

into our good graces unawares. It may be without our knowing it, it chips away at the fountains of all that is good and noble within us, till these become shattered and dry. Like the fell disease consumption, it wastes the mainsprings of generous action till they become a thing of the past. And yet its possessor is wholly unconscious of the leprosy that has smitten him, and is fast turning him into an object of abhorrence in the sight of God and man.

Show me a man without one grain of selfishness and I will show you an angel in the flesh—a moving spirit that lives and has for the sole object of its being—*doing good*, the mainspring of that perfect life lived here by the son of the living God.

Selfishness may be defined as *a regard to our own interest solely*. Now from this definition it is clear that the selfish man cannot come up to the standard of the golden rule. The medium through which he looks upon the things of others is discolored by the past action of selfishness on his nerve of vision, and if he looks at these at all, he must view them in a false light. It looks not upon the things of others with a view to help them on to holiness and happiness, but, like the leech, its voracious appetite is seeking of their substance; and, like the grave, the insatiable devourer never has enough.

How truly desolate the domain of that heart where selfishness reigns supreme! It may be compared to a desert—one wide, desolate waste of sand or rock, where the deceitful mirage of coming good forever mocks the vision of the one inhabitant who journeys on solitary and alone, towards the joyless region of deeper shades than those which cloud the shadow of death, for the heart that is truly given up to selfishness is condemned to wander alone, alone, alone, without any of the blessings of companionship arising from association with kindred spirits.

Selfishness never fed the hungry, but has taken the orphan's piece of bread; it never clothed the naked, but it has taken away the widow's garment. It never brought balm to the wounds of the sick, but it has robbed them of their substance by taking advantage of their necessities; nor has it even soothed a dying pillow, but on the contrary it has torn the same away with a greedy clutch before the last breath was gone.

For nearly sixty centuries the great giant has gone up and down the continents, one foot upon the wants of the human race, and the other upon the woes, pillaging of their substance. And yet this monster of the land as readily as ever receives the homage of every passing generation.

Banish him from this world, and a shout of relief would ascend from the living that would echo through the spheres of the upward land of the far away, and arrest the attention of all the inhabitants of heaven. Old earth herself would almost cease to groan, and the tabernacle of God would indeed dwell among men.

Destroy selfishness and you arrest the disobedience of children to those who gave them being. You stay the murderer's hand, you cut down the tree of lust, you banish theft from the world, you make it impossible for men to lie, and you bury covetousness in the grave of the past.

A selfish man cannot be happy, for happiness has its mainspring in doing the will of God, and that includes the duty of seeking to promote the happiness of others. This is indeed the short cut to happiness, though it is a by-way that many have never known. Through a divine lane that never fails to operate, we cannot do good to our neighbor without getting good in return; and the measure of that good is just pro-

portioned to our effort in conjunction with the unselfishness of our motives.

How utterly contemptible to spend life with all the possibilities of good within its reach that may be made to tower trees of beauty through all the ages—in gathering only what will prove of but doubtful advantage to us here; nay, what is certain to prove baneful, to say nothing of its ill effects in reference to the beyond! thousands of millions of our fellow-beings have claims upon us. Let us discharge these and there will be but little time left to trouble about self.

A grander gathering is yet in store for earth than it has ever witnessed. A day is coming when "the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with Him, and he shall sit on the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation 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; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." There shall not be a selfish man in all that company, but of those on the left there will be the deformities of selfishness in every individual, and to their endless dismay, they shall on the other go away into abodes of everlasting glory, where they can never come.

At a certain mournful supper-table in the history of the past, thirteen men sat at meat. It was the last meal they should ever all take on earth together, and when it was more than hinted that one of them that very night would play the traitor, they said in a successive chorus, "Is it I?" Reader, that is the very question that we would have you ask when you read this paper. Whose garments are stained, are thine? If you find even one of these, try at once to wash away every trace of it, after having steeped it in the dye of Calvary. Strive mightily to be saved from one of the greatest curses that can come upon us here, that of becoming a selfish individual.

FOR THE CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

A Children's Story.

June, month of roses, has again returned. The poet Bryant wished to die in June, and he got his wish. It was he who wrote, "The woods were God's first temples," and "in the dark'ning woods amid the cool and silence he knelt down, and offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication."

While you, dear children, with bare feet and broken hat rim and school-bag, start your morning's walk, or roam the woods for flowers, or drive home the cows, while you look on the sparkling waters and the varied greens on the trees, or listen to the sad, sweet song of the pine, let me tell you a story of June under another aspect. It was in this month of the year 1879, among the free grant lands of Ontario, that two men started from their homes to journey by canoe down the dangerous Magnetawan river, to go to Byng Inlet. Unused to canoeing they had some fears, and their progress was slow but safe, until about an hour before sunset. But they are approaching the Burnt Rapids and have gone too near before making their portage. They see their danger. They are close by a rock which they try to gain. One stops paddling and leaps for the rock, but the paddle stopping, twists the canoe round suddenly, and it has gone on and is

now dashing down the rapids, foaming, angry, deafening in their wild rush as their victim passes over. He has been thrown out but still clings to the canoe, and unable to do more, he holds on and circles round and round in the eddy below. The man above is safe on the rock, jumps to shore and makes his way down the wooded bank, to find, if he can, his companion. On the opposite side, not six feet from the shore, he sees him whirling round. A death whirl it must be. He cannot help him. Not ten minutes before he had lent his companion his knife, and nothing else has he, no axe, no raft, not even accustomed to the country, for he is a stranger. Who shall tell the thoughts of that man, who, as he whirls in the abyss, soon to claim its victim, knows his seconds are numbered? The sun is sinking now lower and lower. Black flies in myriads and mosquitoes only add horror to the scene, making death to both almost certain. The rocks around are black with them, and as night comes on, they grow worse. The drowning man sends across the foaming waters messages of love for wife and children, who dream not of his position; he prays, too, as a Christian only can pray in the death hour, come where or how it will, and even sings a song of triumph.

The sun is going, going. Now its parting gleams light with lurid glare the dark pines and hemlocks, and the fresher green of the spring dressed forest, as they bow their stately heads to the evening breeze. It is on the river now, and the water takes the sunset hue, and the angry rapids pour down their waters as before. The man still sings or prays. The sun is gone now and the twilight deepens into intense darkness with the unbroken woods around. It is a lonely shore where that stranger stands to hear the last of his companion. The howling of wolves he may hear, hear or beaver, fox, wild-cat or otter he may see, but a man he knows not where to find.

At last all is quiet on the river and all is over there. Trackless wilds are about him. He survives the night and day, and another night and day are ahead of him. He is swollen and bleeding from the ravages of the insect tribe around him, till unrecognizable and without rest or food. Some shantymen going "on the drive" are making their way down the river, pick him up, and he returns home. Some days later two neighbors come back to the spot, find the body, and bury it in a lonely grave by the river shore.

There are lessons we may draw from this story. The rock of safety, the danger of going too near the rapids, and the likeness of life and this river. I give you three.

1. Let the foundation on which we stand or to which we jump be sure, firm for time or eternity.

2. Life has its rapids. Let us begin to lose our self-command and we go fast and faster, until a final plunge comes and we are over, to whirl, it may be, in a narrow circle, when God gave us talents to fill a greater one.

3. The river begins in a little streamlet away up on some hillside and flows down through the meadows, gladdening, brightening everything as it goes. Birds and flowers, foliage and freshness seem to follow its course. In time it may carry wealth and commerce on its bosom. It may, too, be rocky and dangerous, inspiring pain and terror, flowing on at times peacefully, then rocks, seen and unseen, causing unrest, ruination, death. Which, my dears, is yours to be? Choose now. You have the making or the marring in yourselves.

FOREST LEAVES.

TRUTH requires candor, impartiality, honesty, research and industry; not so a falsehood.—F. Cooper.