

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.

Pluck 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 Can-
ton. "England was lovely, Germany
quaint and interesting, Moscow like a
city of the Middle Ages, but for pure,
unadulterated queeriness 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 shoul-
ders 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