

of loneliness and discouragement and illness which had pursued him through life, beginning with the death of his father, the first break in a large family circle. Now only he and his mother were left. After the death of his last brother they had spent a whole day in fasting and prayer together before the family shrine, thinking that surely there must be some duty left undone, some failure to pay respects in the proper way, which had incurred the wrath of unseen powers. After teaching on a permit for a time he had entered the Normal School in order to earn his certificate, but, weak in body and troubled in mind, he found no gladness in the days.

Once, when in a hospital, he had heard some remark dropped by another patient, suggesting to him that there was a God who was like a father. This patient had a Bible which he used to read and was always bright and happy, though just as ill as the others. Recently, at the school, he had heard some of the boys talking about the English Bible Class, and had come that morning hoping to hear about the God who was like a father, if there were such a Being.

The young student told his story simply, partly in English, partly in Japanese; and, having concluded, looked at me with wistful eyes and waited for what I might have to tell him.

"A-San," I said, "you seem to remember your father quite well. He was kind and good to you?"

"Oh, yes! He was kind and good. But I have no father now, no sisters, no brothers. I am weak and lonesome."

"Listen, A-San! When you were just a little boy, supposing you had wandered out of the home and could not find your way back, and were crying and calling for your father, what do you think your father would have been doing? Would he have been sitting comfortably in the house, reading his paper, caring nothing about you?"

"Oh, no!" he answered quickly. "He would have been looking for me more than I for him."

"That's just it! Listen, A-San! You have a Heavenly Father, and He is looking for you more than you are for Him."

I shall never forget the startled wonder

that flashed into his face. Then, after a long minute, came a grave question, his eyes seemingly desirous of searching my very soul.

"Is that true?"

"Yes," I answered "it is true."

"Then," he replied, "I shall never be lonesome again!"

"Thou has made us for Thee, O God, and restless are our hearts until they find rest in Thee."
—Sel.

PROBLEMS OF A NEW VICEROY IN INDIA

(Continued from page 41)

India's complexities is caste. It is the stone wall which has broken many a fine movement. Will it now wreck the movement of the ship of state towards the waters of Dominion Home Rule?

A capable, scholarly and very attractive Brahmin in one of our great American Universities in answering a question in regard to the outcastes said through clenched teeth: "We let them live, don't we?" His attitude may be somewhat understood if one remembers that "many of the outcastes eat dead flesh. It is all they have to eat. They are the ones who skin the animals that die of disease—among the Hindus animals are never killed. The flesh is theirs to use as they will. The habit dies hard even among those who come to Christ."

It is easy enough for us to condemn severely the "superiority complex" of that Brahmin, and yet one can sympathize with his sense of the utter hopelessness of the task of attempting to cleanse those people. It is an utterly hopeless task by any means known to a Brahmin, even though he be a Doctor of Philosophy of one of our great universities. No human being can do a whit towards removing this greatest of all barriers to the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ in India, except one who knows Christ's cleansing power. He is the One to whom the new Viceroy is looking for help in the solution of this problem. There should be a profound sense of gratitude on our part that Baron Irwin, the one on whose shoulders rests so much of the weight of India's problems, is a Christian of deep religious life.—Missions.