

discontent during the whole fourteen or fifteen years of her imprisonment in that sick chamber! When I read to her some cheering passage from God's Book, or gave her a sip of honey from that exhaustible honey-comb, a joyous smile passed over her face (which was sadly distorted by long disease), as if she were saying, "Oh, how good that tastes!" If there was one room in Brooklyn that the master "oft-times resorted to," it was that in which this bright, sunny-souled girl spent all her youthful years as a "prisoner of Jesus Christ."

Just why it is that the all-wise and loving Master permits some of His choicest servants to be laid aside from all active service, and to be tortured often by sharp bodily pains, I cannot understand. When every voice is so needed to teach and to preach His Gospel, why are so many doomed to silence? When every hand is needed in His service, why are so many of His soldiers destined to lie helpless in the hospitals? It is not my business to explain all these mysteries. But there are some explanations that give me partial relief.

One is, that the Christian life is a school for the promotion of that vitally important thing—Christlike character. And some of the most beautiful traits can only be got through suffering. All furnaces often make the brightest Christians. It is not those whom He hates, but those whom He loves, that He thus chasteneth. The Master sits as a refiner beside the furnace of affliction. He heats it until the metal melts, and the dross of selfishness and impatience and unbelief runs off. He often keeps His silver in the furnace till He can see His own face reflected in the clear metal of the heart as in a mirror. Then the affliction is doing its appointed work, and Jesus has made the vessel unto His own honor. During my pastoral experience I have discovered that some of the most attractive and well-ripened Christian characters belonged to those who had been schooled by intense bodily sufferings. Perhaps when such reach heaven, they can be more than content than in this world they were among the Lord's shut-ins.

The prisoners of Jesus Christ may be among the most useful of His servants—I mean useful to others. Paul did some of his best work when a prisoner. A gaoler locked him up at Philippi; but in a few hours he had that very gaoler at his feet, crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" At Rome he preached the Gospel to those around him, until there were many converts in Caesar's household. He wrote seven of his inspired epistles while he was Nero's captive—one of them was the letter to Philippi, which is the special epistle of gratitude for divine mercies, and of exultant joy under sharp afflictions.

I need not remind my readers of the case of John Bunyan, who would probably never have written the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" if he had not been an inmate of Bedford Gaol.

Miss Charlotte Elliott composed that wonderful hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," and some others of her exquisite songs of the soul, while she was imprisoned in a sick chamber. An invalid lady, who could no longer be a tract distributor in her district, spent her time in folding and directing leaflets of awakening to the impenitent, or consolation to the troubled, and these she sent through the post or by special messenger. You may imprison a body, but you cannot imprison a soul that is luminous with the light of Jesus, and vocal with the inspirations of His spirit.—Sel.

Our Divine Accompanist.

BY REV. F. D. MEYER.

When I was beginning a five-weeks' tour in Scandinavia, a considerable burden lay on my soul. It seemed so unlikely that any special impression could be produced by addresses delivered through interpretation! Besides which, I did not know how far my way of setting forth the truth would be consistent with the methods of thought characteristic of the religious people whom I might address.

Under the impression of these thoughts I was taking my first meal in my friend's house in Copenhagen, when another gentleman, who had just returned from a town in Norway, happened to narrate the following incident. It had occurred in a hotel where he was staying, in one of the most beautiful parts of Norway, much frequented by tourists.

A little girl was staying in this hotel with her parents, and was at that trying age when small fingers are beginning to find their way about the piano, striking as many wrong notes as right ones; and young nerves do not seem particularly sensitive to the anguish which such attempts are capable of inflicting on others. She knew one or two tunes sufficiently well to be able to make them out with one finger; and with these she made the guests familiar to their despair.

But one day a brilliant musician came to the hotel, took in the situation, and sat down beside the small musician, accompanying her with the most exquisite improvisation. Each note of hers only gave him a new motive for chords of surpassing beauty, whilst the drawing-room, now crowded with people, breathlessly listened.

When the performance was over, the illustrious accompanist took the little maiden by the hand, and led her blushing round the company, saying, "Let me introduce

to you, ladies and gentlemen the young lady to whom you are indebted for the music to which you have been listening."

It was true. They were indebted to her for her music, because her efforts had led to his magnificent accompaniment; but his part in the joint performance had led to a deep impression, and it was he whom they were destined to remember.

It is difficult to describe how greatly that simple story helped me through the following weeks and will help me through the following weeks, and will help me so long as I live. At the best, one has only a very slight knowledge of the eternal harmonies, and can only strike out single broken notes of them sometimes with long pauses between. The great new song, which is always breaking forth in the eternal spaces, is imperfectly apprehended; and even what is apprehended is imperfectly conveyed through the inadequacy of human language. Sometimes it would seem that the celestial chords ring through our heart and brain, but how to express them we find not. But at such times God comes to help us. It is as if he supplies by the suggestions of his Spirit to our hearers souls the deep things which ear hath not heard, because speech hath not spoken them.

Especially when repeating by translation I have been conscious of this. I have realized that my words were being deprived of a great deal that might seem attractive and even necessary, the personal element, at least, has been reduced to a minimum; but there has been so manifest an effect produced on my hearers that I have known that the hands of the Redeemer have been also laid on the souls before me, awakening responses in the bass of emotion and in the treble of volition, which will never cease to vibrate to all eternity.—Christian Endeavor World.

The Armor of Light.

BY J. MERVIN HILL.

"Put on the armor of light." This is one of the many Bible metaphors which at first sight seem to be expressed in self-contradictory terms. Light is a revelation, armor is a concealment; light is exposure, armor is protection. Nevertheless, Paul is right; the revelation of the light of truth is the best and strongest armor that we can have. This is especially true in temperance work. Ignorance is the stronghold of intemperance, all the more so because this ignorance often exists in connection with the widest knowledge in other departments of life. The persistent ignorance of intelligent people is one of the greatest hindrances to temperance progress. But when the light of truth shines on the fortress of ignorance it gradually fades away, and then the light becomes an impregnable fortress to those who need its protection.

It is encouraging to know that some progress is being made in putting on this armor of light. One illustration is seen in the successful work of temperance instruction. For many years Mrs. Mary H. Hunt has been urging the passage of temperance education laws in every state in the union. Twenty years ago she made what she called a "temperance education map" of the United States. Underneath it she wrote, "States in black have no temperance education laws." As a matter of fact the whole map was covered with black cloth, for there was not a state in the country that had a temperance education law.

Most men, and some women, would have considered the situation hopeless; but Mrs. Hunt continued to work patiently, courageously, hopefully, and at last she gained a complete victory. Some time ago there came an account of a meeting that was held in Mrs. Hunt's home. She invited a few friends, and in their presence she removed the last patch of black from her map of the United States. The governor of the last "black" state had signed a temperance education bill, and now the whole map is white. That means that the nation has begun to put on the armor of light. The progress may be slow, but it will be impossible for future generations to remain in such ignorance of the effects of alcohol as has prevailed in the past.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the direction is to "put on" the armor of light. It is a voluntary act. The armor of light does not fall upon men, states, and nations like a mantle. It may be all about us without our possessing it. That brings the command home to each one as a personal matter. We have our personal stand to take in regard to our own habits, but more than that, each one of us is a part of the home, the church, of the Sunday School, of society, of the nation. And in all these relations there is something important for us to do in obedience to the command, "Put on the armor of light."—American Messenger.

Letter From Burmah.

A visitor from a far country reached our home about three weeks ago and ever since has been our companion during such moments as we have been able to spare from pressing duties. Each time we sit down with our friend some new subject of interest is brought to our attention, and often scenes and faces of years ago pass before us. I refer to a copy of Dr. Saunders' History of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. I have been looking to its completion with eager interest and my highest expectations are

more than realized. The cuts, the collecting of which must have cost a vast amount of correspondence, form a portrait gallery of much interest. We have had many pleasant visits with those we knew in the almost long ago. We would that the engravings in some cases had been better executed, but in imagination can fill in little deficiencies.

The happy changes that have taken place in the period reviewed fill us with gratitude, and tend to correct any pessimistic thoughts that sometimes creep into our minds. Intolerance, and disputes over minor points of belief and practice have given place to brotherly love. Probably there is not a pulpit among the free churches in the Provinces today that is not open to any accredited minister of another denomination. Our own section of the church has grown from a little band to a large and influential people. The younger readers of this interesting and informing volume who never heard from their own lips of the trials and triumphs of the heroes therein mentioned, will be particularly interested. May all be inspired with faith, hope, zeal, in carrying on the work so well begun and so signally blessed.

The appearance of this book at this juncture in the history of our institutions of learning, seems to me exceedingly timely. A great effort is to be made to raise a fairly large sum of money for our schools. In the past God has watched over "The child of Providence." That care has not been withdrawn now. The offer of large assistance, the determination of many to do their part to meet the conditions of that offer, the men, true and tried, to lead in this enterprise, and this volume full of encouragement and stimulus give promise that God will crown this effort with success.

Savoy, June 10th.

H. MORROW.

"Follow Me."

JOHN 1:43.

Voices all about are calling, "I will lead you; come this way."

"I will lead from nights of sorrow into pleasure's brightest day."

But we only gain the blessing when the Lord shall make us free.

When we see our chart and compass in the Master's "Follow Me."

Voices that may charm our senses, and that flatter sinful pride.

Friends that masquerade as angels, vice that as virtues hide.

Oh, how sweet above this babel, rings the call to you and me.

And to all; as unto Philip—Hear the Saviour's "Follow Me!"

Many, many boasting leaders, many ways, from pain and strife.

But no leader who can lead us in the way of perfect life.

Millions cry from sinful sadness, whither, whither shall we flee?

To all races, times and places, Jesus answers "Follow Me!"

Happy those who hearing, heed it, and are guided by the call.

While we follow where He leads us, we can never stray or fall.

For the truest joy of this life, all the life that is to be—

Is reserved for those obeying our Redeemer's "Follow Me!"

North River, July 7th.

AMOS F. BROWN.

Sunset.

All nature seems to pause, a peaceful calm
Reigns o'er the waters blue.
It may be that the pearly gates ajar
Have let the glory through.

And lonely hearts o'er all this weary world,
Touched by the rays of gold,
Grow calm and peaceful, hear the heavenly beams
Which speak of love untold.

A blissful moment's respite from life's struggle,
In which we all can see
A Vision Beautiful of Earth and Heaven
To make us nobler be.

The many cares and worries of existence
Ship from the raptured soul;
And worldly things in truest light are seen
When we gaze toward the goal.

The golden glow is fading from the scene,
The sun has sunk to rest;
He leaves us with the world until to-morrow
To strive to do our best.

HELEN SEENE.

I saw a Field of Buttercups.

I saw a field of buttercups
And daisies dancing in the sun,
And shadow after shadow run,
And billow after billow glide
O'er its bosom spreading wide,
And, Oh! it made my spirit glad.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT.

Wouldst thou bring the world unto God? Then live near to him thyself. If divine life pervades thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayst be unconscious that thou art charged therewith.—L. M. Child.

In America the statute book rests not on bayonets, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of free government.—Phillips.