

transparent even as glass. Look at the gates of the city (this new Jerusalem) and there are twelve of them—on the east three gates, and on the north three gates, and on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. And the twelve gates are twelve pearls, each one of the several gates is one pearl. A million dollars! The wealth of this city is so great that a million, or a thousand million dollars, is beneath our notice and cannot possibly be a passport to get within its walls."

And the rich man, who gloried in his riches, and whose life had been devoted to accumulating earthly wealth, making it the chief end of his being, turns away in confusion and despair: he sees how trifling are earth's millions compared with the unbounded wealth of heaven, and he finds to his eternal undoing that his life on earth was one great and irreparable blunder.

On the other hand a man whom the world calls *poor*, but who is rich in faith and heir to the promises, advances to the pearly gates, and in response to the porter's query, says: "I know in whom I have believed."

The chors of heaven in one grand, glorious and united refrain break forth into song: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and let this son of faith come in." And the Redeemer, in whom his soul delighted and found its chief good, and around whom his strongest faith centred, greets him with loving welcome: "Come in, thou beloved of My Father. All things are thine: Enter into My rest; sit down on My throne." And yet men will barter eternal riches for earthly and perishing gain!

The Dignity of Non-Complaint.

To breast the current of adverse events
With steadfast purpose, and intrude on none
The heartfelt care; to bear the ceaseless rabs
And jostles of the world, and murmur not;
To stand beneath the harm unmerited—
Neglect, reproach, disdain or calumny—
Unmoved to audible complaint; to meet
The various crosses of domestic life
Without the fretful and impatient word;
To find our motives oft mahn'd, our aim
Misunderstood—mistrusted, too, our deeds;
And strong in all that conscience doth support,
Repine not, but endure life's numerous ills
As incident to all humanity,
And but our portion of "the common lot"
Allowed by "Him who doeth all things well."
This is the dignity befitting man,
Approved by God, and far out-weighting all
The glittering state of throned monarchy;
'Tis sought in vain from proud Philosophy;
Religion only can the gift confer!

The Storm.

In the summer of 1891, father having bought a cottage tent, we spent nearly two months of our vacation at Hamilton Beach, pitching our tent on the north side of the canal, and facing the lake.

Looking back on the experiences of the summer, the recollection is entirely a delightful one. Our time was spent in boating, bathing, reading, sewing and the little work in connection with the tent. Most of the days passed in uneventful quiet, leaving only a pleasant dreamy memory. But one day, a Sunday, stands out before us, with its events impressed so vividly on our minds, that after many years they will not be effaced.

On the preceding day a drizzling rain had fallen during the afternoon and evening, wetting the sand, so that in the morning the sides of the tent had to be loosened to dry. At intervals during the night the tent had been lighted up by flashes of lightning, while the thunder had rumbled in a threatening way, and still grumbled out a warning to prepare for storm. But there was a stillness in the air which made any exertion irksome. Then a cool breeze sprang up, just ruffling the lake, and adding life to the quiet scene. But it rapidly increased in strength, till we found it necessary to fasten the sides of the tent. This was done quickly and not very securely, but none too soon.

The wind increased to a gale and rain fell in torrents. One corner of the tent showed signs of weakening, and we had to prop first one pole and then another from within. But our efforts were of no avail. The whole tent was loosening, and the rain pelting on the roof had formed a pool in one spot, where the water was dropping through on a bed. Remembering that the most exposed corner had not been staked down, I determined to face the storm. Crawling out at the firmest corner, I hurried around, and assisted by one of the boys from the nearest tent, firmly staked all the poles, thus pulling the roof into place. Then I looked around on the scene.

The lake, which had been rough when we closed the tent, was literally flattened out by the sheets of water which beat down upon it, and the waves seemed struggling in vain to raise their heads above the level.

Glad of the shelter of the tent again, I was soon arrayed in dry garments, and by that