

THROUGH THE VALLEY.

Psalm 23-4.

Many joys and many sorrows that our earthly walks display,
 Disappear within the gloaming at the ending of the way,
 From the hills in life light shining through the death vale we must go,
 We must pass the sombre low land where the darkest shadows show,
 From the pleasant paths of childhood we may reach this shaded vale;
 Until old age bends our bodies, zeal and vigor may not fail.
 But the valley is before us! whether far away or near,
 Whether near or whether distant, straight ahead, a prospect drear.
 But the Christian need not fear it; need not fear the prospect drear.
 As in pleasure as in sorrow, Christ the Lord is with us here,
 He has gone this way before us. He has slain the King of Pain!
 Death no longer holds the valley—only shadows can remain.
 Just beyond the vale of shadows, in the first of glory light;
 Just beyond the dark cold, low land, at the gate way warm and bright;
 Christ will meet us, and receive us to His sweet and perfect day.
 Day celestial, night forgotten, day that cannot pass away!
 Addison F. Browne.

Mahone, August 9, 1905.

Fellowship With Christ's sufferings.

By Rev. J. H. Jowell, M. A.

"In all their afflictions He was afflicted." "Who is weak and I am not weak; who is offended and I burn not?" Is the association alien and un congenial, or is it altogether legitimate and fitting? In all their afflictions He was afflicted—the deep, poignant, passionate sympathy of the Saviour. "Who is weak and I am not weak"—the deep, poignant, passionate sympathy of the ambassador. The kinship in the succession is vital. The daily dying of the Apostle corroborates and drives home the one death of his Lord. The suffering sympathies in Rome perfected the exquisite sensitiveness in Galilee and Jerusalem. The bleeding heart in Rome perfected the ministry of the broken heart upon the Cross. Paul "filled up that which was behind of the sufferings of Christ."

Here, then, is a principle. The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of bleeding hearts. If that succession be broken, we lose our fellowship with the King. As soon as we cease to bleed we cease to bless. When our sympathy loses its pangs we can no longer be the servants of the passion.

We no longer "fill up the sufferings of Christ," and not to "fill up" is to paralyze, and to "make the Cross of Christ of none effect." Now the Apostle was a man of the most vivid and realistic sympathy. "Who is weak and I am not weak?" His sympathy was a perpetuation of the Passion. I am amazed at its intensity and its scope. What a broad, exquisite surface of perceptiveness he exposed to the needs and sorrows of the race!

Wherever there was a pang it tore the strings of his sensitive heart. Now it is the painful fears and alarms of a runaway slave, and now the dumb, dark agonies of people far away. The Apostle felt as vividly as he thought, and he lived through all he saw. He was being continually aroused by the sighs and cries of his fellow-men. He heard a cry from Macedonia, and the pain on the distant shore was reflected in his own life. That is the only recorded voice, but he was hearing them every day, wandering, pain-filled, fear-filled voices, calling out of the night, voices from Corinth, from Athens, from Rome, and from distant Spain! "Who is weak and I am not weak? He was exhausted with other folks' exhaustion, and in the heavy burdensomeness he touched the mystery of Gethsemane, and had fellowship with the sufferings of his Lord.

Does the cry of the world's need pierce the heart, and ring even through the fabric of our dreams? Do we "fill up" our Lord's sufferings with our own sufferings, or are we the unsympathetic ministers of a mighty Passion? I am amazed how easily I become callous. I am ashamed how small and insensitive is the surface which I present to the needs and sorrows of the world. I so easily become enwrapped in the soft wool of self-indulgence, and the cries from far and near cannot reach my easeful soul. "Why do you wish to return?" I asked a noble young missionary who had been invalidated home. "Because I can't sleep for thinking of them!" But except when I spend a day with my Lord, the trend of my life is quite another way. I cannot think about them because I am so inclined to sleep! A benumbedness settles down upon my spirit, and the pangs of the world awake no corresponding sympathy. I can take my newspaper, which is oftentimes a veritable cupful of horrors, and I can peruse it at the breakfast table, and it does not add a single pang to my feast. I wonder if one who is so unmoved can ever be a servant of the suffering Lord!

I do not know how any Christian service

is to be fruitful if the servant is not primarily baptized in the spirit of a suffering compassion. We can never heal the needs we do not feel. Fearless hearts can never be the heralds of Passion. We must pity if we would redeem. We must bleed if we would be the ministers of the saving blood.

The Saviour prayed "with strong crying and tears"; His Apostle "agonized" in intercession! Is this association legitimate?

This is the ministry which the Master owns, the agonized yearnings which perfect the sufferings of His own intercession. Are we in the succession?

DO OUR PRAYERS BLEED?

Have we felt the painful fellowship of the pierced hand? I am so often ashamed of my prayers. They so frequently cost me nothing; they shed no blood. I am amazed at the grace and condescension of my Lord that He confers any fruitfulness on my superficial pains!

All vital intercession make a draught upon a man's vitality. Real supplication leaves us tired and spent. Why, the Apostle Paul, when he wishes to express the poignancy of his yearning intercession for the souls of men, does not hesitate to lay hold of the pangs of labor to give it adequate interpretation: "Ye remember, brethren, our travail." "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you." Again I say, it was only the echo of a stronger word, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." Are we in the succession? Is intercession with us a travail, or is it a playtime, a recreation, the least exacting of all things, an exercise in which there is neither labor nor blood? "The blood is the life." Bloodless intercession is dead. It is only the man whose prayer is a vital expenditure, a sacrifice, who holds fellowship with Calvary, and fills up that which is behind in the sufferings of Christ.—Selected.

Her Message.

When Esther Martin obtained a position as stenographer with Payne and Payne, patent attorneys, she counted herself an unusually fortunate girl. The work, while demanding accuracy, was not difficult, the whole tone of the office was high, and there was exceptional consideration shown in giving her occasional hours when there chanced to be a little less work on hand.

For two or three years everything went well; then Esther began to grow restless under it. The years seemed to stretch before her, each an interminable procession of days when she would go to the office at nine and return at five—for what? A living, nothing more. She would grow old and homely, and "cranky" like so many women she saw day after day, and at the end of all the years what would there be to show for it? And think of the girls who didn't know what it was to have to lift a nger for themselves! Life was a horribly unfair arrangement, that was all there was about it, she thought, bitterly.

Her mood was still heavy upon her Sunday afternoon when, obeying a sudden impulse, she went to vespers at St. Stephen's. It was a foolish thing to do, she admitted to herself. St. Stephen's possessed the wealthiest congregation in town. She would sit there, as she had many a time before, half scornful, half envious, among an alien people. But the music was fine and she liked to see the elegant gowns. As for the sermon, she never gave that a thought.

She slipped quietly into one of the strangers' seats. The music absorbed her completely, but when the speaker stepped forward, she turned and began to study a gown a little way down the aisle.

Fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and she had heard no word; then suddenly she found herself listening tensely. This was what she heard:

"One of the saddest things in a pastor's life is the constant procession of people begging for work that besieges his door. Old and young men and women, weak and strong, the procession never ceases. Often he cannot tell why they have failed; many of them seem to have every requisite for success. Sometimes money loss has left them stranded; sometimes the wage earner has been taken and the family left helpless. The one pitiful cry is work,—work. We do what we can; no one knows the days that pastors spend trying to find situations for these unfortunate ones. And when we cannot find them—

"O you men and women, who have work to do, thank God for it. Never mind if it is not congenial, if it is even very far from what you would choose. If it is honest work, then all your days should be songs of gratitude. Work is self-respect; work is health; work is power. Thank God for work. There is no other blessing like it."

The closing anthem floated softly through the church. Then there was a rustle of silk-lined gowns and the low murmur of voices. It was a curious sermon, people said. But one girl slipped out quietly. She had had her message.—Elizabeth Holmes.

Paying the Price.

That was a dazzling offer which Satan made to Jesus of Nazareth when he said, "All these will I give Thee." The kingdoms of the world, with all the glory of them, were at the feet of our Lord, according to the terms of the temptation. But there

was one condition. He must pay the price.—"If Thou wilt fall down and worship me." Many a poor soul has been duped into the snare of a similar bargain.

Not far away from this spot there lived a man, a few years ago, who, although he was at liberty in one sense, in another sense he was in a prison. Fetters of appetite were on his soul. He could not do as he would. He had no will to speak of. Nearly every day he was under the influence of strong drink. He loathed the habit, and tried to escape from it many a time, but he was weaker than a child. He was not only a prisoner but a slave. For many years he paid the price of the gratification of his early indulgence. It was an awful price—a shattered nervous system, a weakened mind, a lost soul.

The millionaire who secures his treasures by dishonest dealing pays the price of his gold. There seems to be short cuts to wealth in these days, but usually the way is hard. The offer is dazzling, and the glory of wealth is enticing, but O the price! "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." This is the price.

One of the brightest young men that ever entered Yale University was poverty awakened during a revival of religion, and for several days was on the verge of giving his heart to God. After a severe struggle he yielded to the dazzling offer of the tempter, who promised him the glory of the world. The voice that called him was silent henceforth. Brilliant as this young man was, his career was dark. He rose to fame and sank to infamy and died in disgrace. He paid the price. When we contemplate the career which was opened before him in the kingdom of God, and consider what he might have become and accomplished, we tremble at the thought that he paid it all over for the gratification of an unworthy ambition, and was cheated out of life.

The price of a godly life may seem high, but it is not. The price of liberty is the blood of patriots, but was ever blood better spent? The price of the advancement of Christianity was the blood of the martyrs, but how could they have made a better investment?—Tyndale paid a large price for the privilege of giving England the Bible, but who shall say that the price was too high? It is safe to do right at any cost.

If we could but understand it the highest things and the best are offered to all without money and without price. Grace is free. The gift of God is eternal life.—New York Advocate.

EASY TO BARK.

The Christian Commonwealth of London, tells a pointed anecdote, and draws a needed lesson.

A dog, hitched to a lawn-mower, stopped pulling to bark at a passer by. The boy who was guiding the mower said: "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than pull this machine."

It is easier to be critical than correct; easier to bark than work; easier to burn a house than to build one; easier to hinder than to help; easier to destroy reputation than to construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticize, or censure, like the Pharisee, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to it all, as Jesus did.

SUMMER EARLY.

See now summer, early with valor and strength,
 Lifts gaily the burden of spring;
 And wrapping her girdle about his loins,
 New glories before them fling.

But more than this is demanded of thee;
 And more thou art willing to do,
 If the sun but shine, and the rain but fall,
 And the vapors distill the dew.

Thou, dost well to bind thy brow
 With the sweet-scented new mown hay,
 Whilst scattering profusely thy early fruit
 For the gleaners day by day.

For the hours are long, and thy fever runs high,
 Thy breath comes labored and hot;
 Thy cares are increasing, thy family large;
 And thine is an arduous lot.

Faint not when the storm clouds arise
 And the lightning flickers and flames,
 Thou shalt nourish the millions that people the earth!

This the bow in the cloud proclaims.

Lo! the heavens with thunders applaud,
 And with confident voices, attest

As they view the herculean efforts made,
 That for man thou art doing thy best.

Marysville, N. B.

E. A. W.F.