

with the Divine, the Eternal, the Boundless. It means that *Christ*, that is to say God himself in his revelation among men, dwells in my heart, thereby giving me the most unlimited opportunities for development and progress.

But it means more. It means that I come back to my original nature, to the image of God. The prodigal son comes home from a land far, far away. *And coming home to God, my Father, and thereby coming home to my real self, means also a coming home to the full oneness, the great harmonious union with the whole cosmos.*

An advanced Christian, who has experienced the full liberation through faith knows something of the great reality; waking up to a cosmic consciousness. Here there are no limitations in the Breadth, the Length, the Depth and the Height! In all sincerity and with a good conscience we may plead with "his other sheep" in the Buddhist fold, urging them to enter into this fulness and vastness of life and light.

Fullness and vastness, and still no depressing feeling of loneliness. Because a Merciful Divine Father embraces it all in the warmth of his love, a Saviour and a Brother leads us along and an all-pervading Holy Spirit fills our heart with peace and makes it possible for us to give ourselves up for the most sacred and blessed task which human thought can perceive—the transformation of the whole universe into a *Kingdom of God*.

Religion is Worship

R. O. HALL

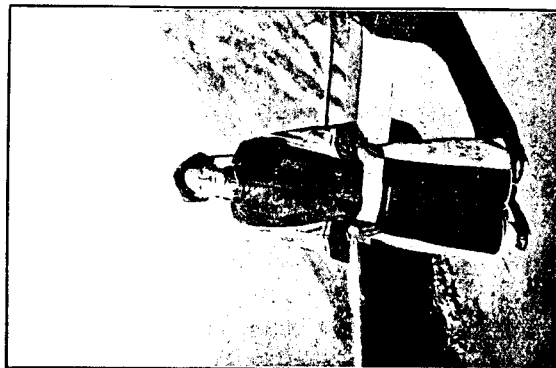
JESUS was a carpenter. He worked in wood. Perhaps more beauty is made in wood every day than in any other material. There is to begin with the ever changing beauty of trees as they grow: the mystery of forests, the delicate tracery of bare branches, the emerald embroidery of spring upon the willows, and—less recognized but no less wonderful—the heart-breaking beauty of the evergreen forests, when the old green is freshened and deepened into new harmonies by the extravagant freshness of new born leaves. This beauty passes from trees to wood. Is there anything more beautiful in any craft than the grain of woodwork? There are the shapes of tables, chairs, stools, doorways, temples—where can one stop when one thinks of the beauty of Chinese woodwork?

Jesus worked in wood. His ploughs, his yokes, his chairs, his tables had, we may be sure, that touch of perfect art which true craftsmen know with their fingers and their hearts. Loving their work and their material and doing violence to neither they make perfect beauty.

This craftsmanship of love Jesus carried over into his new trade of teacher. An answer to a question, or an explanation of the Kingdom of God, comes from Him like a picture from an artist, a poem from a poet, a perfect table or chair from a worker in wood. They come down to us those parables and sayings and prayers of His—like pieces



Tibetan Lama with Gospel.



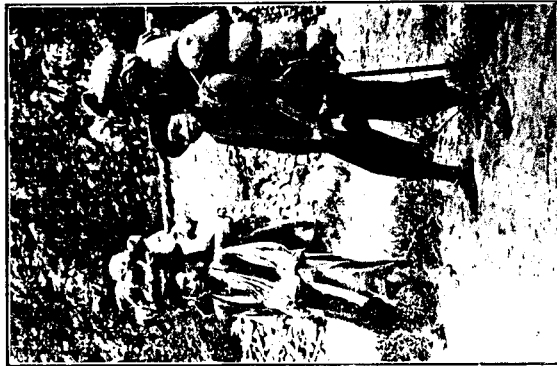
DENIZENS OF CHINA'S FAR WEST.
A Chiang Woman.



A Belle of Hsifan.



III.



II.



I.

DENIZENS OF CHINA'S FAR WEST.
 I. Fifteen Bolo and Two Chinese Baptized at Songpan, W. Szechwan.
 II. Chinese Rice Carriers, Chiang Country; Weight about Ninety Pounds.
 III. Chinese Carrying Wool and Medicine, W. Szechwan.

Photos by R. Torrance.

of carved jade with a combined softness and firmness of line which time cannot harden or wear away.

They come to us as Art. We turn them into regulations. Jesus Himself and the life he lived are the Great Poem of the Great Poet—the Great Made-thing of the Great Maker. God speaks to us in Jesus as a poet, a painter, or as a craftsman speaks to us in his work.

Far too often we treat him as a Sunday School lesson. "There is a moral to this tale" we say: and as we say it the angels bow their heads in pain and every fairy flies away to weep unseen.

But one must not say there is no Christian morality, no Christian rules. One must say rather, Christianity is more than morality, and more than rules.

To say Christianity is morals is to say too little. It is like saying "Confucius was an animal." He was; so are all men; but he was more; and so are most men. To say Confucius was a great mind" also says too little because it denies so much. "I thank thee O Father," says our Lord, "that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." When we call Christianity a system of ethics we are saying less than the truth.

Christianity like all perfect things can only be fully known by the methods of artistic appreciation.

Forgive these mechanical and clumsy words! "Artistic appreciation"? What does that mean? Give an innocent child a flower: look at a young mother hushing her babe: or a farmer tilling his field: than you will know what artistic appreciation means. It is the direct intuition of the pure in heart, with no twisted motive to spoil spontaneous action.

In such ways God speaks to us in Jesus Christ. The pure in heart shall see God.

But you say: "My dear man, be practical! This is a committee meeting. We are busy and responsible Christian leaders. We lack power to change lives. We get irritable. We are, if you would know the truth, continually conscious of a sickening sense of insecurity. We have so long and so faithfully denied ourselves, prayed, meditated, advanced—and yes, and in these last days retreated. We had hoped that these years of middle age would have found the temptations of hot youth overcome, and the sins which do so easily beset us laid aside—forgiven and forgotten. But we find ourselves coarser, harder, a little cynical, increasingly impatient, wistful for the joy of youth and the radiant knowledge of God. So my dear man, be practical. Help us out of this slough of despond, for there are many dependent on us and we have little time to dream."

Yes! I know. I am myself middle-aged. And like you I am under that curse of the Son of Man which He laid upon us when He said, "Let both grow together: lest in rooting up tares you root wheat up also."

But there is no help for those who have no time to dream. Our Master cannot help us unless we come with Mary's heart to wonder

at His Love. For the Incarnation of God is more than theology: it is poetry. The Word of God is not His reason speaking to our reason. It is *Himself* speaking to *ourselves*. The power of God is in this most powerful, that He draws us to our knees. That is the way He has chosen for Divine Government. He lets the tares and the wheat grow together; and the same sun, the same rain, the same fertile soil, helps both to grow. Evil and good alike are nourished by the good things of God; and for us men there is ever a thorn in the flesh, that we may know our strength perfect in weakness.

"Strength perfect in weakness." That is either poetry or it is nonsense. It is like the daring colour combinations of all great artists. We must give up trying to understand—give up analysing—systematizing—codifying—classifying our dear faith. We must rather open our hearts in worship of the Lord and determine that the good seed shall be continually exposed to sun and rain.

Practical? Yes! To-day, tomorrow, take your Bible: take some old well-worn story; perhaps the two debtors. And then—what?

In the Spring I was looking at a beautiful radiant piece of pattern and colour. It was a picture hanging on a wall. A dear devout Christian came up. "Now can you tell me what this means? Is that a butterfly or a pair of shoes? And this, I think must be a corridor." Have you ever looked at the changing beauty of the sea in emerald and blue, in silver-grey and dancing gold, and sought to see corridors and shoes—or potatoes and doormats or even spring flowers and old porcelain? No! You love it for itself; and it speaks of itself to you in its own language.

So when you dream before this simple parable of two debtors, do not ask what does this mean for me? Do not stiffen your back and harden your resolution to go and forgive this person or that: and if you can, that other.

Ah, I beg you do not so. Let it mean to you what sunsets mean and mountains. Let it mean what the silver moon in a sea of pearls means to you; what stars, like diamonds in blue velvet on a summer night, mean to you. Say, as you say then, "This is God."

Say as you wonder before this story of the two debtors, "Which of the two will love him most?" This is God, ruling the world, in this reckless way. This is God dealing with the world wide-evil of immorality. This is God, winning love by ways which threaten the stability of all contracts. This is God—This is God—Thus and thus and thus He loves! *'O Come let us adore Him.'*

That is one story. One tiny aspect of a story. There are many others. Worship God day by day in this way.

Let us forget our middle age. Let us not worry about the tares. Let us worship and wonder and accept these precious gifts of His love. For as we wonder at this amazing beauty of the love of God: our hearts will open with ever greater readiness to Him and all His gifts to us. Then shall we know afresh we live for God and for His glory and for no other and for none other—but for Him!

Books for Translation into Chinese

D. WILLARD LYON

DURING February and March of 1934 Dr. Galen M. Fisher, of the Institute of Social and Religious Research, at the suggestion of the Literature Promotion Fund in China, gathered opinions from ninety-three leaders in Christian work, all but five of whom were citizens of the United States or of Canada, in answer to the single question as to what recent books could be recommended as being of sufficient value to justify translation into the Chinese language. Each person solicited was asked to name not less than two books and, if practicable, to state the reasons for his choices. In all 274 books were recommended, half of which were listed without evaluating comments. Those who made reply included pastors, ecclesiastical administrators, secretaries of missionary societies, officers in non-denominational and interdenominational organizations, editors of Christian periodicals, writers, and educators, a little more than half of the total number belonging to the last-named class. Through the courtesy of Dr. Fisher I have been given opportunity to make a study of the returns from his canvass; I feel impelled to share the results of this study with others.

Although the opinions of but one German and four Britishers are recorded, it is a striking fact that the list of books recommended contains no less than eight French, fifteen German and fifty British titles. A still more noteworthy feature is the relatively small number of duplications: only sixteen titles received more than three votes each; eighteen others received exactly three votes; and thirty-three got but two votes; almost three-fourths of the recommendations were duplicated by no one else who cast a vote. When it is borne in mind that no one whose opinion was asked was given opportunity to know what recommendations others were making, the wide range of the suggestions made becomes all the more significant. This list is therefore, in no sense the result of collaboration; it is rather a composite of opinions, expressed without being influenced by any exchange of ideas among the individuals concerned. The individualistic character of the recommendations has added to my difficulties in attempting to summarize them. It is manifestly impracticable to include the entire list and all accompanying comments, within the usual limits of a *Chinese Recorder* article. At the same time I do not find it best altogether to omit reference to certain books recommended by only one person. I shall begin, however, with the books receiving multiple votes.

By far the largest number of votes (eighteen) was cast for "The Relevance of Christianity", by F. R. Barry, the American edition of which is known as "Christianity and the New World." Of this book Dean H. E. W. Fosbrooke, of the General Theological Seminary, New York, says: "Excellent in the mastery of the New Testament material in the light of recent criticisms. Brings the transcendence of God into vital relationship to his immanence." Chancellor E. W. Wallace, of Victoria College, Toronto, says: "One of the important books of recent years, to which non-English-speaking Chinese should have access."