

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 'motif' 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 all 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 the 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 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, and which will never cease to vibrate to all eternity.

Going Down Hill.

I happened to overhear two men talking about a third man the other day, and one of the men said emphatically:

'Poor George! He seems to be going down hill all the time.'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'he does. It is a pity that someone cannot turn him around and start him up the hill of life again.'

The conversation set me to thinking of

something that noble American woman, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, once wrote. It was this:

'Some years ago I resolved to cultivate habitual cheerfulness under all circumstances. It has not been an easy task, but I have succeeded; and now, drifting on to my eightieth birthday, burdened with heavy cares, stripped of those nearest and dearest to me by death, I am not sorrowful. I am not going "down hill," as people say of the old, but "up hill" all the way, and I am sure that life is better farther on.'

If the 'George' about whom the two men I have referred to were talking had had this spirit he would never have gone down hill. The fixed habit of cheerfulness is a great help in climbing the hill of life. You will find that the people who are 'going down hill' are almost invariably morbid, and that they are steadily looking down instead of up.

One always goes down hill a good deal faster than one goes up, and when you see a man that is going down hill you may be sure that he will reach the bottom very soon if he does not turn right about face and start up hill again. It is never 'better further on' to those who are going down hill. It is never well with them at all. The lowlands of life are unhealthy for both body and soul. It is better to keep looking and climbing upward.—J. L. Harbour, in 'Young People.'

The Missionary Branch.

I had occasion to call upon a young business man in his office not long since, and found him, as usual, 'up to his ears' in work.

'Sit down a moment,' he said, 'and I will be at liberty.'

'You are always working,' I said; 'how many hours do you put in each day?'

'Twenty-four,' he replied, with a broad smile.

I presume my face expressed my astonishment.

'Yes,' he said, 'I work ten or twelve hours; the rest of the time I am working in the antipodes—by proxy, of course.'

'I don't understand,' I said.

'Let me explain,' he returned, more seriously. 'When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China and work in the field. But my father died before my plans were fully matured. His business here was in such a state that no outsider—no man without a personal interest—could successfully carry it on. And there were a mother, sisters, and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher in China.'

Here my friend took down a much-thumbed map of Southern China, and he pointed out a certain town. 'That is where my man is at work,' he said. 'He has formed a church and gathered a school. We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day—for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there.'—'Forward.'

Trusting in God.

Not long ago a business man found himself in narrow financial straits. He became moody and reticent. He appears to have been a Christian, but without strong faith. His financial burden almost completely crushed him. He sat down at the table with his family, and ate his bread in silence. When he did speak it was with petulance and feverish excitement. One day he took up an old book and opened it. The book chanced to be an old geography which he had studied when a boy. On the page to which he opened there was a picture of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders. Looking at the picture, he was reminded of the freedom and happiness of his childhood. To himself he exclaimed: 'There is poor old Atlas. Ever since I was a child he has crouched under that burden, and for centuries before. How his back must ache! I can sympathize with him now. I wonder what he has been standing on all these centuries.' Then closing the book he took out his pencil and thoughtfully wrote on a slip of paper these words: 'I will not be an Atlas. Since I must trust God for ground to stand on, I will trust him also for the load.'

With that resolution a new inspiration came into his soul. He went out to struggle with his financial embarrassment with new hope. His business associates observed a change in his spirits. His countenance was brighter, his voice was more ringing, his step lighter. They thought some change must have taken place in his financial condition. But the change was within. He had rolled a heavy load from his soul. He had found a Burden-bearer who was able to carry his load. He went on in this new way and prospered. Afterward he said he would have gone to the wall but for the new hope and strength which came into his life when he made his decision to trust God for the burden as well as for the ground to stand on.

Trusting God may bring financial success. It will not always do so. If it did it might tend to make men mercenary. But it may do so, because it makes the heart lighter. It inspires new hope and strength in the soul. When the burden of care is lightened one is in better frame for financial enterprises. His mind is clearer, his nerves are more quiet, his spirit is more calm. But whether trust in God bring financial success or not, it will certainly bring what is far better. It will bring peace. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' It will give strength. Even physical strength and intellectual strength may result from patient trust in God. Certainly spiritual strength will be the result. 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.'—The 'Morning Star.'

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