

FEELING AFTER GOD.

MISS SYBIL CARTER, a missionary in the Episcopal Church, told me the following incident:—When in Japan she met with a young Japanese woman who is engaged in teaching. This young woman gave her a part of her early history as follows: She said in her lesson one day she came to the word *Creator*, and did not know what it meant. She opened her dictionary, and read there—*Creator: one who creates*—but was as much in the dark as before. She sought for a larger dictionary, and there read—*“Creator: one who creates—a name given to God, who made all things.”* This was, indeed, a startling thought—a God who made all things! She had never heard of such a God. She knew of many Gods, but never of one who made anything. The thought filled her mind by day and by night. She would go out at night and look at the stars, and say: “That God must have made all these stars.” In the sunlight came the same thought of God as the maker of the sun. The trees, too, all seemed to say that this God made them. When she went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, she would say to herself: “It wasn’t you, Buddha, for I never heard you made anything.” There was a shrine where some god was represented as a boy. There she would pause, and pointing her finger at the image, would say: “It wasn’t you; you know it wasn’t.” By day and by night Tasshee’s mind was filled with the thought of this God and the question, where should she find Him?

It happened that she went to Tokyo, and there was an old woman in the same house where she was, who said one day, “Tasshee, I am going to a meeting, won’t you go with me?”

“What meeting?” inquired Tasshee.

“A meeting to hear about God,” said the old woman.

“Oh, no,” replied Tasshee, “I don’t want any of your gods; I have a God of my own, if I only knew where He is.”

The old woman prevailed, and Tasshee went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible at the first chapter of Genesis, and read: “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” Tasshee was startled. “Why,” she said, “that is the God I am looking for.” She listened eagerly and with great agitation, hardly able to keep her seat, so much did she want to put the question to the teacher—“Where is He?” When the meeting was over she rushed to the teacher, and said: “Tell me, where is this God that made the heavens and the earth?” Her yearning desire was met by proper instruction. She attended the next meeting, and there heard the words: “For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Here again was Tasshee startled. A God of love! She had never heard of a God of love; her gods were gods of hatred, gods of revenge and anger. This God gave His Son. All the Gods she had ever known never gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

This hungry heart received its food. Tasshee is now a teacher, giving this same food to other hungry hearts.—*Church at Home and Abroad.*

RECOGNIZING THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

DR. DALE, in his recently published book, “The Living Christ and the Four Gospels,” tells of a Japanese gentleman of considerable intellectual culture and great mental activity and vigor, who gave him the following account of how he became a Christian. He had been a Confucianist, but could not find in Confucius any clear, satisfying teaching on the subject of God, though he sought for it eagerly. While thus unsatisfied and perplexed under

the ambiguities of the great sage of China, a friend gave him a Chinese Bible, asking him to read it, and assuring him that the translation was an achievement of scholarship, and possessed of very great literary merit.

“I found he was right; the translation is admirable. I read page after page until I came to the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul’s First Epistle to the Corinthians, beginning, ‘If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.’ I read the whole chapter. I was arrested, fascinated. I had never seen, or heard, or dreamed of a morality like that. I felt that it was above the reach of the human race, that it must have come from heaven, that the man who wrote that chapter must have received light from God—from God, about whose existence I had been speculating. And then I read the Gospel of St. John, and the words of Christ filled me with wonder. They were not to be resisted. I could not refuse Him my faith.” This Japanese gentleman did not enter upon any question of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, nor did he insist upon knowing what proofs were forthcoming as to St. Paul’s having written the Epistles to the Corinthians. Whoever wrote these passages had “received light from God.” That was enough. He saw the light, and recognized it to be divine.

Our Young Folk.

FROM CLOUD TO OCEAN.

“O DEAR, I’m just discouraged!” exclaimed Bessie, looking very gloomy, as she threw herself into a chair.

“About what?” asked her father, putting down his book.

“Why, I can’t get but just a few pennies for the mission box. They’ll not count any, and I don’t know how to earn any more. It rains, and I don’t know what to do.”

“You are having a dull time. Come here, and I will tell you a story.”

When Bessie was comfortably settled in her father’s lap, he began:—

“One day some little clouds were getting tired of simply looking pretty, and, as a friendly wind came along to help them, they joined other clouds and came to the earth as rain-drops. This company of rain-drops fell in a wood, where the ferns nodded their thanks for the refreshing drink. Down through the moss they sank, till it became dark, and the rain-drops thought their journey was ended.

“But by-and-by more rain-drops joined them, and a little spring trickled through the grass, to meet the brook which busily rippled over the stones. This brook fed many tiny roots, so that all the green things that grew beside it flourished finely. Cows came to drink, birds to bathe, and children sometimes sailed their little ships on its waters. This brook was joined by other brooks, and by-and-by the rain-drops reached a deep, silently flowing river. Towns were built on its banks and big boats took the place of the little ones. The rain-drops were sadly frightened when they reached the first rushing, thundering waterfall. But they soon learned to enjoy the swift journey over the rocks, and gladly helped to turn the big mill-wheels.

“A long, winding way the river took, sometimes between high rocks, up whose sides the ferns and bushes tried to climb; sometimes among tall forest trees or wide stretches of meadow. The rain drops thought each place was beautiful and wished to linger there, but the river never stayed long in one spot. It grew deeper and wider, till at last no shore was seen, and the rain-drops knew they had reached the ocean. Their journey was ended, but I think they will visit the sky again some time.”