

big old church that opened with a door. We children all filed into that pew and when the preacher said, let us pray, we all knelt down. I hated to be thought pious because I was a deacon's son. I did not think Sunday "Day of all the week the best" because I was under law, not under grace. I thought Sunday and strict parental control a handicap to my happiness.

That is what a carnal heart thinks of all rules and regulations of conduct. If some of you students have not that liberty of spirit that true holiness gives, you will think the rules and regulations of this college a handicap. This is what a lawless man feels about civil authority that would direct his activities so that he would be a useful member of society. And the carnal heart thinks the laws of God a handicap to its real enjoyment. It longs for liberty, blind to the fact that liberty is gained and maintained only within the limits of laws that govern conduct. Before we are sanctified we think it hard that God puts up a sign, "Keep off the grass" when there is something within us that would like to play there. That impulse is the thing that would work our deepest bondage. God has never promised to free us from law by annulling the law. He plans on making us free to keep his law so that we see in his law not only the revelation of His exalted character but also the conservation of our highest personal interest. God made the promise in days of old, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean. From all your filthiness and your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart will I give unto you and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will cause you to walk in my commandments and keep my precepts to do them." This is the spirit that will make children truly obedient, students glad to be controlled, citizens conscientious in keeping the laws of the land, and Christians truly free. The psalmist says: "Thy statutes have become my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. The rails are not a handicap to the progress of a railway train. They serve as a guide. So, too, home discipline, the rules of school, the laws of our land and above all, the Law of God become the conservators of our true liberty.

Again we may at times mourn because of our handicap due to our small physical endowments. If every girl could have had her choice she would have been born stunningly beautiful and if every boy could have had his choice he would have been born strikingly handsome.

Pascal said that if 'Cleopatra's nose had been one-half inch longer it would have changed the current of European history.' Who was Cleopatra? She was Queen of Egypt and last of the Greek dynasty there. She fascinated cool, calculating Julius Caesar. She bewitched Mark Anthony, so that he forgot his obligations to his own wife, and responsibilities of state to consort with that vampire in her Capital on the banks of the Nile. She made him feasts of the brains of humming birds and the tongues of nightingales. But when Caesar Augustus came against Anthony, Cleopatra deserted him. He committed suicide and she followed in his train. This was the tragic end of a bad beautiful woman.

Young miss, thank God you were not born stunningly beautiful. Such beauty and virtue seldom go together. Your plainness may save you from a thousand temptations. Many young girls in city and country have been flattered for their beauty and ability in local theatricals. They have been told if they were in Holly-

wood they would win the success of a Sally Rand or a Mae West. Hundreds of such go to Hollywood confident if they have an opportunity to show their ability they will succeed. But only one out of hundreds does succeed. The others find money is soon gone. They are ashamed to come back home and acknowledge defeat. A sheik comes along and whispers, "Come with me and I will clothe you in beautiful garments and ornament you with jewels." And they go, go down, down to disgrace and ruin. This is the story of a multitude of beautiful girls who go to Hollywood every year.

Remember there is a nobler beauty than that of the physical exterior. God beautifies the meek with salvation. The King's daughter is all glorious within." This is the beauty you can't buy at a ten cent store. Ten cent women get their beauty of lips, eyebrows, cheeks and finger nails there. That is a beauty that disgusts God and the hearts of all that truly love Him.

Paul said, not many mighty were called. If you and I, young man, could have batted a ball like Babe Ruth, sung like a Caruso, punched like Joe Louis, run like Nurmi, God would have had little chance of getting our allegiance. The popular call and pull would have been too strong. We have so little to give it wasn't so hard to surrender to the will of God. So the handicap of our limited physical resources has become our advantage.

Finally, let us not grieve over what may seem to be the handicap of our limited sphere of usefulness. God had to allow Paul to be shut up in prison to bring him to his highest usefulness. If John Bunyan had not been imprisoned we should never have had the Pilgrim's Progress. We learned in school:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomable caves of ocean  
bears;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air."

You may think you are that flower wasting its sweetness on the desert air. Madam Guyon did not feel that way in her prison cell in the Bastille. She says:

A little bird am I, shut in from fields of air,  
And here all day I sit and sing to Him who  
placed me there.

Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
Since, oh, my God, it pleases Thee.

My cage doth me surround;  
Abroad I cannot fly,  
And though my wings are closely bound,  
My soul's at liberty.

The prison bans cannot control  
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar  
These bars and bolts above  
To him whose purpose I adore,  
Whose providence is love.

And in that blessed will to find  
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

I close with this true illustration. A Kentucky Methodist preacher was longing for real soul rest and heart victory. Walking one day along a railroad track he saw a paper fluttering under a rail. He picked it up and his eye caught a paragraph that told of a humble little toll-gate keeper whom they said was sanctified and rejoiced in a happy contented heart. Immediately that preacher said to himself, "That woman may have the secret I long to know." He found her, told her why he had come. She humbly acknowledged what Jesus

had done for her and what He could do for the preacher if he were willing to die in order to truly live. Before that preacher left he had knelt, died out to ambition of place in the ministry and left with the blessing of holiness in his heart. He became an evangelist and suffered a good deal of persecution. Finally the pastor of one of the great Methodist churches in New Orleans heard of him and resolved to ask him to come and hold a meeting in his church. The evangelist went. For a week he poured in the truth and when the altar call was made, the pastor was one of the first seekers. He came through gloriously and became one of the mightiest evangelists the holiness movement has known. We say, what a trophy for that evangelist who led Dr. Caradine in? We must go farther back, even to Mary McAfee, the toll-gate keeper. Her's will be the glory in the judgment day. This makes us know that our light may shine in a humble sphere. But it may shine much farther than we can see.

### CORRESPONDENCE

Lower Brighton,

Dear Brother Dow: Carleton County

Glad to hear from you. God has been wonderfully good to us down through the years. He gave me one of the best of women, and spared us to each other for almost forty-seven years. I praise Him for that. She was so clean and true, kind and faithful in every way, always looking for the best in others, true to the community, to the church and Sunday school, in everything. I miss her more when I come in the house. I used to come in and sit beside her and rest, always a smile from her dear eyes and lips, and a cheery word. I try to be sensible, realize that I am only one of many that have suffered the same, but, oh, the ache in my heart and sense of a great loss. But God is wonderfully good and sustains me by His grace. Glory to His name.

I am always glad to see you. Hope you and Brother Rodgers see many souls saved. Can't write much but would like to talk. We sent Rhena a cable message. I suppose naturally the tears would start. Her little boy said, mamma, don't cry, grandma is with the angels and she will like that, so I expect she is with the redeemed host somewhere. Glory to God. By His grace I will soon be meeting her. I have seen her on the other side of the River, robed in white, with hands outstretched, toward me. We lived an uneventful life, stayed home, worked hard, had the peace of God in our hearts, a comfortable, happy home, an intelligent family and so many other good things from our Heavenly Father. Will close now. God bless you in your work for Him. After toil comes rest.

Remember me sometimes at the throne of grace.

As ever, your brother, B. W. BROWN

Editor's Note:—This letter was not written for publication, but I know that Brother Brown will pardon me. Near 32 years ago I was called to the Lower Brighton Church as pastor. There I became well acquainted with Brother and Sister Brown. Brother Brown was a deacon of the church and janitor also. Sister Brown was a teacher in the Sunday school and worker in the church in general. I found them then to be true followers of Jesus, loyal to the church and a great asset to the community. For over a third of a century I have counted them among my staunch friends. Their places will be hard to fill.—H. S. D.