

## LEST HE FORGE A CHAIN TO BIND US,

## WHERE FAITH GROWS STRONG.

From the depths of my joy I look up to  
the heights of my old despair,  
And out of the sunlit valley I cry to  
my God—Art Thou there?

Art Thou there, that hast care for the  
hearing of all men's case that be?

Art Thou there? O hark to the weak-  
ling was made when Thou madest me!

By the perilous peaks, by the cold  
black tops I wandered and wept;  
Into the holes of the rock that is  
fringe of Thy mantle I crept;

There in the storm, Thy breath, and  
under the shadow, Thy face,

I was safe, I believed, I had faith in  
Thy ultimate purpose and grace.

Thou hast lifted me down to a land  
where the sunshine is gold on the  
stream;

Thou hast filled my measure with pleas-  
ure, and bodied my daringest  
dream;

But Pride Thou hast made my com-  
panion to whisper—"Who's done  
this but you,

You, alone by your merit and will?"—  
and I think that the word is true.

The wind is a balm on my cheek, and  
I joy in a cloudless sky;

Like manna Thy benefits fall; I  
gather, am proud, and deny;

Thy oil on my head, and Thy wine on  
my lip—hal the glory is mine!

But Thy scourge on my shoulder, I  
know that the blow and the buffet  
are Thine.

Pinck me, O God, from the plain,  
and lift me again to the height,

That in darkness and wrack and des-  
pair I may bend to Thy will and  
Thy might,

I may find again faith and believe, I  
may crouch in Thy shadow and  
see

Glimmer out from the night of Thy  
wrack the star of Thy purpose  
for me.

—W. A. MacKenzie.

## CALLING IN CHINA.

Dr. Harriett Allyn gives some viva-  
cious impressions of a newcomer in Cen-  
tosa. "England was lovely, Germany  
quaint and interesting, Moscow like a  
city of the Middle Ages, but for pure,  
unadulterated queerness China takes the  
prize! We are in a suburb, and the  
farms are right across the canal. You  
should see the perilous path one must  
follow in walking. The fields are sunk  
about three feet below the path, and  
completely filled with water, in which  
the plants grow like weeds. The path  
is sometimes two feet wide, very un-  
even, and in it you may meet a man  
carrying by a pole across his should-  
ers about half a ton of hay. We went  
to see a woman who is one of the river  
people. There are thousands of people  
living in tiny "house-boats." Near the  
shore are tiny houses built on stilts. We  
walked out across a narrow plank to  
one little house, passed it on another  
plank, dropped down a foot or so to  
another, accomplished the turning of a  
corner at the same time, nearly fright-  
ened into fits two cats tied by strings  
to the premises, and then crawled into  
the front door, doubled up like jack-  
knives, because the door was two feet  
high, and likewise two feet above the  
"veranda plank." One room filled the  
house, five feet by ten, maybe. It may  
have been four feet high; we did not  
attempt to stand up! The woman hospi-  
tably presented a three-inch-high stool  
for a chair. You might say that I sat  
in the bedroom, for the close proximity  
of the bedding; there was no bed. In  
the same manner Dr. Hackett sat in  
the kitchen, for her corner held the  
bowls, the infinitesimal stove, and a  
spoon or two. Miss Stockton was in  
the chapel, behind her, paper figure,  
burning incense sticks, etc., proclaimed  
the shrine. When we departed, two  
women from the intervening houses held  
a bamboo pole across the space between