pair of crutches, was a greater terror than Mrs. Dresser. It was her task to teach little Miriam to knit; and, as the child's fingers wandered about among the stitches, they were pulled—rat, tat, tat—with a brass thimble. Occasionally Miss Pepper amused herself by lifting little Miriam from the floor by the hair of her head.

The child swung listless and thither between the Dresser and the Pepper like a discontented little pendulum. The two wretched old women visited on her innocent head all the spite they felt against the world in general; and it is no exaggeration to say, as I said before, that they nearly frightened the child out of her senses. Her constant thought from morning till night was how to avoid being beaten black and blue, and in her unattractive efforts to remember what was told her, she fell in danger of forgetting her own name.

At the age of nine she was a shadowy little creature, who looked as if a sharp wind might drive her in twain. When the matron despatched her to the grocer's for soda, cloves, and ginger, it was safest to send her three separate times, lest her mind should become confused. If told to go to the butcher's for beef and lamb, six pounds each, she was quite likely to bring back a spring chicken. On such occasions, instead of trembling at the wreck which cruelty was making of poor little Miriam, the matron only shook the child, as if she had been a breadth of very dusty rag carpeting.

But all the shakings in the world will not settle confused ideas. The orphan's wits had never been as swift as Atalanta's heels, and now they traveled more and more slowly, and were apt to get lost by the way. But she was a pretty child, and Mrs. Fontenley, the doctor's wife, who made a gracious visit at the poor-house, was quite impressed, and fancied she would like to have such a gentle little girl for her children's nurse.

Miriam clapped her hands, and thought she was going next to Paradise this time certainly; but she was mistaken again. Mrs. Fontenley was a strong-minded woman; "she had a hardness in her eye, she had hardness in her cheek;" and as for overlooking a child's faults, that was something which never entered into her philosophy. She was a conscientious woman, and meant to be a kind one; but she shut the orphan out of her sympathies as soon as she found her an unprofitable servant.

Heart-sick and discouraged, Miriam's first thought in the early morning, as she rubbed open her sleepy eyes was, "Oh, dear, another awful day is coming!"

And at night, tired and footsore, she sobbed out in her sleep:

"I wish I was dead!"

Mrs. Fontenley did not like the child's low-spirited appearance. Miriam was patient, like her mother, and did not complain; but the dumb cry of a desolate little heart—what wail is like it? Mrs. Fontenley's sensibilities might have been touched if they had not been rolled up and packed down in cotton-wool.

"Well, well," said she, one day, after Miriam had been with her a month or so, "there's a limit to the longest patience, and I've come to the end of mine. I'll not keep that ungainly child another day."

"Ahem!" said Dr. Fontenley; adding, very unnecessarily, "have your own way, my dear!"

"I know of a woman," continued Mrs. Fontenley, "who is just transcendental enough to keep the half-witted child and take an interest in her. It's Mrs. Bryant; and may she have patience given her!"

"Ahem," said the doctor, mentally, behind his newspaper.

Next morning, when Miriam forced open her swollen eyelids, she greeted herself with a groan. This time her heart was like a barometer, which sinks before the approach of fair weather; something delightful was coming, though she did not know it yet.

"Miriam," said her mistress, frigidly, "after you have wiped the breakfast dishes, you may go up stairs and put your things together. I have found another place for you."

"Yes, ma'am," was the demure reply. The girl was not so crestfallen as had been anticipated.

"Miriam," said Mrs. Fontenley, with severity, "you know I have labored faithfully to make something of you; but you've worn me all out."

"Yes, ma'am," responded the child, surveying her finger nails.

"And, Miriam," added Mrs. Fontenley, with a wintry smile, "I do trust you'll try to behave yourself as Mrs. Bryant's and not drive the poor woman crazy! If we have but a thumbnail of brains, child, it's our duty to do the best we can with that thumbnail."

"I know it, ma'am," responded the automaton. But Miriam's indifference gave way when it came to parting with the child.

"I s'pose I'm a natural fool," she thought, "and never'll come to my senses, but the babies do love me for all that."

So, in an agony of grief, she tore herself away from the little arms which tried to hold her, and began the world again at Mrs. Bryant's.

Mrs. Bryant was a gentle Quaker lady, who had been purified by trials. Four little children had she laid away in the graveyard, and now her house was desolate.

"Lyddy," said Friend Bryant, leading Miriam up to his wife, "here's the child thee bargained for. Will thee take off thy bonnet, Miriam?"

The hearty pressure of the good man's hand had cheered the orphan like an open fire; and when she looked up to meet the gaze of "Friend Lyddy," it was with a heart dancing for joy. The face which bent down to hers "was not fair nor beautiful." The eyes, originally blue, had been often washed in tears, and were now of a "fast color;" the hair along the temples was gray; but ah! such a face as it was for love or kindness!

The warm human soul looking out of those faded eyes tempted Miriam to hope for the third time that she had got near Paradise; and for once she was not mistaken. Her very wretchedness and simplicity was a place for her by the Quaker hearthstone.

"Poor little creature!" said Mrs. Bryant to her husband, "does thee observe how she winces when the door opens, or a chair falls down? Thee may depend upon it, the dear lamb has been unkindly treated."

"Her wits are a little scattered, that's a fact," replied Friend Bryant; and she ought to be petted for a while, to see if love will bring them back. I'm glad the Lord sent her to thee, Lyddy; she couldn't be in better hands."

It was Monday when Miriam went to Friend Bryant's, and it happened that Christmas occurred during the same week. Now the Quakers do not regard it as a special holiday; but this year it fell on Thursday, which is their "meeting day;" so the whole family—Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, Miriam, and Patient Swan, the kitchen girl—all went to church together.

It was quite new to Miriam—the plain building, the high seats, the solemn silence. She shivered with cold, for the green wood in the stove refused to burn. It seemed to her that hours passed before any one spoke; and then the person who rose was Friend Bryant.

"My friends," said he, in a low impressive voice "since I've been sitting here, a text of Scripture has been borne in upon my mind—'While I mused the fire burned.'"

"He must have been asleep," thought Miriam; "it doesn't burn, the stove's as cold as ice."

"The fire burned, my friends, the fire of love! And then I thought, 'Can we love God if we love not also his children?'"

"And, friends, suppose there should come to my house a little despised of the world, a child of tender years and many sorrows. Shall I turn her away again to walk over thorns and briars? If the fire burns in my heart, shall I not keep her, and say, 'The Lord sent her; let him deal by me as I deal by her?'"

"The good man had finished, and no one spoke after him. Miriam's pale cheeks glowed. She had understood every word, and knew that she was the stray little one whom Friend Bryant had decided to keep as his own child. No more Miss Pepper and Mrs. Dresser, no more strong-minded doctor's wives; nothing now but comfort and joy forever!

After all her trials this certainty of a happy home was too delightful. She burst into tears, and was only recalled to herself by the words of Friend Lyddy.

"Come, little daughter; thy father is waiting. The congregation have all shaken hands, and it is time to go home."

"I have two presents to-day," sobbed the happy child, walking between Friend Bryant and wife—"a father and a mother! Two presents and one Christmas!"

There was no attempt at a grand dinner; but the stuffed chicken and plum pudding were celebrated enough. A happier child than Miriam never broke a wish-bone. It was a merry, merry Christmas, and all without Santa Claus the stocking-saint, without Kris Kringle, or even a Christmas tree.

I would like to go on and tell you how Miriam's scattered wits returned to her fourfold, and how she became the comfort and stay of her adopted parents, with only one defect which they could ever see—her natural curls.

But I have not space here to follow the orphan's happy fortunes. We must leave her eating chicken and enjoying the sweetest things she had thus far known in life—a Quaker Christmas.

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