

Tibet. Here they found that the way onward was barred. Stupendous mountain ranges and sandy wastes extended for hundreds of miles between them and their goal, and they then realized that an impossible task had been set them. Mongolia has, as we know, been entered with the Gospel in more recent times, but the honor of the first attempt rests with the Marovian Church.

Finding their endeavor to enter Mongolia frustrated, the missionaries turned eastwards, and travelling along the borders of Tibet proper, they made the first attempt to enter that fast closed land. Here, too, they met with failure, for the door into Tibet was faster closed than ever now. Nothing was left them but to retrace their steps into British territory, and they returned through the Sulej Valley to Kotgarh.

In due time the sanction came for them to make Lahoul the headquarters of the mission, and with this sanction also the welcome news that a third missionary was being sent out to their help. After his arrival the three missionaries set out on their journey once more, and after careful examination they selected Kyllang, in Lahoul, for the permanent location of the mission. In this lonely spot a house was presently erected, and it is interesting to know that while this work, under the missionaries' personal supervision, was peacefully going forward, the Mutiny was raging on the plains. Only once did danger come near them, when a band of mutineers, probably from Peshawar, approached to the top of the Bara Lacha Pass near by, but from that point they turned away in another direction, and the mission was saved. Though a resting place was now found, it was never regarded as a permanent goal, for the hearts of the missionaries were fixed on the districts yet further afield, and these, after a protracted time of waiting, were in God's providence opened, as other workers arrived to labor to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyde returned to their home in Germany without expectation of returning to India. Many years ago they sent to Germany a little son less than ten years of age, and in 1903 themselves returned to see their son, a man of forty years.

The difficulty of occupying such a distant station as Kyllang may be partially realized by the fact that the passes being blocked with snow, there is no communication with the outer world. Letters are sometimes kept waiting for months for the melting of the snows. Also breathing the rarefied air at such a high altitude has been a serious trial to the wives of two of the missionaries, and has made it necessary for both families to leave their beloved work.—'The Baptist Missionary Herald.'

Success or Failure.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, in an address to clergymen delivered at Northfield, had this wise word to say to those who asked him such questions as, 'What was the secret of Mr. Moody's success?'

'If your question means that he whom God found and put forward and sent throughout the world to call thousands into the kingdom was a success, and that man there whose name has never been in the paper, but who has for twenty-five, thirty or forty years been in one pastorate, feeding the flock, caring for them, training them, teaching them, that that man is a failure, I want to say to you that you are liable to make a very great mistake. If God has given you, my dear brother, the gift of the pastor, and he has put you down

over some flock away there in the wilderness, when presently you meet him, if you are faithful to your gift and your opportunity, your reward will be as great as the reward of the man who has been in the front of the public gaze.'—'Presbyterian.'

The Completed Life.

'The Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed.'—Prof. Drummond.

(Phebe A. Holder, in the 'Christian Herald'.)

The Christian life—the only life
That ever can completed be—
The life that's hid with Christ in God,
Shall open in eternity.
Apart from Christ, this life of ours
Is but a broken pillar found.
Unfinished pyramid the race
Of man upon this earthly ground.
In sight of vast eternity,
Human ideals short must fall;
Still one by one before the grave
Dissolve the cherished hopes of all.
The broken arcs of earthly life
In heaven Lecome the perfect sound;
So faithful lives of lowly ones
By the dear Master shall be crowned.
Complete in him, our all in all,
He takes us in our nothingness
Faultless before the Father's throne
Enrobed in his own righteousness.
Complete in thee, O blessed Christ,
Kept by thy loving, faithful power,
From glory unto glory still,
To rise with thee forever more.

Where Perfect Happiness was Found.

THE STORY OF A VISION.

A long time ago, in what were called the Dark Ages, when the world was full of strife, sorrow and sin, and the few good people who remained were almost tired of life, because they saw so much of evil and found so little to help them towards God, a certain man went forth, as many others did, in search of happiness. He quitted the busy world and the society of men, and betook himself to a silent and great lone desert, where the wicked would cease from troubling, and where all his thoughts could be of God.

There he made his abode in a mountain cave, and tilled the soil around, living upon such simple herbs as it yielded, and spending much time in prayer.

But he was not happy, for the silence made him afraid, and he missed the sight of human faces, and his heart was empty because he had no one to care for and no one to love. Day by day he prayed that God would give him a vision of perfect joy, and one night, as he slept and dreamed, an angel appeared to him and said:

'Thy prayer is heard; follow me, and thou shalt see what thy heart has longed for.'

Then the angel moved on swifter than the wind, and the dreamer followed, as if his feet were wings, over the silent country, waste sands, mountains, and valleys, until they came to the great, sinful city from which the man had fled, and the dim of its restless, busy throngs rose on their ears.

And first the angel stopped near a crowd of laughing and excited people who were singing and dancing in mad merriment among flowers and fruits, and tables covered with wine and rich dainties; but happiness was

not there, for the angel touched the eyes of the dreamer, and showed him strange things. He saw that the wine was hot like fire, and burned the hearts of those who drank it; and the fruit, though luscious to the taste, turned the brain sick and the body languid; and the flowers were not real, but made of paper; and what seemed laughing faces were only masks. The faces underneath were weary, and fierce, and ugly, for they covered envies, and jealousies, and hatred, and all sorts of unlovely passions and hideous thoughts.

Then the angel led the way to a palatial temple, adorned with choicest works of art. Here were gathered the broad-browed thinkers and wise men of the city, who knew all things in heaven and earth and seas, and in the mind of man, or thought they did, and they were discussing great themes, and talking loftily about all the deep mysteries.

But happiness was not theirs, for these men, in pursuing knowledge, had left the child's heart behind them. Their great thoughts had pushed out sweet and tender feelings; their philosophy had made them proud and ambitious; each one wished to be deemed wiser than his brethren, and they were ever contending among themselves which of them should be the greatest. Nay, there was a weary and hungry look upon their faces, as if they were ever searching for what they could not find. For though they knew so many earthly things, they knew nothing about God; and, though they had learned the secrets of the stars, the heaven above was more hidden from them than from the eyes of a little child.

Once more they passed on, until the angel brought the dreamer to a Royal palace, where a king sat enthroned in splendor, with thousands of servants and soldiers waiting to do his bidding. He called himself king by Divine right, and ruled with unlimited power over millions of people, and flattering lips called him great and glorious, and men prostrated themselves before him as if he were the Almighty.

But happiness was not there, for the king knew that, though all men feared him, none loved. He had a host of secret enemies, and some were plotting to take his life, and he lived from day to day in fear as if a sharp sword was suspended over his head ready at any moment to fall.

Again they moved on through the crowded streets until they came to that quarter of the city where the hovels of the poor were packed together, and where the wails of the hungry were often heard. The angel stopped at the door of a little cottage. They entered in silence, and there, in one bare room, was a widow kneeling by the bedside of her sick and crippled boy.

He had been lying there for months in a great deal of pain, and for months she had nursed him, and toiled for him, and every day brought him flowers, and day by day she had prayed with him, and talked to him about the place where children would be no more sick and crippled, but would walk in white robes among fadeless flowers, and see the face of God. He had become all the world to her, and she was all the world to him. There was a happy look upon his face already, such as the angels wear, and in her eyes there gleamed a light like that which shines in heaven.

Then the angel turned to the dreamer and said: 'There is the vision you asked for. Perfect happiness is where perfect love is.' Yes, love is the greatest thing in the world, and it is the greatest thing in heaven, for God is love, and where love is God is, and where love is strong and pure there heaven is.—'Sunday Companion.'