



The Family Circle.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy,
Now care for him as thou hast cared for us
In sending him; and cause him to lie down
In thy fresh pastures, by thy streams of peace.
Let thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with thine own hand; be thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all thy tenderness and all thy power.
Oh speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him,
Let thy disciple lean upon thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and
shine."

Rest him, O Loving Spirit! Let thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night, O Holy Dove,
Spread thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadows; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of thy dear name.
"Our comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.
—Selected.

THE STORY OF A HELIOTROPE.

How would any little girl who reads this like to be the only little girl in a whole town? To be sure Timberline wasn't a very large town; there were but three or four hundred people in it; but Maida Haven was the only little girl in the place.

Timberline was the name of a mining town, or camp, away up near the top of one of the most dreary and desolate of the Rocky Mountains. It was on the slope of the mountain just at the point where it was too rocky and barren even for trees to grow, and that was why they called it Timberline.

The houses were all of rough logs, and few of them had more than one room, with one door and one window. Mr. Haven, Maida's father, had built a rough little log-cabin about like the others, and had sent back to Ohio for his wife and little girl to come and live in it with him. Few of the miners and prospectors living in the new mining town of Timberline had sent for their families. They said that Timberline "wa'n't no fit place for wimmen an' children;" but Mrs. Haven insisted on being with her husband, and, as she was not very strong, the doctor said the bracing air of the mountains would do her good.

So one June day when the rumbling old stage slowly made its way up to Timberline, Mrs. Haven and Maida, then ten years old, were among the passengers.

Mr. Haven had not seen them for more than a year, and you may be sure they were warmly welcomed; and the novelty of their surroundings, and their joy at meeting Mr. Haven, made them think that Timberline was quite a pleasant little town, dreary as its every aspect was.

"What have you wrapped up so carefully in that paper?" asked Mr. Haven of Maida, soon after they arrived at the little cabin.

"That," said Mrs. Haven in reply, "is a little slip of heliotrope that the child just would bring with her all the way from home; she had a large, beautiful plant of it all in full bloom, and it was the only thing she cried about leaving. She teased so to bring a little slip of it, that I put one in a little pot for her, and she has watched it all the way as if it were a baby. I told her I didn't think it would live in this climate."

"I don't know why not," said Mr.

Haven. "We have sunshine here almost every day in the year, and the window of our cabin is on the sunny side. I'm glad my little girl brought it. A bit of something green growing in the window will brighten the old cabin up wonderfully, and it reminds me of the old home more than anything else could."

So Maida was very glad she had brought the bit of heliotrope with her, and it was wonderful how the little slip grew; for the sun came in, warm and bright, through the little window, almost every day, and the plant grew steadily.

It was never very warm away up there on the mountain tops, but on the warmest days Maida set the little pot out on a flat rock before the door, where it grew and swayed gently in the soft mountain air. But it had to be taken in every night, for a heavy frost in midsummer was not an uncommon thing up there at Timberline.

Mrs. Haven hung a pair of snowy white curtains at the little window, and put the thrifty little plant between them, its dark, pretty leaves showing effectively against the white background.

It was the only plant there was in the town. The few women there were in the little dreary camp, would go out of their way, as they went to and from "the store," to see the plant. It had "such a homey look," one of them said; and the miners going by the cabin noticed the flower, and some of them said to Maida:

"Where'd you git yer posey, little gal?"
One of them offered her ten dollars for it; but she said "no" very soberly, for Mr. Haven was a poor man, and ten dollars was a little fortune in Maida's eyes. The first bunch of delicate feathery blossoms that came on the plant was cut off very carefully and tenderly by Maida, and carried to a neighboring cabin to lay in the tiny waxen hand a little boy baby who had lived but a week.

When the next blossoms came, a minister going over the mountains in a missionary spirit came to Timberline and began preaching in a deserted cabin. His pulpit stand was an inverted dry-goods box with a colored tablecloth over it; and every Sunday, Maida's heliotrope, with its bunches of feathery flowers, added its charm and gracefulness to the little pulpit.

When October came, the plant, now tall and thrifty, was one mass of exquisitely beautiful and fragrant flowers.

One day the owner of the only valuable mine at Timberline came to the little camp. He brought with him his young wife, a handsome lady, who had begged to come to a real mining camp; and her husband had laughingly consented to bring her, warning her beforehand that she was would have to "rough it" for the few days they were to stay in the place.

The day after their arrival she was taken dangerously ill. They sent twenty miles for a doctor, and did all they could for the suffering woman, but for several days her life was despaired of, and, when she was at last pronounced out of danger, the doctors said it would be several weeks before she could be moved.

"She'll have a pretty dreary time of it down there in that little old hotel," said a woman to Mrs. Haven.

"It is, indeed, a poor place for any one to be sick in," said Mrs. Haven, "but I don't see how it could be fixed up much now. Her husband has sent to Denver for everything he could think of, but it'll be some time before they get here. I've been down and fixed things up the best I could."

It was an unusually warm day for October, and Maida's heliotrope was out on the flat boulder in the bright sunshine; she went slowly out to it, and said softly and earnestly:

"Yes, you'll have to go. I don't know how I'm ever to give you up, but she's dreadful sick, and she needs you mor'n I do; so you must go."

There were tears in her eyes as she said it, and the tears were still there, and her eyes shining, when, ten minutes later, the door of the sick lady's room opened softly, and Maida came in with the beautiful plant in her hands.

"Here," she said quietly, "I bring you this. They said there wasn't nothing pretty here; and this is pretty, ain't it? So I bring it to you."

"O John!" said the lady, "my favorite flower! Isn't it lovely? Where could the child have found it? And where did the

dear little soul herself come from? I didn't suppose there were any children away up here. How beautiful the flower is! You are a dear, good, kind little girl to think of me."

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Mr. Lee.

"Maida Haven."

"Oh! you're William Haven's little girl? He works at the mine, and is one of our best men. I think you are your father's daughter. Well, you are a very, very kind and good little girl, and we shall not soon forget you."

"You can't think how your flower brightens the room up," said the lady. "I do believe it has done me good already. You are a real little Samaritan going about doing good, and you must come and see me again."

"A little Samaritan," Maida kept repeating to herself going home. She knew all about the good Samaritan of old, but could not understand how she had been in the least like him.

Hers was the good deed done without thought or hope of reward, the little kindness that does not, in our worldly way of thinking, count for much; but God sees it, and records it in the book of his remembrance.

The heliotrope came back to Maida again in a few weeks, when Mrs. Leo was well enough to go away. Its next wealth of blossoms was held in the hand of the first bride ever married in Timberline.

"I declare," said Mrs. Haven one day, "your heliotrope is really a missionary flower. I don't believe we can know just how much good it has done or how much better it has made us and others in this dreary little place. It often cheers me up to see its feathery blossoms nodding out there in the sunshine."

Slips of the plant were given freely to all who asked for them, and soon there were plants in all the cabin windows where there were women. Even one or two of the men living alone took slips, and cared for them. "It kind o' reminds a fellow of home," they said; and when men are far away from home and all its restraints, the things that bring home to their remembrance must be good and helpful and comforting to them, so that I rather think myself that Maida's flower was "a real little missionary."—*Sunday-School Times.*

WHAT SAVED HIM.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, tolled out the academy clock.

"Phew!" exclaimed Joe Phillips in dismay, "I should like to know where this hour has gone to. I hadn't an idea that it was more than ten minutes since I sat down. Only twenty minutes more before recitation. I can't begin to get my lesson in that time. I wish that Dick never had lent me that horrid old book, I do." And Joe gave a suspicious-looking yellow-covered book an impatient toss into the farther corner of the room. In his heart he knew that Joe Phillips and not Dick Foster was mostly to blame in the matter.

He knew when he took it that it did not look like the kind of book that his mother would like him to read, and he certainly had no business to touch it this morning in study hour. But he was right in a very exciting part, he had only intended to read a page or two at the most, just enough to find if the hero escaped alive from the peril which threatened him, but before he knew it almost the whole hour had gone by. In twenty minutes he must go to his class, and his lesson was but half prepared.

He had not had an imperfect mark this term, and he did so want to take home a perfect report, it would please mother so; dear mother, who had cheerfully sacrificed so much to be able to send him here—it was a shame in him to be so careless.

If Joe had been a girl I believe he would have fairly cried with vexation and disappointment. As it was, he bit his lips hard, and kicked the little hassock at his feet as vigorously as though that had been the cause of his trouble. "What in the world can I do? I do just hate to go and get a bad mark. Poor little mother. She won't find a word of fault, but she will look so disappointed," and Joe gave the unconscious hassock a harder thrust than ever. A second later Joe sat bolt upright in his chair, with a look in which relief, dismay and uncertainty chased one another across his

face in quick succession. That something or somebody who is always at hand in our moments of weakness when we are most susceptible to temptation, had whispered a suggestion in Joe's ear.

"Why not help yourself a little, just for to-day, you know? You've never done it before, and you need never again. You wouldn't now only for your mother's sake. A few words on a bit of paper or inside your cuff, and you will pull through all right. If you feel troubled about it, you can stay in recreation hour and get your lesson as thoroughly as you please; that will make it all right any way."

But down in his heart of hearts Joe knew that if he did it, nothing could make it all right again; he should always have to remember that he had cheated.

"But it is for mother's sake," he pleaded, "to save her from being disappointed, and it's only for this once. I'll never get caught so again."

It was a sore temptation for Joe. He had so set his heart on carrying a perfect report home to his mother, she had been so pleased when he had told her in his weekly letters that, so far, he had not had a bad mark. If he had only a better excuse to offer he would not care so much. What harm could there be in just helping himself in a few of the hardest places? Lots of boys did. He would certainly get the lesson perfectly that very afternoon.

Three, four, five minutes were gone, and Joe was still parleying with the tempter, six—he had taken his pencil up—seven—he was writing rapidly on a bit of paper, but his face was flushed and uneasy.

Suddenly he started and thrust his bit of paper out of sight. There was a footstep in the hall, but it passed his door, and Joe, taking out his paper, was going to resume his writing when his eyes fell on his mother's picture. It seemed to him that she was looking at him very sadly and reproachfully. Somehow it troubled him so that he could not write, and rising, he went to the mantel and was just about to turn the pictured face to the wall, when there flashed into his mind an incident of childhood. He had done something which he knew was wrong, and he was trying to hide it from his mother, but she had found him out, and he had never forgotten what she said: "There is one thing I want you to remember always. As you grow older you will be away from mother more and more, and you will do many things that I shall never know about, but, laddie, though you can hide your thoughts and acts from me, there is One who will know them all. You can hide nothing from him. 'Thou God seest me.' Remember that, Joe, his eye will be on you always."

Joe did remember it now, and stood still in dismay. He might turn away his mother's picture, she need never know that he had done this wrong act, but God would see him all the time. Could he, remembering that, write those papers, carry them down to the class with him and use them? Perhaps more depended upon Joe's decision than he realized then. I believe he thought so in after years. I fancy if he had yielded to the tempter there, he would have found it hard to have resisted him again. But he did not yield; he went back to his table, took the bits of paper and tore them to atoms; then he studied for dear life until the recitation bell rang.

He told his mother all about it when he went home.

"You don't know how queer I felt, mother. In the first place, all I thought of was you. I couldn't bear to have even your picture looking at me, and then when I went to turn that away I remembered what you said to me that time when I was a little shaver about God's seeing me always, and—I don't know—it seemed so real that I couldn't do it then."

"I am glad of it, my boy; I am sorry about the mark, but not one tenth part as sorry as I should be if you had gained a perfect one dishonestly. Remember, Joe, you may deceive those about you. You may hide your acts from me, but you can never, with all the cunning in the world, hide anything from God. His eye is always upon you. Think of that when you are tempted to do wrong."

"I will," promised Joe earnestly, and he kept his promise. Many a time in after years he remembered it, and was prevented by the thought from yielding to temptation.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*