



REST.—What a welcome sound it has in this busy, bustling world of ours. To the tired mother, the worldly dame of fashion, the man of business, and the weary labourer, it sounds like some sweet refrain,—now far away as though it would gently remind them, then louder, as its calls are neglected, and it sees the short season of life slipping by in forgetfulness. But still they pause not to take this much-needed rest. No time is their cry, not a moment to spare; and so they hurry through life, crowding more and more into each day, till finally Rest speaks for the last time and death enters in, takes hold of the restless hands and folds them together for the last time. See, passing us are some of the never-resting ones. First, a woman in the prime of life, but care and anxiety have left their marks on her face. Note the restless glance of her eye, the fevered haste of her step as she hurries along. There is a certain crispness in the air which tells of the approach of autumn, does she feel it? A leaf tinged with crimson flutters down before her, does she admire it? The cheery call of a robin to its mate breaks upon the stillness, does she hear it? Above and around her every thing is bathed in the glorious sunlight. Is her heart stirred with love to the Giver of all these things? Does she lift to Him a voice of thankfulness for the beauties of nature? Is the load of care made lighter? Does Rest steal in and Worry fly away? No. Nature in all her loveliness is passed by unnoticed. Her mind is so filled with worries that she can give no thought to anything else. Something may have happened to the children while she was out, or Jane will have forgotten the bread in the oven, and so one by one they pass through her mind till she reaches home, plunges anew into her daily routine, and at night finds her seeking repose with throbbing brow and not one restful moment to look back upon. She is but one of a large class that go through life with the idea of laziness and rest utterly confounded. But see, here comes a woman of widely different character, and yet agreeing in the abuse of rest. She is not a home-woman, you see that at a glance. Winter is spent in a whirl of fashion; summer finds her hastening away to the mountains or seaside to rest, so as to be ready for the next winter. And how does she rest? Glance in some evening at the ball-room and you will see. The next one to pass is a successful business-man. As a boy his favourite study was botany. Many and many a day has he spent in the woods realizing a keen sense of pleasure as he brought to light some new specimen. As he grew older business crowded more and more into his life, till there was no room left for aught else. But you say it is for the sake of his family that he toils early and late to give them what they need. He must work hard, "competition is so keen nowadays." What they need! Ah! that is it. It is not luxuries they need alone. Many a woman would gladly give them up, if by so doing she could secure more of that sweet comradeship which was enjoyed in bygone days when rest had its time given. Where now are the pleasant conversations and delightful walks of old? No time for anything of the sort. And so they pass us one by one, each in his or her different way abusing this much-needed rest, which our heavenly Father would have each one take out of the whirlpool of life. Before Sin entered into the Garden of Eden what perfect bliss did our first parents enjoy. To them everything spoke of Him: from the smallest shrub to the loftiest tree, from the tiny blade of grass to the most brilliant flower, the lofty mountain and the rushing streams. All spoke of His love and kindness, and in them did they find their enjoyment. Ages have passed since then, but still nature remains unchanged, offering to each one of us pure simple enjoyment. Let us then banish this feverish excitement of haste which slowly but surely undermines all high and noble aspirations, which seeks to still the voice of con-

science, which would dull our sense of the beautiful, and finally make us lead a life which our Creator never intended for His children. Oh, let the voice of nature speak to your heart! Woo her, do not spurn her; remember that it is only to those who truly seek her that she will enfold herself in all her rare loveliness. Out of darkness and chaos came the world. Filled was it with life and beauty that innumerable sources of happiness might spring forth for those who would take of them. We see this feverish restlessness like a cancer gnawing its way into the lives of both old and young, and what are some of its results? A wasted life, an early death, or one more added to a suicidal grave, and, of the latter class, one cannot but notice the alarming increase. And why is this? Sometimes it is the cause of drink; but oftener it is the despairing cry of a soul over a wasted life. The grim voice of conscience is roused, perhaps after long years of silence. In vain the usual means of drowning it are resorted to. It will no longer be silenced, but, like a nightmare, haunts him, till he is driven in desperation to commit the awful deed. Had rest in the true sense of the word a place in the lives of these lost souls? It would have been far different had they but communed with nature. What lessons she would have unfolded to them! What deep truths of what life was given for. And as she rested for a season only to bring forth in greater abundance, the same lesson she would have urged to the weary, restless children. How all-wise and beautiful are the laws ordained by the Creator, who foresaw where man would fail. Does not the command given to us to set one day apart from the turmoil of the world show how fully He recognized the deep necessity for such. Take it away and what are the results? Disaster to the nation, which was plainly set forth in the case of France. Rumours come from time to time that England, which has for so many years been a bright example to the other nations in the observance of this law, is losing her place, and that an alarming disregard for the day is spreading among the upper classes. But we do not think the time will ever come when England will so far forget herself. Let us rather take an optimist's view of the case and think of the multitudes who cling fast to the old commandment, and in the beautiful words of Herbert say:

"O day most calm, most bright,
The week were dark
But for thy light."

MORDUE.

"PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE."

[Suggested by Charles Lamb's description of a picture, in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint, who, having spun till past midnight to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, while angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.]

The memory of a simple tale,
Called up from childhood's years,
With blissful charm that cannot fail
Compelleth gentle tears.
Yea, though it be a poet's dream,
Pure fantasy, forsooth,
Which cold, clear reason ne'er can deem
Reality or truth;
Still, when we weep, our spirits are
Of sanctified by grief,
For childlike faith is lovelier far
Than man-like unbelief.

There is a legend of a maid
Told by the painter's art,
So sweet, so sad, it cannot fade
For ever from my heart.
Deeply my pity it doth stir
E'en now with holy spell—
It needeth no interpreter,
That silent parable.

'Tis midnight: darkness, like a pall,
Hangs o'er a sleeping city's wall—
Many an iron tongue,
Slave to man's more iron will,
Calling through the air so still
The self-same chimes hath rung.

And at that hour, when every breast
From life's life-withering toil should rest,
There sitteth one within
That city's heart—cold heart of stone—
Wearily spinning all alone,
A maid scarce touched by sin.

She toils within a cheerless room,
A rushlight twinkling through the gloom
Its dreariness to show;
Poor, pallid maid, for whom this earth
Hath found no dowry since her birth
Save only want and woe.

Her mother, white as are the dead,
Lies murmuring strangely on a bed,
As though with death at strife:
Thin fingers clutch the dear-bought food,
Bought at the price of flesh and blood,
A daughter's fragile life.

And still that maiden spins alone
Within that city's heart of stone,
And often turns her eye,
To watch the lamp of life decay,
Well knowing that its last faint ray
Must soon in darkness die.

But hark! she speaks: "'Tis sadly strange,
No rest from toil, no sign of change
Save when my mother dies, and she
Is dearer than all else to me.
I grow less earthly day by day—
Why doth the Angel, Death, delay
His summons, that will set me free
From pain, and want, and misery?
Hunger and winter's cold at length
Have bowed my feeble body's strength;
The power is lacking now, I feel,
That earned my mother's daily meal.

Would God that from the viewless sky
Some pitying angel-band
Might glide to earth, and swiftly ply
The labours of my hand!
Would that—but oh! the thought is sin—
Seraphs might stoop these threads to spin:
God knows how oft I vigils keep,
God knows—alas! I sleep, I sleep!"

The maiden's prayer was borne to Heaven,
Its rude simplicity forgiven.

Soon were heard quick-rushing pinions;
Angel-bands, with gleaming feet,
Floating down from God's dominions,
Flew to aid that virgin sweet.
See! they fill the lowly room,
Shedding light where all was gloom:
See! their hands perform the task
As the maid presumed to ask:
Toiling, spinning they rejoice,
And lull the slumberer with their voice.

"Softly sleep, O pious maiden!
Dream-enchanted lie:
Sorely wast thou sorrow-laden,
Deeply didst thou sigh.
Nurst by thee an aged mother,
Near the gate of death,
Fondly cherished by no other,
Drew her fleeting breath.

Clad in robes of spotless beauty,
Lilies of the field,
Burdened by no stress of duty,
Fragrant odour yield.
Maiden, clothed in humble raiment,
Lily of earth's soil!
Thou has earned a heavenly payment
By thy saintly toil.

Cheeks made pale by ceaseless labour
Wear a sacred hue;
Angels claim thee for a neighbour,
Virgin, pure and true!
Forms, made thin by cold and hunger,
Grow more glorified,
Age-bowed frames seem fairer, younger,
When by suffering tried.

Starving paupers, as they languish,
Are not all alone:
Hearts deep-stung by piercing anguish
Still a guardian own.
Holy poor ones are not friendless—
He who dwells above
Calls them home to glory endless,
Children of His love.

Sleep, then, maiden! God will hear thee
When thou pourest prayer:
Angels now are watching near thee,
Warding off despair."

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

FALLEN FROM HIS HIGH ESTATE.—A curious illustration of the ups and downs of life and of the eccentric way in which fortune bestows her favours, even on members of the same family, is given by the fact that a brother of the world-renowned trotter Spokane is toiling his life away tugging at a Detroit street car. The one horse is the admired and applauded of tens of thousands, his name is upon the lips of millions and he fares sumptuously on the best in the horse land, while the other is poor, despised and neglected, and would be unknown save from the fact of his aristocratic connection, which is small comfort to him, poor brute.