

The Inglenook.

BELL'S STORY.*

Call Me in the Day of Trouble.

When larger sorrows began to shadow her life, another verse was given as an inspiration of "sorrows in the night."

It was again a sermon that opened it up, a sermon while the skies were clear, and no special sorrow present. The text was, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

The only point of the sermon that made a deep impression was this,—God says,—"Call upon me, and I will deliver." There is no "if" nor "but" about it. So surely as you make me your helper, I will help eff actually.

Now Bell was conscious of having read a great many vague things into that very definite promise, but the emphasizing of the one word *will* cleared them all away, and the verse seemed a strong tower ready for any day of adversity.

Years went by, and sickness came to her children; and first one, and then another, and then another, in quick succession, was laid down with serious illness. But the "strong tower was ready, and that word "will" became the secret of her songs.

But each word of God that is really trusted becomes a key to unlock some other work hitherto unnoticed. "I will deliver thee," led her on to the next clause, "and thou shalt glorify me." Hitherto the last clause had only seemed to be the statement of a duty,—now it began to shine out as another promise, which is a very different thing. "He will deliver me, and I shall glorify Him." The verse was like the word spoken by the Lord,—"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

Bell had by this time begun to understand that the dearest hope of the Christian life is, that the glory of God should shine out of that life into other lives; and so this second promise, which undertook that the outcome of the calling in trouble and the deliverance from it should be that some of God's glory should so shine out into other lives, was one on which she took hold with reverence and deep gladness. She got another lesson on the old verse,—"All things (even deep troubles) work together for good to them that love God."

But deeper trouble came after that. Sores sickness and pain that stretched over weeks, and months, and lengthened out to years. The picture of Jesus Christ asleep on a pillow in the hinder part of the ship, while the storm raged unchecked, and the hearts of the disciples were failing them for fear,—that came to help her. The rebuke the Lord gave to His disciples, who broke His sleep that He might check the storm, instead of trusting Him to control the storm even while He slept, was one of these comfortable rebukes that make it easy to trust. The point of the rebuke seemed to be,—
"Could you not trust me to manage the storm even while I was asleep?" And the same voice seemed to say to her,—
"Can you not trust me to manage your storm, even while I seem to let it rage unchecked?"

*Bell's Story, Part I, is now complete, and can be had in tract form. Single copies 5 cents, 1 dozen copies 35 cents. Bell's Story, Part II will follow later.

I sleep, but my heart waketh. Trust me to control it even if I do not stop it.

So while the trouble raged (yet it was controlled trouble) the other sweet verse blossomed out into fresh beauty again "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The last two clauses, during those nights of incessant care, opened out to mean this,—I will deliver thee, and the deliverance shall be such, that heartfelt praises shall be the natural and necessary result. It shall not be a half and half deliverance. It shall be such a one that your heart shall overflow with thanksgiving and that shall "glorify God."

Still another precious lesson was given upon the same verse, but that belongs rather to another subject, and therefore must be reserved to another chapter. Truly the word of God is wonderful; but the difference of many Christians to its earnest and persistent study is almost more wonderful. It can be accounted for only by the fact, that the Prince of this world is doing with Christian minds as Pharaoh long ago did with Hebrew bodies, keeping their whole time and strength occupied making bricks for him, and building treasure cities for his stores. When God calls to him,—
"Let my people go that they may wait upon me," he says "I will not let them go" and he only keeps them busier than ever.

But He who undertook to deliver Hebrew bodies from the tasks of Egypt, has also undertaken to deliver Christian minds from the slavery of worldly thoughts, for He has said,—
"I will put my laws in their minds." Then, and not till then can He write them in their hearts. How He is going to do it in this tremendously preoccupied age is no more apparent than how He was going to subdue Pharaoh. But what God undertakes He can do.

How Marjorie Found Fairyland

"I know it's just stories," said Marjorie to herself, firmly, as she closed her book, "but I wish things like that did happen. I wish a funny fairy godmother would take me away to a beautiful palace, or a mysterious white bird would fly before me to an enchanted forest or something."

Marjorie had been reading in the meadow and leaned back against the oak tree to think about it. Just then the saucy wind snatched her hat and sent it careering through the air at a great rate. At first she did not move, but as the hat sailed on and on a sudden hope took possession of her. Suppose the wind was carrying her hat to fairyland. In that case, all that was necessary was to follow it.

It really did seem as if the hat was bewitched. It would settle on the ground and lie until Marjorie almost reached it, and then it was up and away again. Across the field, across the road, and down the lane it went, and at last it wickered suddenly over the high fence that stood in the little cottage that she had often seen. With a beating heart, she climbed up and looked over. There was no one in sight but a little lame girl sitting in her chair under the big elm tree.

"Please," said Marjorie, "may I come and get my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" said the lame girl, smiling brightly. "I would get it for you if I could."

But Marjorie did not see the bright smile or the wistful look that followed. She got her hat quickly and went out. She felt cross and disappointed because no adventure had been found by following the runaway hat. She went straight home and told her mother about it.

"Of course, I didn't expect to get to fairyland," Marjorie concluded; "but I thought that something might happen besides just common, every day things."

"Still, you might have got to fairyland if you had known how," said Marjorie's mother; "and, better, yet, you might have taken some one with you."

"What do you mean?" cried Marjorie, "That little lame girl—her name is Laura Randall—has just moved here," replied Marjorie's mother. "She doesn't know anyone; her parents are poor, and she has few books or games. If a girl of her own age would visit her, think how perfectly happy she might be made by a little attention and sparing of treasures."

"I see, mama," said Marjorie; and half an hour later she was ready to start on a visit to Laura. Now Marjorie never did things by halves, and she had her brother's little wagon piled full of things out of which to construct her fairyland. She went down the lane to the cottage, looked over the fence again, and said: "May I come in please?"

Again the lame girl smiled, and Marjorie drew her little wagon in through the gate. "I've come to stay with you this afternoon, if I may," said Marjorie. "We will read my story books and have some fun, and after a while we will have a picnic. My brother Harold is coming to help us eat. He's good at eating up everything that is left; and, besides, he's a jolly boy—just as much fun as a girl."

With this introduction, Marjorie began unpacking her wares.

"We'll play I'm a peddler, and you're a lady," Marjorie said. "Please, madam, may I come in and show you my goods?"

"Yes," said Laura, "if you're a nice, polite peddler, and take off your hat and scrape your shoes at the door."

Laura bought all the books at fabulous prices, and seemed so eager to read them that Marjorie declared that she would leave them there until every one had been read through. Then they made a comical scrapbook, cutting out all the pictures of people and animals and fitting new heads and bodies together, and what funny effects were produced!

Harold was on hand to take his share in the picnic, and as the sun was setting he and Marjorie said good-by with many promises to come again.

"I had a beautiful time to-day," said Marjorie to her mother after returning home.

"Yes," said her mother, "the way to fairyland is very easy, you just enter the little gate of kindness and go straight on."—Zelia Margaret Waters in *Sunday School Times*.

An old Story Ever New

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire, of Philadelphia, one Saturday bade his clerks come the following day and unload a vessel which had just arrived.

One of the clerks, who had strong convictions and the power to act upon them, refused to comply with the demand.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Girard, "if you can not do as I wish, we can separate."

"I knew that, sir," said the hero. "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I cannot work on Sunday."

"Very well, sir," said the proprietor, "go