## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

BY M. K. F.

TRUST.

Something better than my own way My Father is showing me, day by day : How to enter that realm of rest-That refuge of spirits by sin oppressed.

My restless will runs to and fro, Hurriedly seeking some great work to do; Or filled is my heart with deep despair Because of the sinfulness hidden there.

" Consider the lilies how they grow;" No thought of wearisome toil do they know :

From rain and sun and fragrant air, They gather their beauty and perfume rare.

So, in the sunshine of God's love, Waiting his showers of grace from above, I dwell in him through trusting prayer, While he robes my soul in his righteous ness fair.

Our Serial.

MURIEL'S KEY-NOTE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTER THAT CAME.

Nobody saw much of Mr. Rivers that evening. He chose to sit gloomily apart in his study-sure sign with him of a disturbed mind. Lilias was poorly from the effects of her fright, and Mrs. Bertram waited upon her with a dignified species of motherly anxiety. She swept about gracefully, and was never hurried, but had eyes and ears for nobody else.

What Mr. Rivers did with himself could only be conjectured. Arthur being once sent on an errand to the study, was questioned on his return, and briefly replied that "Grandpapa seemed bothered."

"Where was he sitting ?" " In his arm-chair."

postscript, but I have not often the op-A word more would have undone the portunity of giving you a thought. effect. Mr. Rivers frowned sternly at "Believe me, your affectionate "Very well. Take your choice. Brother,

Either I put the letter behind the fire, or you read it aloud to me in my over. A farrage of nonsense."

"I will read it aloud." "Come, then."

study."

Mr. Rivers went off with a jerk, and Muriel followed. She was used to the peremptory tone, and only trembled at possible utterances in the letter. Yet she trusted to John's prudence.

"Now !" said Mr. Rivers. " Mind -no omissions or alterations."

And Muriel began : "Fudge," said Mr. Rivers.

"' Your letter made me very unhappy this morning, for our poor Sybel, and Chesney too. O it does seem sad, but God knows best, and some day we shall see the why.' "

"Go on. It is not worth dawdling over," said Mr. Rivers.

" John and I think with you that it will bring them home before long. India will indeed seem dreary to them after this. I don't know whether grandfather will like me to write to

you\_\_' " "Don't know indeed !" said Mr. Rivers in a subterranean growl.

" But I can't resist sending a few words. We often think about you all, and John never prays without bringing in your name and grandfather's.' ' "Much obliged," said Mr. Rivers ;

but the working of his features was not all scornful.

with his face hidden, hardly able to her lips. But scarcely had she done

clear her throat, and Mr. Rivers said

all will come right. The children are

well, and often talk of "dear Cousin

Muriel" - Connie especially. John

will write a postscript, so I must stop.

Believe me, dearest, ever your own

"Enough, in all conscience," said

Muriel had glanced on slightly.

'Grandpapa, you will not enjoy hear-

"Finish," said Mr. Rivers conclus-

"' Just a few words, dear Muriel.

We are writing to Sybel, and will not

send messages by you. Do not talk

can be no music if the heart is not in

" Hey ?" said Mr. Rivers.

Muriel had to obey.

Mr. Rivers. "What does that fellow

loving cousin

say next ?"

ing it."

ively.

tune.' "

life.

" Rosie."

stiffly, "Make haste, if you please."

glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments " JOHN RIVERS."" of crystal, she turned to the company, "Brother ! No," said Mr. Rivers saying : " Let no friend hereafter who harshly. "Well, that is a good thing loves me tempt me to peril my soul for

wine. Not firmer are the everlasting To Muriel it seemed that the harshhills than my resolve, God helping me, ness was somewhat forced. If there never to touch or taste the poison cup. were any softening, however, it proved And he to whom I have given my hand, to be of short duration. She went who watched over my brother's dying away quietly, not a little surprised at form in that last solemn hour, and being allowed to keep her letter. But buried the deaf wanderer there by the when again she saw Mr. Rivers, he

river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve."

ment, and instantaneously every wine-

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, were her answer. The judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his

He was a "good and faithful servant ;" he doubled the talents given him; he was rewarded accordingly that is about all the story tells the ordinary reader. But there is a little intimation how he managed to double them. He " went and traded with the same." He turned them over, and

Just how he traded is not told in the parable ; but if it was in the line of the best trading nowadays, it was by quick sales and small profits. If he had gone into the market-place with his ten talents, and waited for a chance to make his hundred per cent. all at once, he would probably have waited till his lord came back and asked for an accounting; and he would have had no any extra of any kind. The contrast is (6 months.)

until, when his lord came home, the

accumulated profit had doubled the

original capital. Half a per cent.

profit is very little, but half a per cent.

a week is thirty-five per cent. a year

and the lord of that servant might

have come back in scarce more than

two years and found his capital doub-

led, and all done in insignificant little

Is not this very much the way it is

in Christian service ? Men often think

they will not do anything for Christ

until they can do something noticeable

and handsome. They want their tal-

ents to bring in a big profit on each

transaction. But those big opportuni-

ties happen very seldom. Every week

and every day there are little oppor-

tunities ; chances for a word, a smile,

a cup of cold water. Each of these is

an investment for the Master, not at a

large profit, but at a satisfactory one

and when the Lord cometh the grand

total of profit we can hand in to him as

our account will be made up of these

little half per cent. transactions, which

count up in the end more than the

large ones. It is on these that we get

compound interest. It is these that

show the good Christian financier, who

took his talents and traded every day

with the same, accepting every oppor-

RANDOM READINGS.

the back of courage.-Spurgeon.

Faith puts a strengthening plaster to

profits.



seed they sell) I was the first seedsman in Huse seed they sell) I was the first seedsman in the Un States to warrant (as per catalogue) their purity and fresh My new Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1886 will sent **FREE** to all who write for it. Among an immense var my friends will find in it (and in none other) a new drumhead bage, just about as early as Henderson's, but **nearly twice large** ; James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mar

March 17, 1886.

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wine," ran through the bridal party.

and her heart beat wilder. "Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a

low tone, going toward his daughter "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own home do as you please ; but in mine, for this once,

please me." Pouring a brimming cup, they held it, with tempting smiles, toward Mar-"' If things were but different ! O ion. She was very pale, though com-

we do so long for that. John saw posed; and her hand shook not, as grandfather yesterday, and when he smiling back, she gracefully accepted came home he was quite upset, and sat the crystal tempter, and raised it to

said in his most severe manner :

goes behind the fire unopened."

"Mind--the next letter that comes

And Muriel knew that he meant it.

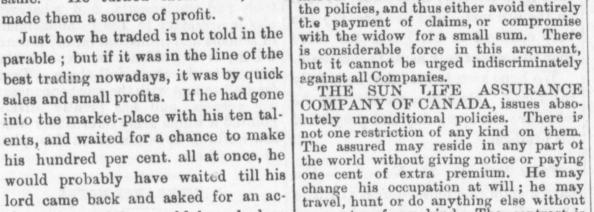
THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

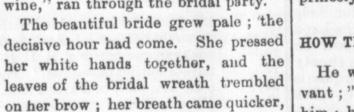
"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with

princely home.-Selected.

### aurv Assurance Co., HOW THE TALENTS WERE DOUBLED.

INCONDITIONAL INCONTESTA. Assets about \$1,300,000 THE objection is very often made to Life Assurance that the Companies may take advantage of some of the numerous and complicated conditions on





" What was he doing ?" " Nothing." " Not reading ?"

" Nothing. " What had he said ?"

" Almost nothing."

Arthur seemed disposed to do the same, and escaped. Later, he confided to Muriel that he had walked in by mistake, thinking a voice answered, and had found Mr. Rivers with his head down on the table, and a white handkerchief spread over it.

"And, Muriel, when he started up, you don't know how wretched he looked."

" Poor grandfather."

" I couldn't tell you !" said the boy. "It was that sort of hungry gnawing look that one sees sometimes in a poor half-starved person. He looked just miserable. I thought he would be furious at my mistake, but he only said, 'Be off !' So I put down the parcel, and made myself scarce in a hurry." "I believe he longs for John every

day of his life," said Muriel. "Then why doesn't he send for

him ?"

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"He would be vexed at things John does, and he prides himself on never changing."

"It's the stupidest thing a man can about the difficulty of feeling happy, ever pride himself on," said Arthur indignantly. " It is either making out oneself a pope, and infallible, or else drooping head. declaring that one will never be wiser than to-day. No sense in it either sermon. way. I believe nine people in ten count themselves popes, without knowing it." key-note yet.""

After which Arthur drew in his horns, not being wont to let out so much. Muriel wished sometimes that he would be more open with her, but she did not take much pains to bring about that end.

At breakfast next morning the post came in as usual, bringing, for a wonder, only a single letter, that being addressed to Muriel. Letters were always handed on a salver to the old gentleman. Muriel saw his moustaches curl, as if on receipt of an excitementtelegram from his brain. " I am not going to have this sort of

thing !"

speak. You know it takes a good so when every hand was arrested by deal to overcome John, but he never her piercing exclamation of "O, how can shake off the old clinging to poor terrible !"

"What is it ?" cried one and all grandfather, and anything to do with thronging together, for she had slowly old days has such power over him.' " carried the glass at arm's length, and This part of the letter was received in dead silence. Muriel found her was fixedly regarding it. task a nervous one. She stopped to

next week ; and more still the next, "Wait," she answered, while light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes-" wait, and I will "But we do hope that some day tell you. I see," she added slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather ; they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly ! his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands before him-nay, I should say, kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"O! the high, holy-looking brow. again about "not Sjoicing." There Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls ! See him clasp his hands ! Hear his thrilling shrieks for "Grandpapa, I only said something life ! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved ! O ! hear him call piteously his father's name, see him twine his fingers "Get on. I suppose he has sent a together, as he shrieks for his sisterhis only sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native

tunity to make a little, and thus gained "See !" she exclaimed, while the the "Well done." It is the man who bridal party shrank back, the untasted does common duties every day to the wine trembling in their faltering grasp, best of his powers, neglecting no smalland the judge fell overpowered upon est occasions, that gives the world the example of a living Christian character, heaven-he prays-how wildly ! for and secures a larger harvest of blessing mercy; hot fever rushes through his than many an ambitious and noisy proveins. He moves not ; his eyes are fessor of religion.-Independent. set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend

whispers the name of father and sister -death is there. Death-and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to soothe him. His head sinks back ; one convulsive shudder-he is dead !"

those who are truly religious.-Wm. A groan ran through the assembly : Secker. so vivid was her description, so un-To the dinnant objection that God

emarkable with other policies. more to show for his stewardship than Ask an Agent to show you one; it the unfaithful servant who hid his speaks for itself. lord's money. At the end of the first

1886

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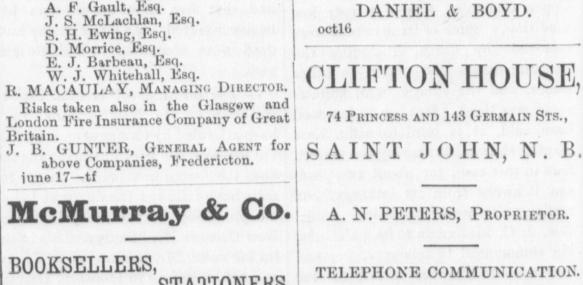
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night with stein conce DANIEL & BOYD. "And a

> Oh, mothe only knew hear Rubi "You o said Eva. me to be cert with looks as if the ark, wherever " And old pea-gr bonnet," s her, either binstein,

miss the o couldn't e Aunt Hes escort us. it yesterd mised to the light back on t " But think ?" troubled. offended. excuse to

"I wl e had r

every one having to play a tune in his seat-" see ! his arms are lifted to

" 'You have not found your keynote yet. I thought of you a day or two ago, when I canie across these words.'---Shall I read them, grandpapa ? Only a quotation about music ?"

Muriel obeyed once more.

spirit. So you have not found your "Hey ?" repeated Mr. Rivers. "It was only an idea of ours, about

Rivers, who was like a good many

what he did not understand.

" Go on."

other people in condemning always

"Very childish idea," said Mr.

" Before a tune can be created, a earthly her look, so inspired her man-

as things are now," said Muriel, with " Remember those words, " Rejoice always," and try to live in their land

THE PARTY AND