

FELLOWSHIP

If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.—1. S. John, 1:7.

"Lord, where Thou art our holy dead must be,
Unpierced, as yet, the Sacramental mist;
But we are nearest them and nearest Thee
At solemn Eucharist.

"O Lord, we crave for those gone home to Thee,
For those who made the earthly home so fair;
How little we may know, how little see,
Only—that Thou art there.

"Dear hands unclasped from ours are clasping Thee;
Thou holdest us for ever in Thy Heart;
So close the One Communion—are we
In very truth, apart?

"Lord, where Thou art our happy dead must be;
And if with Thee, what then their boundless bliss!
Till Faith be sight; and Hope, reality;
Love's Anchorage is this."

Christians may differ very greatly about the custom of observing saints' days, but surely we should all join hands on "All Saints' Day," the day when we are especially reminded that we are one body, joined together in a glorious communion and fellowship. Plenty of people, who never think of observing a saint's day, will join together sociably on the eve of All Saints' and celebrate Hallowe'en. If they keep the eve of that festival, why should they forget the festival itself?

Fellowship is a vital matter to us all. Solitary imprisonment is, perhaps, the most terrible of all punishments, for we are all social beings, children of the Triune God. Those who find it hard to accept the doctrine of the Trinity should try to conceive the impossibility of a God whose grandest name is LOVE existing for endless ages—from an eternity without beginning—and yet having no one to love before the creation of the angels. We know that from all eternity the Father, Son and Holy Spirit have lived in a perfect fellowship, giving and receiving a perfect love. And God's passion for fellowship seems to be inexhaustible. When I find myself in a busy city crowd, I often wonder how much longer God will go on creating fresh objects of His love. It seems as though His desire for fellowship would never be satisfied. Is it not wonderful to think that He wants to give Himself, in all the perfection of His glorious Godhead, to each one of the myriad souls He has created! Life without fellowship would be very poor. The mere presence of one we love fills us with gladness. We look back to some occasions of deepest fellowship, some moments when we have looked deep down into the depths of a kindred soul, as the bright spots of our lives. But we have a rich treasure of human fellowship always within reach, and yet too often go bare and hungry. The communion of saints is a glorious reality—God's great gift to a social race. In these days we ought to be able to believe in it. We can enter into fellowship with another at a distance, through the ordinary mode of conversation. But of course there must be a connecting wire, visibly uniting the two who are conversing. But in wireless telegraphy the message goes straight to its goal without any visible connection. Why should we think the soul is entirely dependent on its servant the body? Some people say that they can force others to turn and look at them simply by staring at them from behind. I have often heard people say that if they think unexpectedly of absent friends letters are pretty sure to arrive from them. We can't explain how moths can attract others miles away, nor how a whale struck by a harpoon can instantly warn a spouting school of whales a mile away and cause them to disappear. Neither can we explain why, at the point of death, so many have spoken as though they saw absent friends. We see in more than one way, not only with our eyes. We have all had vivid dreams sometimes, when we have seen with perfect dis-

The Quiet Hour

tinctness scenes far away, though our eyes were shut. We have heard in dreams words distinctly spoken, and yet they were not heard with our ears. The powers of the soul are being studied nowadays with scientific care. But we don't need to wait for scientists to explain the soul's capacity for fellowship with other souls who appear to be far away. We know well enough that it is possible to be separated by a terrible separation from another soul whose body inhabits the same house with ours. We know also that we can keep in holiest, happiest touch with a kindred soul, though the outside world may fancy death or the ocean keeps us apart. If we claim our right of constant fellowship, the pain of loneliness will change to the joy of walking always heart to heart with our best beloved. A touch of Christ's hand, a word in His listening ear, and the connection is made.

"Thou with Christ and Christ with me,
And so together still are we."

welcome. He may come to us in the person of a little child, or a visiting neighbor; or it may be He is waiting with a helpful or cheering message within the pages of our unopened Bible, or some other book written by one of His saints. He does not wish to interrupt any work that is really necessary, but it is a pity to let unnecessary work keep us from communion with Him. One of the invited guests in the parable refused the King's invitation because he was more interested in his farm; another allowed his devotion to his wife to crowd out devotion to his God.

God invites us to enjoy fellowship with Him and with each other. If we never take time for this social intercourse, we starve our own souls, and lose many opportunities of helping others. As a friend of mine once said: "It is a great thing to write a book that has some of the life of God in it; but it is far greater to live a loyal, consistent Christian life, touching with the hand



FLEMISH LACE MAKER.

This work is somewhat similar to the "pillow work" which may be seen in process of making each year at Toronto Exhibition.

By fellowship we are gradually assimilated with another person, becoming one with him and he with us. We think his thoughts after him, look at life more and more from his point of view, even grow to look like him—as married people, who are really one in spirit, often grow to resemble each other. So it is in fellowship with Christ. We speak to Him, look often into His face, read His words and acts, are filled with a growing love and reverent admiration, and so are changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

What a strange thing it is that we should fill our days with the absorbing pursuit of transitory things, letting this quickening, inspiring opportunity of fellowship slip past unheeded. We are apt to feel that it is waste of time to read, and that we are working usefully if we are very busy about things which perish in the using. And, yet, by reading we can assimilate the natures of good and wise men, and grow more and more like them. It will matter very little, ten years hence, whether we had every spare moment filled with sewing or crochet this month; but one hour a day spent in earnest, conscious fellowship with Christ and His saints will pour lasting riches into our souls. It is possible to be working so persistently as to have fellowship crowd out of our lives. Christ comes to us every day, and we should never be too busy to bid Him

of power the common folk walking near one on life's common paths." This latter is within the reach of each of us. Let us treasure our opportunities of fellowship with God and our neighbors. "No one could tell me where my soul might be.

I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out, and found all three."

HOPE.

FATHER AND SON

Thrice I summoned him, for he Would not own his fault, nor break His proud dumbness, facing me
Like a stone, for Courage sake.
Once again he came, and lo! Inspiration from on high
Whispered: "Fool, do ye not know He is only scared and shy?"
Fell a silence in the room
There he stood, removed, estranged, Prisoner to hear his doing
Suddenly it all was changed,
Tenderly I drew him near,
Held him as men hold their own;
Melted all his frozen fear
In love's warmth of touch and tone,
So, the father-soul he owned,
We no longer were apart,
And the son his sin confessed.
Subbed it out against the heart.
—RICHARD BURNES in *Hope's Magazine*.

A PRAYER

O Lord God, let come what will, sunshine or shower, few days or many, the pinching of poverty, whether the head be bowed or upright; whether we rise to highest glory or sink in deepest sorrow; whether we keep our souls clean or defile them with sin; whatsoever we do, even at our worst state, we are near unto Thee. And at whatever time in our lives we turn to Thee, this we know:—Thou wilt do what is best for the spirit that is within us; and wherever we go, we know it will be to our true destination. Into Thy hands, whether we are saintly or sinful, sad or glad, O God, we fall. Make our will Thine; then shall we say, "Not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."—Amen.

HINTS ON BIBLE STUDY

Mark your Bibles. If you can afford it, try to spoil at least one Bible every year. Put your own poor, common little thoughts right alongside all the great inspired revelations; and in after years when you are old and grey-haired, among your most precious treasures will be your collection of Bibles.

When you have read a chapter through, write the subject at the head of it.

Where several verses go together, enclose them with a bracket, and write the subject at the side.

In reading verse by verse, consider which is the most important word in the verse, and underline it.

Take a Bible character, as Moses, Peter; find out all you can about him, and write it down.

Write a subject, as "peace," "temptations," "courage," at the top of a sheet of foolscap, and set down underneath all the verses you can find bearing on it.

In reading Paul's epistles, refer frequently to the book of Acts.

Whenever you hear a sermon, underline the text, and write opposite the name of the preacher, the place, and the date.

See how many verses you can find that are as suitable for the angels as for us. Hunt up the texts that you can carry to heaven with you. Compile an angel's Bible.

Do not read as a punishment or a penance, but as a pleasure and a privilege. Don't say "Duty before pleasure," and then pick up your Bible.

Do not go to it merely for proof texts to throw at the heads of those who don't agree with you.

Don't consider yourself bound to read every part of it alike; read most that which helps you most.

Don't try to see how many times you can read it through; that's the Mohammedan plan.

Do not make your capacity the measure of its truth. The Bible is like a day; there is noonday, dusk and midnight in it. Some of it will never be understood in our day, but the Christian who shall read it a thousand years hence will see the meaning plainly. The Bible is graded for the centuries.—H. N. CASSON.

INGLE NOOK

SIMPLE EYELET WORK FOR CHRISTMAS

Dear Chatterers: To-day the cuts show some very simple things in the line of Christmas presents; yet with a little skill in adaptation they can be put to various uses. It does not require much skill to draw any of these patterns enlarged on a piece of white paper. Then all you need to buy is a sheet of card on paper, which you can get at any book store or stationer's, the material upon which you want to put the pattern and the thread or pearl lustre thread to do the work. I generally use size C in embroidery cotton, and D or E for the eyelet work, unless it is to be very fine, and then F is a good size.