

of faith that Gladstone rendered his incomparable service. In an age when it was fashionable to sneer at the inspiration of the Bible he uncovered before the Book in reverential awe. While contemporary critics were seeking to undermine the foundations of Christian faith, he stepped aside into the silence every morning to say with bared head and on bended knee, "I believe in God and in Jesus Christ His Son." No man or nation emptied of faith has ever been genuinely great. Heretic cuts the muscles and paralyses the nerves of heroic endeavor. Faith threads the soul with the sinews of strength. It was by the power of faith that Jesus rendered His own service to humanity. He was ever lifting the heavy pressure of his work by reminding Himself that He was doing it for God. His soul found rest and buoyancy in the thought that it pleased the Father. It was in the sweet satisfaction that He had finished the work God gave Him to do that He folded His hands from His earthly toil and went to die upon His Cross. "Have faith in God!" It will inspire you for service by holding before your soul the "recompense of the reward." Faith visualizes the invisible and attempers the soul to the finest issues. Without this faith your soul is doomed to creak and grind like some decrepit cart along life's lower levels. Under the magic of faith the frictions of the soul are alleviated, drudgery disappears, the whole being is belted with power from above and the whole life swings upon a higher and clearer plane. Faith in God gives life its true range and attachment upward, hitching the chariot of toll to the morning star.

The second motive which I would name is, Hope for Man.

This service is a "Work of faith" and a "patience of hope." Write it down as a maxim, you can get no sustained service out of a discouraged man! All real service rendered is by patient continuance in well doing. But he only has heart for continuance who has hope in continuance. Pessimism? What has it ever done, what is it doing for the world? It paints no pictures, sings no songs, tills no fields, digs no mines, builds no cities. Pessimism stalks through the world like an evil ghost to scare men from their tasks. It mutilates and demoralizes whatever it touches. A man without hope is a maimed man. Like the Venus de Milo he may have a head to contrive but no hands to perform. What encouragement should we have to serve, if we entertained no better thought than that we have fallen upon the fog end of a played out world? If we are to tell ourselves that the age of gold has gone, and the age of clay has come? If we are to think of the earth as a mighty urn, fast filling up with the ashes and bones of men, and soon to be sealed for everlasting darkness? To accept a doctrine like that is to lay an icicle across the naked breast, that will smite all warm enthusiasms down with fatal chill. Let us give no place to pessimism! Grant no quarter to the assassins of hope. When tempted to discouragement let us make a pilgrimage to Calvary, and lay our hands of faith upon its crimsoned cross! That cross is the towering monument of the Redeemer's hope for humanity. That cross is the battle standard for the sons of hope. That cross is the sun-dial of the ages, whereon the shadows are creeping, not up but down as day grows brighter. That cross is that vibrant tuning fork, from which the world may catch and evermore renew the song of hope. It strikes the ground tone of the grand new song destined to fill the universe with praise. Oh, my brothers, let us go into the century that is about to dawn, in fellowship with the splendid optimism of Jesus Christ. He will teach us that the world is worthy of our service. That it has a capacity for God, that the results of all time serving however humble, shall be sure, manifest and abiding. Faith gives life its true range upward, hope gives life its true range forward, hope makes us heirs not only of the ages past, but of the ages to come. Amid the sweat and strain of our serving, it will enable us to sing with the Quaker poet prophet:-

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own.
Parcel and part of all
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be
And share the victory."

The third motive is Love: Love for both God and man. This last is the crowning qualification for service. "If I have not love I am nothing." But love never faileth." It rocks a cradle, it redeems a world. Nothing else can stoop so low, or reach so far, or lift so hard, or toll so long as love. "He serveth best who loveth most." That is the lesson of the gospel. The service which Jesus rendered was pre-eminently a "labor of love." The Christ has taken hold of humanity at many points and by many cords. He apprehends the reason, the wonder, the imagination and the conscience. But the cord upon which he puts the heaviest strain, the cord along which the power thrills that plucks the man from out the grasp of sin is the central cord of love, which he winds about the heart. Jesus might have preached a sermon on the mount every morning. Each evening he could have walked upon the sea. Each midnight he might have transfigured himself before the wondering gaze of men. Each noon he could have ascended into the heavens and revealed his form standing in the sun. But none of these things, nor all of them would have moved the world to truth and goodness like the words of love he spake at Jacob's well, and the tears of love he dropped at Lazarus' grave, and the blood of love he shed on Calvary's cross. His whole life proclaims with emphasis divine that love is the supreme power for service.

This also is the testimony, often the unconscious testimony of all true literature. Search for the hero in any book that has won a permanent place for itself in the affections of the world and you will find a man with a heart of love. Who is the hero of the Odyssey? Not Ulysses sailing over storm-vexed seas to vanquish mighty foes, but Eumæus, the swineherd whom love makes loyal to the humblest tasks. Who is the hero of Barrie's "Little Minister"? Not Gavin Dishart, I ween, but a man who hovers about upon the rim of the story, the humble, patient, gentle, but glorious old Domine in the

glen. He is the hero of the book because his is the biggest heart in the book.

And that which is the lesson of the Gospel and the testimony of literature is the ultimate verdict of history. The names of the mighty may be moved up and down upon the bead roll of fame while history is in the process of making, but at its final count the names of those who have loved most take highest rank. The laurel of mankind's lasting favor is reserved for those who have loved, not might for might's sake, nor art for art's sake, nor even truth for truth's sake, but for those who have loved man for God's sake, who have served man by serving God, and served God by serving man.

Yes, "love never faileth." It conquers all things. This world will never be saved by the frosty sparkle of the intellect. It will not accept the help of the strongest hand if that hand be cold. It waits and longs for love. It will accept love thankfully from the highest or the humblest. If thy heart is frost-bound, know that service is impossible to thee. But thou canst turn aside and thaw it out in the warm sunshine of the love divine. Then your life will become a living, laughing stream of blessing, falling in power upon the wheels that have waited for its coming, floating the hopes that have stranded in their course, filling the vessels that will carry cheer to thirsty homes, flushing all its banks with verdure, flowing musically along under the darkness of every night, flashing out silverly in the light of every day and finding its completion at last in the ocean fullness of the life beyond.

These, it seems to me, are the sufficient motives for a life of service: firm faith in God; high hope for man; a burning love for both God and man. Faith will give life its true range upward. Hope will give life its true range forward. Love will give life its true range outward. "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three, and the greatest of these is Love."

At Minas Basin—Upon Second Thought.

Although Dr. Rand's poems have already won generous admiration at the hands of the critics, they have two marked characteristics which deserve more than passing notice. The first of these is their youthful buoyancy of spirit, and the second their deep spiritual insight.

At first sight it seems remarkable that a man who has begun what is sometimes termed "the evening slope of life," should have produced a volume of poems at all. It is seldom indeed that the poetic faculty first finds expression so late as in the present instance. And the wonder grows as we read. Surely it is not age that sings in "June":

"My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,
And leaps as a swollen brook in summer rain
Past meadows green to the great sea untold.
O month divine, all fresh with falling showers,
Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain,
Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old!
Surely there is the very fullness of manhood's vigor in the lines:
"Look me! the banners of the holy road
Shake in the battle's roar; sweet duty's call
Wings all my spirit like a soaring lark."

Surely that heart must possess the secret of undying youth that can say:

"Quick youth a new world shews to us, as fall
Upon earth's golden possibilities
The dimming dusks of aging hours,—'tis his
To cry: "O upward still Time's voices call."

The secret, however, is an open one. Dr. Rand is a Christian poet, and as such looks upon life as a continual "renewal":

"Ah thus, true soul assoiled of life, thou ey'at
'Mid thy enduring work, the quickening Christ,"

It has been said that religious poetry is necessarily of a low order, for the reason that purely spiritual themes do not readily lend themselves to poetic forms of expression. But the transcendent poetry of some parts of the Bible, the many noble hymns that adorn our language, and the rich imagery of a Christian poet like Browning, are sufficient to convince us, not only that these themes may sometimes take the most beautiful forms, but that they naturally and actually demand them. In this connection, one of Dr. Rand's critics has already pointed out his affinity both with Browning and with the nature poetry of the Hebrew Bible. In a large proportion of his poems, perhaps the best of them, he is above all a seer of God; and the fine poetic quality of his visions seem to confirm the suggested kinship. Their beauty and spiritual significance can only be fully appreciated by careful reading of the whole, but a few examples may be given.

The enchantments of a woodland glen culminate in a consciousness of the all-pervading Presence.

"God's arbor, this enchanted Glen!
The air is sentient with His name;
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
The trees are bursting into flame!"

A red rose is:
"Love's oriel where through my eyes diacreet
May look far in beyond the outward sight
And, unconsumed, see His fiery flame."

And,
"The silence of the wheeling heavens by night
By day, is but the pealing anthem sweet
Beyond the pitch of my dull ears to hear,
While veiling shadows are the excess of light
That marks the goings of His power so near,
And hides Love's regal presence on His seat."

The prism suggests that
"The noonday Truth
In its sevenfold beam,
Is the Christ, sandal-shod;

As on life's plains and wolds
His soul's prism unfolds
The white thought of God,
In human passion divine."

The sight of waves in the sun inspires an exquisite fragment that is truly named "Revelation."

"As rising waves, rich jeweled by the sun,
In movement link their brilliants each to each
And flash their glories in one crest of light,
E'en so, unvelling, the Eternal One
Did shew Himself by signs and glimmering speech
Then flashed in Christ His love-lit glory bright."

The sonnet entitled "The Veiled Presence" reveals a still deeper insight. In some respects it reminds one of Wordsworth's incomparable sonnet "On Westminster Bridge." It has already been quoted in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, but it will bear many repetitions.

"An ashen grey touched faint my night dark room,
I flung my window wide to the whispering lawn—
Great God! I saw Thy mighty globe from gloom
Roll with its sleeping millions to the dawn.
No tremor spoke its motion swift and vast,
In hush it swept the awful curve adown,
The shadow that its rushing speed did cast,
Concealed the Father's hand, the Kingly crown.

Into the deeps an age has passed since then,
Yet evermore for me, more humble grown,
The vision of His awesome presence veiled,
Barns in the flying spheres, still all unknown,
In nature's mist-immantled seas unsailed,
And in the deeper shadowed hearts of men."

When Dr. Rand's poems first appeared, a most discerning and appreciative critic in the Canadian Baptist clearly proved their right to be called true poetry. I think the examples I have given—some of them the same as in the article referred to—not only still further enforce that right, but at the same time emphasize their more distinctive quality of spirituality. BLANCHÉ BISHOP.

Tidings From Afar

OFF FOR BIMLIPATAM.

Tekkall is not one of our hottest stations; it is only four miles from the sea and therefore we have a lovely breeze in the evenings. If our mission house were built it would not be necessary to leave the station on account of the excessive heat. But as our present buildings there are not very comfortable for the hot season, I decided to come to Biml. Bro. Hardy and I are here together (Biml) and are keeping house by ourselves in the "Rest House." He came up to Tekkall to make me a little visit, and found Tekkall so nice that he concluded to stay and study there till I came down here. It would certainly have been amusing if you could have seen our travelling appurtenances. It is no case of "a hand-satchel and an overcoat" in this country. Probably it would be more like a camping out party on their way to the lakes. Two ox-carts are called and our stuff piled "clear to the roof." By the way, it is well to remember that an ox-cart in India has a roof; it is shaped like a gipsy wagon roof. Let me give a catalogue of the things we have to take with us in India on a journey of 5 miles or 500. There is the earthen water jug (reminding one of the jug we used to take to the hay field on a thirsty August afternoon in the home-land), and then the bundle of camp cots, the folding table, the folding chairs, the lantern and lamp box, the roll of bedding, the provision box, the kitchen box (with cooking utensils), the trunk with some clothes and books, etc. As the weather is getting very hot we take the night train from Nowpada. Let me introduce you to our Indian travelling apartments on the "Poga Bundy" (smoke cart). We travel third class. By the way, one of our missionaries was recently asked why we travel third class? He replied: "Because there is no fourth." The compartment is something like a box stall into which I fancy they would put tigers and bears, etc., on a circus train. If you were to take one of our baggage cars at home and slice it up into compartments by cross walls, making about four such in the one car, and then make a door to enter each compartment at the side of the car, you would have our Indian third class compartment. The seats are board benches, with folding benches above to put your luggage upon. These are hinged to the wall, and held in a horizontal position by chains from the roof. We open our roll of bedding and make up as soft a place to sit (or lie) as possible. The jolting one gets on these trains is capital for indigestion, but it makes one act as if he were either drunk or had the "rickets." Ah, well, even this rickety car (so unlike the first class C. P. R. or the Flying Bluenose on the D. A. R.) is infinitely ahead of the ox-cart method of travel to which we had to become accustomed by long necessity. We prefer the hard seated, dust begrimed, rickety third class car to the first or second principally because it is cheap, and we do not want to burden the denomination with any unnecessary expense. Some might say, you know, "those missionaries have a soft time of it at our expense."

OUR PLANS FOR THE HOT SEASON.

Mr. Morse has promised me that he will go up to Tekkall and give me a "lift" in return for my help down here at this time. We plan to continue daily preaching in the town and near villages so that it will not be a

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