

Suddenly one of the crew, staggering to the bulwarks, pointed and cried hoarsely, "a sail!"

Oh, how they watched that speck of gleaming white, growing larger and larger. They hoisted their flag "union down," as a signal of distress.

At last the strange ship came near enough to speak to them.

"What's the matter?" called out the captain of the new-comer, when he had thrown his vessel up into the wind to stop its headway.

The poor, thirsty, dying fellows could not answer. They tried in vain with their swollen tongues, to call out "Water!" They could only show by desperate motions of their hands to their lips what they wanted.

And then, oh, how cruel it seemed! the other ship braced her yards, and filled away on her course again. But as she passed the stern where the staring, desperate sailors were gathered, the captain called out once more, pointing downward to the sea as he did so:—

"Dip, and drink!"

It sounded like terrible mockery. Drink that salt sea itself! One of the sailors, with a bitter laugh, let down a bucket, and drawing it up full, placed it recklessly to his lips.

Then what a cry of joy he gave! The water was as sweet as that which used to come dimpling up from the mossy well on the old home farm. The others crowded around, hauled up gallons of the glorious dancing water, and drank again and again, until life, and strength, and hope came back.

Without knowing it their ship had brought them into the mouth of the mighty Amazon, so wide that its banks were out of sight on either hand, like the shores of the ocean. The fresh water was all around them and they were saved.

So do people find themselves weary and distressed and perplexed in this life; until God calls them:—

"Poor little child! My love is what you are thirsty for! The happiness of knowing you are My child, and doing My will is what you need. Lo, it is all about you. Dip and drink!"

And then we hear the sweet words of Christ echoing down through all the centuries:—

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall

be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."—Our Sunday Afternoon.

SIR JOHN'S FAVOURITE POEM.

THE following poem by Rev. Father Ryan, the poet of the Confederate States, who is now dead, was the favourite poem of Sir John Macdonald:

REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer.

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;

'Tis hard to till, and 'tis hard to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so, when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

MANY people think that if they could only see God all doubts regarding Him would forever vanish, and in a sense they are right; but what is meant by seeing God?

Startling as it may seem to us at first, it is nevertheless a profound truth, that no one has seen any person. What a man is, his thoughts, his affections, his desires, all that makes up his personality, in a word, his character, cannot be seen by the outward sense.

Our eye rests upon the well known features of a friend, we see his outward form, but this is not he. Were his spirit, which is invisible, departed, we should speak of his body as "it."

And yet we doubt not that we know our friend. Through his looks, his actions, his words through all the mani-

festations of his character we have learned to know who he is and what he is. Our soul has seen him, though our bodily eye has not seen and cannot see him.

What shadows of doubt would flee away if we only always remembered that we can only see God as we see other persons, through regarding all the manifestations of His character. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." All God's dealings with men as recorded in history help to make known His character. But in infinite love God has revealed Himself in the same bodily form as that in which we know other persons. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

A person upon whom our outward eye rests may be daily in a thousand different ways manifesting to us his unselfish character, and yet blinded with prejudice we may miserably fail to understand him. We see him not. On God's part a full manifestation of Himself has been made in Christ, but the veil must be taken from off our hearts before this becomes truly a revelation to us. When this veil is removed, and the eye of the soul rests upon the image of the invisible God, "seeing is believing." F. H. D.

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

The writing of this hymn is thus described in "Duffield's English Hymns":

"A royal letter had been issued calling for missionary collections in aid of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' on Whitsunday, 1819. Rev. Reginald Heber was then visiting Dean Shirley at Wrexham, and was to take his share of the Sunday evening lectures just established in that church.

"On the Saturday evening previous, he was asked by the Dean to prepare some verses to be sung at the closing of the morning service. The poet sat down at the window of the old vicarage and in a short time produced the hymn, all but the lines, 'Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,' these he wrote just afterward. He would even have added another stanza, but the Dean was now positive that anything more would spoil the unity of the piece. Only one