

bear their burdens, and it is the angel of His presence that saves them. It was for this reason that the common people heard Him gladly. They recognized in Him One who could enter into their lives, and they gave Him their fullest allegiance. That spontaneous burst of praise that poured from ten thousand throats, as He journeyed toward Jerusalem on the day of the triumphal entry, was the greatest tribute that has been accorded to any king.

Jesus' kingly beauty, however, appeals to the heart rather than the eye or the mind. It is "with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness". For many people, religion is merely an appeal to the æsthetic. Art and culture seem to be the very Alpha and Omega of their faith. They worship God in the holyness of beauty rather than the "beauty of holyness". For a man like Keats, beauty was undoubtedly his religion. He tells us, in one of his odes, that "Beauty is truth—truth beauty"; and there is, at least, this to be said, that no man followed his religion more enthusiastically than Keats did. He was thoroughly immersed in the thought of beauty, and if any man has been able to portray in rare gems of speech the thoughts that God gave him, that man is Keats. Nevertheless his religion falls short of the true mark of life, and in his last days afforded but little comfort.

Neither is the true beauty of religion to be appreciated by the intellect. It is not by searching that we find out the Almighty. When Carlyle saw Holman Hunt's picture of Jesus, he was shocked at the portrayal. "Do you call that thing a picture of Jesus Christ? It is a poor mis-shaped presentation of the noblest and most heroic-minded Being that ever walked God's earth." And with much greater truth might we pass the same verdict on the picture of Christ given us by some of those who worship at the shrine of reason. It cannot be a true portrayal of the Master because their eyes have not yet seen the "King in His beauty".

It is only when one looks up to God with the spirit of devotion in his heart, that he comes to understand how good He is. Truly "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him". The attitude of the psalmist

was correct, for he said "I will look up unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." It is said that when the great Murillo painted a picture, with all the brilliancy of color that he could muster, and gave it to the monks of the Cathedral in his native city, they were displeased with it, for it appeared to them to be too gaudy. "But put it in the dome", said the painter, "that's where it belongs." And they did so, only to find that the distance softened its lines, and made it wondrously beautiful.

Need we add that God should be put in the place where He belongs. His throne is in the heart. He should be lifted up on high above all other things in life. And when we have done this we shall be able to say "Our eyes have seen the King in His beauty."

St. John, N.B.

### Hearing God

By Rev. Wylie C. Clark, B.D.

Innumerable voices claim a hearing from us. The artist in music pours into our delighted ears his entrancing melodies; the newsgatherer brings to us at the opening of each day the world's happenings of the day scarcely closed; scientific searchers proclaim to us their ever-growing discoveries in nature, history and life; teachers from countless platforms and pulpits summon us to listen to the truth and give heed to the law of righteousness.

Above all these voices is the realm of the spiritual, where the soul hears the voice of God. It is this hearing which gives religious experience to the soul. The first sense of it is when the soul recognizes a relationship existing between itself and the divine. This hearing has sometimes driven the soul to joyous salvation, sometimes to hopeless despair, sometimes to open rebellion.

There is the voice of His suffering love,—the Shepherd's voice—the Father's voice. This is the calling voice which reaches the lost sheep, far out on the hills, and the prodigal child in the swine-yard, inviting back to the fold and to the Father's house.

Again, there is the voice of friendship, as God speaks to His own redeemed ones, calling them His "well beloved" and holding rare converse in heavenly things, until they