REST.

Sweet rest, dear rest,
Come to my aid!
Go, children, go in pleasure's quest,
Go have your gaiety and laugh and mirth!
I, too, have felt the youthful zest
That gives those winning pleasures worth.
But somehow as the minutes fly
The things on earth that seems the best,
As in an easy chair I sit,
When glows the fire and lamps are lit
Sweet, dear rest,
Then, children, go in pleasure's quest,
I'd rather rest.

Sweet rest, dear rest,
Thou art the best!
From this dear corner by the fire
How faintly comes pleasure's jarring call;
The golden alms of youth's desire—
Time's diminish touch is not at all.
Yet swells my heart with deep content
To find this compensation blest:
Along life's flowery and joyous way,
And failing strength, is sweetly blest
The blessedness of well-earned rest.
Then go, dear friends, pursue your quest,
Leave me to rest.

Sweet rest, dear rest,
Thou art the best!
I mind me how, when life was young,
And with the years before me rolled,
One shadow o'er the future hung—
It seemed so dreadful to grow old.
But now life's autumn season nears
And seems of all my life the best;
I bid my friends adieu its fears,
I know that life's declining years
Shall bring sweet rest.
Go, friends, life hath not lost its zest,
But sweet rest.

—*Helen E. Starrett.*

Love's Story

A modern boudoir, all pearl color and dead gold paneling, in a fashionable house on Rutledge square—a Sevres jardiniere hung with gilded chains and filled with fresh flowers from a Broadway florist—and a housemaid, pretty enough to correspond with the rest of the furniture, gliding around with a Swiss muslin cap and frilled apron—that was the scene. Just opposite the plate-glass mantelpiece a carriage was drawing away from a stately house—an open barouche, filled with elegantly dressed ladies scarcely older than the young girl's self.

Ignatia Perrine looked wistfully out, one hand shading the sunshine from her eyes.

She too was young, she too was beautiful; why, then, was she debarred from scenes like this?

But the mission allotted to such repining meditation was but brief. The little housemaid, turning saw a bold, bright-faced man standing on tiptoe to reach the flowers in the china jardiniere.

"Oh, take care, Tommy," she called out, "don't touch that. Your mamma has forbidden you.

"I don't care for mamma—she's gone out! I don't care for you. You're only a servant," saucily returned the child. "I shan't mind you unless I choose."

But even while the rebellious words fell from the little fellow's lips, the delicate ornament lost its balance and came down with a crash, breaking little fingers as it fell, and cutting a deep gash on little Tommy Granville's cheek. Ignatia looked pale as she hastened to lift him up, at the same time jerking the bell wire violently.

The servants hurried in, confused and terrified.

"Go for my mistress!" said one.

"Call the doctor!" said another.

"Stop the bleeding or the child will die!" cried a third.

"There's Dr. Mill man's carriage going by now," said the butler. "He isn't my missus' medical man, but there's no time to lose."

So Dr. Milliman was called in.

Ignatia Perrine, an American girl of French parentage, looked very lovely as she knelt in the lace and satin bath-room with little Tommy Granville in her lap. Her large, liquid eyes, of so deep a gray as to be nearly black, are fitted earnestly to the young physic an's face; her cheeks were crimson with excitement and the silky black hair, escaped from her coquettish comb, fell in a soft, dusky cloud over her shoulders.

"Ah!" said the chamberma d, spitefully, "I should think a little blood like that if I had big eyes and skin like a painted doll-baby's."

"Hold your tongue, Maggie," said the cook. "Ignatia's thinking of nothing on earth but the child. The trouble with you is that you judge every one by yourself."

And the doctor holding a chloroform-saturated handkerchief to the little patient's nostrils, was intently watching his handiwork.

"Do not look so terrified, Mrs. Granville," he said kindly. "It is only a flesh cut—a slight scar will be the only evil consequence resulting from the accident."

Ignatia colored deeply—the jetty fringe of her eyes fell to the crimson cheeks.

"I—I am glad of it, sir," said she; "but you are mistaken. I am not Mrs. Granville. I am only Ignatia Perrine."

"A relative, most probably?"

"No, sir," hesitated Ignatia, "only the housemaid."

"Oh, and the doctor, and he went on with his work in silence, fastening threads of silver wire through the child's pale cheek.

"You would make a good surgeon," he said, after a few minutes, during which nobody spoke. "Are you a nurse. You bear the ghastly sight well."

Ignatia burst into tears.

"I was very fond of poor little Tommy, she said, "and I can't endure to think of his being so disfigured."

It was difficult to tell whether Mrs. Scipio Lamb's visit was most taken with the breaking of the imported jardiniere or the zig-zag wound in Tommy's cheek when she returned.

"It must have been entirely your fault in both instances, Ignatia," said Mrs. Scipio. Such glaring carelessness I never saw."

"Yes'm—and that ain't the worst of it, mem," interposed Maggie, pertly. "If you could a-seen her trying to pass money off on the young doctor, mem, as Mrs. Granville."

"Can I believe my ears?" said Mrs. Granville, indignantly. "Ignatia Perrine, you are dismissed from my service."

"Indeed Mrs. Granville"—pleaded the girl.

"I want no discussion," interrupted the arrogant child of wealth and luxury. "You heard my words. Here is your month's wages. Go at once."

When Dr. Milliman called in the evening Tommy was flushed and feverish.

"Ignatia! I want Ignatia!" he kept wailing out.

"Why don't you let the young woman come in?" asked the doctor. "He should be indulged in his caprices so far as possible."

"But that as it happens is among the impossibilities," retorted Mrs. Granville, with a toss of her head. "I discharged the girl two hours ago."

"A pity," said the doctor. "She seemed an excellent nurse, very well adapted to the emergence."

When Mr. Granville returned from his office he was both indignant and perturbed.

"Who is the young physician?" he asked. "Why don't you send for Oppenweiler?"

"Because," said Mrs. Granville, lowering her voice to a whisper, "this is the same Dr. Milliman that Olivia admires so much."

"Your sister Olivia?"

"Yes. She met him at the Devereaux reception. He is not rich, but is well connected and is rising rapidly in the world, and he is very attentive to Olivia."

"Oh," said Mr. Granville, "you women are such labyrinths of mystery and manoeuvring that one never knows where to find you. Send for Doctor Milliman—if that's his name—in as well capable of attending to Tommy's case as Dr. Oppenweiler."

"Of course," said Mrs. Granville, with a light laugh. "And I mean to send for Olivia to nurse the little fellow."

"Is Dr. Milliman in?"

"By the beard of the prophet," said Milliman, flinging his cigar into the fire, "this is the third time I have heard little dunnel that was discharged. Well, my child," rising to greet her "what is it?"

"I am out of employment, sir," said Ignatia, with drooping head and varying color. You—you spoke about the chances of my making a good nurse. Could you recommend me to some quiet hospital; sir, where—"

"Well, no, not exactly to a hospital," said Dr. Milliman. "But I have a lady patient, very nervious, very ill, very trying who needs just such an attendant as you would make. Are you willing to attempt it?"

"Oh, yes. I should be thankful for an opportunity to earn our bread." said Ignatia, with a sigh. "Doctor Milliman thought how wonderfully beautiful were the soft, magnetic eyes shining through grateful tears.

The carriage glided away—the trees in Rutledge Square were all aleaf, and still Miss Olivia Sedley lingered in New York to decide the attractions of Long Branch, Saratoga and Lake George. Tommy Granville was quite recovered—but Miss Sedley was not forgotten or neglected.

Three weeks had elapsed without a visit from the young physician, and Miss Olivia could hardly contain the envious disorder which gave her an opportunity to call for his frequent presence was worsed.

"What shall I do, Louise?" she questioned her married sister.

"Why, go to his office, of course.

"Would it do?

"Of course," reiterated Mrs. Granville, laughing. "Faint heart never won nice young doctor, Livy, you know. I'll go with you."

"Would it be—ahem—quite proper?" hesitated Miss Olivia.

"To be sure—isn't he a doctor?"

So the carriage was ordered, and Mrs. Granville and Miss Sedley drove to Dr. Milliman's unpretentious little office.

"Dr. Milliman? Yes, 'm," said the office boy. "You're just in time. He got home last night."

"Gon home!" repeated Mrs. Granville. "Why, where has he been?"

"On his wedding tour, ma'am," said the office boy. "Didn't you know? and that's Mrs. Milliman, now."

The door between the office and back parlor was opened and a light, graceful figure, with wonderful black eyes, stood on the threshold—the figure of Ignatia Perrine.

"Oh, take care, Tommy," she called out, "don't touch that. Your mamma has forbidden you.

"I don't care for mamma—she's gone out! I don't care for you. You're only a servant," saucily returned the child. "I shan't mind you unless I choose."

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"Oh," said Mr. Granville, "you

"MAKE A CHAIN."

SACRAMENTAL DAY AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Brooklyn Divine Discourses to Thousands of Communicants Upon the All-Absorbing and Instructive Theme, "The Chain of Influence—The Needs of Early Christian Geography Portrayed.

BROOKLYN, September 16.—To-day was sacramental day at the Tabernacle, and the services were fine. Communicant members were joined by thousands from all parts of this country and from other lands in the sacred communion of the Lord's Supper. Will Talmage, D. D., preached from Ezekiel vii. 23: "Make a chain?" He said:

At school and in college in announcing the mechanical powers, we glorified the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, the axle and the wheel, but my text tells us to study the chain and its uses. These links of metal, one with another, attracted the old Bible authors, and we hear the chain rattle and see its coil all the way through from Genesis to the Revelation, flashing as an adornment, or restraining as in captivity, or holding in conjunction as in case of machinery. To do him honor, Pharaoh hung a chain of gold about the neck of Daniel. The high priest had on his breast-plate two chains of gold. On the camels, necks at the Ishmaelites drove up to Gideon, jingled chains of gold.

The Bible refers to the Church as having such glittering adornments. Saith "The queen is comely with chains of gold." On the other hand, a chain means bondage. Hear the psalmist, exults that power has been given over his enemies, "to bind their kings with chains." The old missionary apostle cries out: "For the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain." In the place where Peter is incarcerated, you hear one great angel at his side falling off of his chains. St. John saw an angel come down from Heaven to muzzle the power of darkness, and bind Satan "in a chain in his hand," and the fallen angels are represented as "reserved in everlasting chains" while in my text for the arrest and limitation of the iniquity of his time, Ezekiel thunders out: "Make a chain."

What I wish to impress upon myself and you now is the strength in right and wrong directions, of consecutive forces, the superiority of a chain of influences above one influence, the great advantage of a congeries of links above one link, and in all family government and in all effort to rescue others and in all attempt to stop iniquity, take the suggestion of my text and make a chain!

That which contains the greatest importance, that which encloses the most treasure, that which contains, this world of earthly things is most watched by other worlds, that which has battled against the two sides all the eternities, is the chain. The grave is nothing to impertinent compared with it, for that is only a gully that we step across in a second, but the cradle has within it a mystery, that has been and bore to cease. When three or four years ago the Ohio River overflowed its banks and the wild freshets swept down with them harvests and cities, there was found floating on the bosom of the waters a cradle with a child in it all unhurt, wrapped up snug and warm, and its blue eyes looking into the blue of the open heaven. It was mentioned as something extraordinary. But, behold the cradle with its living passenger floating on the swift currents of the centuries, deep calling to deep, Olibus and St. Lawrence and Mississippi of influence, bearing it onward. Now what shall be done with the new life recently launched? Teach him an evening prayer? That is important, but not enough. Hear him as soon as he can read some good book or catechism? That is important, but not enough. Ever. Sabbath school and church? That is important, but not enough. Once in a while a lesson, or a sermon, or a book, or an hour in a restraining influence? All these are important, but not enough. Each one of these influences is a link in a chain, and will not hold him in the tremendous emergencies of life. Let it be continuous, constant prayer, constant application of good influences, a long line of consecutive impressions, reaching from his first years to his fifth, and from his fifth year to his tenth, and from his tenth year to his twenty. "Make a chain!"

Immediate education, paroxysmal discipline, occasional fidelity, amount to nothing. You can as easily hold an anchor by one link, and a sailor can as well climb the shrouds, interlinked faithfulness. The example must be in accordance with the instruction. The action must combine with the action. The weekday consistency must conspire with the Sabbath exhortation. Heaven will employ no means; but be petulant and inconsistent and unreasonable in your government, and your family prayers will be a blasphemous farce. In great crises and times of the Spirit, when young men to dissipation, and young women to social follies, that it is most important that the chain be made strong, and that it be charged with a religious power that will hold the child when he get out of the house and home into the stormy ocean of active life. There is such a thing as impressing children powerfully and good, that they will never do have no more power to efface it than stars efface. What a rough time the world has had in doing wrong, carefully nurtured as he was in the Christ and in the church of God for years, or over in Scotland, or England, or Ireland; but they have stood in the doorway of their dwellings that they have seen the face of the chandelier of every house of dissipation, that they have seen the face of the dice. Have you forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles, and this stoop in the under, and the white hair in the upper story my boy, go home! By the God to whom we consecrated you in baptism, by the God who rocked you, by the grass-grown graves in the old country churchyard, I tell you that if you we hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my boy, go home!" And some Sunday morning will be seen a little band of young man suddenly asking for the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the sacrament and perhaps drinking from the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago when their eyes memorated the sufferings of the Lord. Yes, I know, you do not have such fear in sin as you seem to have. I know what spoils your fear. You cannot shake off the influence of those prayers long ago offered, or of those kind admonitions. You cannot make them go away, and you feel like saying: "Father what are you doing here! Mother, why do you hunder me with suggestions of those old-en times!" But they will not go away. They will push you back from your evil paths, though they have to come out of their shining homes in heaven and stand in the fiery gulf of hell, and their backs scorched of the fiery blast, and with their hand on your shoulder, and their breath on your brow, and their eyes looking straight into yours, they will say: "We have come to take you home, O, my child! Have you forgotten the old prayers? We hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my lost, go home!" And some Sunday you will be seen with a