

## Return Unto Thy Rest.

He watches o'er his lilies pale;  
He sees His sparrows when they fall;  
Seed-time and harvest never fail;  
The wild winds answer to His call;  
All things obey His high behest;  
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.

The life that His own hand has given,  
Shall He not keep it to the end?  
Through every step of earth and heaven  
He will uphold thee and defend.  
Trust Him; thy doubts and fears control;  
Return unto thy rest, my soul.

Whether through pastures green and sweet  
Thy pathway wind in pleasant ways,  
Whether He guide thy tired feet  
Slowly through dark and troubled days,  
He surely leads thee to thy rest.  
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.

There is no death; there is no loss;  
He holds thy treasure safe for thee  
In other mansions of His house  
A little while, and thou shalt see  
He will restore thee more than all;  
Return unto thy rest, my soul.

Rebecca Palfrey Utter.

## Nehemiah's Workmen.

BERTHA H. BURNHAM.

There was a little stir of approval  
In the west corner of "the rooms,"  
As Prue Pillsbury rose to say sweetly:  
"I wish I could do something to  
show that I love Christ. I'd like to  
do something grand, but I can't.  
Only little things come to me. But  
I wish you would pray that I may  
do even those very thoroughly."

Dr. Lennox was next upon his  
feet. "We need to pull down the  
strongholds," he said earnestly,  
"and only by fighting night and day  
can we hope to make a pleasant land  
of this, our inheritance; so let us be  
strong and very courageous."

"I am trying to build over against  
my own house," said Rob Pillsbury  
from his chair behind the little table  
that served for a desk. "It takes  
lots of time to get the bricks in the  
wall fixed straight, but I'm working  
for it."

East Meadows was such a pleasant  
place that any one might be happy  
there, for even green-walled Freder-  
icksburg could have been no love-  
lier in the days of which Mr.  
Whittier wrote. But, though the  
village was not of recent growth,  
there was no church in the place. To  
be sure, services had been held from  
time to time in the school-house by  
any chance volunteer, but, never-  
theless, religious enthusiasm was at  
a very low ebb when Rob and Prue  
Pillsbury returned to their uncle's  
home to live.

They had been away for several  
years at a wonderful school in north-  
western Massachusetts, where Rob,  
separated from the self-reliant Prue  
—for the "annex," as the Seminary  
girls teasingly called the boys' school  
—was on the other side of the river—  
had learned to lean upon the  
promises of an Elder Brother.  
Under the tuition of grand teacher-  
friends, too, Prue learned humility  
and gentleness. Now, as I said  
before, the brother and sister had  
come home "brimful," eager Rob  
declared, of ideas and determination  
to work for the Lord God Omnipotent.

We all know how true enthusiasm  
always wins the day, so it is no sur-  
prise for us to find that a very few  
weeks of earnest work on the part  
of our friends led to the discovery  
of eight others who had either  
"tasted that the Lord is gracious,"  
or were so hungry for something  
better than they had known, that  
they at once accepted the Gift that  
Prue and Rob held forth.

"We ought to have church here,"  
Dr. Lennox declared one night at  
the little prayer-meeting held in his  
wife's parlor. "I am ashamed to  
live longer in a place seven miles  
from a house of worship. I've been  
a careless Christian these two or  
three years, or I'd have done some-  
thing about organizing a church  
before."

"Let's do it now," suggested Ned  
Barnaby; and the informal motion  
being acted upon, we find, on the  
Saturday evening when our story  
opens, our young people gathered in  
a hall secured for the purpose, to  
make a covenant with each other  
and the Head of the Church whose  
members they were.

Down in the valley—for the hall  
was upon a hill-top—the wise older  
folks were prophesying. Such  
superior people as they were! They  
smiled a little as they saw the lights  
appear up in "the rooms," but never  
thought of aiding the young people  
in their endeavors. They had said  
that their children might attend the  
Sabbath-school if they chose to do  
so, and had even promised to come  
to the preaching services themselves,  
if there were any, and the weather  
was fine, and there was nothing else  
to do, and they felt like it. They  
didn't want to discourage the young  
folks, they said, but they guessed  
they "had managed to come up  
pretty respectable without regular  
meetings, and they guessed they  
could a spell longer."

But the covenant meeting was  
held, and the ten who signed the  
covenant were sturdy and loyal.

"There's only one thing that

puzzles me," Kate Rose said soberly,  
"and that is how we're to get a  
minister every Sunday, for of course  
Dr. Patten can't come very often,  
and—"

"Now don't go to being troubled  
about things," interposed Rob.  
"We'll have one when we can, and  
when we can't—well, I'll read one of  
Mr. Moody's sermons if nobody else  
will."

"We might make a chain," sug-  
gested Susie Rose.

"A what?"

"A chain. Rob says he is build-  
ing against his own house, and as  
we are all doing the same, we might  
join our Jerusalem-wall into a circle,  
and so enclose the people here."

"You've been reading Nehemiah,"  
asserted Rob. "Grand old hero he  
was! I like him."

"What did he do?" asked Will  
Winters hesitatingly, as if ashamed  
to betray his own ignorance.

Dr. Lennox nodded encouragingly  
at Rob. "Under our grand Com-  
mander-in-chief we can do no better  
than follow the precepts of His  
general, Nehemiah," he said; "and,  
since you are acquainted with him,  
just tell us about him, Rob."

"He was," then began the latter,  
"the finest old example of a real  
through-out Christian—a captive  
away down in Shusan, and cup-  
bearer to the king. Must have  
liked that! Fancy, having to be  
dressed up in style, and bowing and  
scrapping to a man that kept him for  
a slave! But he didn't mind, or,  
anyway, he was very polite, and did  
his work just as he ought. And one  
day a lot of Jews from old Jerusalem  
came down to see him. They told  
him all the news—how everything,  
especially Jerusalem itself, was  
going to rack and ruin. Nehemiah  
felt fearfully then, and he prayed—  
didn't get discouraged either, but  
remembered that lots of other folks  
were praying, too; and he didn't  
have that promise about 'two or  
three' to encourage him, either. But  
he kept at it, praying for that dear  
old city. He kept on working, too,  
for 'most a year, trying to make the  
best of things; but one day I sup-  
pose he forgot to be cheerful, for the  
king asked him what made him so  
blue. Well, Nehemiah—am I spin-  
ning it out too long? I'll make it  
short as I can—was sort of sacred,  
I guess, but he remembered he was  
in the king's presence; so, instead  
of blundering out as I should that  
it was enough to make anybody feel  
bad to be kidnapped by heathen, he  
said, 'O king, live forever! the city  
of my fathers' graves is going to  
pieces.' Of course then Artaxerxes  
was interested because Nehemiah  
was polite, though any one could  
see he felt awfully, and the upshot  
of it was, that he kept asking  
Nehemiah questions, and at last  
gave him a passport through the  
country clear to Jerusalem, beside  
an order for everything that was  
needed to rebuild the city. I should  
have been puffed up at that, but  
Nehemiah wasn't—said it was all  
because God was so good."

"Well," he found out just what  
was needed there in Jerusalem. He  
went out in the evening and looked  
the city all over—I shouldn't won-  
der if he cried over it—and then he  
went to work. He got all the  
people to join him—priests, and  
store-keepers, and the rulers, and  
the women-folks, and foreigners and  
all, and set 'em all at work. Then,  
because there were so many, in a  
little more than seven weeks the  
walls were all repaired, and they—"

"Ding-ling-ding!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Rob has made the story very  
interesting," said the Doctor, smiling  
into the faces so disturbed by the  
pealing 9 o'clock curfew bell, "and  
I shall try to get better acquainted  
with his hero. Now, however, we  
would better say good-night. If I  
remember correctly, Nehemiah was  
very careful of his health."

"And," said Mrs. Lennox, "we  
must follow Nehemiah's example as  
far as we know it. We have begun  
to lay the foundation of our church  
by praying for it; we'll continue to  
pray, remembering that others are  
praying, too. Then we'll work—and  
be courteous. We'll keep our wits  
with us, and work hard, beginning  
with ourselves and joining our part  
of the wall to our neighbors' Oh,  
it's a grand idea, Rob Pillsbury!"

"Shall we, now," asked the Doc-  
tor, "shall we now ask for our Com-  
mander's Godspeed upon our march  
and our to-morrow's engagement?"

They had the blessing; for that  
first Sunday's work was a success.  
There were but two teachers—Mrs.  
Lennox and Prue—while the Doctor  
naturally assumed the duties of  
superintendent and secretary com-  
bined. Half-a-dozen little people  
formed Prue's class, and they were  
so captivated by their teacher's  
story-telling capabilities, that they  
went home resolved to go again. In  
Mrs. Lennox's class our other girls  
and boys, together with two or three  
grown people who had come to look  
on, paid strict attention to a vivid  
account of Nehemiah's first prayer-  
meeting.

In the afternoon, Dr. Patten from  
the Union Church in Plainville was

present, and the stirring sermon  
more than atoned for the lack of  
trained voices in the choir; and  
when the notices were read, Will  
Winters and Max Hilton—to say  
nothing of anybody else—fairly  
beamed with pride, it seemed "so  
like folks."

"There is to be a prayer meeting  
here this evening at seven, another  
on Friday at the same hour," he said,  
"and Sabbath school and preaching-  
service next Lord's Day at the usual  
hours."

And how did our young people  
build? It was during the summer  
vacation, so they had more leisure  
than they otherwise would have  
had, and they employed it in various  
ways. You remember Prue said she  
wanted to do the little things  
thoroughly. Well, she did; and  
among them were these two—getting  
the breakfast every morning, thus  
giving Aunt Eliza an extra hour's  
sleep, and keeping—so Rob declared—  
an unusually lively temperance.

Rob's work consisted mainly in  
working in the haying-fields, and  
coaxing half-a-dozen boys to come to  
meeting and Sunday-school; but he  
prayed, too.

Max, Will Winters and Fred  
Lessing went fishing that summer,  
but Nehemiah and his fellow-  
generals, Moses, Joshua, Paul, and  
all the others, went too—a large  
boatful. Jack Kidder, the store-  
keeper's son, who was also of the  
crew, became acquainted with the  
passengers, and, through them, with  
their Superior Officer. As Jack was  
his father's favorite son, I think our  
boys were an indirect cause of Mr.  
Kidder's eventual refusal to sell any  
more beer or tobacco.

Ned Barnaby did what his hands  
found to do, whether it was hoeing  
potatoes or caring for a fretful baby,  
in order that its mother might go to  
church—which, by-and-by, Kate  
and Sue kept decent and in perfect  
order.

Mrs. Lennox made calls on "our"  
parishioners, and helped the good  
Doctor in many sorrowful places.

Later in the summer the little  
flock were gladdened by the number  
who came to the meetings, bringing  
not only gifts of gold and silver, but  
hearts and loyal allegiance as well.

There is a little building in pro-  
cess of erection on Pine Hill, which  
is to be called the "Church of the  
Covenant," for the members will  
cleave to their brethren and enter  
into an oath to walk in God's law  
and to observe to do all the com-  
mandments of the Lord their God.

Rob and Prue say that the field  
there in East Meadows was already  
white—that God had been prepar-  
ing the hearts of the people to de-  
sire better things, and in His good-  
ness allowed them to reap; but,  
after all, I think our busy ten  
harvested well, don't you?—Zion's  
Herald.

## Beecher's Advice To His Son.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—You are  
now for the first time really launch-  
ed into life for yourself. You go  
from your father's house, and from  
all family connections, to make your  
own way in the world. It is a good  
time to make a new start, to cast  
out faults of whose evil you have  
had an experience, and to take on  
habits the want of which you have  
found to be so damaging.

1. You must not go into debt.  
Avoid debt as you would the devil.  
Make it a fundamental rule: No  
debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religious  
observe the smallest promise. A  
man who means to keep his promises  
cannot afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all  
statements. Accuracy and perfect  
frankness, no guesswork. Either  
nothing or accurate truth.

4. When you are working for  
others sink yourself out of sight.  
seek their interest. Make yourself  
necessary to those who employ you  
by industry, fidelity, and scrupulous  
integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible for  
a higher standard than anybody else  
expects of you. Demand more of  
yourself than anybody else expects  
of you. Keep yourself standard  
high. Never excuse yourself to  
yourself. Never pity yourself. Be  
a hard master to yourself, but lenient  
to everybody else.

6. Consecrate your force on your  
own proper business; do not turn  
off. Be constant, steadfast, per-  
severing.

7. The art of making one's for-  
tune is to spend nothing; in this  
country any intelligent and indus-  
trious young man may become rich  
if he stops all leaks and is not in a  
hurry. Do not make haste; be  
patient.

8. Do not speculate or gamble.  
You go to a land where everybody  
is excited and strives to make money—  
suddenly, largely and without work-  
ing for it. They blow soap-bubbles.  
Steady, patient industry is both the  
surest and the safest way. Greedi-  
ness and haste are two devils that  
destroy thousands every year.

9. I beseech you to correct one  
fault—severe speech of others.  
Never speak evil of any man, no

matter what the facts may be. Hasty  
fault-finding and severe speech of  
absent people is not honorable, is  
apt to be unjust and cruel, makes  
enemies for yourself, and is wicked.

10. You must remember that you  
go to Mr. B—not to manage a farm  
like his. One or two hundreds acres,  
not forty thousand, is to be your  
future homestead; but you can learn  
the care of cattle, sheep, the culture  
of wheat, the climate, country, man-  
ners and customs, and a hundred  
things that will be needful.

11. If by integrity, industry, and  
well-earned success you deserve well  
of your fellow-citizens, they may in  
years to come ask you to accept  
honours. Do not seek them, do not  
receive them while you are young—  
wait; but when you are established  
you may make your father's name  
known with honour in halls of legis-  
lation. Lastly, do not forget your  
father's and your mother's God.  
Because you will be largely deprived  
of church privileges you need all the  
nerve to keep your heart before God.  
But do not despise small churches  
and humble preachers. "Mind not  
high things, but condescend to men  
of low estate."

Read often the Proverbs, the pre-  
cepts and duties enjoined in the New  
Testament. May your father's God  
be with you and protect you.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 18th, 1878.

## Balaam's First Step.

By holding himself aloof from the  
greatest movement of his day and by  
refusing to take a side Balaam had  
already laid himself open to tempta-  
tion and really taken the side of evil.

"To him that knoweth to do good  
and doeth it not it is sin." Balaam  
did not dare explicitly to disobey  
God, but at heart he was separated  
from God's cause as it appeared in  
the world of his own time. Persons  
who are not cordially spending them-  
selves on some good work are laying  
themselves open to temptation. The  
only way to escape being on the side  
of evil is to be on the side of good.

This is a world in which neutrals  
have no chance or place at all.  
Balaam knew that God was in  
Israel; but he did not act on that  
knowledge, hence his fall. We also  
know where God is in our time.

When it comes clearly home to your  
understanding that here or there is  
a good work to do, God is speak-  
ing to you as he spoke to Balaam.

You may not be able to clothe your  
ideas in such poetical language as  
Balaam, but there are movements  
in our society regarding which you  
can as certainly say: "God is there,  
and if I mean to be with God and go  
forward with his kingdom, I must be  
there also." Balaam, of course,  
had his excuses for not going to  
throw in his lot with Israel. It was  
a long way to go, though he did not  
spare his ass when he had to go as  
far for money. They had a good  
leader already, and he could only be  
second. But he knew that all these  
excuses were idle, and that in listen-  
ing to them he was defrauding him-  
self of his true career. And so do  
we defraud ourselves of our true  
career, and of the happiness and use  
meant for us, when we know where  
God and good are, and do not, if at  
all possible, throw ourselves into  
such movements. Nothing is more  
fatal to our character and our career  
than to refuse to do the good we can  
do. We have all some gift and  
some opportunity just as Balaam  
had, and as he, so have we our  
temptations. Money was his snare.  
Money, or ease, or applause, or posi-  
tion, or reputation may be ours; if  
we are yielding to it and not using  
our knowledge of good for the ad-  
vancement of God's cause, we have  
taken Balaam's first step.—Dr.  
Marcus Dods.

To neglect beginnings is the fund-  
amental error into which most  
parents fall.

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