

My life is but one, but as Thou didst multiply the lad's meagre luncheon so that it was enough to feed thousands, with food to spare, so multiply my life that it, through prayer and rich self-giving, may bless multitudes.

Dear Lord Jesus, touch me before the hurrying world touches me, so that the fever of haste and restlessness may leave me and I may rise and minister unto others with a still heart, testifying through my life of the blessed heritage of peace Thou didst bequeath us. Teach me to enjoy life not so much through the retrospection of a dead past and the anticipation of an uncertain future as through a hearty separation of my whole being unto the things and people of the living present.

Tender Father, I thank Thee for the many loving kindnesses and tender mercies with which Thy children are constantly crowning my life; to-day may I be as kind, good and thoughtful to others. There will be many weary, discouraged, tempted, lonely, heart-sick, needy ones in the crowd to-day. O tender Son of Man, live in me, so that, as I pass through, I may feel the touch upon the hem of my garment, and by a smile, a letter, a word, a touch of sympathy and love, meet the need and satisfy the longing of some human soul. If it be only a cup of cold water for one of Thy little ones, let me carry it for Thy sweet sake, and to-night may I hear Thee say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

To-day my life may be the only Bible some person will read. So teach me how to understand and incarnate Thy Truth, that my life may be a living message, written with the Spirit of the living God. To-day, precious Christ, let me become more like Thee, and let each to-morrow be but a daily transformation into Thy image, whom, having not seen, I love, until that promised day comes when I shall be really like Thee, for I shall see Thee as Thou art. Dear Father, grant these petitions in the name of Thy dear Son, the little babe born in Bethlehem two thousand years ago and one day born in my heart. Amen.

Ruth Paxson. —Sel.

"THE CLASH OF COLOUR"

We were picking our way through the mud in a tiny Nova Scotia fishing village, a Canadian Girl in Training and I. We had only the stars to light us and our own voices to break the stillness. Or so it seemed at first. But gradually another sound penetrated my consciousness. "Are there some trains shunting near here?" I asked, puzzled.

"No", she answered with polite gravity, "That is the surf you hear."

"Surf! But I have been here since noon, and I have not heard it till now", and I thought regretfully of a long afternoon spent writing by an open fire in the quaint little hotel, when one might have been watching the surf.

"It is always there," she said.

This is a true story and also it is a parable.

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Coming home on an abominable little train from a mining-town of central New Brunswick, where, in the murkiest surroundings, I had found thirty winsome Canadian Girls in Training, I opened "The Clash of Colour" by Basil Mathews. It is the mission study text book endorsed by all denominations for use in C.G.I.T. groups this year. I have sold many copies of it. Surely one should read it oneself. Was it a book or was it a magic wand? As once I forgot the bumping and the stale tobacco smoke, and was standing on the shores of the Pacific. There I had vivid glimpses of Japan, with its 56 millions crowded into 148,000 square miles, of little Korea, with its ten millions, of China, where one-quarter of the human race surge to and fro, living by hundreds of thousands in house-boats on the rivers because of the congestion. India and Burma—Basil Mathews touches them all with his brilliant pen, until one sees all Asia as a bowl, "a bowl whose millions are spilling over the Pacific brim." They are being urged forward not only by the fearful congestion, but by the industrial revolution, the new education, the broadcasting of Western ideas and ambitions, the popular moving pictures. "Behind those impassive, inscrutable faces, as they sit in their cinemas, or study in their class-rooms, the thoughts of the