

Not Far.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."
Mark xii: 34.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin,
How many are coming and going—
How few are entering in!
Not far from the golden gateway,
Where voices whisper and wait;
Fearing to enter in boldly,
So lingering still at the gate.
Catching the strain of the music
Floating so sweetly along,
Knowing the song they are singing,
Yet joining not in the song.
Seeing the warmth and the beauty,
The infinite love and light;
Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,
Out in the desolate night!
Not far, not far from the kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But it may be at last, and forever,
Out of the resting place.
A ship came sailing and sailing
Over a murmuring sea,
And just in sight of the haven
Down in the waves went, she.
And the spars and broken timbers
Were cast on a storm-beat strand;
And a cry went up in the darkness:
Not far, not far from the land!
—English Congregationalist.

Mount Shasta.

Over fields on fields of snow,
By the canyon's gorge, where the cat-
aracts flow;
Where deepening sunsets burn and fade
Over the dusk Sierra's shade;
Where life is a joy and the heart beats
free,
Away by the slope to the western sea,
The crown and the pride of those sunny
lands,
The beautiful mountain of Shasta stands.
With hues of saffron, pearl and rose,
In tints of beauty its summit glows;
And the ages come, and the ages go,
And still on its peak shines the crested
snow.
Leagues away, by the river's side,
Lies the valley deep and wide.
Hid in its heart is a golden store,
Cinnabar and the silver ore.
Glossy madrons and lilies of snow
Fast by the giant oak trees grow;
Clustering roses, famed in song,
Damascus roses the whole year long;
Lusty, leaping waters that gleam,
Down from the rocks in a crystal stream;
From the Palisades, a mighty wall,
And the great Domes glistening over all.
Years ago, when the shouts of men
From old Coloma and Almaden
Burst on the cliffs of the royal state,
As she sat enthroned by her Golden Gate,
Girdling the earth with her magic band,
Clasping the belt with her tawny hand.
Then came the harvest of golden grain,
Thick and fast as the yellow grain
Falls, with the tempest of crimson leaves,
In a molten cloud from the bursting shea-
ves;
Till every land to old Cathay
Whitened with ships her shining bay.
By the dark sea-wall of oak and pine,
Stretched on the long Pacific line,
Cities arose on the virgin soil—
Cities smoking with traffic and toil;
And the sinuous track of the iron band
Mountains and burning prairies spanned,
Over the crag and eagle's nest,
Threading the continent east to west.
Beautiful land by the sunset sea,
Land of the great Yosemite!
Land where the breezes spring elate,
Blown mid-day through the Golden Gate;
Land of the men of resolute will—
Hearts that thy bounding torrents fill;
Minds at ease with healthful cheer
Day after day through the blissful year.
Women with song those days begin,
Fair as pearls from Comorin;
Beautiful children, ruddy and fleet,
Like clambering roses, in every street;
Not for thy gems, or a golden feast,
Shall the heart grow worn in the arid east
Leap to meet thee. Thy glorious eye
Flames like a star from its canopy.
Richer than gold are thy dark lagoons,
Brighter than ore are thy silver moon,
And deeper than all the voices of men
Thy cataracts thunder again and again;
And nobler in heart and nobler in soul
Should the traces be where those torrents
roll.
As the ages come and the ages go,
Girdling with flame those peaks of snow,
The crown and the pride of that sunny
land,
Shall the beautiful mountain of Shasta
stand,
And the empire star shall rise and rise,
Till it moves full-orbed in those western
skies.

Money.

Money borrowed is a foe
Veiled in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
Lost beyond redeeming.
Hoarded, it is like a guest
Won with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
Save the care of keeping.
Spent in good, it leaves a joy
Twice its worth behind it;
He who thus has lost it here
Shall hereafter find it.

The Royal Guest.

"Oh! mother, mother, the Lord Je-
sus is coming here to night."

Was it the words, or the sudden
flash of sunset drifting in through the
open door, that glorified the poor, low,
dingy, walls in the eyes of the won-
dering mother?

"The Lord Jesus," she repeats,
dreamily. "I havena kened him sin'
I were a child. Did he tell you it
himself?"

"No, mother it was the minister.
He said the Lord Jesus had written
to us, 'Behold, I come quickly,' and I
ran all, all the way home to tell
you."

"He'll be wanting the floor clean,"
she said, in the simple faith of igno-
rance, and she hastened to take mop
and broom. The wooden chairs were
sanded and scoured, and a fresh bright
flame kindled in the old fashioned
fire-place.

"Maybe He'll be hungry and want
something to eat," she said, at last, "I
will bake him a little cake, for He will
not be fashed for warm supper the
night."

Twilight waned, but still his foot-
steps lingered, and their watch was in
vain. The father and Robbie were
home from their work, and already baby
Annie was fast asleep; but still
He came not. So they placed a can-
dle in the window to guide Him
through the darkness, and the welcom-
ing light shone far out over the dre-
ary waste. There was one who saw it
and drew near, and a low, soft knock
sounded on the oaken door.

"He's come," they whispered. The
mother's face softened with an un-
speakable tenderness; and even the
baby smiled in her sleep, as if at some
pleasant dream.

Robbie and Jessie stood on tiptoe
with eager, waiting eyes, as the father
trying to still the loud beating of
his heart, walked slowly to the door
and, with tremulous hands, unfasten-
ed the latch. Out of the gloom and
darkness there appeared a strange
visitor—not the King of Glory, for
whose coming the gates had lifted up
their heads—but a poor, lone woman,
who stood shuddering upon the thresh-
hold. Her torn garments, dripping
with wet, hung about her in scanty
folds, and her two thin hands were
held out imploringly.

"I'm cold," she said, "I'd like to
bide a bit."

"It's only daft Jeanie," they whis-
pered. And in the first disappointed
moment they had almost closed the
door upon her. But better thoughts
prevailed, and they brought her in
and placed her gently in the chim-
ney corner. They chafed the red
hands and quivering limbs, while the
mother wondered if the Lord Jesus,
when he came, would notice the mudd-
y tracks across the floor. "I would-
na have Him see daft Jeanie so," she
bathed the poor creature, combed her
hair, and put on a clean calico dress,
too large for her by half; but I doubt
if the angels saw a wrinkle in it.

A half remembered verse came dim-
ly into the mother's thoughts as she
spoke through the door to Robbie:
"Seek Him that's coming here to-
night, if haply you may find him!"
she did not know the rest, poor soul—
"though he be not far from every one
of us."

They gave food to the poor, famish-
ed wail, who eagerly devoured it, sit-
ting in the chimney corner. Then
they waited until midnight, and the
expiring candle sent them up the
rough ladder to the dark loft above.
Morning stole softly in, and found the
same weird figure crouched over the
smouldering embers on the hearth.
The "parritch" was prepared, and she
ate her share with the same stony
face.

Then Robbie went to his work, and
the father hastened to the old minis-
ter to tell him the sorrowing story of
their disappointment at not seeing the
Lord Jesus. "For we wouldna grud-

ged Him aught we had," he said:
"and mayhap He would have left His
blessing wi' us."

Reverently the aged pastor opened
his Bible, and with trembling voice
read the wonderful story of the judg-
ment day: "Then shall the King
say unto those on his right: 'Come,
ye blessed of my father, inherit the
kingdom prepared for you from the
foundrion of the world. For I was
an hungered, and ye gave me meat;
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;
I was a stranger and ye took me in;
naked and ye clothed me.'"

"But I canna claim it," he answer-
ed, sadly, "for he dinna come. There
was only daft Jeanie to eat the cake
and 'parritch,' and to wear the mis-
siss' gown."

"Listen a little longer," and the
gray-headed man read on: "Then
shall the righteous answer Him say-
ing, Lord, when we saw thee an hun-
gered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and
gave thee drink? When saw we thee
a stranger, and took thee in? or na-
ked, and clothed thee? And the
King shall answer and say unto them:
Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
of the least of these my brethren, ye
have done it unto Me."—*Christian
Standard.*

Select Reading.

—It is vain to think we can take
any delight in being with Christ
hereafter if we care not how little we
are in His company here.

—Character gives splendor to
youth and awe to wrinkled skin and
gray hairs.—*Emerson.*

—To be attractive to all sorts of
people, one must have great readiness
of sympathy.

—Take care of the easy things and
the hard ones will take care of them-
selves.—*Whately.*

—Souls are not saved in bundles.
The Spirit asks of every man, How is
it with thee?—*Emerson.*

—Some men are like the wind—
they can't do anything but blow.

—The man who drinks like a fish
generally turns out to be a sucker.

—The sublimity of wisdom is to do
those things living, which are to be
desired when dying.—*Johnson.*

—Trouble and perplexity drive me
to prayer; and prayer drives away
perplexity and trouble.—*Melancthon.*

—With God caring for us, we are
strong to live; with God supporting
us, we are strong to die.—*T. Jones.*

—Our dead are never dead to us
until we have forgotten them.—
George Eliot.

—A pink ribbon under the chin
makes a pale woman look brighter.—
Record and Evangelist.

—That is the best part of beauty
which a picture cannot express.
Bacon.

Inquisitive people are the funnels
of conversation; they do not take in
anything for their own use, but mere-
ly pass it to another.

—For one word a man is often
deemed to be wise, and for one word
he is often deemed to be foolish. We
ought to be careful indeed in what
we say.

—When we see men of worth, we
should think of equaling them; when
we see men of a contrary character,
we should turn inward and examine
ourselves.

—Prof. Patton has the following
sentence in an article on the "metem-
pirical" theory of atheism: "Surely,
the believer in the unseen atom should
be the last man to ridicule belief in
the unseen God."

—A hundred years ago the Roman
Catholic Church owned a full third of
the soil of France, and its possessions
were exempt from taxation. At this
writing a proposition is before the
French Government to make it illegal
for a Jesuit to teach in any school in
the republic! This is a change, in-
deed.

—When alone, we have our
thoughts to watch; in the family, our
temper; in society, our tongues. We

should endeavor to illustrate our de-
votions in the morning by our con-
duct through the day.—*Hannah
More.*

—The highest obedience, as well as
enjoyment of the spiritual life, is to
be able in all things, and at all times,
to say, "Thy will be done!"

—In general, there is no one with
whom life drags so disagreeably as
with him who tries to make it
shorter.—*Richer.*

—People who fish for compliments
do not need long lines. They will get
their best bites in shallow water.

—There is danger of a form of
godliness without its power. We
need both the form and the spirit of
New Testament Christianity. To
exalt either to the neglect of the
other is ruinous.—*The Old Path
Guide.*

TO DAY.

Lo! here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.
Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—*Carlyle.*

—Deference is the most complete,
the most direct and the most elegant
of all compliments.—*Shenstone.*

—I desire no other glory than that of
having completely performed the task
imposed upon me.—*Napoleon.*

—It is better to have no opinion of
God at all, than such an opinion as is
unworthy of Him.—*Bacon.*

—Men talk too much about the
world. Each one of us here, let the
world go as it will, and be victorious,
or not victorious, has he not a life of
his own to lead? One life; a little
gleam of time between two eternities;
no second chance to us forever more.
Carlyle.

—This wish falls often warm upon
my heart that I may learn nothing
here that I cannot continue in the
other world; that I may do nothing
here but deeds that will bear fruit in
heaven.—*Richer.*

Make your home a little Eden;
Imitate her smiling bowers;
Let a neat and simple cottage
Stand among bright trees and flowers.
There, what fragrance and what bright-
ness
Will each blooming rose display.
Here a simple vine-clad arbor
Brightens through each Summer day.

—Our love for the dead ought not
to cramp our sympathies, our duty, or
our work for the living. Inevitable,
we should always be so far prepared
for it as accept it for ourselves with-
out repining, and for those whom we
love best with submission.

—We know with what an excellent
nicety the skillful engraver can repre-
sent the forms he designs to pro-
duce; but it is essential to his art
that the substance he engraves upon it
should be suited to receive the im-
pression. What could he do on the
surface of a coarse tile? So God re-
fines the heart, to fit it to receive his
lovely image, and then, by the opera-
tion of his Spirit, completes the
glorious work.—*Rowland.*

—I think the first virtue is to
restrain the tongue; he approaches
nearest to the gods who knows how
to be silent even though he is in the
right.—*Cato.*

—New ideas upon Bible themes
of vital importance are very rare, and
still more rarely useful. They are
dangerous guests, and ought to be en-
tertained with great caution. I have
reverence for good men for great men,
and for their conceptions, especially
if they are learned men. If I differ
from them, it must be upon invincible
evidence, after having heard their last
argument, and even then with diffi-
dence, if not with reluctance.—*A.
Campbell.*

A Cure For Slander.

The following very homely but sin-
gular instructive lesson is by Philip
Neri: A lady presented herself one
day to him, accusing herself of being
given to slander. "Do you frequen-
ly fall into this fault?" inquired Ne-
ri. "Yes, father, very often," replied
the penitent. "My dear child," said
Neri, "your fault is great, but the
mercy of God is greater; for your
penance do as follows: Go to the
nearest market, purchase a chicken
just killed and still covered with
feathers; you will then walk to a
certain distance, plucking the bird as
you go along; your walk finished you
will return to me." Great was the
astonishment of the lady in receiving
so strange a penance, but silencing all
human reasoning, she replied; "I
will obey father; I will obey." Ac-
cordingly, she repaired to the market,
bought the fowl, and set out on her
journey, plucking it as she went along
as she had been ordered.

In a short time she returned, anx-
ious to tell of her exactness in accom-
plishing her penance, and desirous of
receiving some explanation of one so
singular.

"Ah!" said Neri, "you have been
very faithful to the first part of my
orders; now do the second part and
you will be cured. Retrace your steps
pass through all the places you have
already traversed, and gather up one
by one all the feathers you have scat-
tered."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor
woman, "that is impossible. I cast
the feathers carelessly on every side;
the wind carried them in different di-
rections; how can I now recover
them?"

"Well, my child," replied Neri, "so
it is with your words of slander—like
the feathers which the wind has scat-
tered, they have been wafted in many
directions—call them back now if you
can. Go and sin no more."

The Pure in Heart Blessed on Earth.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for
they shall see God!" When? In
the better life to come, no doubt, but
here also, and with a most satisfying
vision. You are like one whom a
kind and faithful guide is leading
along a lonely and dangerous road
through the darkness of the night.
The form of your guide you can
scarcely see, but his words of comfort
and assurance are in your ears all the
while; you trust him, for you know
that he perfectly knows the way, and
you commune with him as you go
along. Now and then, as the clouds
break and the stars shine out for a
little, you think you can almost see
his face. By and by the morning
comes, and you see as you are seen
and know as you are known. But
the comfort, the joy, the assurance of
his presence and his guidance you
have had the whole night long; the
daylight gives you a fuller revelation
of that which you knew already.—
Sunday Afternoon.

There is a story told of a workman
of the great chemist Faraday. One
day he knocked into a jar of acid a
silver cup. It disappeared, was eaten
up by the acid, and could not be
found. The question came up wheth-
er it could ever be found. One said
he could find it, another said it was
held in solution, and there was no
possibility of finding it. The great
chemist came in and put some chemi-
cals into the jar, and in a moment ev-
ery particle of the silver was precipi-
tated to the bottom. He lifted it out a
shapeless mass, sent it to the silver-
smith, and the cup was restored.
Faraday could precipitate that silver
and recover his cup, and yet many
think that God will not be able to re-
cover the human body after it has
been resolved to earth again.