(From the Evening Star.)

REST.

Rest thee, Christian, rest,
On thy Saviour's breast,
Trust thee in His gracious love,
All his care and mercy prove.
What though thee the tempter threaten,
Lift the Cross, and he is beaten.
Rest thee on the Saviour's breast,
Rest thee, Christian, rest.

Rest thee, Soldier, rest,
At the Christ's behest;
Rest thee on the battlefield,
Where thy foes are mustered;
Where the sights thy gloom is darkened,
Fight thou all by faith strengthened.
Rest thee in Jesus and on Jesus,
Rest, rest, Soldier, rest.

Rest thee, Toiler, rest,
On the Christ's behest;
Where thoughtlessly on life hurrying,
Thou hast left thy God, through hurry indeed,
He will gently lead and guide thee
Rest thee on the Saviour's breast.
Rest thee, Toiler, rest.

Rest thee, Servant, rest,
On thy Master's behest;
Faithfully thy work performed
Till thy Lord do thee return.
Rest, rest in peace thee, say, "Well done,"
"Enter in, enter into thy crown,
Then amid the joy of thy Master's breast
Rest thee, Servant, rest.

Rest thee, Pilgrim, rest.
Trust with the Christ's behest;
Gird thee on thy sandal shoon,
Take thy staff and journey on,
Seeking for a "better country,"
Across the stream, the land beyond thee,
Enter into perfect rest,
Rest thee, Pilgrim, rest.

Rest thee, Sinner, rest,
In His love be blest,
Earthly love, you will bewail,
When you meet the Christ of love,
Try his promise, it fails never,
Weight from you His love can sever,
Take Him for your own, be blest,
Rest thee, Sinner, rest.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

The Night Ride.

The following is one of the finest passages in Dudley's "Under Two Flags," just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

The errand on which Cecil went was one, as he was well aware, of life and death to a thousand chances to one that he ever issued alive.

It was to reach a distant branch of the Army of Occupation with despatches to the chief in command there, and to do this he had to pass through a fiercely hostile region, occupied by Arabs to whom no sort of pretence had ever been made, the most savage as well as the most predatory of the wandering tribes; a knowledge of their tongue, and his friendship with some men of their nation, would avail him nothing here; for their fury against the Franks was intense, and it was said that all prisoners who had fallen into their hands had been put to death with merciless barbarities. This might be true or false, but wild tales were common among Algerian campaigners; whichever it were, he thought little of it as he rode out on on to Death's Valley. Any kind of hazardous adventure and every variety of peril had been familiar to him in this African life; and how there were thoughts and memories on him which deadened every recollection of merely physical risk.

"We must ride as hard and as fast as we can; and *continually*," were the only words he exchanged with Hake, as he loosened his grasp to a hand-gallop.

"All right, sir," answered the trooper, whose warm blood was dancing, and whose blue eyes were alive like fire with delight. That he had been selected as the messenger, fixed on that day of Zaralla and been nothing short of agony to Hake, and the mere sight of him for this duty was to him a gift of paradise. He loved fighting for fighting's sake; and the slender Cecil was the pleasantest companion life held for him.

They had two hundred miles to traverse, and Hake received only the command he had passed on Hake, to ride "hard, fast and silently." To love of danger Hake was young and felt too much soldierly sympathy to add the superfluous injunction to the silent utterance to carry safely and successfully to their destination the papers that were placed in his sabertache. They knew what the great cavalry would be done, or the Chasseur's *matin de feroce*, were *mais de fer*, would be stiffened and nerveless in death.

It was just nightfall; the after-glow had faded only a few moments before. Giving their horses, which they were to change once, ten hours for the distance, they had two for halt and for rest, he reckoned that they would reach the camp before the noon of the coming day, as the beasts, fresh and fed, would have few like groundwards beneath them.

Another night that had ridden together came to the minds of both; but they spoke not a word as they swept on, their sabres hung loose in their sabre-knots, their lances well gripped, and the pistols with which they had been supplied sprung in their belts ready for instant action if a call should come for it. Every rood of the way was as full of unseen danger as if hid over mines. They might pass in safety; they might any moment be cut down by ten score against two. From every hanging scarp or rugged rock a storm of musket-balls might pour; from every screen of wild foliage in shower of lances might whistle through the air; from every darkling grove of fig-trees an Arab hand might spring and swoop on them;—but the knowledge scarcely recurred to the one who was to make him shake his sword more loose for quick disengagement, and only made the same two pairs of the other sparkle with a vivid and longing zest.

The night grew very chill as it grew on; the north wind, rushing down from Algeria with a force and icy touch that seemed to freeze their bone to the marrow after the heat of the day and the sun had scorched them to blood. There was no regular road; they went across the country, their way sometimes leading over level land, over which they could ride abreast, great plains succeeding one another with wearisome monotony; sometimes, on the contrary, lying through ravines, and defiles, and gloomy woods, and broken hilly spaces, where rent barr rocks were thrown on one another in gigantic confusion, and the fantastic shapes of the wild fig and aloe and palm gathered a hideous grotesqueness in the darkness. For there was no moon; and the stars were often hidden by the stormy rolling masses of vapour that drifted over the sky; and the only sound they heard was the cry of the jackal, or the shriek of the night bird, and now and then the sound of shallow water-courses, where the parched beds of hidden brooks had been filled by the autumnal rain.

Every rood of the road was sown thick with peril; no browning ledge of rock, with pine-roots in its clefts, but might be the barricade behind which some foe lurked; no acre of cypress-shrubs, black even on that black sheet of shadow, but might be pierced with the steel tubes of leveled waiting musketers.

They had reached the centre of the plain when the sound they had long looked for rang on their ears, piercing the heavy breathless stillness of the night. It was the Arab-al-Ahab of their foes, the war-cry of the Moslem. Out of the gloom—whether from long pursuit or some near hiding place they could not tell—there broke suddenly upon them the fury of an Arab onslaught. In the darkness all they could see were the flash of steel, the flame of fierce eyes against their own, the white steams of smoking horses, the gray of flesh flung off the morting nostrils, the rapid glitter of the curved lissas—whether six, or twenty, or twice a hundred were ranged against them they could not know—they never did know. All of which they were conscious was that in an instant, from the tranquil melancholy around them of the great plain, naked space, they were plunged into the fierce, fury, the heat, the close, crushing, horrible entanglement of conflict, without the power to perceive or to number their foes, and only able to follow the sheer staple instincts of attack and of defence. All they were sensible of was one of these confused moments, deadening, blinding, filled with violence and rage and fear—an eternity in semblance, a second in duration—that can never be traced, never be recalled, yet in whose feverish excitement men do that which, in their calmer hours, they look at as a fable of some madhouse of Gaul.

How they were attacked, how they repelled, how they rallied, how they were encompassed, how they thrust back those who were hurled on them in the black night, all the north sea wind like one spirit of evil faces, and the loose African soil drifting up in clouds of sand around their horses' fetlocks, have told. Nor how they strained free from the armed ring that circled them, and left aside the shafts of lances and the blades of swords, and forced their chargers breast to breast against the fence of steel, and through the tempest of rage, blows, and shouts, and wind, and driven sand, cut their way through the foe to some open space, where Hake could see, and plunged away into the shadows across the desolation of the plain, pursued, whether by one or by a thousand they could not guess, for, the lop was noiseless on the sand of Africa, and the Arab yell of baffled passion and slaughtered hunt was half drowned in the rising of the wind-storm. Had it been day, they would have seen their passage across the plain marked by a crimson stream upon the sand, in which the blood of Frank and Arab blended equally.

As it was, they dashed headlong down through the darkness that grew yet more and blacker as the storm rose. For miles the ground was level before them, and they had only to let the the half-maddened beasts, that had as by a miracle escaped all injury, rush on at their own will through the night of the wind that drove the dust upward in spiral columns and brought icy breaths of the north over the scar, sunburnt, southern waste.

For a long space, they had no sense but that of rapid ceaseless motion through the black gloom and against the pressure of the violent blasts. The speed of their gallop and the strength of the currents of air were in some narcotic that drowned and that dizzied perception. In the intense darkness neither could see, neither could hear, the cries of those of the beasts kept them together, but no word could be heard above the roar of the storm, and no light broke the sombre veil of shadow through which they passed as fast as leopards course through the night. The first faint streak of dawn grew gray in the east when Cecil, with his charger stagger and sway beneath him, and half, worn out and quivering in every sinew with fatigue, rode into Hake's side of the animal in time to save himself from falling with it as it reeled and sank to the ground.

"Missena cannot stir another yard," he said. "Do you think they follow us still?"

There was no reply.

He strained his sight to pierce the darkness, but he could distinguish nothing; the gloom was still too deep. He spoke more loudly; still there was no reply. Then he raised his voice in a shout; it rang through the silence, and, when it ceased, the silence reigned again.

A deadly chill came on him. How had he missed his comrade? They must be far apart, he knew, since no response was given to his summons; or—the alternative rose before him with a terrible foreboding.

That intense quiet had a repose as of death in it, a ghastly loneliness that seemed filled with desolation. His horse was stretched before him on the sand, powerless to rise and drag itself a rood onward, and he could guess from the plains around him not a sound came, either of friend or foe. The consciousness that he was alone, that he had lost forever the only friend left to him, struck on him with that conviction which only conforums the assurance of calamity. Without a moment's pause, he dismounted, two for halt in direction he had come, leaving the charger on the ground to pant its life out as it must, and scarcely to feel his way along, as he took, as best he could, the companion he had deserted.

A few paces he had gone from his horse, he went on slowly, with some vague hope that he should ere long reach the man whom he knew he dared not for the fatality of accident alone would keep from his side. He could not see, he could not hear anything more than the slightest sign or clew to aid his search; he only wandered farther from his horse, and raised falling afresh into the hands of his pursuers; he shouted again with all his voice, and the sound was swallowed up over the plains, while his heart stood still with the same frozen dread that a man feels when, wrecked on some barren shore, his cry for rescue rings back on his own ear over the waste of waters.

The flicker of the dawn was growing lighter in the sky, and he could see dimly now, as he stood under the dark vault, though all around him lung the leaden mist, with the wild winds driving furiously, it was with difficulty almost that he kept his feet against their force; but he was blown over by their remorseless violence from side to side, and he still made his way forward. He had repassed, he knew, the ground already traversed by some hundred yards or more, which seemed the length of many miles in the hurricane that was driving over the earth and sky, when some outline still doubler than the shadow, great plains succeeding one another with wearisome monotony; sometimes, on the contrary, lying through ravines, and defiles, and gloomy woods, and broken hilly spaces, where rent barr rocks were thrown on one another in gigantic confusion, and the fantastic shapes of the wild fig and aloe and palm gathered a hideous grotesqueness in the darkness. For there was no moon; and the stars were often hidden by the stormy rolling masses of vapour that drifted over the sky; and the only sound they heard was the cry of the jackal, or the shriek of the night bird, and now and then the sound of shallow water-courses, where the parched beds of hidden brooks had been filled by the autumnal rain.

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