

Sunday Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rest.

There is a place of calmest rest,
It is not here—it is not now;
But in some land, where all are blest,
And living fountains ever flow.

When winter's frost spreads o'er the earth,
We say it is a time of rest;
Before dame Nature gives new birth,
And earth in vernal garb is dressed.

But underneath the frozen ground,
Sweet life is busy at the roots;
No time of rest will there be found,
And soon 'twill bring forth flowers and fruits.

When wearied with the toils of life,
Oppressed by many a cruel care;
We long to leave this scene of strife,
For some bright spot for ever fair.

But if at times our way is bright,
And sweet flowers bloom along the road;
We think so much of this vain life,
That we forget the way to God.

And then we think that rest has come,
And we no more shall toil in vain;
And seem to think this world our home,
Forgetting it is full of pain.

But soon across our sky the clouds,
In dark and lowering masses roll;
And black despair our spirit shrouds,
And gloomy terrors fill the soul.

Where then is rest? Can it be found,
Amid these changing scenes of life?
Or shall we find it underground,
Safe hidden from its care and strife?

Ah no! for we, like tree and flower,
Shall live again when winter's past,
Shall at that resurrection hour,
Arise from our long sleep at last.

It is not found in earthly good;
The grave cannot this rest impart;
'Tis in the bosom of our God,
True rest for every weary heart.

SARAH BROWN.

Melksham, Wilts.

Go Quickly and Tell.

To the woman was the commission given to bear the joyful intelligence that Jesus had risen; they were able to testify by word of mouth to the vision of angels, and to the fact that they had seen him who, no longer dead, was soon to appear to them. And how the hearts of the disciples would have thrilled with delight had they believed the testimony of the women instead of regarding their words as "idle tales."

One has very truthfully said, "Man does not owe to Christ the peculiar tribute of loyalty and devotion that woman does." Christ has, indeed, atoned for the sins of man; but his mission to woman has been twofold in its relation to her, for he has not only saved her soul, but actually brought out and cultivated her intelligence for the good of society.

It was the women more than the men whose faith ventured to show to Jesus those personal kindnesses which our Lord ever appreciated. How his heart went over in loving sympathy toward the woman who, though "a sinner," came into the house of a Pharisee with her box of ointment, and washed his feet with her tears, and kissed them, and wiped them with her hair, and then anointed them with the precious ointment. And Jesus enjoyed this personal devotion, and he said that though her sins were indeed many, yet they were all forgiven.

Jesus knew well what a power this woman would be to show forth what his love had done toward the worst of sinners. And her testimony is needed now. And we in this day have even greater advantages over those who lived when Jesus was upon the earth. We can have personal communion with him; to us, he may be an ever-present Saviour, a constant companion, a friend; and not only our conqueror, but our keeper. Mary and Martha enjoyed such occasional visits, to which, during his absence, they must have been ever looking forward; but he has said to each one of us, "Lo, I am with you always." He has promised to take up his abode, his dwelling-place, in our hearts, and the Holy Spirit is ready to reveal him unto us. The Comforter takes of the things of Jesus and shows them unto us; shows him as able to hold us back from yielding to our besetting sins; shows him as our con-

stant, unchanging, complete and perfect Redeemer; shows him as able to keep that which we commit unto him; shows him as able to do exceedingly, abundantly, above all we can ask or even think. Then shall we in this day of such blessed privileges, in this the Holy Ghost dispensation, be forgetful of what we owe to Jesus, and refrain our lips from uttering forth his praises? For has he not said, "I create the fruit of the lips;" and will he not, then, give us the song in the heart that we may bring forth the fruit from the lips?—
Mrs. W. E. Boardman.

My Man, John.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

'Will ye gang to meetin' the night, sir-r?'

It was my man, John, who stood in the door-way, tall, broad and brawny, with a rich brogue to his Scotch voice with its burry r's, but trusty and faithful as ever man could be to earthly master. It was a mile from our suburban home to the place of worship, and as it was beginning to snow, John knew I would not be likely to walk, as on pleasant evenings I often preferred doing.

'Yes,' I replied, 'you may get out the buggy, as no one else will go of the family.'

Of course, John expected to drive me over, the spirited horse needed attention, and I felt no compunction whatever about having John outside, he had cronies at the great livery stable just across the way from the chapel.

It would be impossible to tell why it was, but on alighting from the buggy that night there was a decided impression on my mind that John wanted to say something to me, yet did not say it.

Well, we had a beautiful meeting! Dr. Willard, our pastor, read passages of Scripture bearing upon our personal obligations in the matter of bringing others to Christ; and the tone being given, all who spoke followed in the same line of remark. And all seemed very much in earnest. I remember being so warmed up by the spirited utterance which followed the pastor's appeal that I arose and stated feelingly and honestly my fixed purpose to do all in my power to bring some souls to a knowledge of Christ, and the effort should be made without delay.

And so engrossed was I with my reflections and resolves, that it escaped my particular notice at the time that John was holding the horse close by the chapel door as I emerged; nor did it occur to me in other light than a most commonplace remark, when John observed in his usual respectful tones;

'There were a likely mony at the place the night, sir-r, with the storm and a!'

'Yes, quite a good many out, John.'

Then I fell to musing deeply and wondering also; for good and true as my intentions had been in speaking as I had, yet now the pertinacious inquiry kept forcing itself, 'With whom will you begin this blessed work?' and the query puzzled me.

There was Mr. Hubert Holyoke, my next door neighbor, evidently rather a godless man; his Sundays were spent in riding, or boating, or some other sport, but he would be a difficult case to begin with. Then there was Mr. Simson Styles, my opposite neighbor;—but here my reflections were broken in upon by John, who said briefly:

'It's a bonny fine voice has the pason, sir-r.'

'Yes, a very fine voice indeed, John,' yet it never occurred to me that my man must have been listening quite recently to the ministerial tones, thus to comment upon them! Well, where was I? Oh, Mr. Styles—he attended church once in a while, and although affable to a delightful degree as a neighbor, still he was a proud man and belonged to a very aristocratic old family, and was there not danger of his resenting what he might consider as a meddlesome piece of impertinence on my part?

On the train every day I saw Colonel Parsons, an entertaining gentleman of no very fixed principles, if report said true; we were very good friends, but undoubtedly he would ridicule any advances on the subject of his soul's salvation—it almost annoyed me when

John's deep honest voice intruded itself for another brief observation:

'I suppose, sir-r, the kirk is open to a' alike when needfu'.'

Flitting memories of the fact that my wife had imagined of late that John was much interested in Kittie Malcolm, waitress at Mr. Styles's house, floated through my mind, as I thought half regretfully, 'I suppose the man wants to marry Kittie some day,' so I replied somewhat shortly:

'Yes, John, I presume any one can have the use of the Church who wishes it.'

Was it my fancy, or did John really sigh heavily as he drew in the lines and soothed Mattie the mare, who seemed inclined to shy and stumble in an unwonted manner, as she trotted briskly through the snow.

'I guess Mattie must be sharp-shod to-morrow,' I said, coming somewhat out of my reverie.

'Aye, aye, sir-r, it's gude care ye gie the horse, no fear-r!'

Was there really a tinge of bitterness in the voice of my always respectful John! Oh, no, it was simply my imagination. There was never anything but hearty good will in John's voice and John's manner!

Only a little bridge to cross, and we should be at home; then I would tell wife all about the meeting, and ask her help in selecting some suitable object on whom to begin my Christian endeavors.

Only a little bridge! but how should I know that Mattie would suddenly plunge and rear, tossing us both like snowballs against the hard railing!

But she had not been sharp-shod in season, and the laborious effort of keeping her springing trot without slipping had fretted her in the first place, and the sudden upstarting of a man on the bridge frightened the nervous creature beyond control, and the next moment she dashed home without either master or man, for both were prostrate on the bridge.

But John was only stunned, it appeared, for in a few moments, he was carrying me in his strong arms to my own house and my own room. The doctor was called, and my injuries proving only slight, in a few days I felt able to go out again. But wife acted strangely; evidently had something on her mind she dreaded to tell, but to my repeated request, 'Please send for John!' she at length said tearfully, 'Poor John! for once he could not come, sent me ever so urgently; he fainted away the other night just outside your chamber door, and is lying now at the point of death. The doctor said you were hardly able to go out yet, so cautioned me against telling you, but, oh, my dear! she added, 'he so wanted to see the minister last night when he became conscious, that some one went for him in the night, and he told of having stood outside the chapel that night of the meeting, holding Mattie, and listening with his head so close to the door as to hear all that was said, and then he told that on the way home he wanted you dreadfully 'to say a gude word for his pur soul,' as he expressed it, and Dr. Willard thinks he is a Christian, and fully prepared to die.'

But I waited to hear no more, as dashing from the room, regardless of needed caution, I sped with wondrous strides to the side street where John lay in his lowly bed.

Ah! God be pitiful, I saw it all now! the man who sat by my side that night was longing for the pearls I was thinking of casting—as it were—before swine! My golden opportunity was close at hand, and I too blind to see, too deaf to hear!—had even been more solicitous concerning the needs of my find horse than for the needs of this man's immortal soul.

But I was at his bedside!

There he laid; his head thrown back on the pillow, his lips pallid, and the eyes closed. 'Dead!' I thought, and with a mighty regret too great for endurance I called loud:

'Oh, John! come back!'

And as if impossible to hear my voice and not respond with prompt respect, the pale lips murmured feebly:

'Aye—aye—maister-r; an' I'll try, sir-r.'

And he did come back, my faithful John! came back to be the same dear old comfort he had been for ten long

years. But I had missed the 'golden opportunity' of claiming him as my first convert, when alas! so easily, 'It might have been!' But now I never look around among the neighbors to discover if possible who most needs a word in season, and wife never has had to help choose a suitable person on whom to bestow my Christianizing endeavors; I always try the person nearest me, and never find opportunity lacking for constantly exerting a Christian's influence. And zealous and true in his great Master's service, among the most useful and valued members of our pleasant little church ranks—my man John.

Died that He might live.

In a dreadfully cold winter, many years ago, an army was flying from Moscow, a city in Russia. With this army there was a German Prince and some German soldiers. One by one the marching soldiers fell down by the way, and perished of cold and hunger. At length, at the end of one day, when only a mere handful of them were alive, the prince and a few common soldiers, and these were nearly all spent, came up to the remains of a hovel, once built to shelter cattle, now ruined by storms, which had blown it all to pieces.

But in the wild, snow-covered waste they did not despise it; even a prince was glad of a little shelter from the sleet and wind of the coming night which this tumbled-down shed could afford. And there, hungry, cold and weary, he and his men lay down to sleep. The men were rough, stern-looking fellows, yet the sight of one so delicately brought up, used to comforts which they never had known, spent heart and body, come to such want, glad to sleep in such a wretched place, touched them. The sight of him asleep, no bed, no covering, probably sleeping his last sleep, was more than they could stand. They took their own cloaks off, and laid them all on him, gently, one by one, lest they should wake him. He would be warm with these. Then they threw themselves down to sleep.

The night passed. The prince awoke. 'Where am I?' was his first thought. 'Am I at home in bed? I am so warm! and he turned over, and raised himself up to look about. He was not at home. All around was snow, and all was silent save the wind, which whistled through the planks of the broken shed. Where were his men? He stood up and looked, when lo! there they lay, huddled together to keep warm, yet not awake. He spoke, but they answered him not. He advanced to touch them—they were dead! Without their cloaks, too! Where were their cloaks? Another glance towards where he had lain, and all was plain. The prince burst into tears. His men were dead to save him alive. Now, was not the deed, these rough soldiers' deed, a noble deed? Their hearts were gracious hearts; they graciously took upon themselves the death another should have died.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Summer Ended.

That ancient refrain, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved,' has come sounding with solemn significance through the ages. Under these terms of 'harvest' and 'summer,' there is seen to lie special means of grace and spiritual improvement. The terms bear an intimate mutual relation the one to the other. The summer is essential to the harvest. It is the one great condition of summer that the same sun which shineth at all seasons, now at its zenith, pours intense effulgence over the earth. The result, in upspringing vegetation, grains and grasses, is reaping and harvesting time. This is the unvarying connection of summer and harvest.

So in the religious realm we note like phenomena. These figurative representations of the Old Testament are reproduced in the New, as in the parable of the wheat and the tares, taught by him who spake as never man spake. Paul declared Christian believers to be 'God's husbandry,' even as the preacher in Ecclesiastes wisely counselled the sowing of good seed 'beside all waters.' The teaching of the Psalmist connected cause and effect thus: 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubt-

less come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him,' as likewise this: 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' These lively images have to the spiritual apprehension a meaning all their own. They may help a multitude now at the ending of summer to discern what lies along the lines of their own lives.

The summer season is thought by many to have become not what it used to be, as well within the spheres of the Church of Christ as in spheres that lie without and beyond the churches. It has come to be with many, it is feared, the season of spiritual relaxation, rather than one of spiritual recreation. The 'girded loins' of faith and hope, of love and labor in the vineyards of the Lord, give way before the feeling that the soul as well as the body must have a playtime. This, however specious, must be a subtle error—a dangerous damaging mistake. God's spiritual laws never suspend their working. They are in full force in summer as in winter. As the body amid wintry cold or torrid heat is alike furnished without its daily supply of food, so it is as truly with the soul. The prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' must needs include the 'hidden manna,' without which as ministered every day to the child of God he languishes and faints.

The command to "Go work in my vineyard" is coupled with the specification 'to-day,' since all God's commands relate to present and pending claims and duties. The vineyard may not be your accustomed one. It may, perchance, be far removed from that. It may be at the seaside or in the mountain valleys. It may be in a foreign land. Wherever the vineyard is, the direction is, cultivate it to-day.

To-morrow never yet on any human being ever rose or set.

The review thus of the summer ended, the one which as these lines are traced has come to its last close, cannot fail as duly contemplated to be profitable, even if it come to anyone, in a looking back on the weeks and months gone by, with its monitory lessons.

Temperance.

The Bar and its Moaning.

A FREE RENDERING OF A FINE SONG.

Three husbands went reeling home out of the west—
Home out of the west ere the moon went down—
Nor thought of the women who loved them the best,
Or the children expecting them home from the town.
Oh! women must work and women must weep,
When there's all to be earned and many to keep,
And the tavern bar makes moaning.

Three wives sat up past the midnight hour,
And they trimmed their lamps till the moon went down;
They wept o'er their work and looked out through the shower,
Till the night-rakes came reeling with menace and frown.
But women must work and women must weep,
For storms are sudden when drink is deep,
And the tavern bar makes moaning.

The husbands shake out life's sodden sands
In the morning gleam when the moon goes down,
And women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never go back to the town.
But women must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

MRS. G. LINNEUS BANKS.

A Temperance Fable.

There is an old fable that says that an Irish minister was riding along one day when he met Satan, who wanted to make a bargain with him for his soul, and promised he would do any three things the minister required as his part of the agreement, if the minister would surrender.

They came to terms, so the fable goes, and Satan asked, 'What is the first thing?'

'I want you to make a road through the bog. I have to travel round it and it is very disagreeable.'

At the end of a month Satan reported that the first condition was fulfilled and a road had been cut through the hitherto impassable bog.

'Now,' said the minister, 'I want you to make a road through that high and steep mountain. I have to drive over it, and it is very hard travelling.'

The fable says that Satan made the road and came and told the minister, and asked him what was now the third thing to be done.

'I want you,' said the minister, 'to find me a respectable, quiet, good Christian man that keeps a saloon.'

'You've got me there, old fellow!' said Satan, 'This is something I can't do. There never was such a thing!'

So Satan was defeated, and the minister got the best of the bargain. A man of good moral character has to be found in business somewhere outside of a liquor saloon. The two things don't go together.

A Rumseller's Warning.

A man named Stacy, the proprietor of a lighted drinking saloon in New York, signed the pledge and closed his dram shop. On learning that a company of lads had organized themselves as a Temperance Society, he went to them and gave them some of his experience as a rumseller: 'I sold liquor,' said Mr. Stacy, 'for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effect. I have seen a man take his first glass in my place, and afterwards find the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who cannot now buy his dinner. I recall twenty customers worth from one thousand to five thousand dollars, and are now without money, place or friends.'

He warned boys against entering saloons on any pretext. He stated that he had seen a young fellow, member of a temperance society, come in with a friend, and wait while he drank. 'No, no,' he would say, 'I never touch it! Thanks all the same.' Presently rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. 'The lemonade was nothing,' said the rumseller, 'but I know how it would end. The only safety, boys, or for any man, no matter how strong his resolution, is outside the door of the saloon. That man knew what he was talking about, and it will be well for the boys if they heed the warning so kindly given them. A man loses nothing in health, wealth or reputation, by keeping clear of such dens of death and darkness. Thousands have lost everything by hanging about them.—*Christian.*

A Word to Young Ladies.

DO NOT MARRY A MAN TO SAVE HIM.

Any girl who marries a man to save him makes a great mistake. Do not do it. The probability is that instead of saving him you will throw yourself away. That has been the almost universal experience in the past. But the case is very different with those who already have husbands who drink or are becoming addicted to this or any other bad habit. Treat him as you would your brother in this respect. Labor with him. Show him you are deeply interested in his welfare, and how earnestly you desire to 'save' him from the evil consequences of his course. If he is half a man he will be able, with your assistance, to overcome his appetite. Not easily, however. It will require all the manhood he can summon, and all the help you can possibly give him. But if a man, and one who respects himself as such, and whom you can respect, he will succeed at last. Such a habit is terrible, however, and our heartfelt sympathy goes to that wife who has this trial to contend with. Run is truly 'an enemy hard to conquer,' and the worst of it is that it is only half conquered when it seems to be entirely so. Many an appetite is only sleeping, and will be awakened in all its original activity and force by a single glass of wine thoughtlessly given by a friend. Do not marry a drunkard in hopes that you may 'save' him. But if you are so unfortunate as to have a husband who drinks, leave no possible stone unturned, and shrink from no possible effort that will help him out of his evil and terrible habit.