

most essential part, after all. "Honesty is the best policy"—there is a principle: the moment a boy or a man severs his conduct from that, invisible decay falls on his character. The point of contact between God and man is not where man towers, like some forest giant, above his fellows; but, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, I dwell with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Strange to say, it is humility, a ladder on which we step down, that leads us to the highest. In our thoughtlessness, we despise the roots because, for the most part, they are not seen, and not pretty when seen; and lavish all our praise on the splendid trunk and glorious foliage of the tree, forgetting that the life of the tree depends on those dirty roots' gathering food in the black earth. The first lesson we have to learn in judging our fellow men is, to measure the principle that lies at the root of their lives. By this we all either stand or fall.

The safe height of a tree is measured by the depth and extent of its roots. The reason why so many men have so ingloriously failed in life is, because they have paid too much attention to height and too little to depth; and when the trial came they fell, spreading desolation in their path. The trees are wiser, for they strike their roots into the earth before they show above it.

The lesson from the tree is, not to neglect the hidden things of life, such as principle, prayer and spirituality, ever remembering that in the course of nature, depth of principle precedes height of renown, and that principle, being the root, comes first in order of time.

Vancouver, B.C.

Bidding Jesus Good-By

By Rev. A. Wylie Mahon, B. D.

The time was Saturday morning: the place was a manse. An incident occurred that Saturday morning in that manse, which led the minister to fear that he was losing his hold upon spiritual things, that he was drifting away from Christ.

The week had been a disheartening one, full of a multitude of petty, perplexing cares,

which led him at times to long, like the prophet, for a lodging-place in some vast wilderness, or, like the psalmist, for the wings of a dove, that he might fly away and be at rest. There had been scarcely any time to think about sermons, and now Saturday had come. He went to his study with a weary, troubled expression on his face, and with a feeling of utter failure in his heart, and sat down at his desk, above which hung a copy of Hofmann's beautiful picture of Christ and the Rich Young Man. He placed his elbow upon the desk and bent his head upon his hands, and tried to think, tried to pray.

Just then the door of the study opened gently, and the sweet little face of a child peeped in to see what his father was doing. The minister turned in a nervous, irritable way, and told the child to go away. As the child turned to go, he waved his little hand, and said with a tear in his voice, "Dood-by, papa," and then catching a glimpse of the tender, loving face in the picture above his father's desk, looking down so graciously upon him, he said, "Dood-by, Jesus."

In a moment the child was gone, but his last words had strangely roused the minister and started an unexpected train of thought. Was he not himself, all unconsciously, but not so innocently as the dear little child, bidding Jesus good-by? He began to feel that he was becoming more fretful and impatient and irritable. Every little thing seemed to annoy him, to put him out of sorts, and make his work an unendurable burden.

As he looked up at the picture over the desk, he thought that he could see in that face so wondrously human and divine, in those great loving eyes so full of tender, yearning pity, the sorrow which fills the Saviour's heart, as one whom He loves turns away from Him and bids Him a conscious or unconscious good-by.

The minister bowed his head and, like the erring disciple of old, wept bitterly. With a heart-cry to God for help, he looked up into the face of his great, tender, loving, forgiving Friend, and consecrated himself anew to Christ. As his whole soul went out in the strong emotion of that hour, there came into his heart such a sweet sense of the