

Beautiful and True.

The breadth and fulness of a man's religious life are determined, not by the decisiveness with which he affirms his belief in God, but by the comprehensiveness of his acknowledgment of the presence and power of God. The most profoundly religious man is not he who worships God devoutly in one place, but he who finds the whole world ablaze with the light of God's countenance, and all life streaming with his power.

We are all going to the Father, as Professor Drummond has told us in one of the most striking and comforting of his many striking and comforting interpretations of time and experience in the light of eternity. We are all going to the Father; that is the real meaning of life. But we are not going to a Father housed afar in unapproachable majesty; we are going to a Father in whose house we are now living, whom we have not seen, but who is seeking through everything which surrounds us on our journey to reveal himself to us. Our seeking does not consist in a long and solitary searching in the ends of the world; it consists in so living that we shall come into harmony with his will, and so, through obedience and purity, open our spirits to his coming who surrounds us with himself, and is constantly striving to find ways of approach to us. It was a Greek philosopher who created the beautiful fable that man is born into a well-built house in his childhood and that age pulls it down stone by stone until he stands at last in the undimmed sunlight.

We are going to the Father, but we are not going alone. We are living in our Father's house and journeying through our Father's country, and all things are ordered for our advancement if we will open our eyes to see that nature is his, for he made it, and what men call science is the eye of the inward perfection; that the family, the Church, and the State are his, for they are the great schools in which men are trained to be like him: that sorrow and trial and the burdens of life are means and tools in his hands for the making of noble souls; that the vast amount of man's life has been his from its far beginning; that in every age he has spoken with more voices and revealed himself in more ways; and that, through clouds and darkness, the lines of a divine order more and more clearly disclose themselves. The deepest and richest belief in God is born in the souls of those who find him everywhere and to whom all things and all men are sacred because he made and cares for all.—The 'Outlook.'

Ten Days.

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight. 'I can't see that there's much the matter,' she told the doctor. 'I believe you are keeping me abed just to make me rest,' and she laughed up at him.

The physician was the cheeriest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

'Christine,' he said, 'I have never lied to you, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not as well as you think.'

Her startled eyes searched his own.

'Do you mean—' she began.

'I mean, my dear child, that all I can do is to make you comfortable for a little while.' His eyes were wet.

'How long?' she asked, softly.

'Probably about ten days.'

She drew a quick breath. 'Do the rest know?'

The physician nodded.

'Poor mother!' she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. 'I thank you for telling me.'

Her father sat with her at the noon hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big, warm hand.

'Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?' she said. 'This evening will be a good time.'

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

'You'd better send a note.'

'I'd rather you'd take the message—please.'

'All right. I'll tell him,' and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stooped to kiss her.

'If only I could see them friends before I go!' she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside

the barrier of years was broken down, and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was in college. He was not making the best of himself, and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

'Theodorie, do you know the meaning of your name?' she asked.

'No. Something I'm not, I presume.'

'Something you can be,' the gentle voice replied. 'It is "powerful among the people," and I think it is beautiful. Only one cannot be that, you know, unless one is master of himself, and is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away.'

The boy did think, and he became a power for good among his fellows.

So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were united, a home was provided for a destitute cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony, and a despairing woman found peace and joy. Besides, this, there were uncounted deeds of love that lived in many hearts long after the doer of them had passed from sight.

Ten days! They are waiting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall those days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten days, and every ten that follow them?—'Youth's Companion.'

A Mission Romance.

'Is it worth our while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?' asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856.

'Perhaps not,' answered the other; 'but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come.'

'Come on, then,' said the first speaker. 'I suppose we can stand it.'

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents, but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

'Work thrown away!' grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

'Who knows,' replied the missionary. 'It was God's Word, and we are told that it shall not fall on the ground unheeded.'

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by, who stopped in by accident, tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, all of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

About thirty-five years afterward we found him, surrounded by 'his children' as he loves to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The missionary referred to is William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakhatta Indians.—Selected.

Complete in Him.

(A. D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A dear old lady lay upon her deathbed while her good pastor sat beside her, trying to give comfort and get some glimpses of heaven for his own strengthening, for many words of grace fell from those aged lips.

In the course of conversation the pastor asked the old saint, 'What do you consider one of the most valuable portions of the Word?'

Expecting to hear some rich promise, he was surprised to hear her reply: 'I have thought much of this text of late: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." And then after a pause: "Ye are complete in

Him;" strange that both of these can be said of the same person, but thank the Lord it is so and can be said even of me.'

Yes, strange, yet a blessed fact that the chief of sinners can be made 'complete' in Him.

It is when we are clothed with humility and feel our utter unworthiness that we come the nearest to being complete in Christ; 'tis none but the humble who will find acceptance with Him, and he who feels himself chief of sinners will beg the most earnestly for grace, and therefore will be made 'complete in Him.'

Religious News.

The Church of Christ in Japan represents the Reformed and Presbyterian cults. The Kumi-ai churches stand for independency. The Methodist Church of Japan was formed by a union of the Methodist bodies, and is now presided over by Bishop Honda, a native Japanese. The irenic and unifying ministry of the standing committee of co-operating Christian missions in Japan continues its active and useful service in various departments of religious work. At its last general meeting, the committee presented plans for holding a Jubilee Christian Conference in the year 1909, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Christian work in modern Japan. This jubilee conference will be representative of all Christian churches and evangelical organizations in the empire—a united jubilee, to commemorate the entrance of the blest religion of the one Lord and Master of us all among the Japanese people.—'Presbyterian.'

A strong spirit of Moslem fanaticism prevails among all the tribes of Morocco, only waiting to be fanned into a flame by some spirited leader. Therefore while we can only commit the future to God who rules the nations, the political situation surely demands the prayers of all who love Christ's kingdom.

While foreigners can reside with a degree of safety in the cities and travel between them and the coast, a large part of the country is inaccessible to Christians and that in no part is there any real religious liberty.

The government uses its influence to hinder the work of missionaries and especially to keep us from going to the Berber tribes. The people are strongly opposed to the Gospel and few are willing to be seen listening even to a private conversation on the subject of religion. Is it not time then for definite earnest prayer that, whatever political changes come to Morocco, more freedom may be given for the preaching of the Gospel and that the hearts of the people may be inclined to read the Scriptures which are now being published in their dialect?—F. C. Enyart in 'The Gospel Message.'

The Rev. K. R. Gopalal Aiyar belonged to a high-caste Brahman or priestly caste in Cochine, South India. From his childhood he says that he had a great desire to love God and be saved, though he did not know the true way. 'I used to get up at 4 a.m., daily in hot weather and cold weather, and with many others bathe in the temple tank. For nearly two hours I used to repeat prayers in Sanskrit, the meaning of which I did not know. I worshipped many idols, and in my own home I had many miniature gods and goddesses, which I every morning washed, clothed, and even fed with sweetened rice. I went round the sacred banyan-tree a hundred times daily to please the gods. I detested the non-Brahmans, and every time I touched them I immersed myself in a tank to remove the pollution. I was a strict vegetarian, and a very strict teetotaler.'

'A European missionary of the Church Missionary Society spoke to me of Christ, and gave me a Bible. I read it for two years, and with the help of that Padre Sahib I became a Christian, and was baptized. My parents and other relatives have considered me ever since as a social leper. I had severe persecutions, but God gave me grace to stand all. My father disinherited me, though I am the eldest son. I am now the pastor of a Tamil church in Madras. I rejoice in God, and I thank Him because He brought me out of darkness and from blindly and foolishly worshipping idols to the great light, to worship Him alone, and also to work for Him in His vineyard.'