

in view as the supreme end. To this all else must be tributary. In this weekly prayer-meeting all forces trained and developed elsewhere are to find their highest sphere of activity. The widened acquaintance, the strengthened friendships, the deeper knowledge of human nature and methods of approach to it, derived from the social meetings, the mental discipline, the better self-command, the more ready power of public speech, derived from the literary meetings, these, with all else of growing energy and accumulating experience, are, in the prayer-service, to be laid humbly and reverently upon God's altar, and upon every such power is to be written "sacred for Jesus."

These are words well and timely spoken—words we will do well to keep ever before us in connection with our own branch of the League, and having caught the full significance of their meaning, let us not procrastinate in action. It is true we have had, as yet no reason to complain, for our devotional meetings have not been lacking in interest or attendance; but on all sides of life we have examples which warn us of the necessity for constant watchfulness.

The conduct of these meetings must be well thought out beforehand; and just here we would venture to suggest that each meeting have some special topic, to be announced at least one week in advance. The members must be persevering in their efforts to increase the attendance, and above all let everybody come with the determination that not one "precious moment" shall be lost, for individual enthusiasm is after all the secret to a successful meeting. Then who will venture to forecast the blessings which must follow these concentrated efforts, directed by the hand of Him who has said, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—W. E. R. in *Toronto Epworth Review*.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood, a prominent Toronto artist, addressed the Sherboorn Street League on the subject, "How to Judge of a Picture." A very large number availed themselves of the opportunity of being present, at what proved to be, one of the most successful meetings yet held under the auspices of this League.

A Wall of Spider's Web.

PERHAPS YOU have read about a devout man who was once hotly pursued by a band of murderers. In his flight he saw a cave, with a narrow entrance, within which he hid himself. He had scarcely secreted himself in the darkness before several spiders began weaving webs across the mouth of the cave. Presently his pursuers came up, and paused before this good man's hiding-place. But, seeing the network of webs which covered its only entrance, they said to one another: "He cannot be in here," and passed on. Then this man of God rejoiced, and said:

"Where God is, not a wall is, but a spider's web. Where God is, a spider's web is a wall."

In these beautiful words that good man illustrated the truth which is taught in these words of Holy Writ: "Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe." Bad men who trust in their own wealth or wisdom find their trust only a spider's web, through which all sorts of evil pass to do them hurt; but a good man's trust makes the Almighty a protector, who builds a wall about him out of things fragile as a spider's web, yet so impregnable that no evil can pass through it to harm his trusting child.

Oh, precious trust! Seek it, dear young soul, for you cannot afford to face the duties and trials of your future without making the God who loves you your hiding-place.—*Our Youth*.

Missionary Travel in Japan.

BY REV. DR. SUTHERLAND.

My work in Kofu was now ended, and we prepared to return. Our plan had been to go down the Fujikawa river, thus avoiding the long stage journey; but the heavy rains had greatly swollen the stream, and we were warned that the route would be difficult and dangerous.

Fujikawa is a mountain river, with a swift current and dangerous rapids—especially after heavy storms. It is navigated by large, flat-bottomed boats, which make the run of forty miles in a few hours; but it requires several days to tow the boats up against the stream.

We finally decided to return by the way we came, and it was just as well we did so, for we subsequently learned that a day or two later a boat—with thirty passengers—went on the rocks, and only ten persons got safe to shore.

At about 7.30 a.m. on Wednesday morning, the 9th July, we started in a pouring rain. The Sasaga Toge had again to be crossed on foot, as no mountain basha was available, and to ride in a kago was worse than walking. On we trudged, in a pelting storm, and at last reached a village on the other side of the pass, but thoroughly wet. A hasty change of garments made things more comfortable, and we resumed our journey by basha, reaching Inkiu at 5.30 p.m., where we remained for the night.

On the following morning we pushed on, over bad roads—though the rain had abated. Had a stiff climb over the Kogo Pass, and by the time the summit was reached our horse—though pulling an empty vehicle—was pretty well played out. Fortunately we got a better horse and a better driver, and descended the Pass in rapid style. Signs of the storm were everywhere apparent: land-slides, stone-slides, washouts—in abundance. Driving rapidly on a down-grade, our horse stumbled and fell, with a shock that sent the driver—like a stone from a catapult—away beyond the horse, and into the middle of the road. Providentially no one was hurt. Some breaks in the harness were speedily repaired, and we were soon on the way again.

We reached Hachon in good season, but found that beyond that point two bridges had been swept away by the freshet. To economize time, we changed from basha to jinrikisha, and took short cuts across the fields. On reaching the banks of the first river, we found quite a number of persons on both sides, waiting to get over, and the only means of transport was a hand-barrow on the shoulders of coolies. The barrow was constructed of two pieces of bamboo, about four inches in diameter and over six feet in length. To these, slats about thirty inches long were fastened, making a firm but light platform, upon which three or four persons bestowed themselves in a crouching position. The whole was then lifted on the shoulders of eight coolies—four on each side—who entered the river singing a kind of chant, so as to keep step together. Part of the way the water was shallow, and easily crossed; but beyond, for a distance of sixty feet or so, it was a different matter. By the time the deepest part was reached, the water was rushing like a mill-race, and broke in foam around the necks of the coolies.

A stumble, or loss of footing on the part of the bearers, would have made the writing of these notes quite unnecessary, or, at least, impracticable. At the second river we found a scow, which made crossing easy. Then followed a walk of a couple of miles to the nearest station, which made us late for the train.—*Outlook*.

Dirk Willemzoon,

(Holland, 1569.)

OWAHGENA.

LAST night I read of a hero—
It stirred my pulses so—
Who lived in the north of Holland
Three hundred years ago.

'Twas a time of bitter trouble;
The land with blood was red,
For the cruel Alva wrought his will
By the Inquisition dread.

And men and women were hanged and burned
For reasons light as foam,
But chiefly if they dared to pray
Outside the Church of Rome.

He dared to follow his conscience,
This brave Dirk Willemzoon,
And lay in prison expecting
To go to torture soon;

When, like a vision from Heaven,
There dawned a way of flight,
And like a hunted deer he sped
Into the free sunlight.

Close followed on the officer,
O Liberty locked tight!
O, if his God would give us strength
And tyranny defeat!

A frozen lake lay in his path,
His footsteps never slack;
'Twas melting ice beneath his tread
With many an angry crack.

Close followed on the officer;
Before he reached the bank
The ice gave way, in water deep,
With piercing cry he sank.

None heard him but the stormy wind,
Must he the womanhood find?
Must he turn back with life in sight
To save his foe, indeed?

No, let him drown! God will it so,
Said Satan in his ear,
"He now his mighty arm makes bare,
His meaning is most clear."

A moment paused he, torn with doubt,
Then Satan slunk away;
"He is my neighbour, O my Lord,
Thy call I must obey."

Back on the trembling ice he sprang,
He reached a helping hand;
His mortal enemy is saved,
And brought him to the land.

Think you a Christian showed himself
This doomed Dirk Willemzoon?
Think you for such a deed he died
His life was fitting soon?

Ah, no! The fated man straightway
Though truly something loath,
Bound once again his fetters on
Because of Satan's oath.

No mercy shown to heretics!
And so in lingering fire
With agonies that tortured him—
God shall his blood require.

No staff is raised to honour him,
No minstrel sings his fame,
For things invisible he looked,
In Heaven is found his name.

For such a thing the choicest gift
Could be endure such heat;
With the great Judge of quick and dead,
His cause may safely rest.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

CHILDREN, it is good and wise to walk in the footsteps of Christ, for that will take us to where he has gone—to heaven.