

SELFISHNESS.
JOHN ROBERTSON.

Nidas, the architect of the king of Egypt, built the watch-tower that flung its rays over the sea—a great piece of masonry it was in those old days. The king of Egypt had given instructions that beneath the lantern where the light was his name should appear that after ages might link on the magnificent work to his name, but Nidas was like many a Christian—he loved his own name best. So, right in the stone, carved as deeply as his chisel could carve, he placed his own name, "Nidas," but over it he put the plaster, then blazoned on the king's name in gold letters. When the lighthouse was finished it was the admiration of all, and they saw the king's name on the tower. Nidas knew very well that as years went by the spray of the sea would eat into the plaster; he knew right well that it was but a temporary surface-place of the king's name. The years rolled on, and at last the plaster was stripped by the sea, and there stood out the solitary, bold carving of the architect's name. God help us, Christian workers. We have put the Lord's name in plaster and we have chiseled our own name in the stone. Where is the heart-to-day will not say, "Gully?" Ah! I will say it, "Gully!" It is God's mercy that the chastisement is not as public as the sin. So do not throw stones, as I have witnessed many very foolishly doing, as Ananias and Sapphira. Their sin was not the gross, outrageous thing that you may think, it was just over again the false half crown in the assembly collection.

IN THE TIME OF TESTING.

It is wonderful how much of our goodness is due to the lack of temptation," said a wise woman, recently. "We plant our little virtues in some warm, soft soil,

some atmosphere of comfort where they are sheltered from storm and stress, and they grow into hothouse luxuriance and beauty. We never doubt their vigor or genuineness until something deprives them of their shelter and leaves them where the blasts of trial beat upon them

"I thought myself a strong, reasonable, self-controlled woman, just and tolerant toward others, sweet-tempered and unselfish. Oh, no, I never said so, of course, but that was the estimate of my friends, and I secretly accepted it. There was little trouble in living up to it in the dear home atmosphere of love and appreciation.

"But when a sudden change came in my life, when I was where half-veiled distrust took the place of the tender loyalty, where petty jealousies and clashing interests made themselves felt, and many things that had long been considered mine of right were called in question, then—ah, well! I discovered that there was a deal of bitterness, morbid weakness, anger, and selfishness left in my composition. I was weak in ways I had not deemed possible, and scarcely less bitter that the change in outward circumstances was the revelation to myself."—Wellspring.

HELPFUL HINTS.

God often reveals his presence by giving unexpected blessings.

God's response to the fears of man is always "Fear not."—Abbott.

A good life is an absolutely unanswerable argument for Christianity.

Nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.—Oliphant.

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY. AGAIN.

Then let no chance by me be lost To kindness show, at any cost, I shall not pass this way again; Then let me now relieve some pain, Remove some barrier from the road, Or lighten some one's heavy load; A helping hand to this one lend, Then turn some other to befriend, O God, forgive, That now I live

As if I might, sometime, return To bless the weary ones that yearn For help and comfort every day,— For there be such along the way. O God, forgive, that I have seen The beauty only, have not been Awake to sorrow such as this; That I have drunk the cup of bliss, Remembering not that those there be Who drink the dregs of misery. I love the beauty of the scene, Would roam again o'er fields so green; But since I may not, let me spend My strength for others to the end; For those who tread on rock and stone, And bear their burdens all alone; Who loiter not in leafy bow'rs, Nor hear the birds, nor pluck the flowers, A larger kindness give to me, A deeper love and sympathy. —Mrs Eva Rose York.

God's promises are a mine of wealth. And happy is the man who knows how to search out their secret veins and enrich himself with their hidden treasures.

Sympathy and love go together as naturally as the perfume and the blossom; and just as the blossom under the influence of nature's forces ripens into fruit, so the love and sympathy of a Christian life develop into fruit for the blessing of humanity and the glory of God.—Gumbart.

The late William Mackey, lumberman, Ottawa, left an estate of \$1,147,094.



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