

seemingly great voids in her life. Only the barest necessities of physical existence were met. And yet she was cheery and happy. All her desires were satisfied in her belief that she was not alone, but that she had the unflinching and unwearied presence of a Heavenly Guest. What was it to her that other women had parents, and husband, and children, and friends—heart-satisfying human relations; that other women had beauty in their houses, and linen and silk and fine wool in their garments; that other women had training in their schools, and libraries to satisfy their intellectual hunger? Her thought of Jesus met all her needs; and Jesus dwelt with her in her humble cabin. To her, Jesus was very good, taking upon himself the human form, and dwelling among men. True he had been translated and was no longer visible to the outward eye; but that he *had* been as men are, hungry and weary and persecuted unto death, made his personality so real to her that there was no need for outward manifestation any more. This was a God to whom she could draw very near; in whom she could feel her smallness and weakness supplemented with His greatness and strength; in whom all her poverty became unspeakable riches. May we not believe that the Infinite Soul, in whom is all greatness, knowing that it is as the breath of life to the human soul to look above itself in reverence, rejoiced that this little one of His thus found anchorage and shelter; rejoiced that if her life was barren of all perishable possessions, she was richer than many princes in their palaces are in the faith that lifts the soul into the regions of perpetual peace.

It seems to be the natural impulse of men to find expression for their conception of God; and their finite powers of knowing and doing and loving have been the measure of the Infinite. Even Moses sang: "The Lord is a man of war." The Psalmist was satisfied to declare. "God shall

shoot at them with an arrow." "God shall wound the head of his enemies." "They turned back and tempted God." Upon human conceptions of God have been build systems of theology, to be maintained at the point of the sword, to drench continents with blood, to establish tribunals of judgment that abolish all rights of private judgment. "Man's inhumanity to man" has made man believe in God's inhumanity to man, and out of this belief has grown the need for an intercessor. Little children who fear the severity of a stern and unsympathetic father make their petitions to him through the tender, yearning mother. The world has been taught of a far-away God, of forbidding majesty, angered by his children, to be appeased only by the sacrifice of the "brightest and best" of his sons, and to be approached only through the intercession of this redeemed soul.

May it not be that the highest and truest conception of God transcends human expression, beggars human speech, and becomes, as Emerson said, "a sweet enveloping thought,"—becomes a luminous suggestion that wins the soul to higher and yet ever higher regions of life?

But not without witness of Himself does the Father leave his children. The blade of grass, the ministering flower, the foodful grain, the majestic mountain, the awful ocean,—these are not God, but they are instinct with the life of God. The mystery of their life is the mystery of God. The earth is one great temple of the living God, roofed by the over-arching sky, inviting us every moment of our lives to worshipful aspiration. Were we enough sensitive to these suggestions of his presence, every glimpse of flower or mountain or sky would be a delicate touch upon the chords of adoration in our souls. But most of all does he bear witness of himself in men and women, the sons and daughters of his heart of hearts. The strength that, unmoved by fear and unswayed by