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Northern Messenger

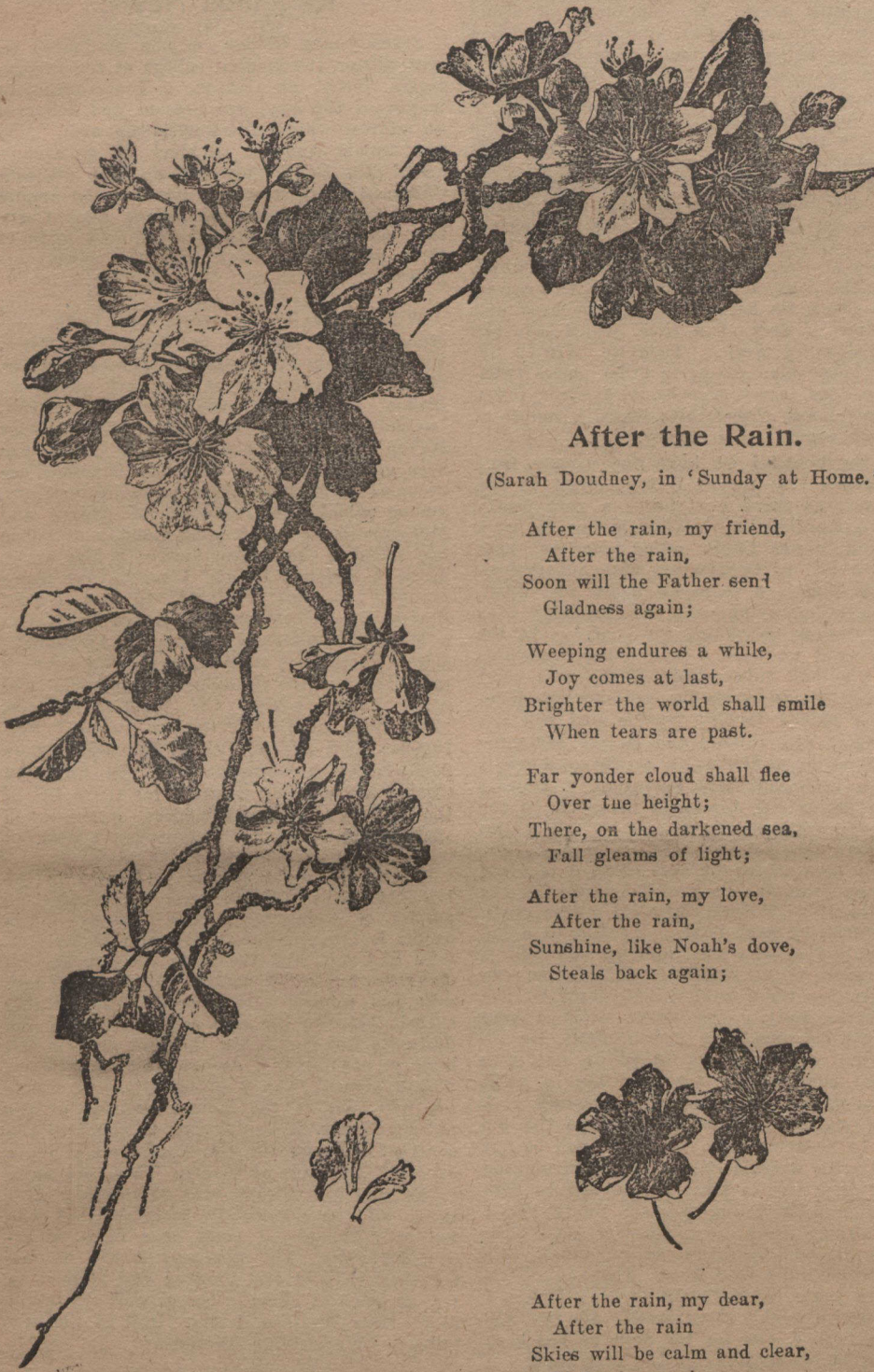
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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.



After the Rain.

(Sarah Doudney, in 'Sunday at Home.')

After the rain, my friend,
After the rain,
Soon will the Father send
Gladness again;

Weeping endures a while,
Joy comes at last,
Brighter the world shall smile
When tears are past.

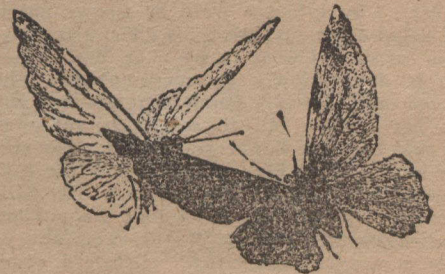
Far yonder cloud shall flee
Over the height;
There, on the darkened sea,
Fall gleams of light;

After the rain, my love,
After the rain,
Sunshine, like Noah's dove,
Steals back again;

After the rain, my dear,
After the rain
Skies will be calm and clear,
Birds sing again;

Brave souls can bear the showers,
Heavy and chill,
Hearts that are strong as ours
Grief cannot kill;

Wait, with your hand in mine
Trustful and true,
Wait, till the glories shine
Out of the blue!



Blossoms shall open their eyes,
Blooming and bright;
Earth will be paradise,
Life a delight;



Only be hopeful, sweet,
Never complain;
Daisies will kiss your feet,
After the rain.



The Parson's Barrel.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Evangelist.')

'Well, parson,' said Deacon Goodgold to his pastor, that last Sunday mornin's sermon was number one prime; may I ask you which end of the barrel that came out on? Your barrel is like the widder's in scripter; it never seems to give out.' 'I am glad that my sermon suited you,' replied the genial dominie, 'for I got part of that at your house, part came from Neighbor B's, and part from poor Mrs. C—, in whose sick room I spent an hour, and one hint in it came from your boy Frank, who rode by my house on "old gray" without any saddle or bridle. I picked up some

of the best things in that discourse during an afternoon spent in pastoral visiting.'

Parson Honeywell was a shrewd man, and a faithful, godly pastor. He had not a great many books; and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his fingers' ends; it was his one great unexhausted storehouse of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to God's Word. In the forenoon he studied his Bible, and in the afternoon he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding

illustrations—like his Divine Master—from the birds of the air, the flowers of the field and the sower or ploughman by the wayside. His mind was on his sermon all the week. If he saw a farmer letting his team 'blow' under a roadside tree, he halted and had a chat with him. He observed the farmer's style of thought, gave him a few words of golden counsel and drove on, leaving the farmer something to think of and something to love his pastor for also. If he saw a boy on his way from school he took the lad into his buggy and asked him some questions which set the