

Family Reading.

Resting.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing."—Isa. xxviii. 12.
Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord;
Resting on the fullness of his own sure word;
Resting on his power, on his love untold;
Resting on his covenant secured of old.
Resting 'neath his guiding hand for un-tracked days;
Resting 'neath his shadow from the noontide rays;
Resting at eventide beneath his wing,
Resting in the fair pavilion of our King.
Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh;
Resting in the life-boat while the waves roll high;
Resting in his chariot for the swift glad race,
Resting, always resting, in his boundless grace.
Resting in the pastures, and beneath the rock;
Resting by the waters where he leads his flock;
Resting, while we listen, at his glorious feet;
Resting in his very arms!—O rest complete!
Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in himself, the Lord our righteousness;
Resting and rejoicing, let his saved ones sing,
Resting, glory, glory be to Christ our King!
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

New Select Serial. A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS. CHAPTER. VII.

MISS GOODWIN'S HISTORY.

Isabel Goodwin had been an only child, petted and indulged in every caprice. Her mother had been a beautiful woman, and a jealous devotee of fashion, whose so-called 'duty to society' was her sole concern in life, and left her neither time nor inclination for anything higher or better. Mr. Goodwin had his sole concern in life, too, namely, a large and prosperous business. He spared himself no toil that he might win every dollar that toil would bring. When he married, he worked that he might be able to give his wife all the luxuries to which she was accustomed; when his daughter was born, he gave himself to work with renewed energy that he might have a fortune to leave her when he died; but as the years passed he grew to love money for itself, and sought to gain it for the mere sake of possessing it. Isabel, beautiful, gifted, having a disposition of rare sweetness—which was wonderful, taking into consideration how she was admired, and flattered, and indulged—lived a life of almost unmitigated pleasure until she was twenty-three. Then came a sorrow that darkened the world for her, so that it was never so bright again. It was the death of him whom she had deeply loved, and who would have been her husband had he lived but a few months longer.

About a year afterward Mrs. Goodwin became a convert, during a wonderful season of revival in the city; and though still living in luxury, she changed her mode of life almost entirely—giving up the theatre, the ball room, and other soul-enslaving pleasures she had loved; putting aside her costliest dresses, giving much to the poor, and connecting herself with numerous charitable societies and institutions.

Mr. Goodwin made no objection to the alteration in his wife, although he was greatly puzzled to know how it had been brought about. Nor did all Mrs. Goodwin's efforts to enlighten him seem to have any effect. He would persist in repeating his first remark:

"But I don't see, Clara, what you expect to gain by it. You had every thing to make life desirable before, and now you go to making a slave of yourself, for no reason whatever, that I can see. As to laying up treasures in heaven, that is all very well for sentimental people to amuse themselves with; but it is a man's honest, and does as well as he knows how, what more can be required of him in simple justice, is beyond my comprehension. However, do as you like; it makes no sort of difference to me, so long as it is no more expensive."

With Isabel it was very different.

For the first time in her life her mother's wishes were directly contrary to her own. As soon as she could possibly do so, after Arthur Stone's death, Isabel had gone back to her old life with feverish eagerness, and soon became gayer than ever—again taking her place as the belle of the circle in which she moved, and constantly surrounded by those who sought her hand. But Isabel had no wish to marry. Her sole purpose was to allow herself no time to think of her irreparable loss. The world wagged its wise head, and said:

"Oh, it was not such a terrible case of heartbreak, after all. Falling in love is a mere pastime now-a-days—soon done, soon over."

But the world did not know. Let those who believe in the world's wisdom beware, lest their oracle deceive them. The world is only wise in its own conceit.

Yes, Mrs. Goodwin's wishes were constantly clashing with her daughter's, now. Some question of propriety was ever arising on which the two were at variance, because they weighed it by two very different standards—the one taking the standard of the gospel; the other, that of the world. Not that they ever quarreled, or said hard things to one another. Neither would have stooped to that. But the sympathy that had before existed between them was almost wholly lost. Both were unhappy about it; but neither would make concessions.

Suddenly there came a great change in Isabel's life. It began on a beautiful Lord's Day in May. She and several of her gay friends had planned an excursion to a place a short distance up the Hudson for the day. They were to go in the morning by train and return by night.

"Oh, Isabel, don't go!" begged Mrs. Goodwin, on hearing of the plan. "Because it is Sunday?" queried Isabel.

"Yes."

"I used to do such things often, mamma, and it never troubled you. Why should it now?"

"You know that my opinion of such things has changed, Isabel. Won't you stay at home to-day, just to please me, if for no other reason?"

"I am sorry to displease you, mamma, but I really must go. I have been prime-mover in all the arrangements, and it would look ridiculous for me to give it up now."

Mrs. Goodwin tried once more, when the morning for the excursion came, to persuade Isabel to stay at home; but with the same result.

"Remember, Isabel, you are desecrating God's holy day," were the last words Isabel heard her mother say as she ran down-stairs to join her friends.

It was a gay party, and none of them gave a thought to what it was, nevertheless, the truth, that they were forgetting God and robbing him of the hours that should have been devoted to his sacred worship, and to grateful remembrance of his wondrous grace in Christ Jesus his Son. In his marvelous patience, our Father often and often allows such offenders to go on unpunished for a long, long time. But this day he had some wise reason for bringing their thoughtless mirth to a sudden and terrible end.

They were within a few miles of their destination, when, in the midst of a burst of laughter following an amusing story told by one of the gentlemen, there was an awful crash, and the car in which they were sitting was hurled down a short, but steep embankment.

Two of the party were killed, and the rest more or less injured. Beautiful, graceful Isabel Goodwin was taken from under a pile of ruins, her limbs crushed, and her spine injured so that she would never walk again.

As soon as her daughter became able to bear conversation, Mrs. Goodwin began to urge upon her the necessity of learning at once the lesson that had been given her. But Isabel declared that she never could love a Being who could punish her so terribly for so slight an offence. Nothing could move her from that decision. She resolutely shut her heart against all thoughts of God, and would neither hear or read of him. She was very gentle about it, never allowing herself to speak harshly to any one, but she was none the less determined.

His beautiful daughter's misfortune was a terrible shock to Mr. Goodwin. He learned at last how much he loved her. For months he left his business in the charge of others, taking Isabel to the noted watering-places of both continents, and consulting physicians of the highest celebrity.

When it was all of no avail, and the poor girl was brought home no better than when she went away, Mr. Goodwin sadly resigned himself to the inevitable, and tried to resume his old routine. But the interest was gone; he seemed to have lost his skill; and one day the silent messenger came, and a cold hand on his heart, and stopped its beating forever.

Isabel had had strong hopes that she might recover by using the proper means. But when every means that experience and skill could suggest had been tried, and she was nothing better, but rather grew worse, she also resigned herself to the inevitable, with an astonishing calmness. She had not been a very zealous student while she was in school; but now she gave herself to study with eager diligence. Since she might no more use her body, she would make the most of her mind. In books she found comfort, pleasure, and society. Most of her gay young friends, after bestowing many expressions of sympathy upon her, gradually let her drop out of their careless thoughts. Some of them came once in a long time to see her; but they said:

"It made us feel so sad—really, it threw us into a nervous head-ache to see her—so that we were quite ill for several days after it!"

Hence their visits were given up, much to Miss Goodwin's relief. But there were a few who were able to appreciate something of her character, who came as often as they could to the invalid's room; and they always expressed themselves better for their visit.

Mrs. Goodwin's health was sadly broken by her husband's sudden death, and her long-continued vigils beside her daughter. Isabel's refusal to listen to her pleadings and seek her Saviour added to her depression; and about two years after the accident she died, leaving Isabel alone in the world.

Alone, and still refusing to avail herself of the only lasting comfort, still refusing to love and trust that gracious One who had promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and who has said: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

As it had been with her then so was it now, after she had been sitting alone those twenty years. "The Lord had shut her in," but she did not know it. She would not listen to him; she would not come unto him.

Never was there a more patient sufferer, a gentler mistress, a more sympathizing friend; her long and earnest study had brought her intellect to noble proportions. What lacked she yet?

I have said that Martha had found in her a wise, able and willing friend. And so she was in all things but one, and that one the most important. From her very nature Miss Goodwin was one of the strongest influences that could have been brought to bear upon Martha's life. Would the influence be good or ill? Good, unquestionably in every possible direction, save one. If Deacon Stirling had known the opinions of the woman with whom his carefully instructed daughter was to be in daily intercourse during such an impressive period of her life, his dismay would have been great indeed. He would have done or sacrificed anything rather than have her remain a single day under such an influence.

The deacon did not know, however—he never knew. Yet One who loved Martha with a more tender love than ever earthly father gave his child—who so loved her that he gave his dear Son for her salvation—knew it all, and he suffered her to remain there. Why, he knew, though Martha did not know for many a day.

As Miss Goodwin, had said, she had become conscious, several months before Martha came, that her eyes were failing, and she could not occupy herself so constantly with reading and study as she had done. She began to be less entirely satisfied with books, and to yearn for companionship. The natural course of circumstances had

deprived her of almost all of her really congenial friends, so that she sometimes passed a whole week without seeing any one but Mrs. Plummer and Lily.

Hitherto, by sheer force of will, she had kept herself remarkably cheerful; though it would have been quite impossible had not her mind been constantly occupied. But she had suffered more than usual that year, and it was difficult to bring her mental powers to so great and steady exertion as before.

"Dear, dear, Miss Goodwin!" Mrs. Plummer would often exclaim, "wouldn't you be contented to put away those books for the rest of the day? I should think you'd expect to wear your mind all out, putting it to such a strain when your body's tormenting you so. You look fit to faint any minute."

Mrs. Plummer was a good house-keeper, a faithful nurse, and a kind, well-meaning woman; but it was not to be expected that she should be able to sympathize truly with such a person as Miss Goodwin. Sitting all day by her window, reading till she could read no more; looking between the half-closed blinds, out into the dazzling light of the street, listening to the footsteps of the passers-by, or to hear some sound of life in the silent house, Miss Goodwin grew more weary and depressed than she had ever known herself to be. She longed, more and more intensely, for some one who would not only be constantly with her, but who would be a real companion—some one to whom she could talk, and feel that she was understood; some one who would read to her and write for her.

Her wish soon assumed a definite form, and she was on the point of advertising for a young lady of intelligence and culture, when Mrs. Iredell—one of the few friends who were still left to her, spend an hour or two with her, after returning from her summer trip to Niagara and the White Mountains. The result of that afternoon's conversation we already know.

To be sure, a young girl who had had neither a good education nor the advantage of living among cultured people, however intelligent she might be, was not precisely such a one as had been in Miss Goodwin's thoughts; and more than once after having consented to take Martha, did she repent having done so. But when Martha stood before her that first night, unconsciously revealing so much of the best that was in her, and especially of her power of sympathy and love, Miss Goodwin felt that she had found more even than she had sought.

It has been an accepted theory that girls are intellectually inferior to boys, and that their minds are not capable of the same amount of culture as boys. This error has been exploded. Experience has proved it untrue.

At the Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Scotch Universities, and the Science and Art Department, the examination for boys and girls is the same. In the Irish intermediate examinations the same papers are given. In the latter fifty-seven per cent of boys passed, and sixty-five per cent of girls. Thus it was now decided that in capacity for mental training girls are quite equal to boys. From this it was rightly inferred that woman's work extends over a wider sphere than our fathers imagined and doors of usefulness closed against them were now being opened.

Kaush Chunder Sen, who died a short time ago in India, was noticeably one of the greatest reformers that has ever appeared among the Hindoos. He has labored especially to break down caste, that giant enemy of all genuine progress among his countrymen; and along with this he has sought to put a stop to polygamy, to remodel the marriage customs, to emancipate and educate woman, to remove all obstructions to the marriage of widows, to prohibit in the most absolute manner all infanticide, with kindred changes, all intended to raise his countrymen out of what he thought the social slough in which they have so long lain. Whether there will be any one of sufficient power and accomplishments to take SEN'S place remains to be seen. His cousin, MOGHOOR DARR, is spoken of as the most likely person to step into the vacant place.

Comfort me with Apples.

We suppose many readers of Solomon's Songs, like the writer, have been often perplexed by these words, as to their true meaning. They are figurative of course, and relate to Christ and His church, but what do they mean? We cannot see any beauty or special meaning. To be comforted with apples, is neither poetical, or spiritual.

There has come into our hands a book, well worth the study of Biblical scholars, "Palestine Explored," by Rev. James N. Il, who had an official residence in Palestine three years, at the time when the ordinance survey was made, and who had a deep and watchful interest in that important scientific work. Among the different subjects of careful and critical study, in the light of facts, prevailing customs of ancient times, he gives his own opinion of the above quotation. This in his translation from the Hebrew:

"Strew me with orange, For I am sick with love."

This he considers to be a true translation, and the substitute of orange for apples to be in harmony with the fact that the apple is not a common fruit in Palestine, but the orange is. He says, "I never ate a good apple in any part of the Holy Land, except near Bethlehem in the 'watered gardens,' belonging to the late Mr. Meshullam, and those were from foreign varieties freshly grafted. This experienced horticulturist assured me, as the result of his five-and-twenty years of fruit culture there, that the apple when thus introduced in a few years entirely deteriorates."

It is therefore his opinion, after a second visit to the East, which enabled him to test carefully previous conclusions and added much to his former experience, that the "apple" of the Scripture is the orange. It is a common fruit in Palestine. The fragrance of its flowers, the sweetness of its refreshing fruit, make it greatly to be desired. The orange-flower in those times and in all countries and times composed the bridal wreath. And there is a beauty and significance, when the church, the bride of Christ, in the fervency of her love, faint with longing for his presence, exclaims—"Adorn me, wreath me as a bride with orange-flowers!"—Watchman.

A Keen Rebuke.

One bright woman brought one hundred and fifty young men to terms by a very ingenious performance at a medical clinic at Blockley Almshouse last week. Three of the fifteen students at the Woman's Medical College occupied seats in the lecture room, and while waiting for the lecturer, who was belated, the class indulged in some noisy demonstration, which was finally directed in the way of playful banter to the women present.

Suddenly Miss A. M. Field, one of the female students, who is widely known as an eminent Baptist missionary in China, arose, and as she began to speak the noise was changed to respectful silence. Gentlemen," she said, "I have been for eighteen years a missionary in China. The Chinese have no medical science and superstitious rites are chiefly relied on in the treatment of disease. All the people are in need of medical aid, but the women are the neediest. A Chinese woman would under no circumstances go to a male physician for the treatment of any disease peculiar to her sex. She would be prevented by her own womanly delicacy and by all the notions of modesty held by those around her. She would suffer life-long agony rather than violate her sense of propriety. Her father, her brothers and her husband would even let her die rather than allow her to be treated by a male physician. Full of sorrow for the sufferings of these women, I have been looking in Christian America to see what hope of help for them might be here. I have been glad to find that in some of our great medical schools earnest and self-sacrificing women are fitting themselves for a work of mercy in Asia and other lands. Unless such women learn to do such work well there is no physical salvation for those afflicted ones. And in behalf of those women, who have no medical care while they so sorely need it, I ask from you the courtesy of gentlemen toward ladies who are studying medicine in Philadelphia."

As Miss Field sat down she was greeted with a cheer, and a member of the class rising assured the ladies in a very gallant speech that no annoyance to them was intended. The timely remarks of Miss Field had touched the inborn courtesy of the young men and taught them a lesson they will probably never forget.—Phil. Record.

A traveller in South Africa witnessed not long ago a singular combat. He noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing him was a host of small ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tall first, followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and his victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's dead body on the field.

The funeral of Mrs. Healy, an eccentric old woman, well known in the neighborhood of Islington as the keeper of a fruit stall, took place at the Finchley Cemetery on Monday afternoon. The deceased, who was said to be of miserly habits, died worth a considerable sum of money. In her will she expressed a wish to be buried in white satin, and to be carried to the grave from the house by four men dressed in clean white smocks. She also directed that £10 should be spent in refreshments by the mourners after the ceremony. A further sum of 10s. was to be spent in long clay pipes and tobacco. A large number of oyster-mongers and others followed the procession, and the wishes of the deceased were carried out in every particular.

Temperance.

Some people profess a great deal of sympathy with the Temperance movement, although they do nothing to help it forward except talk. They remind one of the conduct of a man at a fire. When the fire broke out, a line of men was organized to pass along the buckets of water. One man came up, and, as soon as he saw what was the matter, he cried, 'fire, fire, fire!' but another man who was hard at work said, 'Hold your noise, man, and get a bucket.' A good many people are denouncing the evils of drunkenness, but that is all. To them we say, 'Hold your noise, get a bucket.' We need men just now who are willing to work, give, and pray. We are in the thick of the battle, and want deeds, not words.—Irish Temperance League Journal.

A diagram, published by Mr. John Heywood, and constructed from figures supplied by Mr. William Hoyle, shows at a glance how much is annually spent throughout the United Kingdom in food, in rent, in fuel in Christian missions, and in drink. The highest return is intoxicating liquors, £136,000,000, and the lowest, Christian missions, £1,050,000. The amounts spent on bread and on the rent of houses, are equal, being each £70,000,000.

Temperance principles are spreading in the Baptist denomination. Out of 1,843 ministers, 953 are total abstainers.

Mr. Weston, the American pedestrian, started last week on his feat, which is intended to demonstrate the advantages of teetotalism from an athletic point of view. He will endeavour to walk along turnpike roads 5,000 miles within the space of 100 days, by instalments of 50 miles a day, Sundays excepted. At the termination of each day's task he will lecture on Temperance in the town reached. Mr. Weston is securing the support of some leading Temperance reformers.

The Bishop of Lichfield has sanctioned the dismissal of Mr. Spriggs, the curate of Christ Church, Barton-on-Trent, who has incurred the displeasure of the brewery interest of the town, and also that of his vicar, by publishing a pamphlet attacking the liquor traffic