

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

ONCE Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, and his friend, Archdeacon Dearham, were on a long tramp together. Their food had run out, and there was none to be had nearer than a town which was still a day's march on. They sat down to their one little piece of bacon and small lot of meal, saying, "Now, let us have our food; we shall be all the better for it, and strengthened to get along." But as they were preparing it, and the savory smell was saluting their nostrils, a Maori came out of the bush. He was attenuated almost to a skeleton, having been for days wandering foodless in the forest. They gave him their supper and trudged on to the town, but they were so exhausted that Selwyn, strong man though he was, fainted away at the journey's end. It was like Sir Philip Sidney's cup of cold water handed from his own lips to those of the dying soldier, although he was dying too. Unfortunately, we are more moved by the spectacle of men's temporal miseries than by the cognizance of their spiritual hunger. Extreme as this example of self-denial was, it would have more imitators than would that other which Bishop Selwyn and Archdeacon Dearham were also exhibiting, viz., the example of going forth to seek and to save those who are lost. A million will be more easily collected for General Booth's scheme than for any work of purely evangelistic purpose, either for our home heathen, or for those abroad. How many, for instance, would be prepared spontaneously to sacrifice a single Christmas pleasure for the sake of that great work of mercy to souls which Jesus came amongst men to proclaim and to perform? There are those who would willingly do this, and we thank God they are not a few; but we are applying the touchstone to average Christianity, and we fear it will be found wanting. Therefore we can conclude, without uncharity, that had we lived when that first Christmas morning light shone down on Bethlehem we should not have been readier than the majority then were to hail the Prince of Peace. — *Rock.*

RESTING PLACES.

"IN our march heavenward, the Master has kindly provided some welcome spots for the refreshment of our souls. But they are only halting places. We come sometimes to an *Elim*, with its 'three-score wells and palm trees'—a delightful spot to sit down and cool off, and partake of

the manna and the king's pleasant fruits. Yet it is not Canaan, and we must up and march again. Elijah cannot spend all his life under the juniper tree. Jesus invited His disciples to go 'into a desert place and rest a while.' It was only for a little while. Calvary was just ahead for Him, and the Pentecostal baptism of blessed toil for them. God is very wise and very kind in providing scenes and hours of sweet refreshment during this life of varied temptations, toils, and trials. They take the tire out of us, cheer us up, and give us Eshcol clusters that taste of the promised land. Lest we should settle down with the fancy that these are our abiding places, God is evermore rousing us up with the call, 'Arise and depart, for this not your rest!' That rest remaineth for us, a little way fartheron."—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in Parish Visitor.*

TWO PICTURES.

I SLEPT and dreamed; before God's throne
Methought my spirit stood alone;
Far, far beyond all time and space,
I with my God stood face to face.

Slowly a panorama passed
Before me, troubled and agast;
A human life was pictured there—
Each deed, each word, each thought laid bare.

The thought impure, the word untrue,
The cruel deed were brought to view;
A thoughtful word showed here and there,
A loving deed, an earnest prayer.

These gleamed like scattered rays of light,
Where all beside was black as night.
The Judge's face was stern, severe;
Trembling, I cried, "Whose life is here?"

A face from out the blackness shone—
A face—a portrait. 'Twas my own.
My spirit cried in agony:
"Where, Lord, is any hope for me?"

Those pictures vanished from my eyes;
Then others swiftly did arise,
Showing a life so passing fair,
My soul forgot its heavy care.

A life so patient, true, and brave,
So quick to love, so strong to save.
Some memory stirred my soul within—
"Tempted as we, yet without sin"

A voice spake to me from the throne:
"His deeds are counted as thine own.
Behold Him, for thy sins who died"—
The face was of the Crucified!

I woke; my very soul was stirred
With what I, dreaming, saw and heard.
Loathing for this low life of mine,
Since I had seen the Life divine.

And yet, and yet, a feeling sweet,
That I might lay it at His feet;
Forget the road already trod,
And live anew, with Christ, in God.

—*H.H.D., in Parish Visitor.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Sept. 3...Acts 27: 30-44...Exodus 8:9; 12.
" 10...Acts 28: 20-31...Exodus 9: 13-35.
" 17...Rom. 14: 12-23...Exodus 10 and 11.
" 24...Rom. 13: 1-10...Exodus 12: 1-20

A DEAR ACQUAINTANCE.

SURELY children do get at the truth of things in a wonderful way, without fear, or fashion, or favor.

A little child, left at home one cold, tempestuous day, was applied to by a poor wanderer for shelter.

"I can't let you in," said the little one from an upper window, "because my father don't know you;" and she would not be entreated.

Suddenly the child's voice was heard again:

"Do you know Jesus?"

The poor woman burst into tears and declared that Jesus was her only friend.

Instantly the door flew open. "Oh, if you know Jesus," said the child, "it's all right, because he is our friend too."

Safe, indeed, are we in our friends if they are truly the friends of Jesus.—*Kind Words.*

AN UNTRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them in placing a brick had discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other. His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You are too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught me that truth is truth, and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh!" said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intentions of lying."

"Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold! the lie had