

NEW EVERY MORNING.

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

Our Serial.

MURIEL'S KEY-NOTE.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER X.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

"Ray! No!" exclaimed John.
"Why, Cramer?" said Rosamund
in amazement.

"You didn't expect to see me here,
of course."
"About as much as the man in the
moon. Sit down, and account to us
for your appearance. Rose and I are
very glad to see you."

"You have not been near this place
for years," observed Rosamund.
"Eight years," said Cramer.

He sat down in a despondent atti-
tude, putting his hat upon the tiger's
head, and hanging his own somewhat.
Rosamund thought he looked like a
man fresh from a rebuff.

"Where are you staying?" she
asked. "Not at the inn, I hope.
Can't you sleep with us?"

"Thanks—no. I am at Copenhagen
Cottage."
"The Tea-caddy?"

"Well, yes—some old acquaintances
of mine have come there. The Roke-
bys."

"I don't think I have heard them
spoken of. Why didn't you come to
us?"

"I don't know. The coming at all
was a sudden notion. Mrs. Rokeby
had sent a message of general invita-
tion, and I felt inclined to see Claver-
ton again."

"And are you staying long?"
"I have just made up my mind—
pretty nearly—to go back to-morrow."
"So soon?"

"Well, yes. No good in staying
longer."

"That speaks ill for Claver-ton
attractions," said John, and he fidgeted.
"London attractions may be the
stronger."

John and Rosamund exchanged
stealthy glances.

"What a shame this is about the old
gentleman!" exclaimed Cramer sud-
denly. "Scandalous! You of all
people!"

"Who told you?" asked John.
"Everybody seems to know it—here,
I mean. The news never reached me
before. I could hardly believe my
ears. You don't say he really will
not speak to you?"

"Not precisely. He spoke to me
this afternoon."
"He did?"

"Yes. There was a slight accident,
and I offered my services."
"Did he accept them?"

"No."
"He does not speak to John wil-
lingly, at any rate," said Rosamund.
"It has been all along a very painful
business."

"Painful! Why, John and he were
inseparable. I shall never believe in
human love again," said Cramer Ray,
with a bitterness hardly to be account-
ed for by the matter in hand.

"Don't," said John quietly. "Put
not your trust in any child of man;
but 'trust ye in the Lord for ever.'"
Cramer's face showed no response.
"That used not to be your style,"
he said.

"No. It is now, thank God."
"Well—you have reason to quote
that particular text, if any one has. I
suppose there was a time when you'd
put trust in him. And you two used
to get on wonderfully together—though
most people don't find him attractive."

"He was as a father to me, till—"
"Till when?"

"Till difficulties began. But I can
never forget all the kindness that went
before."

"A good many people would lose
sight of it in the unkindness since."
"Impossible."

"May be so to you. It would not
be to everybody."
"I know how he must be suffering."
"If so, he brings it on himself," said
Cramer.

"Our self-brought troubles are
usually our worst."
"I believe you there," said Cramer
abruptly. "It is a self-brought trou-
ble my being here at all. I wish I had
had more sense."

"Why?"
"Never mind."

"Cramer, have you seen my grand-
father or Muriel?" asked Rosamund.

"Mr. Rivers! He would as soon
speak to a dog as to me—a good deal
sooner, probably. I am too sweet for
him," added the young man, with a
laugh, not quite pleasant in tone.

"He doesn't approve of sugar—except
in his tea. I am not many degrees re-
moved from a grocer, in his idea. And
Mrs. Bertram holds with him. She is
as proud as an empress."

"Have you seen any of them?"
"I saw Muriel—for a minute. And
I saw where I stood too."

Rosamund would have said an en-
couraging word, but she read caution
in John's face.

"Muriel is very much admired out
of her own home," observed John.
"I should suppose she was aware of
that fact."

"Hardly in human nature not to
be," said John. "But I never knew
a beautiful woman more free from
petty vanity."

"Anyway she is out of my reach,"
said Cramer moodily.

Neither spoke. John's look re-
strained Rose.

"Easy to see that you think the
same," added Cramer.

"Did you come to ask that ques-
tion?" asked John.

"Well, I suppose I did. Do you
suppose there is a grain of hope for
me?"

John was sorry for him, and sorry
for the answer which he felt himself
impelled to give. He spoke gently:
"I can say nothing as to Muriel her-
self. She was very young in those
days. I am afraid you have no good
look-out as concerns my grandfather
and aunt."

"I'll go back to London, and do my
best to forget the past—smother it in
sugar!" said Cramer, harping uncom-
fortably on the subject of his business.

"Only, sugar preserves things. I don't
want those feelings preserved. Can't
think why on earth I came down here,
to have them revived. I am not a man
of impulse generally."

"Were they dead before?" asked
Rosamund, with the least possible curl
of her lip.

"I thought so—nearly."
"O well, then they will soon die
again."

Cramer did not quite like that. He
glanced suspiciously from one to the
other, but John's face was partly
shaded.

"What brought on the split between
you and Mr. Rivers?" he asked, drop-
ping his own affairs.

"Different difficulties," said John.
"He and you might possibly agree in
condemning certain lines of action, to
which I felt myself bound."

"He used to class you as a clergy-
man of the right sort—no cant about
you."

"Just so," said John, with calm-
ness. "It was quite a business trans-
action in those days. Being called in
to dying folks was slightly embarrass-
ing, but it was not difficult to make
light work of parish calls generally.
Plenty of time over, for gaiety."

"And now?" Cramer spoke curi-
ously.

"Now I know the solemn responsi-
bility of my trust. Yet my Master's
service is all joy," added John, with a
smile.

"Well—I don't wonder so much
now at your getting into a scrape with
the old gentleman."

"It was Muriel's affair which brought
things to a climax," said Rosamund.
"John managed to keep matters
pretty smooth till then."

"What affair?"

"Sir Timothy Northbrook proposed
for her," said Rose. "Grandfather
urged it on, and aunt Mary would
scarcely hear of a refusal. Muriel was
in despair, for he is very ugly, and
quite old, and a man with scarcely two
thoughts in his brain. He has title
and wealth, and that was all they cared
for. I suspect they wanted to get
Muriel off their hands, in a respectable
manner. John, am I very naughty to
say that? Isn't it true?"

"Shameful," muttered Cramer.
"It almost seemed as if she were to
be forced into the marriage, in spite of
all her determination. So John just
came forward, and threw himself into
the breach. He defended Muriel to
my grandfather, and he spoke out so
plainly to Sir Timothy about Muriel's
real feelings, that Sir Timothy drew
back at once. I don't know what else
could have stopped it. Muriel can be
very resolute, but even she was fright-
ened at my grandfather's anger. John
bore all the brunt of it, and sheltered
her, but that finished off our inter-
course with anybody at the Manor.
We haven't been under its roof since."

Cramer was silent for a minute.

"But after all that was not the only
cause of your split," he remarked.

"That was merely the occasion,"
said John. "The cause lay deeper."

"John had steered clear of a good
many rocks before—not over easily,"

said Rosamund, with a little shake of
her head. "Opposition came to be a
duty that time. I think Muriel would
soon have been in a brain fever, if he
had not acted as he did."

"Poor girl," muttered Cramer.
"Sir Timothy said at once that he
could not think of pressing his suit. I
suppose he was rather thick-skinned,
and had not thought much of her cold
manner. John was pleased with the
way he took it, but I believe there
were high words between him and my
grandfather."

John was looking thoughtfully into
the fire. "There was another diffi-
culty," he said. "Sir Timothy is a
man of the world, and Muriel lives for
God. How could the two walk to-
gether?"

"Muriel never was narrow-minded,"
said Cramer uneasily.

"Never. She is too large-hearted
for that. But it is common sense, not
narrowness, to see that two people tied
together, and pulling opposite ways,
can't be happy."

"They need not pull."
"Some have tried that plan," said
John. "I hope Muriel never may."

"Why?"

"Simply this. She pulls heaven-
ward. Sir Timothy, or any other like-
minded, pulls earthward. 'How can
two walk together except they be
agreed?' But if, to bring about agree-
ment, she leaves off pulling, then she
too sinks earthward, and heavenly
hope and joy die out."

"How if she makes the other rise
with her?" asked Cramer, with a curi-
ous expression.

John drew a short breath. "Ah—
that has been tried too. If you asked
Muriel, she would tell you that the
soaring heavenward is hard enough
already. Earth-attraction pulls suffi-
ciently at any time. If she adds a
heavy burden to her own weight, and
then tries to soar, the fear is that she
will be overcome and drop earthward
altogether. I am putting before you
the common-sense and reasonable view
of the question."

"I don't see it all, of course, as you
do. But it is easy to understand why
you don't encourage me to think of
Muriel," said Cramer. "If these are
her notions too, it isn't much use. I
am as good a fellow as most, but I
don't profess any extraordinary vir-
tues."

"Don't you? I do," said John.
"You! O of course," said Cramer,
with a touch of the cynical in his tone.

"Why should not you profess the
same?" asked John gravely. "He
hath covered me with the robe of
righteousness. Why not you too?"

"This is the Name whereby He shall
be called, The Lord our Righteous-
ness. 'I—yet not I,' you see. Mine
—yet not mine. 'I will make mention
of Thy righteousness, even of Thine
only.'"

"O of course—yes," said Cramer,
getting up. "You seem quite an
adept now at religious doctrines. If
you see Muriel, you can tell her that I
am not fit for her any longer. In fact,
you can congratulate her on a happy
escape. I don't know what she thinks,
but you can easily bring her round to
your opinion."

"Don't you know Muriel better than
that? Sit down, Ray; you are not
going yet."

"Yes, I am. I have things to do."
"Can't you come here for a week?"

"No—I think not—thanks. You
are all too good for me. Besides, I
had better be off."

John really thought so too, and did
not press the point. Cramer had to
sit down again, however, for another
chat, and a cup of tea. He steered
studiously clear of vexed questions,
and held to his purpose of returning
home next day. They managed to
send him away in a more cheerful
mood.

"But, John, I should not like him
for Muriel," said Rosamund, after his
departure. "I wish he would keep
away, and get her out of his head. I
am almost sorry now that I told him
so many particulars. It could do no
good."

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO
RECEIVE.

A blind child, on first being allowed
a glimpse around, after the operation
on her eyes would permit, exclaimed,
"Oh, mother! why did you not tell
me how beautiful it was?" Her mother
replied: "I did try to tell you, dear;
but you could not imagine it from my
words." So it is with regard to Christ,
until by the revelation of the Spirit we
have the eyes of the soul opened. Then
we may exclaim, with Mrs. President
Edwards, "Enough to fill heaven and
earth!" How much more we see,
when set upon the mountain top, in a
few minutes, than from all we have
read for years!

Without the Spirit, we are nothing
but weaklings. How important, then,
the inquiry, "How shall we be en-
dued with power from on high?" We
must make room for him. A water

reservoir is filled, pressing with great
force to all the pipes; and one has
only to turn a faucet, and the water
gushes through, if the pipe is not stop-
ped up. The infinite desire of God to
bestow is but little realized. What
depth of meaning in that word, "How
much more shall your Father give the
Holy Spirit!"

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ,
and make no provision for the flesh, to
fulfil the lusts thereof." We must be
at war with self, to be at peace with
God. The deceitful, treacherous self,
stealthily, insidiously seducing us to
some indulgence, is so often the secret
of failure! While we lie at our ease,
tender of our own comfort, unwilling
to pluck out the right eye, we cannot
have the indwelling of the Spirit. It
has been truly said, "The life of self
is not to be cured, but to be slain; and
cordials are a cruelty to the sufferer on
the wheel. Self must be crucified,
mortified, through the Spirit, and that
to the death." "What a blessed thing
it is to lose our own will," said Payson.
"Since I have lost mine I have found
happiness." Think you he indulged
self in anything? Nay; it must be
utterly renounced, doing the will of
another rather than our own. But
self renunciation is not the remedy;
Christ is the remedy, through the
Spirit revealing him, and engrafting
our souls upon him. It is only "in
him"—in that vital connection with
the living Christ. We cannot be saved
by a theory. We need a communica-
tion established by the "power of the
Spirit." The divine galvanic circle is
completed, and the life of God im-
parted by faith; but the life is not of
our own self-endeavor—it is imparted
by the Spirit. Our will must act,
must complete the circuit. We stretch
forth the withered hand, in faith that
God gives the power with the com-
mand.

When the conductors of a battery
become foul or rusty the circuit can-
not be completed. Often it is the case
God has to deal with us, and show us
the state of our own hearts. Self is so
deceitful we sometimes think we greatly
desire to love God more, when the
chief motive is only desire to be happy!
How is this to be cured? God may
see it useful to subject us to a sub-
jugating process, and we must submit
ourselves to God, and receive, as from
his hand, every nail with which to
fasten self to the cross. Our trials are
not, commonly, what, in our fancied
wisdom, we should think the most
beneficial; some days have trivial
hourly recurring annoyances—so com-
mon and so trifling, we forget they, too,
are in the process—precious op-
portunities of self-renunciation and
espousal of God's will. The crosses
which originate with ourselves would
not be near as efficient in eradicating
self-love as those that come in the daily
allotments of God. It is important,
however, that we forget self, "look-
ing unto Jesus;" not only deny self,
and make room for the Spirit, but
"commit the keeping of our souls to
him in well doing;" yielding our feet
to Christ to carry us whither he would
go; our hands to do the deeds of mercy
he would do, and our tongues to tell
the joyful message he has left us here
to tell. Thus shall we realize the
words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more
blessed to give than to receive."

—Guardian.

RANDOM READINGS.

I have never any pity for conceited
people, because I think they carry
their comfort about with them.—
George Eliot.

Not what we wish, but what we want
—Oh let thy grace supply;
The good unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.—Merrick.

To be always thinking evil, even
with the intention of guarding against
it, is to invite it. The only safeguard
against evil is in being occupied fully
and forever in the service of God.

If a man live at all in harmony with
the great laws of being—if he will per-
mit the working out of God's idea in
him he must one day arrive at some-
thing greater than what he can now
project and behold.—Essays.

The strong man's heaven consists of
mind, soul, character; it means virtue
which has taken root and flourished
under the strong blasts of temptation,
and holiness which has grown up
through sacrifice and pain.—Rev. Chas.
Dove.

Each of us, putting his foot in the
foot-print of the Master, and so de-
facing it, turns to examine how far the
neighbor's foot-print corresponds with
that which we shall call the Master's,
although it is but our own.—Unspoken
Sermons.

A tree will not only lie as it falls,
but it will fall as it leans. And the
great question every one should bring
home to himself is this: "What is the
inclination of my soul? Does it, with
all its affections, lean toward God or
away from Him?"—J. J. Gurney.

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