



The Sabbath.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.—Charles Dickens.

"I AM THE RESURRECTION."

One evening, a few weeks ago, a young girl lay dying. At least, so said the watchers; while the angels must have been whispering eagerly—"Soon she will be really living, this is her birthday, in the new life!"

She was very weary, and when she could find no other rest, she turned her sweet, patient face to her mother, and said, "Read me, 'Oh, For a Perfect Trust!'"

It was her favorite hymn, and she had read it over and over, until the little card upon which it was printed was worn with use, even in her delicate hands.

Her mother—ah, what cannot mothers do!—read the verses slowly. A look of great peace came into the maiden's face. The watchers said "She is growing weaker!" The angels must have said, "She is growing stronger!"

And then a Voice—like mother's and father's and full of all love—whispered, so that no one but herself heard—
"Tullitha, cumi!"

And she arose, and went with Him, strong and well at last.

The young girl was an earnest reader and I asked her mother to let me print those verses, for the comfort they might bring to the rest of us, when we are "shut out from much that others have." They are printed directly from the little card.

OH, FOR A PERFECT TRUST.

Isaiah xxvi. 5. Philip. iv. 6, 7.

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust,
My loving God, in Thee;
Unwavering faith, that never doubts
Thou chooseth best for me.

Best, though my plans be all upset;
Best, though the way be rough;
Best, though my earthly store be scant;
In Thee I have enough.

Best, though my health and strength be gone,
Though weary days be mine,
Shut out from much that others have;
Not my will, Lord, but Thine!

And, even though disappointments come,
They, too, are best for me,
To wean me from this changing world,
And lead me nearer Thee.

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust
That looks away from all;
That sees Thy hand in everything,
In great events or small;

That hears Thy voice—a Father's voice—
Directing for the best.

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust,
A heart with Thee at rest!

WHOM DO WE BELONG TO?

By Rev. William Burnett Wright, D.D.

"Ye are not your own." "Ye belong to Christ."

When a ship nears port, she runs up her flag. If you see the stars and stripes at her mizzen peak you know she is an American ship; that the captain and crew belong to the United States. Flowers are the Christian's flag. Therefore we wear them. They say, 'These people belong to Him who made the flowers.' For one who is not a Christian to put a flower in his buttonhole or to wear flowers on her hat, is to fly a false flag. Everything beautiful is Christ's. He made it. He owns it. Birds, flowers, diamonds, little children, all are His. To enjoy them and not be a Christian is to break into a stranger's garden and steal his fruit. A boy who does that will skulk and hide. He will show that he is scared by the way he eats—always ready to run.

A Christian is one who goes to the garden gate. There he

finds the owner who asks him in; leads him to the finest trees; helps him to climb them, and while watching him enjoy their fruit tells him of yet lovelier gardens and more delicious fruits to be enjoyed by and by, until, at times, for gladness, the Christian forgets to eat, sings, and shouts to those without, "Come hither, and receive without money and without price the things you are trying to steal."

If this is not one's experience, I do not think he knows what it is to be a Christian. All the joy he has in living is that of the thief who has climbed in 'some other way,' plucks here a flower, and there a cherry, while his main business is looking out for the dog.

The joy we feel and ought to feel all comes from the fact that we belong to Christ.

1. It is pitiful for a child or man to fancy he belongs to no one. You have heard people say of some little fellow: "Poor child! He has no mother!"

What they mean is: "No mother has him."

There is no one to tell him what to do. If he wants to take hold of the pretty flame there is no one to hinder him. If he chooses to eat dirt or drink poison there is no one to prevent him. He is as a man who has forgotten that he belongs to God, thinks he is his own master and can do as he likes. Such a man gets drunk if it pleases him, gambles, burns himself, cuts himself, because he fancies he may do as he likes, instead of minding to do as God likes.

2. It is disgraceful to feel that no one owns you.

The most contemptible of Americans was Benedict Arnold. He thought he owned himself, and therefore did as he pleased. The noblest of Americans was Washington. He knew his country owned him.

A steamboat in New York harbor caught fire. It was crowded with people. The captain was in the pilot-house steering. The flames came nearer and nearer to him. They scorched his face. They singed his eyebrows. Still he held fast to the wheel. One leap would have saved him. But he would not take it. There he stood like an iron man until the vessel grounded and three hundred lives were saved. The captain was burned to the bone. But he did not flinch. He knew he was not his own; he belonged to those passengers on the ship. Until a boy feels that someone owns him, he is not fit to live, and he is not fit to die. He is of no use to God or man, and least of all to himself.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES.

By H. MAUD MERRILL.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, "Because," she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song;
"She had not time to be sad," she said,
"When hungry children were crying for bread;"
She baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?

—Parish and Home.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—Phillips Brooks.