

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 34

MONTREAL, AUGUST 20, 1909.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'Recompense.'

We are quite sure
That he will give them back—bright, fair,
and beautiful—
We know He will but keep
Our own, and His, until we fall asleep:
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean, though heaven be fair,
To change the spirits entering there,
That they forget,
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most I would feel sad
I just begin to think about the gladness
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the
way
That they have learned to go.
My lost, my own, and I
Shall have so much to see together by and
by.
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet; if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet sur-
prise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes.
And that His heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for
you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, shade for shade,
And placed them side by side,
So wrought in one, though separate, mysti-
fied,
And meant to break
The quivering threads between when we shall
wake.
I am quite sure we will be very glad,
Though for a little while we were so sad.
—'Lutheran Observer.'

'Tricky Religion.'

'Ethel, dear, will you open your heart to me and tell me why the one I thought more serious than any of my scholars at the opening of these glorious meetings has refrained from taking a stand for our Saviour, in spite of all pleadings?'

The hand in that of the teacher trembled, but the child thus addressed made no reply, and so her pleading friend continued:

'Something is keeping you from consecrating your young life to Christ, something which might, possibly, be removed if you would tell me where the trouble lies. Do you not feel any inclination to serve the One who died that you might live?'

'Yes, yes, teacher,' was the ready response, 'I'd love to be a Christian: I would truly, but, but—'

'But what, dear? Tell me frankly, for it



'Children's Friend.'

breaks my heart to see my best-loved pupil out of the fold.'

'I—I don't like to tell, teacher, but it's folks that are keeping me out,' was the broken reply.

'Why, child, do you know that you are making the same excuse that has, I verily believe, kept more people out of the kingdom than all others combined? Am I one who, by bad example, is hindering you? Tell me, truly,' pleaded the faithful teacher.

'No, no! I'd love to be such a Christian as you are, for you are always so good, but it's other folks who talk so good in meeting, and—and—well, their religion is awful tricky, anyhow.'

'You are doubtless thinking of some of the older scholars who profess to serve Christ, but forget to be loyal to Him when out of meeting; but you must not look at them, for they are still young and have much to overcome. You do not need to look beyond your own home, Ethel, for examples worthy of imitation—your godly parents, I mean, who are so anxious for the salvation of their only child.'

'But—but it's them I mean!' blurted out the child. Then, realizing that her secret was out, which meant seeming disloyalty to

her parents, the child tried to stammer some excuse, which ended in a sob.

The teacher drew the weeping child to her, but knew not what to think or say, for the parents of Ethel, though not cultured people, were looked upon, outside of the home at least, as exemplary Christians; and so teacher and scholar walked on in silence, broken only by the sighs of one and sobs of the other, until the latter said, brokenly:

'I didn't ever mean to tell 't was my own folks what was keeping me back, but it was out before I knew it.'

'Yes, dear, I understand,' said the teacher in a soothing tone; 'you did not intend to be disloyal to your good parents.'

'No, I didn't truly!' was the emphatic reply, 'for they are good, too, most times, and I love them, and if only they didn't have such tricky religion, I'd like they want me to.'

'"Tricky religion"! exclaimed the puzzled teacher; 'why, child I never heard of that kind before, but it is likely your way of saying that they are inconsistent.'

'I don't quite know the meaning of that last word teacher; but I'll own up what I mean. It is like this: Pa talks real good in meeting, but his religion is awful tricky!