Rest.

Rest, weary soul!
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done.
Claim his free gift, and make the joy thy own.
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest.
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart!
From all thy aches, grief, and secret pain,
Thy boundless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last.
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,
Light from above has broken through its gloom,
Here in the place where once the Saviour lay,
Where he shall wake them to a future day,
Like wearied child upon its mother's breast
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with the God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Selected Serial.

SHILOH:
OR, WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

In due course of time the increasing years and corresponding infirmities of Mrs. Divine, and the troubles that befell Mrs. Prescott in managing her farm, brought about the removal of the latter to the old homestead, and the consolidation of the two households. It was then duly whispered around that either Alice or her mother had been selected for the Destroyer's next stroke, and that it had become inevitably necessary for the unconscious victim to seek out an available spot wherein to die—the Gwynne Place, as everybody knew, being absolutely ineligible to such an undertaking—a prediction which, I scarcely need say, still awaits fulfilment. Its terrors are now, however, transferred to William Dunn, whose future career will be honoured with an amount of interest on this account, that would scarcely have been accorded to it upon its own merits. If any casualty happens to himself, or if measles, scarlet fever, or any of the ills which childhood is heir to, makes a break in the line of his progeny during the next few years, that will be accounted the occult cause for the expulsion, of which Mrs. Prescott, in her zeal to provide her clergyman with a suitable abode, is only the blind, irresponsible agent.

All this—or as much of it as could be told without jarring upon Mrs. Prescott's sensibilities—we made known to Mr. Taylor, while our little party of five traversed the "short cut across lots" between the Divine homestead and the Gwynne Place. Mr. Taylor had stayed to dinner, which, of course for his presence with us, and had made sure of Ruth by going after her to her first school-fellow, and all at ease, sending shy, surreptitious glances around her, to the evident expectation and dismay of surprising a look of pity, or contempt, or ridicule, upon some ungenerous face. Ruth, of course, healing none, and constantly growing brighter and more courageous thereby. And Alice, as might be expected, had been quick to understand and to second my efforts to make her feel that we were glad to have her with us without treating as if it were an unusual occurrence, calling for either question or comment. So she had gradually drifted to her natural place among us, and her spirits, laying aside their dreary, habitual weight, were fast rising to the sunny level of her youth and the time into harmony with the shining venture, the singing birds, the merry chirp of insects, the rich warm glow of the early afternoon sun.

For her sake I made an unusual effort to be gay. I seized eagerly, therefore, upon every chance for merriment afforded by the peculiarities of the house which Mr. Taylor was so soon to occupy. I ran rapidly over a list of divers charms and counter charms in repute among different nations, from the horse-shoe of the Saxon to the gonds of the African, discussed, in a serio comic manner, their efficacy and adaptation to the case in hand, and deplored the impossibility of procuring a fetich of Swift's brain, or the tail of a leopard, to imbue Mr. Taylor's heart with courage proportioned to his probable or possible needs! I rattled on lightly enough, no doubt, considering the many points where the subject touched unavoidably upon serious things; but my one object was to bring out the rifts of smiles upon Ruth's face, and whenever her gleeful, birdlike laugh rang out over the meadow it is astonishing how joyous her laugh is, when her voice seems to be pressed with the very force of melody. I dwelt, I remember, longer than I should have gained, upon my theory of the Fetich, absurdity to other. In this time I found my reward. Ruth began to answer, as well as to listen and laugh and her gaiety, when it came, was far more genuine and spontaneous than mine.

Mr. Taylor listened to us, for awhile, with a very amused face. Then it grew so burdened with thought that Mrs. Prescott, considering that he stood in need of encouragement, came to the rescue.

"It's all nonsense," she began, in her quick, decided way, "you can secure your Mr. Taylor that he will be happy in the house, just as under a house as there is in Shiloh. I lived there four years, and I never heard a word that I couldn't find a good reason for or say anything more [illegible] Richard than William [illegible] of that art. [illegible] the 'spell' that Miss Frost makes so much of. [illegible] that! If you live there long enough, you'll be there, I guess. I only wish you might, you and all your family!"

The letter of the wish, in spite of its unmistakable friendliness of spirit, provoked a good-natured smile, that Mrs. Prescott felt herself called upon to add an explanatory remark, or rem[illegible], which, however, did not greatly mend the matter.

"You all know what I mean, well enough. St. Jude's hasn't had a rector for over a year or two, at a time, since 'twas built, and I'd like to have one stay long enough to die here once, that's all."

"Thank you," said Mr. Taylor, bowing half-courteously, half-humorously, "I only hope Shiloh and I may suit each other well enough to make such a length of sojourn desirable. But I ought to assure you, Mrs. Prescott, that the evil reputation of the premises has no terrors for me. And as for the 'spell,' Miss Frost, I have no desire to break it, however, that must be as the Lord wills. But I must confess that my thoughts wandered a little during your careful resume of available counter-charms; and I really forget which or how many you recommended for my adoption. I was thinking how universal is this belief in ghosts, spells, signs, &c. Even the worst sceptics in religious matters often partake of it. And I was puzzling myself with the question, whence it springs. In most cases, I imagine it is the result of an unconscious craving after some power behind Nature, and superior to her unalterable laws, which may be disposed to take an occasional interest in human affairs. There are times when natural laws seem so hard, so chill, so unsympathising—as all law must, without love behind it—we are glad to escape from their hands into any others which are capable of voluntary action. In short, I suppose it is the ignorant, unrenewed soul's spontaneous reaching out after God. If men only knew it to be such, how much better it would be for them!"

"And I have been thinking," replied I, "that these same superstitions have their value as an involuntary concession to the spiritual part of man. Men do understand—and all the materialistic philosophy that was ever taught cannot persuade them to the contrary—that there is both within and without them, somewhat, a power, an essence, or an influence, which, while it works harmoniously enough with and through the laws of matter, is not obedient to them, but immeasurably above and beyond them. Superstitions do not come of the earthly, sensual part of man; they have little or nothing to do with the faculties that are employed in adding barn to barn, field to field, they belong, however mistaken or degraded, to his spiritual nature, and are born of his spiritual needs, and therefore I am inclined to concede them some slight claim to respectful consideration."

"And I think," said Mrs. Prescott, sharply, "that they are a great deal too foolish to waste so many words about—but here we are, and now work, and not talk; is to be the order of the day, at least for those who can't do both at once; and I always find that when my tongue is still my hands move the fastest."

The Gwynne Place had certainly nothing in its exterior to warrant its occupying so much space in our talk, or in this letter. It was simply a gray, reverend farm-house, with a long row of maples in front, and a large, dense orchard in the rear. Time and weather had left legible enough traces upon it, and it had the forlorn look of emptiness about it, but otherwise, it was a house as little suggestive of ghostly tenants as could well be conceived.

We found its interior in a perplexing state of topsy-turvity, but Mrs. Prescott set to work, with her usual energy and directness of purpose, and soon cleared a space for action. Then she produced, from some quarter, a kettle of paste, several rolls of wall-paper, scissors, and brush, and set about measuring, cutting, trimming, pasting, and hanging, as if she had been born to the business.

Ruth, too, threw herself into the work with a cheerful alacrity, and heartiness that it was good to see. Having first helped Mr. Taylor to clear the parlour, she found the carpet thereto appropriated, satisfied herself that it required no other fitting than a little turning in on one side, rummaged about for a hammer and tacks, and went down upon her knees and commenced operations at once. The quick, sharp sound of her hammer echoed through the houses and it was followed by a cheery little carol from her lips, that seemed to bubble up from the very well-spring of joyfulness, I could not help stopping to watch her a moment, she looked so bright and happy; and she did her work so easily and so well, with a simple, unconscious grace that gave it the rare charm of play.

"Ghosts would not endure the spectacle for a moment," I was saying to myself, when I was startled by a deep, unexpected voice behind me.

"Well! if I ain't dumbounded!"

CHAPTER XXI.

SETTING TO RIGHTS, WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Looking round, I saw Aunt Vin's calico sunbonnet jerking spasmodically in the doorway while the wearer thereof was taking in the whole scene, with an amazed glance.

"Is that Ruth Winnot?" she proceeded, after a moment, "or is it a pictoral allusion?"

"How do you do?" said I, holding out my hands. "Speak for yourself, Ruth, and tell Miss Rust whether you are a special illusion, or not."

"My very own self, Aunt Vin!" declared Ruth, merrily, holding her hammer suspended over a nail, while she spoke, and then bringing it down sharply, by way of point to her sentence, "If you doubt it, pinch me, and see if I don't cry out like real flesh and blood!"

"That would be concussive evidence," returned Aunt Vin, drily. "But, bless me Miss Frost! what sort of hokers-pokers have you been a-trying on the girl? I shouldn't have known her, if I'd have met her anywhere's out of Shiloh. She used to look like Patience on emolument, spinning with grief, now, she's a good deal more like a butterfly born in a flowery. She'll be the sinecure of all eyes, this afternoon, I guess."

Ruth's face fell. That was exactly what she dreaded most. I hastened to give a different colour to her thoughts.

"Do not be turning Ruth's head with your compliments, Miss Rust! If she is pretty enough to attract everybody's gaze, it is not necessary to tell her of it. I cannot afford to have her spoiled with vanity, yet."

Aunt Vin stared hard for a moment, then her grim features slowly relaxed into a smile, and her head jerked a kind of assent-admiration.

"You ought to have seen a dispermat-or, a file officer! You're deep enough to beat Tetlerynos and Michael Yelli!"

Then she turned to Ruth. "Well, anyhow, I'm just as glad to see you born, as if I had sore eyes, and you was some sort of patent delirium. And the sight of your industry is real respiring! It reminds me that it's high time I was set about something, myself. I'm always restless and uneasy when I don't to work at something. Who is the queen-bee *pro temporal* of this hive, Miss Frost?"

I could not answer. Aunt Vin's opening sentence had sent me in haste to the window, to laugh my irrepressible laugh unseen. Ruth saw my condition, and came to the rescue.

"I can't say who the queen-bee is, Aunt Vin; but you will find Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Prescott in the other room, if you want directions, or you can set yourself to work, as I did, one can't go much amiss, in this house—there is work enough for all that come, and more too, I fancy."

"Oh, you'll have an enforcement soon," replied Aunt Vin, encouragingly. "Essie Volger's on a-foot now, I guess; I saw her horse at the gate, as I came along, and there's two or three—unmentionables we call 'em—who're sure to come, just to see that your carpet goes down concisely straight, Ruth, and to take a look at Mr. Taylor's goods and chattels, and make sure that he hasn't got any more carpets and curtains and pots and kettles, and other personal defects, that the law allows," she added, dryly, as her vibratory sunbonnet disappeared from the doorway.

Ruth and I looked at each other, and gave way to the irresistible contagion of repressed mirth. She was the first to recover herself.

"Aunt Vin is a great deal too good to be laughed at," she observed, wiping her eyes, "my conscience rebukes me every time I do it. But she does say such absurd things! what is one to do?"

"Only to take care that she does not see the laugh, and feel hurt by it. I respect Aunt Vin's character from the bottom of my heart, Ruth—her active kindness, her ready sympathy, her voluntary assumption of tasks which others shun, are worthy of all honour, but her vocabulary is fairly a subject for mirth, I think, if the laugh is unmingled with any disrespect toward herself. But I must not linger here any longer, laughing at that, nor enjoying the pretty spectacle of your bright activity; it is time I followed her good example, and found something to do."

"Not away from me!" exclaimed Ruth, in affright. "If you desert me now, when all these people are coming, I'll never put faith in you again."

The difficulty was settled by the appearance of Mr. Taylor, with a pile of muslin curtains in his arms.

"I am ashamed to bring you these, Miss Frost," said he, surveying them dubiously, "but such are Mrs. Prescott's orders. To be sure, they are all the parlour curtains we have, or are like to have, but that last wash seems to have established their claims to go on the retired list. Fortunately, life is possible without parlour curtains. Relieve my mind by saying that you will have nothing to do with them."

"And burden my conscience? No, no, Mr. Taylor, you have brought me a job after my own heart, and I cannot resign it so easily. I have a genius for darning and patching, as you will allow when your curtains are made to look 'maist as weel as new.'"

"A sure sign that you are destined for a poor man's wife," said a cheery voice at my elbow; "leave the curtains, Mr. Taylor, and I will help Miss Frost to rejuvenate them, that is, if she will accept of my coadjutorship."

"Thank you, I could not wish for a better. How do you do, Miss Volger?"

"If I were sure you would give it the right interpretation, I should say 'None the better for seeing you'—at my house, I mean; in other words, much the worse for not seeing you. Is that poor, little call of mine never to be returned? I shall keep coals of fire on your head by making you another."

"I devoutly wish you would! It would be a refreshing oasis of real kindness in the dreary desert of visiting etiquette. But I am coming to pay my debt—no, to see you—very soon. Do you know my friend here—Miss Winnot?"

Ruth looked up shyly from her work, and flushed crimson, but there was something very reassuring in the frank cordiality of Miss Essie's smile, and the easy grace with which she stooped to shake hands. The cheery glow of the smile was quickly reflected on Ruth's face, and the flush went almost as fast as it came.

"Yes, I know Miss Winnot—by sight," said Miss Essie, "but not nearly so well as I wish I did. I see her at church, perched 'up aloft,' like the cherub that takes care of poor Jack—and singing like one, too—and I had a vague impression that, when she got through, she spread her wings, and flew up into the seventh heaven, or some place equally out of the reach of ordinary mortals. And to find her here—of all things in the world!—nailing down carpets! But it is a gratification to have such satisfactory evidence that she's at home in the sphere of humanity, and does not live above the toils and interests of common life. And I consider it a highly providential circumstance that we meet here to-day, for I want to consult her about a project I have in view."

Ruth dropped her hammer, and waited, with a puzzled, yet pleased, expression for what was to come next. Evidently she was amazed to find herself drifting thus swiftly and quietly into the strong current of active life, from any pleasant participation wherein she had believed herself to be distinctly marked out by the baleful shadow of deformity, and from which she had held so persistently aloof. Yet no sooner did she appear than her place among the workers and the interests of the outside world opened to her as if by magic, and her tenure seemed accounted a fixed fact! It only goes to show how universal are the ramifications of human interests—how many and kindly the twining tendrils of affection. No one need to be a recluse except by his own fault. If he find himself constantly overlooked and ignored in the general interchange of charities, it is nearly certain to be the result of some incapacitating defect in his own sympathies—some chilling inability of manner, or heavy inert unresponsiveness of feeling. But Ruth had none of these. Like the angel with whom Jacob wrestled of old, she was ready enough to attract everybody's gaze, it is not necessary to tell her of it. I cannot afford to have her spoiled with vanity, yet.

"You do wonders with that accordion of yours," Miss Essie went on, after a moment's pause, seeing that she was to get no other answer than the waiting, listening look in Ruth's eyes, "it is a mystery to me how you get so much music out of it. If there is as much shut up in every other instrument of the sort, what a life-long imprisonment it undergoes! But I wanted to ask you if it would grieve you very much to have your accordion displaced by a melodeon?"

I gave a little start. Ruth's face beamed with pleasure.

"It would not grieve me at all, Miss Volger, I should be delighted. I have only used my accordion in church, occasionally, because it was a little—a very little—better than nothing. It helped to fill up, as we had so few voices; sometimes, you know, there is nobody but Eben Hyde and me. But is there really a prospect of our having a melodeon? And who is to play it?"

Miss Essie. There is just that—a prospect. I know where a second-hand melodeon—in perfect order, and really, as good as new—can be bought for fifty dollars. Mrs. Danforth promises to give ten, I will give as much more, and I mean to try my luck begging, for the balance. Such an onslaught as I shall make on the double-barricaded pockets of our Shiloh farmers, next week!

Mala. There goes your cherished plan into fragments!, Miss Essie will get the melodeon, and play it, and you will have neither lot, nor part, nor—worst of all—credit, in the matter.

Miss Essie (with evident effort). And I have taken a vow that nobody shall escape me. Every man, woman, and child, that I meet is to be button-holed, and discoursed to upon the blessedness of giving—"Small sums thankfully received: large ones"—with incredulity! Have you either a large, or a small one, to give me, Miss Frost?

Mala. It is too much to be asked to assist in your own discomfiture! Since she has taken the work out of your hands, let her get through with it as best she can.

I (coldly). I don't know. I will think about it, Miss Volger.

Essie looked disappointed and chilled, and bent over her work, interweaving her needle in and out among the threads of a darn, with great precision and persistency. Ruth drove a nail or two, plainly with a divided mind, and then broke out afresh.

"I do hope we may get that melodeon! it would add so much to our services! But who will play it, Miss Volger?"

I had thought of asking Miss Frost to do us that favour, while she stays in Shiloh," replied Essie, in a formal, spiritless way. "I have heard that her playing is something wonderful."

Mala (pricking up her ears). Ah! you are not to be ignored entirely, it appears! Perhaps you can afford to do something for them, after all.

Bona (with extreme severity). It is your glory, then—not God's—which is in question?

I (reproachfully). You know I took so much pleasure in the prospect of making Him an offering of the melodeon! and that I reserved Uncle John's cheque for that express purpose!

Bona. An offering to Him! it looks more like an offering to Self! Otherwise you would rejoice to see that the Holy Spirit had stirred up another heart to activity in His service, and would willingly stand aside and give it way. So the Lord's work be done according to His will what can it matter who does it?

Mala. But in many cases you know you could do it so much better than any one else!

Bona. That you can never know. God, surely, understands the adaptations of His instruments to the end He has in view, and His strength can be made perfect in their weakness. Can you ever be sure that you have been taken into His counsels, and that your end and His are the same?

I (gloomily). What, then, am I to do in this matter?

Bona. Say, rather, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Contribute, in your proportion, to the purchase of the melodeon, and save the balance of your cheque for any future needs, to which the parish may not so readily respond.

Mala. It looks so much more generous to give fifty dollars in a lump, than to dole it out, little by little?

Bona. Looks so to whom?—God?

Mala was, plainly, disconcerted.

Bona. Moreover, let Miss Essie play the melodeon, if she can do it tolerably, as no doubt she can. It is her rightful place, if she cares for it, not yours. Christian courtesy and humility alike demand that you, an outsider, should not thrust yourself, or allow yourself to be thrust into any position which can be filled as well, and more legitimately, by another. There is always enough of quiet, unostentatious, yet most true and laudible, service, to be done for God, which no one will dispute with you. Save your strength for the point where it is most need. Strive to be, in the Church, what gravitation is in Nature—itself unseen, but keeping all things, whether small or great, active or motionless, in their appropriate places and doing their appointed work.

I sat, gloomly unresponsive, staring out of the window.

Bona (gathering her forces for a final assault). Perhaps the Christian grace, of all others the hardest to attain, is humility. To stand aside, when we have fought the battle well-nigh to the end, and let another bear off the spoils and the honors of victory—to sow prayerfully, and water patiently, and cheerfully resign the increase to an aftercomer, these are the things which show the kind of stuff we are made of! We can conceive—most reverently be it spoken!—that the Son of God Himself—if He had been required to give up His great work of redemption to an archangel, after He had meditated over it, and prepared for it, and "desired it with desire," from the silent reaches of eternity—would have felt a momentary unwillingness to resign, not the praise—not the gratitude—not the glory, but the tender joy of self-sacrifice, the deep-down, bitter sweet delight of vicarious suffering, the thrilling ecstasy of success. But He would have conquered it, you know!

There was a brief struggle. Then I brought my eyes and my thoughts back to the work in hand. As soon as I could command my voice, I said, as cordially as possible,—

"I have been thinking over that matter of the melodeon, Miss Essie, and when you have made your threatened assault on those pockets, will you do me the favour to let me know the August of the decision?"

"Oh! certainly, thank you" she exclaimed, recovering her wonted ease and animation of manner, at once. But further conversation was stopped by a fresh arrival.

To be continued.

—The reason why men succeed who mind their own business is that there is so little competition.

—There is said to have been discovered a kind of tobacco which if smoked or chewed, will make a man forget that he owes a dollar in the world. We must have some specimen sent us to try it.—Ex.

—A gossiping woman, intent on slander, went into her neighbor's and exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair: "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!" "That isn't your fault," quietly responded the neighbor.

—The chaos of certain sermons we have heard recalls the state of the domestic department allotted to Sambo—"Massa say, 'A place for ebery ting, and ebery ting in its place!' Sambo better out dan massa! Sambo had seberal places for ebery ting!"

—One Sunday evening an experienced pastor, who strongly inculcated expository preaching, met a young brother evangelist returning from a day's work. An inquiry elicited that the young man had spoken from the words, "I flee from the wrath to come." "Ah!" replied the elder divine, significantly, "I'll give you a more startling text than that for your sermon, "Hang all the law and the prophets."

—A parson under whose roof a bishop designed to lodge on the night preceding confirmation, carefully schooled his errand boy in the office of taking up hot water to his lordship in the morning and receiving his lordship's instructions. He was to knock at the door, and when the bishop said "whose there!" he was to answer, "It is the boy, my lord." But when the crisis actually arrived the flurried lad answered, "It is the Lord, my boy."

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