

REST IN GOD.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Made for Thyself, O God !
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight ;
 Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;
 Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud ;
 O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
 A joy to Thee ?

Yet the heart turns away
 From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
 'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
 Chasing illusions melting day by day ;
 Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
 "This is not rest!"

Nor can the vain toil cease,
 Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
 One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
 To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace,
 In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled ;
 Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
 (Would it were shared by all the weary world !)
 'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
 We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet ;
 Then lean our love upon His loving breast,
 And know God's rest.

DIVINE PROVIDENCES.

MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

"They who observe providences will always have providences to observe," is a proverb I have heard since my childhood many times, and has been quoted and endorsed by myself frequently, for I am a very firm believer in divine providences. A book has come into my hands bearing date of 1806. It is one of the few possessed by my father—very few they were, not a dozen I am sure. I can well recollect that fifty years ago I used sometimes, on Sunday, when utterly at a loss for something to read, to take this volume and turn to the few anecdotes it contained, and read them, for the other portions of the book were beyond my comprehension. Its title is this: