

RESTING.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing.—Isa. xxviii. 12.

Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord; Resting on the fulness of His own sure word; Resting on His power, on His love untold; Resting on His covenant secured of old.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days; Resting 'neath His shadow from the noon-tide rays; Resting at the eventide beneath His wing, In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh; Resting in the life-boat while the waves roll high; Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race. Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the rock; Resting by the waters where He leads His flock; Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet; Resting in His very arms!—O rest complete!

Resting and believing, let us onward press, Resting in Himself the Lord our righteous-ness; Resting and rejoicing, let his saved ones sing; Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King; —Frances Ridley Havergal.

NELL'S OPPORTUNITIES.

[Kate S. Gates in Zion's Herald.]

CHAPTER I.—BEGINNING.

"A commonplace life we say and we sigh; But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky Makes up the commonplace day. The moon and the stars are commonplace things, And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings; But dark were the world and sad our lot If the flowers faded and the sun shone not; And God who studies each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole." —Susan Coolidge.

"I wish that we could all do great things; it is so tiresome, I think, just being commonplace, don't you, mamma?" said Nell Weston, laying her book aside with a discontented sigh.

"What do you call 'commonplace,' and what 'great things' would you like to do?" "Why, I call my life commonplace, it is nothing but doing housework, going to school, and amusing the children. I suppose that is about all it ever will be, only by and by I shall stop going to school. But oh, mamma, I wish I could be something great and good! If I could write a book and have lots of people writing to me telling me how much it had helped them, or if I could be a great nurse like 'Sister Dora,' just giving my whole life up to doing good! But what is the use of thinking about it? There will never be any such chances for me."

"Nell, will you give me a five-dollar gold piece?"

Nell had been lounging on the sofa, but she suddenly sat upright, and looked at her mother in blank astonishment.

"What did you say, mamma?" she asked, wondering if it could be possible that her mother was losing her mind.

"I asked you, please, to give me a five-dollar gold piece," replied Mrs. Weston with a queer little twinkle in her eyes.

"But I cannot. You know as well as I do that I haven't more than ten cents to my name, and am not likely to have until I am old enough to earn it myself."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Weston earnestly, all traces of merriment gone now; "Neither can you give to the world what you have not in your possession. You must acquire it first. Before you could write your book that should enable others, you must have noble helpful thoughts in your heart; you must be noble and true yourself. You cannot lead others beyond yourself. And if you would do some great work of self-sacrifice, you must strive to become self-denying and Christlike habitually, else when the opportunity comes, it will find you as the bride-

groom did the foolish virgins, not ready."

"But what if it never come?" "You would be noble, true and Christlike all the same. I think, however, that you will find the trouble is, not that the opportunity fails to come, but that either we are not prepared, or else we fail to discover it."

"Do I have any? No, of course, I have not had, but will I ever, do you suppose?"

"I think that you do have opportunities every day of your life, little daughter." "Mamma Weston, what can you mean?" asked Nell with an exclamation point after every word.

"Just what I say dear. Now there was yesterday's. You had promised to go and sit with Maggie Deane, but when Cora Clarke came for you to go to ride with her, you gave Maggie up and went. Poor Maggie had a long, lonely afternoon, all the harder to bear because she had been anticipating your coming all the week. You had the opportunity, and you did not use it."

"It was too bad, I know," said Nell, regretfully, "but then, after all, it was only a little thing."

"But it was too much for you, you see." Nell was silent for some time. By and by she turned to her mother with a question—

"Are such little things the same as great things?"

"Certainly, exactly the same in principle. You will find that these lines of self-sacrifice which look so tempting as you read of them are hard to live. Hannah More says that when we read, we think we could be martyrs, but when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word. But every victory gained over self makes us stronger, and as fast as we deserve promotion He grants it. If you really desire a post of honor, you must see that you are fitted for it, and be willing to endure the hardships if you would win the glory. And remember, that for all we give up for Christ, we receive an hundred-fold back. There is no happiness like that found in giving our whole selves up to Christ. Carlyle speaks truly when he says that with self-renunciation begins life."

Again Nell relapsed into silence. Sometimes she wished that she was a Christian, and then again it looked so hard to be always struggling to be good, so easy and comfortable just to please oneself, that she could not make up her mind. She was halting betwixt two opinions.

"Mamma," she said presently, "I wish people turned good all at once. I am like the old chief who came to Dr. Livingstone and wanted some medicine to take for his wicked angry heart. I would not mind one real hard fight, it is the keeping at it all your life that discourages me."

"But it is only to those who endure to the end, who are faithful unto death, that the crown is promised. Isn't that reward worth struggling for, even all the days of your life? Oh, my precious daughter, you are willing to work day after day and year after year for the education you covet so much, why will you not strive to obtain the prize without which all else profiteth nothing?"

Nell nestled back among the pillows and gave herself up to her own meditations and dreams. She liked to read of lives of heroism and noble self-sacrifice. She liked almost, if not quite, as well to dream of herself as such a character, but—oh dear, could she deny herself in a thousand little ways every day of her life?

Just then her thoughts and the Sabbath afternoon stillness were broken into by an impetuous childish voice.

"I say, mamma, won't you come downstairs now? We are tired of musing ourselves, and want you to read to us."

It was Teddy's voice, and Margie, of course, was with him, for the two were inseparable. "Cause we're twines," Margie said.

Mamma laid down her book. Nell, watching her through her half-closed eyes, saw her give just a wee bit of a sigh. Mamma's chances for quiet thought and her beloved "Imitation" were few and far between.

"Why don't you go down and read to the children, and let your mother rest? She has to work hard all the week," whispered something or somebody very distinctly in Nell's ear.

But she only nestled closer down in the pillows. It was so comfortable here, and she wanted to think, besides she hated to read to the children—Teddy was sure to ask such awful questions. She had to study

hard herself all the week, and she did not want to go.

"Very hard you have to work for a strong healthy girl!" whispered back the little voice, just as distinctly as though Nell's head was not buried in the pillows. "I thought you hated shams, and were always saying that you would be a thing, and not pretend to be. Seems to me you are wanting to seem to be what you are not."

Nell's face clouded. Mamma had reached the door by this time. Oh dear, should she let her go? The door was open now, she must decide one way or the other.

"I'll go down, if you would like to read. I can make out to 'muse them, I guess."

"Thank you ever so much, dear, I would like to rest a little longer."

"What you a-comin' for?" asked Teddy in surprise, as Nell walked into the room. "We want mamma, not you."

"But mamma is tired, and wants to rest a little. Won't I do just as well?"

"Nobody can't do as well as mamma," replied Teddy decidedly, for he was not particularly troubled with bashfulness or delicacy of feeling.

Nell felt strongly tempted for a minute to give it up, but, resisting the temptation, she answered pleasantly—

"Suppose, now that I am here, you try me, and see if I don't do pretty well."

"I s'pose we'll have to; here's the book." Nell sat down in the big chair by the window, Margie brought her little rocker over beside Nell, while Teddy established himself in front of them. The book which was one that Teddy had drawn from the Sabbath school library, was the story of a little boy, Robby by name, whose way as a transgressor was very hard, but who at last, profiting by his sad experience, found that the paths of virtue were indeed paths of peace.

The children listened almost breathlessly. Nell became quite interested herself.

"Had a pretty hard time of it, didn't he?" commented Teddy, as she finished. "Seems to me I'd been good before, if I'd been in his place. 'Twould saved him lots of trouble."

"Maybe he didn't know that, suggested Margie.

"Oh you ain't through yet," interrupted Teddy, as Nell made a motion to rise. "You've got to make the application now. Mamma says it don't do any good to read good books unless you 'ply 'em to your own life, and try to profit by them. She 'plys them pretty hard sometimes, so you needn't be afraid of hurting us. Go ahead now, fast as you've a mind to."

Two thoughts went flashing through Nell's mind as she settled back in her chair. Had she missed the good of her reading by failing to apply its principles and teachings to her own life? And also, how could she give a helpful application of even this simple story to these children?

Mamma was right; one must have before they can give. Still there they were waiting; she would do the best that she could.

"I think," she said slowly and hesitatingly, "that you ought to learn from this story how very sure we are to get into trouble when we do wrong, and that even if it is hard, you will be a great deal happier when you are trying to do right."

"How do you know? Do you try yourself?"

Nell's face crimsoned. Teddy did ask such saucy questions! But something kept the saucy words unspoken. "After all was it any wonder that he asked the question?" whispered a little voice. Had she ever given him cause to think she knew the truth of what she was saying?

"Not as much as I ought, little brother," she said gently. "But suppose that we all try harder than ever, and see if it isn't so! Will we?"

"I will," whispered Margie, laying her hand lovingly in Nell's.

"Guess you've been trying this afternoon, haven't you?" asked the incorrigible Ted.

"Some," replied Nell laughingly.

"Well, you've done pretty well; hope you'll keep on. I think you're lots nicer."

"I believe—that I will keep on," was Nell's last thought before dropping to sleep night.

(To be Continued.)

Let us not forget that leaning on the lessons prepared by another, will cramp us in teaching. There cannot be that warm, living interest in the lesson that is needed to impress it on the heart of the pupil.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

The Rev. Richard Rock was a devoted evangelical clergyman of the church of England, who lived and labored with exemplary zeal and diligence in a lonely part of the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies. In the year 1838, he was seized with a violent attack of the fever incident to that unhealthy climate, and having no friend or minister of his own Church to console him in his illness, he sent for the Rev. George Ranyell, a Wesleyan missionary, living at a distance of about a mile, to pay him a visit. The call was promptly obeyed, and on reaching the chamber of his revered friend, the missionary saw at once that he was dangerously ill. After a few expressions of friendly condolence and Christian encouragement Mr. Ranyell read the 103rd Psalm, and then bowed his knees in fervent prayer to God for His blessing upon the lonely sufferer, to which he responded very earnestly. During the exercise, a gracious influence was experienced, and the missionary was led to pray, not only for those spiritual blessings which the patient required in the time of his affliction, but especially that he might be restored to his wonted health and strength, and permitted again to minister to his people. On taking his leave, the missionary observed with pleasure that his friend appeared to be cheerful and benefited by his visit. On calling again shortly afterwards, Mr. Ranyell was delighted to find the clergyman convalescent, and he was soon able to perform his ministerial duties as before. Many years afterwards Mr. Rock was heard to say that he regarded his rapid recovery from this severe attack of fever as a blessing from God in answer to the fervent prayer of his friend the Wesleyan missionary, and that he was forcibly reminded of the Apostle's declaration—"The prayer of faith shall save the sick."—Sabbath Reading.

"IN MY TROUBLE."

Two girl friends, near neighbors in a country village, sat together on Saturday afternoon, busy over the "week's mending." After a somewhat long silence, the younger of the two opened conversation by saying: "Do you know, Marian, that I think I begin to see one of the reasons for my long sickness last winter? At least, I see one of the good things growing out of it. It dawned upon me the other day, as I was thinking over my morning chapter. I had been reading in 1 Chronicles, where David is telling of his great desire to build a house for God's honor. He says, 'Now, behold, in my trouble I prepared for the house of the Lord.' Those three simple words, 'In my trouble, with the fact that he had, during his trouble, prepared for the building of God's house, shone with a new light for me. I thought 'Then David's trouble was not lost to him, or to the temple that was to be. Though debared, as it proved, from undertaking the building himself, he was all the time, while in his trouble, doing something towards preparing the materials, laying by for his son Solomon, of gold, silver, brass, iron, timber and stone.' So I saw that trouble is meant to be a time of preparation for what is coming after. And then I rejoiced to know that my own recent trouble, from my being laid aside so many months was in some sense a period of preparation for active work, and I began to look about me to see what sort of material I had been preparing for future labor and appropriation."

"I am sure this single verse from your Bible reading was, we may say, a part of your material, provided by God's hand, for your building. And David, it seems, had many different kinds laid by in store. So many may find, here a beam of goodly timber, there a bar of iron or brass, here a rough-hewn foundation stone, and there a choice piece of gold and silver, all ready for use in the building of God's house."

"Those hours are," quietly responded Grace. "Yes, I believe that though I may have seemed quite useless or worse than useless, 'while in my trouble' I was really getting ready to tell out to others some of the mercies of the Lord to me, and to magnify his grace. I feel for one thing, that it is well worth a good long illness to be able now to enjoy afresh the mere sense of life and health which comes over me with such a gush of reality. Yet of course, that is only a lesser part of my material."

"Still Grace, if you do but turn it into