At Rest.

She has passed into the quiet
Of the Father's house of rest;
With the lights of sunset shining
From that home beyond the West.

She is freed from all the burdens—
Loss of strength and pain and care,
And her soul is filled with singing
Songs of praise instead of prayer.

She has met again her dear ones
On that sunny tranquil shore,
And she is not sad or lonely,
But is glad for evermore.

Who can mourn for her departure
When such peace and rest are given?
She who sees the face of Jesus
Is at home with Him in heaven.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

King and Priest, Yet Brother.

Some Christians seemed so absorbed in the truth that Christ is God, that they have forgotten that Christ is man; and in their intense desire to make clear His relations to the Father, they have well-nigh severed His relations with themselves. This is a sad mistake, for it makes His life unreal, mysterious, and instead of having a Saviour who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, they have a shadowy, far-away Being, who has only the form and likeness of a man, with the grace and the spirit of a God. But this is not the idea of the gospels, for they present Him to us as a man with men, with a man's temptations, a man's difficulties, a man's nature, and a man's life. Here He meets us upon our own level; we catch the flashings of an eye that is as human as our own, and hearken to a voice that speaks with every tone and cadence that belongs to our common humanity.

The distinctive value of the priesthood of Christ is in the fact that He was made like unto His brethren, and therefore can touch human life at any point, sharing its burdens, feeling its pains, recognizing its difficulties, understanding its sorrows, and by reason of personal experience can give grace to help in time of need.

We do well, then, to remember that He was poor. Nor was it an imaginary poverty, a prince going about in disguise, one who had but to call upon secret resources and instantly have the wealth of a kingdom at command; but a poverty as abject, real, and grinding as mortal ever knew. The terms upon which He came to this world were such as to prelude any effort in His own behalf, and He in whose hands five barley loaves made a feast for thousands actually hungered for bread!

There never was such superb heroism, such absolute self-surrender, and His quiet and voluntary acceptance of poverty gives to His life a quality unlike that of any other in the history of men. He is preeminently the poor man's Christ, the Christ of the needy and the stricken and the helpless. Never should we forget that He was subject to great temptations. Who can comprehend the meaning of those mysterious words, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin?" Why was it that sometimes His soul was exceeding sorrowful, that He spent whole nights in agony and prayer, that there ever seemed to rest upon Him a burden of pain and woe? It was not that He was afraid of death, for He was the embodiment of faith, love, and courage; and when death did come, how sublime was His triumph over it! But he was tempted; tempted with a malignity, an ingenuity, a persistency of which we can know almost nothing. For what is our nature as compared with His? The little mountain lake feels the stress of the wind, but its tiny waves soon subside once the storm is over; but when the storms blow upon the mighty ocean and the great seas are stirred to their depths, how many days and nights must pass before peace comes to the surging waters. His nature was that infinite, fathomless sea, and temptation for Him meant upheaval and distress which no mortal can understand. And so He is able to sympathize with and to succor them that are tempted, for He has endured and conquered.

From the day of His birth till the hour of His death His path was one of obstacle and difficulty, and He who never did anything to provoke hatred or arouse strife was hunted and hounded into His grave. No man was ever so cruelly misrepresented or so willfully misunderstood. Words which in themselves as clear as light were twisted and perverted until they were robbed of their original meaning. His most gracious and kindly acts were construed into deeds of blasphemy. He who never uttered an untruth was charged with hypocrisy. He whose life was as open as the heavens was accused of an alliance with the evil one. It hardly seems credible, when we recall the errand upon which He came, and the noble and generous way in which He carried out the purposes of God, that His life should have been marked by such intense hostility.

Nor should we forget what He suffered through loneliness. The prophet well said, "Of the people there was none like Him." The severest penalty that a soul must pay for greatness is that of being alone. Mary was the only one who seemed to know anything of Him, and her knowledge was fragmentary. His own brethren, those who lived under the same roof, had so little true knowledge of Him that they thought He was "beside Himself." The disciples who had followed Him for years did not know Him except in the most dim and imperfect way.

But when we think of all these things, and then remember that He is our High Priest, with what confidence we can come to the throne of grace; for He is no cold, passionless Being, far above principalities and powers, but a Man who was tempted on all points like as we are, and who is therefore able to give grace and help in time of need.—Chris. Advocate.

A Broken Heart.

Why is it that a broken heart should be the sacrifice most acceptable to God? Why not a whole heart, glad buoyant, full of hope, and courage, and the vigor of unimpaired vitality? Does it not seem as if the unwounded, uncrushed heart, with its strength, its gratitude, its devotion, ought to be more pleasing to its Maker than the heart broken by sorrow or bowed down by trial?

At first thought, and from a merely human standpoint, one would be tempted to answer, yes But let us look a little deeper. What is the final, the higher, ministry of sorrow? Is it to kill, to benumb, to embitter? Nay, God does not so use it. God uses sorrow to elevate the affections, to soften and sweeten the character, to bring the soul nearer to Himself. By their fruits God knows sorrow and trial. We are too apt to know them, to look upon them, in the acrid bud and the pale, withering blossom. It is not the divine mission of sorrow to destroy the heart, but in a certain sense to readjust and reconstruct it. Certain old violin makers had a strange method of producing sweetness of tone in their instruments. They would break them, and then skillfully put them together again, filling the cracks with resonant gums; so that, when the broken violin had been cured of its violent wounds, and was taken up into the master's hands again, it gave forth such range and sweetness of sound as had never been possible to it before.

This is precisely what God does with the human heart, when He subjects it to the pangs of sorrow. He breaks it—true, but He mends it again. He always mends it. God never leaves a heart that truly loves and trusts Him in the fragments and wreckage of trial. Patiently, skillfully, lovingly, He draws together the broken cords, and binds them with His sympathy. And then, ah! then the music, the new music, that swells out of that heart. It has a tone that is finer and purer than of old, that vibrates with a new tenderness and pathos. God has called out all the potential music of that soul. He has broken it, and searched it, and touched the quick of all its deepest feelings. And then He has taken that broken heart, that precious sacrifice, and restored it, so that its new wholeness is better a thousand times than its old soundness. By the wounds of sorrow the music of heaven has been grafted upon the music of earth.

Would that this conception of the true meaning of sorrow might be the familiar interpretation of every wounded heart! What bright and fragrant hope might then rise out of the stagnation of despair. What new and grateful recognition of the meaning of affliction and of sacrifice. God breaking and mending; God bringing the heavenly music out of the reunited fragments of the earthly instrument—that is what the process of affliction means. Does it seem so strange that God should love the sacrifice of a broken heart, when it brings to Him all that is sweetest, and deepest, and best in humanity? Nay, let us look upon this world, with its joys, affections, ambitions, rewards, as the old violin-makers looked upon their instruments—beautiful to behold in their freshness and soundness, no doubt, but ah! how much more beautifully fulfilling their mission when by the chastening of seam and crack, they lift to heaven such music as angels might stoop to hear.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE. — Religion should be to every man: (1) Not merely a creed, but an experience; (2) not a restraint, but an inspiration; (3) not an insurance for the next world, but a programme for the present world.

No Service Wasted.

Many a Christian does his work for the Master almost overcome with a sense of its incompleteness, burdened with the thought of little visible fruit, while the desire all the while has been to accomplish much. "To what purpose," we ask, "is such expenditure of time and strength?" The question falls with icy chill upon our enthusiasm at times; but the warmth and glow return when we remember how Jesus once replied to that query: "He that loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall keep it unto life eternal.' Study the life of our blessed Lord, and we are continually reminded that He was subjected to similar trials. It formed a part of His struggle in Gethsemane. Then it was that, to human view, His life of sacrifice seemed about to end in utter failure. But how wrong would such an assumption have been! "Surely," as some one has expressed it, "if the cross says anything, it says that apparent defeat is a real victory, and that there is a heaven for those who have nobly and truly failed on earth."

There is an important lesson to be learned in the study of His earthly life, with all its conflict and its ultimate triumph. It is that real victory which comes only through love. When our hearts are filled with divine love—love supreme toward God, and love toward humanity — there is a mighty purpose to be fulfilled, whether that purpose be concealed for the time or manifested before the eyes of men. When this love is divinely directed waste is impossible. Living or dying, the victory of a divine purpose has its fulfilment. Such a one must have been the apostle, for he could truly say, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." He never could have reached this experience had he not known the constraining power of love. Blessed with this, his life was dominated by a lofty purpose. Let us remember that in the overflow of such love our earthly life becomes a conquest; never can it become inglorious waste or failure.—N. Y. Advocate.

Wasted, If Unused.

A muscle unemployed becomes shriveled and useless. Talents buried are at length taken away. This is the teaching of experience and of revelation. Use is the portal to possession. What a man does not use, that he cannot hold. It is impossible to be merely miserly with anything which attaches to the person, with either physical, mental, moral or spiritual qualities for hoarding is destroying; miserliness is murder.

Nature protests against some forms of stinginess. A man cannot commit suicide by holding his breath, because at the last moment when his power is gone, his lungs will breathe. Other powers, when locked up, nature takes entirely away. No key can prevent her entrance; no subterfuge can evade her laws. The only thing a man can hoard is gold. He may shut out thieves; he may prevent loss; he may hold and save; but at the end what has he besides his gold? In saving gold, what has he kept unused?

Pity? Has he exercised pity in his greed for gold? Sympathy and kindness? Has he, while scraping and saving, let his time and thoughts, and attention go forth unto others? Gentleness and the spirit of self-sacrifice? Has he been too busy in making money to exercise these finer qualities? Then where are they? And honesty and honorable dealing, where are these noble traits of character? If unused, they have been vanishing Are they gone? Has the man while seeking silver really lost himself, because not really using himself? Such is the fate of the miserly and selfish.

The exercise of mercy means not its increase alone, but even its very continuance. So also the existence of benevolence in a soul depends upon the practice of benevolence. Death results from cessation. He who would do good to morrow, must do good today. Generosity comes of practice and with it largeness of soul.—Free Baptist.

What Shall I Say?

"Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?" These were the words of Jesus in the shadow of the great suffering toward which He was drawing near. How often are they the words of His perplexed and suffering followers; and how sweet the fellowship of His sufferings! Blessed are we if we can enter so fully into that fellowship as to breathe only His prayer: "Father, glory Thy name." That is enough to say. Shall I ask to be saved from the hour of pain? There is a cause why I have come to it. To be delivered from it would thwart the purpose of the divine will I cannot pray, "Father, save me from it," since He has planned to have me pass through it. Some great good would fail of accomplishment if I should ask to be delivered. Yet my soul is troubled. "What shall I say? Only one thing: "Father, glorify Thy name!" Thy name; what is it? Father. No father, if his son ask bread, will give him a stone, or if he ask a fish will give him a scorpion. If Thou glorify Thy name of Father, what more can I ask? Thy name is Love. If Love is glorified, nothing more is needed. Love is wise; Love is kind; Love is strong; Love is tender; Love is true; Love never faileth I do not know what to ask, but I can trust Love. If I should pray, "Save me from this hour. "Love might not have its way, its sweet counsels might be frustrated. To glorify Thy name of Love is far better for me to be saved from any hour, however dark.

O blessed Jesus, teach me the meaning and the sweetness of Thine own prayer in every hour when my soul is troubled, "Father, glorify Thy name!"

Life's Little Days.

One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life, as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half-a-century. But, really, there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and a good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to day's life well lived.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. And one can carry this burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. "Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them." God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living. — British Weekly.

"Me Tenth Dime."

"Have your shoes shined?" sang out a small boy near the Union station among a group of people just from the train. A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating, for he had not much more money in his pocket than he had blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hand and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity, for at his heart he did not care how his boots looked. But as he was pulling himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence and drop a dime into his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy "that was me tenth dime ter-day and my teacher at Sunday school told me I oughter to give a tenth of all I makes to the Lord. See! An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him. See?"—Exchange.

Giving Thanks In All Things.

Winter, no doubt, is not the pleasant season that summer brings, with her songs and flowers and long bright days. Bitter medicines, no doubt, are not savory meat; yet he who believes that all things work together for good to them that love God will be as ready to thank God for the winter frost that kills the weeds and breaks up the soil, as for the dewy nights and sunny days that ripen the fields of corn. May God give us such faith! With nature weak and grace imperfect, when there is no lifting of the cloud and trials are severe and long protracted, O, though it may be easy for an onlooker to preach patience, it is not easy for the sufferer to practice it. How ready are we to cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Yet let me have a firm faith in God's truth and love; let me be confident that He will do what He has said, and perform all that He has promised, and I shall discover mercy's bow bent on fortune's darkest cloud, and under the most trying providences shall enjoy in my heart, and exhibit to others in my temper, the blessed difference between a sufferer that mourns and a spirit that murmurs.—Thomas Guthrie.

The Unhappy Desire of Being Great.

The litany of the Moravian Church is said to contain the suggestive and significant petition: "From the unhappy desire of being great, good Lord, deliver us!" And Dr. Edward Payson, in one of his letters, after referring to two prominent characters who bore testimony that they had never been happy until they ceased striving to be great men, adds that most of his own sufferings and sorrows had been occasioned by his unwillingness to be the nothing that he really was and by a constant striving to be something. There is a lesson here as to the close connection of happiness and humility that many would do well to take to heart. The humble man is ever thankful, and full of praises for the mercies which he deems beyond his merits. Being thus given to song, it is impossible but that he should be happy; while he who is consumed with the curse of a selfish ambition can never be content. There is still great need of Jeremiah's godly and sensible counsel: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" But to attempt great things for God—ah! that is another matter.—Zions Herald.

No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more and more noble, and sweet, and pure, and heavenly-minded,—no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred, and pride, and passion, and worldliness, might be cast out of his soul,—without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter. And, with all other gifts, God then gives us his own self besides. He makes us know him, and love him, and live in him.—Dean Farrar.

It is not great Christians that we need so much as plenty of meek ones, who can live exemplary lives, and do the little deeds of kindness that help to make the world better.

You can't jump away from your shadow; but, if you turn to the sun your shadow is beneath you. What we should try to do is to live under the meridian sun, with our shadow, self, under our feet.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Wise Men Know

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation, either in architecture or in health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to deaden symptoms by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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As the swift years steal away.
Beautiful, willowy forms so slim
Lose fairness with every day.
But she still is queen and hath charms to spare
Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

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