

**"NOT FAR AWAY."**

BY MARTHA A. KIDDER.

Not far away a goodly land abides,  
Of perfect peace;  
A shining shore beyond life's troubled tides  
Where sorrows cease.

Not far away the cross whose cruel thorns  
I scarce can bear,  
Shall change; a crown of light each brow adorns,  
Oh, land most fair!

To thee our longing hearts forever turn,  
Each dying day;  
By faith I see the home for which I yearn,  
Not far away!

**A BEACH MEMORY.**

BY OLD RAMBLER.

Some years ago I went to the seacoast in search of health. Having a love for the company of simple worshippers, I made my way to an old sail loft, where prayer was wont to be made. Here I feasted in the earnestness, the simplicity and sometimes on the grotesqueness of the old sailors. One particularly struck me, whose name was Samson Peters, but he was called Sam for short. To hear him pray was a benediction. "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle; Thou didst change the wind suddenly on the leeshore, and delivered from dreadful death; Thou didst lift the fog and saved from terrible collisions," etc. "To hear Sam pray is like a Sunday dinner, there's always something extra."

Walking on the beach one day, I found Sam in a favorable situation for a chat. We sat down on some bags of sand ballast, and were soon in profitable talk. I asked how far it was from earth to heaven. "Only a cable's length," was the prompt reply. "Heaven is made fast to earth, for God has come down; and earth is made fast to heaven, for Jesus has gone up. Heaven began it, for His mercy is from everlasting. But when you come to the other part we can touch the beginning, for it was when the child cried and Mary prayed, and Joseph wept for joy. When you think of it, it is like Christmas all the year. And so all along His wonderful life He was a Man, delighted to call Himself the Son of Man, as a man He hungered and wept and suffered. Don't think this poor human family is without moorings, it is not like a ship that's been abandoned through fright, no one on deck to take the sun, heave the log, take the course and tell the poor fellow at the helm how to steer; no, make fast, and fast forever."

"So, I suppose people are right in calling the finished work of Christ the sheet anchor of our race?"

"Perhaps you don't know all about the sheet anchor?"

I confessed I did not.

"Well, sir, it was seen mostly on board old men-of-war, but things have changed. It is called the sheet anchor because of the place where it is stowed on board the ship; that place was aft the fore rigging, just where the fore sheet was made fast. You see it was brought away from the bows, so as not to interfere with the working anchors. But when the working anchors were not sufficient to hold the ship, then they let go the sheet anchor. It was heavier than the rest, and the cable was longer and stronger than the others. In olden times this cable was made of hemp, and it was beautiful to see what give there was in it, how, when the squalls were very heavy, it would tighten, and then in a lull slacken up again. Now there is one great comfort to my mind about this cable; it can't be damaged. Years ago I read about the man-of-war, the "Bounty," was sent to fetch bread-fruit trees from Tahiti, and bring them to the West Indies; well, the place was so enticing to the crew, that they wanted to stay there, and one morning the captain of the fore-castle looked over the bows, and if the hemp cable wasn't cut nearly in two. Some of the sailors cut it, and hoped that a breeze would spring up and put the ship on the rocks, but they were disappointed. I often think of the dear old prophets; they had only the working anchors and they tried hard to keep her from drifting, and they had a tough time but the sheet anchor is the one to hold. It will never drag, nor will the cable break, for this is surely true, "I, the Lord, do keep it."—*N. Y. Observer.*

**THE DESERTED CAMP FIRE.**

Some years ago I was out with a camping party. We missed our way, and, when the sun set, found ourselves—

none of us knew just where. But somebody had been there not long before. On the bank of a purling stream was a heap of ashes and some half burned logs—the remains of a camp fire. We raked the ashes and found live coals in them. We pushed together the logs, whose ends that pointed inward were charred, and soon we had a splendid fire. If we had been compelled to make one by gathering leaves and dry sticks in the dim twilight, it would have taken some time. We found everything ready as if prepared on purpose for our coming. We had only to get the embers out of the ashes into the open air, and then bring close to them, and close together, the dry wood, to secure what we needed.

Thinking of that deserted camp fire, it seemed to me that many of our churches are like it. Their piety is real, but it is covered with worldly cares or pleasures, as those embers were covered with ashes. Its members have fallen apart like the charred logs, though they had been close to each other in Christian sympathy not long ago, and had then kept up that nurtured light and warmth which we call a revival of religion. Men, seeing their brotherly love and feeling the sweetness of their good works, took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, and there were added to the church daily such as should be saved.

Now the ways of Zion mourn, and few come to her solemn feasts. The cause is evident, and the remedy is easy. If the disciples, after our Saviour's ascension, had scattered all over Jerusalem, and only come together for an hour once or twice a week, there would have been no tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. They were daily, with one accord, in one place. They showed thus their mutual love, and their faith in the promise of their Lord. Let us do as they did, and we will be blessed as they were. God is waiting to be gracious. He is more ready to give us His Spirit than we are to feed our starving children. But He will not, He can not, give until we are willing to receive. Let us show that willingness, as the primitive disciples did, and we may have, within ten days, a Pentecost in every church.

Some one wrote a book, a few years ago, entitled "Kindling, and How to Do It." We don't need kindling. We have the fire. What we do need is to open our hearts to the quickening power of the Spirit—to wake up from our worldliness and cry: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these uncovered embers that they may blaze." And then we want to gather the live coals together, and draw around them the hearts that are ready and waiting for revival influences, the hearts that are like the half-burned logs of that deserted camp fire. Do not think you must have professional evangelists. Let pastors and people come together and wait on the Lord, praying for the promised Spirit, and expecting His descent upon them, and they will not be disappointed.

**THE REST SEEKERS.**

Ostensibly we go away from home in summertime for rest. The excitements and responsibilities of work, the burdens of home care, the exactions of social life seem to be too heavy to be carried through midsummer heats. To many of us, however, in going merely substitute a new excitement for the old says *The Congregationalist*. We give up home comforts, but do not lay aside the hurry of our lives or the burden of home cares. The whirl of travel or of social gayety in new surroundings still withholds from us the needed rest.

To make the most of a vacation, long or short, there must be absolute withdrawal of the mind from home perplexities and cares. As Cincinnatus dropped his plow, careless whether the furrow was ever to be ended, we must drop our tasks and worries. It seems cold-hearted to shut the needs of others out of thought, but it is not really so. For the moment rest is duty, and rest can only come when we possess a quiet mind. Men like to go to sea in their vacations because the isolation of the ocean voyage compels abstention from all cares and worries, but the same result may be secured by the deliberate and persistent action of the will. If home responsibilities have the first claim, let us stay at home and devote our thoughts to them. If rest is duty, even for a day, it is duty also to shut ourselves from care and worry in an atmosphere of calculated isolation through which no care is permitted to enter. This habit of mind which dismisses care, excepting in its permitted hours, is the foundation of