

self. He was there cut off from the restless world—which had become to him a sorrowful place, for he had found no peace for his soul—and he had lived amongst those who were walking in darkness, and calling it light. When he arrived, the bible was placed in his hands. He was to be one of the silent Trappists. As he had never been used to labor with his hands, he was allowed to spend his spare time in reading. All round the island stood formerly seven little chapels, the ruins of which remain. He had to walk round daily, and repeat some prayers in each of these chapels. Between whiles he sat on the rocks under the pine-trees with his bible. He had never seen a bible before. He looked anxiously through the New Testament to see if he could find there that the wafer becomes God when the priest consecrates it, and if he ought therefore to worship it. He found neither priest nor wafer, nor consecration, but he read that the first Christians met together to break and eat bread, and to drink wine, quite simply, in remembrance of the Lord's death.

But in searching the pages of the bible there dawned upon him the marvellous light of the glory which the eye of man could never see, till the Spirit of God reveals it—the glory of the grace of the God who is Love. He read that Christ has loved us—us sinners—and washed us from our sins in his own blood. That God, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath made us alive together with Christ—alive with the life of Christ himself. He read that Christ has made peace, perfect peace, between the soul and God, by the precious blood of his cross. That he died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God—bring us so near that we cannot be nearer; made already one with his beloved Son; loved by him as his Son is loved; accepted according to that which Christ is in the eyes of his Father. It was, he said, as if the heavens were opened, and the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shone down into the depths of his soul. He spent the days beneath the pine-trees in rejoicing and praising God. There alone, in the stillness of his island, the waves of the blue sea alone heard, gently washing the myrtle-clad rocks, he had nothing to withdraw his thoughts from his God and Saviour. Each day he found more precious treasures in the book of God.

Thus passed 365 days. He might then for the first time open his lips. He was to take the vows which bound him for life to the Island Monastery. He stood before the Prior and he spoke. But it was to say, 'Since I came to the island, the Lord Jesus has saved me. I cannot remain, I must go into the world outside, and tell others of that which he has told me. I must tell other sinners of his precious blood, and his immeasurable love.' The prior was astonished, but he, and the other monks who were to receive the vows of the young sailor, spoke kindly to him, and told him he must do as his conscience directed him. They would not urge him to remain if he felt he ought to leave. And they wished him God-speed.

The young man landed from the island in the bright gay town on the opposite shore. He was now in the midst of talking men and women, and it seemed strange to him after the stillness of his peaceful island. It seemed strange and sad. For no one spoke of Christ, or of God, his Father. No one spoke of heaven, or the way there. They talked of pleasure, or business, or of the weather, or of one another. And he looked across the strip of sea to his quiet island, and said to himself, 'What is the good of all the talking? I was happier when I was alone with God.' But in time he found that amongst the empty and miserable hearts around him there were some who would listen to the message of God. This comforted him, for he had many bitter sorrows to endure.

Although the monks had spoken so kindly, and had respected his conscience and his faith, his family determined to see him no more. The sister he so loved died without any last message to him. His letters were returned unopened, and he was henceforth to be an outcast from his old home. He now learnt what it was to suffer for Christ, and to drink of his cup. But his heart's desire was given him. He became a preacher of the gospel, he had learnt on the island rocks, and is now the pastor of a church among the high Alps. Thus did

God own the labors of the faithful men of olden days, who, in their island home, had loved and copied the bible, and handed it down from generation to generation; so that even now that well of living water is still open there, and thirsty souls may still drink of it. From that island the word of God was sent of old to distant lands. From thence did St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, bring it to the heathen Irish. From thence the light shone forth in the darkest days, and even now we have this example given us of the power of that word which abideth for ever.

It was not the monastery, but the word of God, that shed the light abroad—'the only true, the only pure Christianity,' writes the man whose history I have told you, 'the only Christianity that saves is neither the law, nor is it a life of good works; it is not the practice of the most splendid virtues; it is not even the complete sacrifice of self and of all that self holds dear. The true, the only Christianity is Christ; his divine, his adorable person, seen and trusted by the living faith of the heart. And outside of Christ, outside of that faith which owns him alone, which trusts in him alone, there is but the mirage, there is but the delusion and emptiness.'

'In finding Thee, all, all, I found,
By faith this blessedness is mine;
Upon Thy breast in peace I rest,
For I am Thine, for I am Thine.'

Correspondence

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Montreal.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Many letters have been crowded out this week, but we hope to print them all later. L.S. writes an interesting letter and throws out a very good suggestion. We should be glad to have this idea taken up by our correspondents. We believe that the testimony of children is blessed to other children and sometimes to their older friends. We believe that our Saviour loves to hear the voices of the young in praise and thanksgiving for their redemption.

Our correspondents may speak perfectly freely, for no names will be published; at the same time, we want only those letters whose writers would not be ashamed to say to the whole world that they had written things in praise of their Redeemer, and for his glory.

Ethelyn's letter speaks of the interest taken in the Prohibition Plebiscite. While it is true that the Prohibitionists had quite a large majority in the Dominion of Canada, one whole province, Quebec, had a great majority against Prohibition, for which reason the Government may feel that it cannot enforce a Prohibition law yet. But we must thank God for what he has done in making so many willing to vote for it, and keep on praying and working and singing until in some way our land is rid of this awful curse of the liquor traffic.

Very few of our correspondents ever mention the Temperance or Sunday school pages. Do they think that is all meant for the 'grown-ups' and teachers? The lessons on both pages are intended to interest and help everyone.

Almost every letter we receive speaks of love for the 'Messenger,' but very few speak of passing the paper on to those who do not get it, or of trying to get others to subscribe for it. Surely what you like so much yourselves your little friends, and your big friends too, would most likely be glad to get. Carry your 'Messenger' to school and show it to some of your school-mates at recess, or as you are coming out of school. The subscription price is 30c for one year, but if you can send in three or four subscriptions at once, with the money, it will be only 25c. each. So, as there are fifty-two weeks in the year, the price of the 'Messenger,' with all its pictures, and stories and correspondence, is really less than half-a-cent a copy! Some of our friends might make a little pocket money by subscribing for five or ten copies, and selling them at a cent a piece. But perhaps the best way is to try to get others to subscribe for the 'Messenger' themselves. Read the article about the premiums offered by the 'Messenger' and 'Witness.'

With best wishes and love to every reader of the 'Messenger,' Your true friend,
THE EDITOR.

Gilmour.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the correspondence.

I have a pretty cat and a pet canary. We have six sheep, tow horses and three cows.

I have two sisters and one brother. We have an organ, and my brother can play it very well.

My father works on the railway. My brother has a dog and it goes with him after the cows.

We live on a peninsula. My mother has an old farthing. It is dated 1144.

Your ten-year-old reader,
HATTIE.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I always read the children's letters first. I have two sisters; one is five years older and the other is five years younger than I am. I have two miles to go to school, and we have good fun. I live on a farm, and we have seven horses. I have no pets except a yellow cat and two dolls; the name of one is Marjorie and the other Helen. Can Birdie E's aunt L. guess my name? Your reader,

KATIE,
Aged eight.

Port Nelson.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you something about my Sabbath-school teacher. Her name is Miss May P. We all love her most devotedly. This summer she went for a six months' visit to St. Thomas. When she was in St. Thomas she stayed at a place where there was a young lady, about twenty-nine years of age; she is an invalid; she does not care about any sort of religion; she does not read the Bible nor pray. My teacher had a talk with her, but nothing seems to make any impression on her. I have been praying that she may be in some way led to the Saviour, and I am sure the readers of the 'Messenger' will pray for her too. I would like some of the readers of the 'Messenger' to tell in their letters if they are converted, and tell about their conversion; it would make the letters much more interesting.

I was converted at the age of eleven. I then joined the Baptist church. It is a very great trial for some: it was for me, at least. The boys and girls will tease you at first; but 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile ye and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.'

When Miss P. was coming home on the train she met a young lady named Miss Maggie Johnson. She was on her way to China as a missionary. She does not intend to ever come back again. She has given up all her friends and pleasant surroundings to go and tell the heathen about Jesus. Do you not wish there were more like her? From your thirteen-year-old reader,

L. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I have been greatly interested in the correspondence page of the 'Northern Messenger,' and for some time have been intending to write. Two years ago we received a sample 'Messenger' from the 'Weekly Witness,' which we have taken for several years, and I liked it so very much that I began taking it then.

I am sixteen years old, and in my third year at the High School. My studies are French, English, physics and history.

Living in a large city, of course I cannot have as many pets as some of your other readers, but I have one—at least my brother has, though we all claim him. It is a Maltese kitten about a year and a half old. It is very smart for a cat, and can speak for meat just like a dog.

I am a Canadian, and was intensely interested in the Prohibition question. We were all delighted when we heard that the Prohibitionists won. I have been watching your correspondence page to see if anyone from Chicago would write, but I think I will be the first one to do so.

Wishing you long life and prosperity to your valuable paper, I remain, yours truly,
ETHELYN.

Milliken.

Dear Editor,—I was glad to see my cousin Winnie's letter in the 'Messenger.' Our crow Jack is shot. A man shot him not long after I wrote my last letter. My little chicken Flossie is growing. We had an ice storm here last night; the trees are all glittering with ice; you can see all the colors of the