

## The Far-Off Land.

BY T. K. HENDERSON.

Thine eye shall see the King in His beauty.—Psa. xxxiii. 27.

Lord! shall I see Thee, not with those dim eyes,

That scarce can gaze upon Thy shadow here,

When, climbing up into the noon-day skies,

I veil my feeble vision from its glare!

Shall I behold Thee in Thy beauty, where

The lid yet trembles in the lustrous light

That circles round Thy dwelling-place so fair—

Wrapped in the radiance of that deep

delight,

O'er which no cloud shall come, nor shade

of darkness night!

When, overshadowed by the mercy seat,

We catch some sweet though passing

glimpses now,

That struggle down into the soul's retreat—

The presages of heaven here below—

Then the glad spirit feels a warmer glow.

Rays from eternity stream out to cheer

It on its journey, welcome as the flow

Of many waters on the thirsty ear,

That o'er the desert faint the traveller

leaps to hear.

Flooding the narrow cell o'er which we

pace,

With beams of light and loveliness

divine,

The halo rests upon us, and we trace

The sacred language of a sunnier clime,

Writing upon its walls in words sublime

Some tidings of the glory yet to be

Revealed to those who shall, throughout

all time,

With girded loins and on their bended

knee,

Wait for the prison doors to open and set

them free.

Oh in those blessed moments visions come

Crowding upon the soul in bright array,

More glorious as we travel nearer home—

Nearer to the unutterable day!

Airs from the world of spirits seem to play

Around us, and we hear the heavenly

tone,

As if an angel finger struck the key,

And felt the breath of the Eternal One,

Perfuming heaven and earth, the foot-

stool and the throne!

Would they were deeper, more abiding

still,

But this cold world is harsh and dims the

sight,

Least we should taste the joy it cannot feel,

And bask for ever in the blessed light

To which the soul will turn in this dark

night!

But when the veil is lifted we shall

stand

With eyes undimmed and hearts attuned

aright,

Upon the mountains by the Lord's right

hand—

So far, so very far beyond this cloudy

land!

Those who have washed their robes and

made them white

In the pure stream that flows from

Calvary's hill,

And, girded with their snowy garments,

white,

Stand forth to do their lawful Captain's

will—

A band of faithful men who fear no ill—

Their feet shall stand upon the sunny

shore

Their eyes shall see the Lord they loved so

well

Crowned with the glory that He had

before

He trod this weary world all sceptreless

and poor.

## The Perpetual Presence.

BY F. R. HAVERGAL.

Lo, I am with you alway.—Matt.

xxviii. 20.

Some of us think and say a good

deal about "a sense of his presence;"

sometimes rejoicing in it, sometimes

going mourning all the day long be-

cause we have it not, praying for it,

and not always seeming to receive

what we ask; measuring our own

position, and sometimes even that of

others, by it; now on the heights,

now in the depths about it. And all

this April-like gleam and gloom in-

stead of steady summer glow, be-

cause we are turning our attention upon the

sense of his presence, instead of the

changeless reality of it!

All our trouble and disappointment

about it is met by his own simple

word, and vanishes in the simple faith

that grasps it. For if Jesus says

simply and absolutely, "Lo, I am

with you alway," what have we to do

with feeling or "sense" about it?

We have only to believe it and to re-

collect it. And it is only by thus be-

lieving and recollecting that we can

realize it.

It comes practically to this: Are

you a disciple of the Lord Jesus at all?

If so, he says to you, "I am with you

alway." That overflows all the re-

grets of the past and all the possi-

bilities of the future, and most certainly

includes the present. Therefore, at

this very moment, as surely as your

eyes rest on this page, so surely is the

Lord Jesus with you. "I am" is

neither "I was" nor "I will be." It

is always abreast of our lives, always

encompassing us with salvation. It is

a splendid, perpetual "Now." It al-

ways means "I am with you now,"

or it would cease to be "I am" and

"alway."

Is it not too bad to turn round up

on that gracious presence, the Lord Jesus Christ's own personal presence here and now, and, without one note of faith or whisper of thanksgiving, say, "Yes, but I don't realize it?" Then it is, after all, not the presence, but the realization that you are seeking—the shadow, not the substance! Honestly, it is so! For you have such absolute assurance of the reality, put into the very plainest words of promise that divine love could devise, that you dare not make him a liar, and say, "No! he is not with me!" All you can say is "I don't feel a sense of his presence. Well, then, be ashamed of doubting your beloved Master's faithfulness, and 'never open thy mouth any more' in his presence about it. For those doubting, desponding words were said in his presence. He was there, with you, while you said or thought them. What must he have thought of them!

As the first hindrance to realization is not believing his promise, so the second is not recollecting it, not "keeping it in memory." If we were always recollecting, we should be always realizing. But we go forth from faith to forgetfulness, and there seems no help for it. Neither is there, in ourselves. But "in me is thine help." Jesus himself had provided against this before he gave the promise. He said that the Holy Spirit should bring all things to our remembrance. It is no use laying the blame on our poor memories, when the Almighty Spirit is sent that he may strengthen them. Let us make real use of this promise, and we shall certainly find it sufficient for the need it meets. He can, and he will, give us that holy and blessed recollection, which can make us dwell in an atmosphere of remembrance of his presence and promises, through which all other things may pass and move without removing it. Unbelief and forgetfulness are the only shadows which can come between us and his presence; though when they have once made the separation, there is room for all others. Otherwise though all the shadows of earth fell around, none could fall between; and their very darkness could only intensify the brightness of the pavilion in which we dwell—the secret of his presence. They could not touch what one has called "the unutterable joy of shadowless communion."

What shall we say to our Lord to-night? He says, "I am with you alway." Shall we not put away all the captious contradictoriness of quotations of our imperfect and doubt-fettered experience, and say to him, lovingly, confidently and gratefully, "Thou art with me!" "I am with thee!" He hath said it, in his truth and tender grace! Sealed the promise, grandly spoken, With how many a mighty token! Of his love and faithfulness!

"I am with thee!" With thee always, All the nights and 'all the days;" Never failing, never frowning, With his loving-kindness crowning, Turning all thy life to praise.

How the Town was Saved.

In the North of Holland, over an extent of three leagues, the country is not protected from the incursions of the sea by any natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago, the Dutch undertook the gigantic task of erecting enormous dykes of granite blocks and clay to resist the force of their terrible invader. Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourish to the present day. Alkmond in particular, which numbers 10,000 inhabitants, is built below the dyke, which is kept in constant repair by 200 workmen, under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, about a century ago, a furious wind was blowing from the northwest, increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man, engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived at Amsterdam. He was to go to Amsterdam that very evening to join in a great festival, long looked forward to and eagerly desired. His preparations were all made and he was in high spirits, just ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of the rising wind struck upon his ear, and he remembered with a pang of anxiety that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke and of all that depended on it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to go. But the dyke! His friends would be all expecting him, watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a fierce conflict between inclination and duty.

It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says Yes; duty says No. Again he looks at the sea, watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post. He then turns to the dyke. It is a scene of the utmost confusion. His two hundred men are aghast, bewildered. The storm has become a

hurricane. The supply of tow and mortar is exhausted. They are at their wits' end to know how to repair the breaches—how to defend the place against the terrible enemy that is every moment gaining upon them. But as the young engineer appears a joyous shout bursts from every breast. "Here now is the master! God be praised! Now all will be well."

The master places each workman at his post, and a desperate battle begins between man and the terrible ocean. About half-past eleven there is a cry from the center—

"Help! help!"

"What is the matter?"

"Four stones carried away at a blow!"

"Where is that?"

"Here to the left."

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope round his body; four workmen do the same, and forty arms seize the ropes, while five brave fellows throw themselves into the waves to repair the damage. The mad waves struggle with them, dash them about, blind them. No matter; they do their duty, and then they are hauled on land again.

But the cry "Help! help!" soon arises from all parts.

"Stones!" cries one.

"There are no more."

"Mortar!"

"There is no more."

"Take off your clothes!" cries the master, tearing off his own: "stop the holes with them!"

What will men not do for a noble leader in a great cause? Cheerfully, without a murmur, straining every nerve, the gallant two hundred toil on, half naked, opposed to all the fury of a November tempest.

It wants a quarter to midnight. A few inches more and the sea will have burst over the deck and spread furiously over the defenceless country. To-morrow there will not be a living soul in all these flourishing villages. The clothes are all used up, but the danger increases; the tide will rise till midnight.

"Now, my men," said the clear, thrilling voice of the master, "we can do nothing more. On your knees, all of you, and let us cry mightily to God for help." And there, in the midnight darkness, on the dyke, which shook and trembled beneath the fury of the tempest, the brave two hundred knelt, lifting their hands and hearts to Him who can say to the winds and the waves: "Peace; be still." And as upon the sea of Galilee, so now he heard his children's cry and delivered them in their distress.

Meanwhile, the people of Alkmond ate and drank, sang and danced, little thinking that there were but a few inches of mason work between them and death! Thousands of lives had been saved because one man had done his duty.—*British Messenger*.

The Boy and the Man.

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window and was severely hurt; but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get the color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawing of his pots and brushes, easel, and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where

neither boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books, like *Locke on the Human Understanding*, wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God, who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

Boys and girls, entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching, the drift of strong desires, ambitions passions. Have no anxiety except to aim at what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Vow to yourself and to God, who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is! But take care!

## Don't nag each Other.

Young wives and husbands cannot be too strongly reminded of the probable shipwreck they will make of their happiness if they yield to that ill-temper which expresses itself in discourtesy, want of compliance, unnecessary opposition and, above all, that most disastrous amusement of "nagging" and creating a row. Hundreds of households have gone wrong from the mere want of checking in time the habit of annoying as a relief to the momentary feeling of irritation or discomfort. The wife who gets into the way of contradicting or "checking" her husband, of opposing him in small things and standing out in large ones—the husband who is sneering, tempestuous, tyrannical, fault-finding; perhaps neither side knowing the whole extent of its folly, but just giving way to it as more easy than to fight and conquer it—these young people are doing their best to dig the grave of their married peace; and some day, poor, fainting little love will fall into it stark and plumeless, and will never rise to life again.

In the beginning, these little tiffs and discomforts are made up with a kiss from him and a few tears from her to add cement to the reconciliation. By time the tiffs are more acrid, and the reconciliation is less warm. By still further time this never comes at all; and things get into that chronic state when there is never an open breach, and never a formal healing, but an ever-widening rift and a never-ending coldness. Then the two lives jar and grind like rusty hinges—locks which misfit the slot, wheels where the axle is stiff, or anything else which would never work together in harmony and smoothness, but which, for want of care to keep the adjustment exact, perhaps for want of oil to the joints, creak and hang and chafe, and do not fit—to the annoyance, and more, of all the bystanders.—*Home Journal*.

## A Happy Home.

A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, where joy abounded, though there are many to feed and clothe.

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to support them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantities of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very small quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made. But the father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately, "Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father wonderingly, "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with prompt decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?" The two girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted:

"Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest, and said: "Sir, if Death were to come in at the door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say—"

here he pulled off his velvet cap and

hurled it at the door—"Rascal who

cheated you into thinking that I had

one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that made a father unhappy. One of the nine children of the poor schoolmaster afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor, Oberlin.

## Heathendom and Hospitals.

Infidels' praise heathenism and traduce Christianity. And yet Christianity has brightened the world and dotted it with institutions of mercy such as heathenism and skepticism knew nothing of. Says the eloquent Robert Hall:

"The erection of hospitals and infirmaries for the poor, is one of the distinguishing ornaments and fruits of Christianity, unknown to the wisdom and humanity of pagan times.

Compassionate consideration of the poor formed no part of the lesson of pagan philosophy; its genius was too arrogant and lofty to stoop to the children of want and obscurity. It soared in sublime speculation, wasted its strength in endless subtleties and debates; but, among the rewards to which it aspired, it never thought of the blessedness of Him 'that considereth the poor.' You might have traversed the Roman empire, in the zenith of its power, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, without meeting with a single charitable asylum for the sick. Monuments of pride, of ambition, of vindictive wrath, were to be found in abundance; but not one legible record of commiseration for the poor. It was reserved for that religion, whose basis is humility, and whose element is devotion, to proclaim with authority, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' "A tree is known by its fruits." Let Christianity be tested by this rule, and but one conclusion can be reached concerning its influence and its power.

## Mother's Turn.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know my heart went out to her, for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenney gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrongside out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently borne.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

## Hints on Good Manners.

When you talk, keep your hands still. Cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry. Every man likes to talk about himself. A good listener makes a delightful wife.

Do not be guilty of the discourtesy of shaking hands with one person while you are looking at or talking to another.

Napkins should not be used tucked in at one's neck. In eating with a spoon be careful not to put it too far into the mouth.

When eating bread and butter at table, butter a small piece at a time, not the entire slice.

Did you never have a lamp, after burning satisfactorily for a while, grow dim and the smell become so offensive that you had to put it out? True, you could by shaking it up so saturate the wick that the light would grow brighter but it was not enduring. What was the cause? Had all the oil gone from the lamp? No; the trouble was with the wick—it was too short. How much like this it is with some Christians! The oil of grace is abundant, but the wick of prayer and Bible study is so short that it does not go down into God's grace as it should. The result is the dying out of piety; the light of practical godliness does not shine as it should. A revival may soak up such a little, but alas their likeness to the short wick! Are you a short wick Christian?—*M*