

of this writing the word comes that conditions throughout the vast area are in a state of chaos—weak government and misrule in the provinces, anarchy rampant, confused finances, general lack of system and respect of authority, but the fact remains that, considering the condition of China twenty years ago, gigantic strides have been taken, and are being taken.

Pondering on all these things, Mr. Borel asks: Will this great people of four hundred and thirty millions awaken to a loftier consciousness? Will there be a mutual interchange of that which is good between the East and the West? And, he asks, "How will the world's aspect be changed when the thoughts of 400,000,000 of Easterns come floating into the mental sphere of Europe and America? How many prejudices will be broken up? How much new wisdom, how much new beauty will be born from the commingling of what is essential in both?"

Yet he foresees a danger: "It cannot be foreseen what may be the outcome of the disturbed, fermenting China of to-day. Hatred of the foreigner caused by Western aggressions, by the ignorance and excitement of the Young Chinese Jingoes... may culminate in a paroxysm compared with which the Boxer revolt may seem child's play. Mutual understanding is the only safe-guard. The Chinese must give up his wrathful distrust, his proud feeling of superiority. He must be taught to understand that not all Westerns are 'foreign devils,' that there really are Europeans who understand and honor China's beauty and wisdom, who visit China for other than commercial reasons, and who desire to come into contact with the Chinese. The Westerners must try to penetrate into the mystery of the Chinese national mind; study of sinology must be encouraged in the West at all universities, and a superior body of future diplomats and consuls must be found who will go to China, and especially to Peking, not as strangers but as reliable, competent scholars and students of the Chinese country, people, and language."

There may be troublous days between, yet Mr. Borel, with the vision of the mystic looks far past. Speaking of the dead formalism into which China fell after her ancient age of aliveness, when wisdom meant everything, war nothing; he says, and with this may we conclude: "Nor ought it to be forgotten that what was highest law and highest truth in remote centuries many thousand years ago, when the race was in its bloom, will also become law and truth when a new and superior race arises. What is now old and decayed will be young and new once more. The epoch of materialism will pass, the world will no longer be possessed by the cursed delusion of egotism, selfishness, and sensuousness. Future days will be pregnant with the spiritual beauty of which the conception is already initiated. Then wisdom will once more hold its imperial sway over humanity, blossoming forth in beauty, as it did in the grey antiquity of China."

The best of the past joined to the best of the future—this will open the doors of the real Golden Era for humanity.

Smiles.

Young Mr. Hallowell was not much of a preacher, but, much to his own surprise and everybody else's, he was appointed Chaplain on a battleship. He desired to amuse as well as instruct his men, and to that end he arranged a magic lantern lecture on Bible scenes and incidents.

A sailor who possess a gramophone was secured to discourse appropriate music between the slides. The first picture shown was Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cudgeled his brains and ran through his repertoire, but he could think of any piece exactly appropriate.

"Play up, play up," whispered the Chaplain.

Suddenly an inspiration struck the sailor, and to the consternation of the Chaplain and the delight of the audience the gramophone squawked out:

"There is only one girl in this world for me."—New York Times.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

All Glorious Within.

The King's daughter is all glorious within. Her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle work.—Psalm 45:13, 14.

A friend of mine once told me that when she was nursing in the Toronto General Hospital many accident cases were brought in whose outer clothing was very showy and even expensive, but that did not prove that the underclothing could bear inspection. Often it was found that a woman dressed in silk, with handsome feathers in her hat, had only filthy rags beneath the outer finery. But a true "King's daughter"—one who has the beautiful

daughter of the King of kings will not be satisfied with any outward appearance of holiness which is not the outward visible sign of purity within. God requires truth in the "inward" parts, and only those who are pure "in heart" are able to see the Vision of His Face.

The white robes of the soul are not to be kept only for wearing on Sunday. Holy thoughts and high ideals should not be wrapped in tissue paper and packed away for special occasions. We know the sun can whiten discolored garments; so the stained robes of the soul—wetted with tears of penitence for sin—will grow white and clean if they are continually bathed in the light of The Sun of Righteousness.

"Let no earth-stain thy robe of glory mar:

Wrap it around thy bosom undefiled:
Yet spread it daily in the clear
Heaven's sight,
To be new-bathed in its own native
Light."



Baron Hayashi, the New Japanese Minister to Peking, with his son and daughter.

Baron Hayashi was formerly Ambassador at Rome, and is therefore of higher rank than any of the other diplomats at Peking who are merely ministers. This unusual appointment has caused something of a sensation in the East.
International Film Service.

refinement of character which proves her to be a "real princess"—may be dressed very simply and plainly on the outside; but her inner garments will be fresh, and as dainty as she can afford.

Is not this a picture of the soul's raiment? Some people are only concerned about their appearance in the sight of men. They wish to be considered religious, but seem to think it matters very little what inner garments the soul is wearing in secret—what thoughts are cherished in the temple of the soul.

If a refined woman shrinks from the vulgarity of wearing soiled and ragged underclothing, concealed by showy finery, surely one who claims to be a

Royal Bridegroom to His loved bride. They should be kept with jealous care, as a woman keeps the bridal dress in which she desires to stand before God's altar.

Young people make a sad mistake when they recklessly fling away their greatest treasure—their white purity of soul. They are heaping up misery for themselves, for joy can never walk hand-in-hand with wilful sin. Those who—like the Bridegroom Himself—love righteousness and hate iniquity—are, like Him, anointed with the oil of gladness above their fellows. Their garments are fragrant with "myrrh, aloes and cassia," being brought fresh each day out of the King's own wardrobe; even "out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."

Our Lord was very gentle towards those who were scorned by the world as "sinners," those whose sins were easily seen by everybody. But how fiercely He denounced the hypocrites! He compared the Pharisees to sepulchres, whitewashed on the outside but full of loathsome decay within. They were far from being "all glorious within." They appeared to be very religious, but He sternly warned them that their long prayers were not accepted by God. They drew near Him with the lips, but their hearts were seeking the praise of men. Can we say with truth that we are always thinking of God while our lips are uttering His praises? We should be horrified at the idea of anyone offering bad money on His altar, yet we are hardly conscious of having sinned when we offer Him false worship.

We may well ask God to let His pitying eye rest upon our best deeds and finest words. Too often they are intended to win for us the praise of men. We need forgiveness for our virtues—or seeming virtues—as well as for our sins. God does not need our gifts—the riches of all the universe are His—but it is our great loss when we offer Him tarnished gold which He cannot accept. Have we never spoiled our service by seeking glory for ourselves? The widow's mite was greater than the gifts poured by the rich into the treasury—it was her all. Let us be careful how we claim to have given our "mite," lest it be really only a mite in God's sight. Her gift may have been copper on the outside, but it was "all glorious within." No wonder our Lord was glad at heart as He watched her place her golden offering in the hand of God. No one is too poor to offer the best gold. Many earthly gifts remain on earth and never reach heaven at all; they are heavily weighted with selfish ambition, and have no wings of love to mount with.

"It matters little what I drop
Into the passing plate;
'Tis God's acceptance that doth make
The smallest offering great."

Some day we shall be brought unto the King. Will it then be found that we are all glorious within, and that our clothing is of wrought gold? Such clothing will not grow shabby with use, but will only grow more lovely as the fires of sorrow and suffering burn the dross away. The Great Refiner is Himself regulating the furnace which is purifying His fine gold. Even in this time of world-wide trouble we may feel safe in His hands.

The King's daughter must not only be radiant and shining within—as the temple was glorious with gold and jewels, placed there for God alone—but "she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle-work." This outer robe is not a machine-made garment, with seams run up in a hurry, neither is it the kind of garment turned out by thousands in factories. It grows slowly, and fits the soul. Character is one of the things which cannot be hurried.

The clothing of character which the soul wears is "needle-work"—it takes many years to put in all the stitches required. Quietly, secretly, this robe of character is being woven—by hand. Each thought, word and act helps to put in a stitch. The bridal robe of righteousness is provided by the Bridegroom—that is the inner purity which we must keep sacredly as His gift of love. But the outer robe must be embroidered with many stitches of our own needle-work. We are invited to work under and with Him. What kind of a court-robe are we making, as these