

by others, in the pursuits of ambition ; it is felt in the sense of past failure, or in the hard struggle to do better ; it is felt in the trials and evils that beset our life. In some way or other, the burden has to be borne, and the battle of life fought. The only question is, how we are to fight the battle and bear the burden,—whether we shall carry it so that it weighs like a millstone about our necks, or whether we shall discover the true method of living, so as to carry our burden without fretting and irritation. And Christ's yoke is just Christ's method of bearing life's burden.

The yoke of Christ is evidently the spirit of Christ, the spirit of humility and meekness, of love to God, and submissive faith in His fatherly dealing. Humility stands first ; it is indeed so fundamental that Christ mentions it here alone ; for all other spiritual graces follow it. Humility is the gate into the kingdom of God, no true faith and love being possible without it. What indeed is faith, but just humility lifting its eyes Godward in the spirit of a child towards the father ? And what is love, but humility, which, thinking little of self, perfects self in the life of others.

Wherever this Christ-spirit moves, it proves itself to be what Christ claimed it to be, the lightener of the burdens of life, and the bringer of peace. It touches our striving, struggling, ambitious lives, and teaching us meekness, breathes a message of peace over the stormy sea of worldly aims and selfish passions. It brings us face to face with the requirement of duty, but also strengthens to the fulfilment of it, by inspiring us with a new devotion to what is true and beautiful and good. And it takes the inevitable evils of life, and transforms them by its alchemy of faith and everlasting hope.

If we have not proved this in our experience,—if the yoke we have been wearing has been a yoke of bondage, and itself a further burden to us—we may be sure it was not Christ's yoke at all, and we shall have to learn our Christianity over again. For the result of the acceptance of Christ's yoke of humility and faith and love is as certain as any relation of cause and effect. To accept Christ's humility of heart is to be

saved the worries and disappointments that spring from self-importance and selfish ambition. To accept His spirit of love to God and of devotion to what is noble and good, is to find a new strength for the fulfilment of life's task. And if we open our hearts to the promptings of faith and meet the trials of life as God's children, we shall surely enjoy the peace of heart's ease through all life's sorrows, and be able to regard death itself, when it comes, as the entrance into a more perfect rest.

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God's Hidden Ways

By Rev. John A. Clark, B.A.

"Thy judgments are a great deep." The judgments of God are the deeds, the movements of God. It is unfortunate that, in the hearing of many, the word "judgments" conveys only the thought of calamities and disasters. Men speak of earthquakes and conflagrations as judgments. But the warm and bountiful summer, the abundant harvest, all the immeasurable benefits and blessings that come to us, are also judgments. Judgments are just the divine workings, the doings of God, whether we see them to be calamitous or benevolent.

These are imaged before the vision of the psalmist in the great deep or sea. The sea, in scripture, is always the Mediterranean, as seen from its eastern coasts. To stand at Beyrout or Acre and look westward, is to see the great deep. And yet any stretch of open sea will do for an image of the judgments or providences of God. One sees a vast, shining, tossing, changeful surface. How beautiful it lies in the calm summer day, an ocean of gleaming light and peace ! And yet there is nothing so uncertain as the sea. From tranquil beauty, how swiftly it may pass into a boiling pit of distress and death ! There are winter nights of howling storm at sea, as well as summer days of marvelous repose. And the sea is always full of mystery. As we sail over its shining surface, we know that very far down beneath us lie its strange floors and its weird caves. We look only upon its outer walls. Beneath is the sea itself, secret, untraversed forever