

and the gracious Jesus, who loved him better than he knew, deliberately sent him away, that he might learn the true meaning of spiritual religion. "Go and tell what the Lord hath done." The Lord was the Lord of all the earth, and everywhere He might be found. When Jesus entered into His boat, and was lost to sight across the lake, the power which He represented did not vanish too; and Jesus wished to bring home to this redeemed but anxious soul, that the divine resources were always at the disposal of the man who trusted them,—alike upon the sea and land, in the valleys and amongst the hills, in the crowded city and on the waste and desolate place where no man is. God and His power and love are everywhere.

Thus it is, in the loving wisdom of God, that we are sometimes called by circumstances to leave the friends who have been the support of our religious life. He wishes us to stand upon our own feet and to rise to our full spiritual stature. When we beseech Him that we be allowed to remain, He sends us away, partly in order that we may be our bravest and best. Religion has been made real to us by some brave, strong man, or by some sweet, pure woman; and we are too prone to identify it with them. Near them we can believe in God: far from them, we are afraid of ourselves. Life would be easier with them beside us: that is why God sends us away. An easy religion is not worth while. We must learn that when we part from those whom we love or they from us, we do not part from God. He is with us all the days.

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Linked With God

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All good work is heroic. Much of it is monotonous,—repetitions of the same actions over and over again. More of it is commonplace,—doing just what thousands of others are doing. Some of it may even be drudgery,—unpleasant in itself and wearying to the mind or body of the doer. But it is always heroic,—work worthy of men who are akin to God and linked with Him, for purposes splendid beyond human imagination.

"We are laborers together with God."

Engaged in any work worth doing at all, we are in business *with* the Eternal and *for* the eternal. Every helpful transaction between man and man, and every useful activity on behalf of mankind is a business in which God is a silent, but by no means a sleeping, Partner. Whether we attempt to produce two blades of grass where only one grew before, or to transform a blighted blade into a healthy one, every particle of this rounded earth and every atom in the remotest corners of the universe will tremble in sympathy with our purpose and lend their powers to facilitate our task.

The secret of all good work is to be linked with God. Gripped by Omnipotence, all things are possible. It is thus that all hard tasks, material and spiritual, are accomplished. A bridge was being built across a tidal river. Pile after pile was driven into place as the work proceeded. Near mid-stream an obstruction impeded the work. Time after time the pile-driver fell with futile thud. The diver sent down to investigate, reported an old unused sewer lying right in the way. How could it be removed? A line of railway was built down to the river bank. Chains were fastened about the sewer and connected with the locomotive. The engine puffed and strained, but without success. A powerful steam tug was then secured, and the proper attachment was made. As the boat tugged and strained, the water was churned into foam but all in vain. The obstruction did not budge. Out of the crowd that gathered, there emerged a quiet-looking, old man, a retired engineer, who stepped up to the contractor and offered to remove the sewer. There was a sceptical look on the contractor's face as he signed the papers. Two old mud barges were brought down the river and moored above the obstinate sewer at low tide. Laying some heavy timbers across from barge to barge, the old man had the chains that were fastened about the obstruction firmly attached to these and then retired to the river bank where he sat down. "What next are you going to do?" asked the crowd. "Nothing", replied the veteran. Meanwhile the tide returned. The water commenced to rise. The chains grew taut. The timbers creaked and groaned.