

REST.

ONE dark night, some years ago, a young woman passed quickly along the streets of a great city. She directed her steps toward a river which flowed through it. Having reached one of the bridges which spanned the river, she continued her course until she had reached the middle, and there paused. Then leaning over the parapet of the bridge she looked down at the dark waters which flowed underneath and said: "There I shall find rest—there is none for me elsewhere."

Poor woman! It was quite true that she had not been able anywhere to find rest. Alas! to seek rest, and not to find it, is the history of many souls; but how and where had she sought it?

Formerly, as a young girl, she had not known the want of anything at home; no special trial had ever reached her; and although she had no cause for sorrow, she was never happy, for she had never found that which satisfied her, or could give her rest of heart and soul. Thoughtless and indifferent, she passed her life, thinking if she had such and such a thing, which she did not possess, she would be happy. If only she were married, and had a house of her own, and could do as she pleased, she would have she said, some chance for happiness. So, when a young man of whom she knew but little, asked her in marriage, she readily accepted him, and without consulting her parents, who, when they heard of the engagement absolutely refused their consent.

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