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## An Old-time Sabbath.

(By Philip B. Strong, in the 'C. E. World.')

On mead and woodland breaks no jarring sound

To mar the perfect stillness of the day;  
The very sun, that sheds its radiance round,  
A silent benediction seems to say.

Where yesterday the sturdy reaper pressed  
His swathy way through yellow depths of wheat,

The graceful sheaves in golden ripeness rest,  
Unvisited the while by toilful feet.

How calm the day and sacredly serene!  
What gracious impress stamps it on the soul!

How through the changeful years that intervene  
Its hallowed memories still the life control!

Ah, happy they who such true Sabbaths know,

And blest the land where such true Sabbaths reign;

A boon they bring no wealth can e'er bestow,  
A strength no armored navy can attain.  
Kingston, N.Y.

## Think of the Difference!

Two old men who had been boys together were speaking of the past, present, and future. One had chosen the world and obtained the object of his choice. The other had sought God, and through much affliction and suffering and deprivation had lived a life of peace and victory, and spoke with great delight of his blessed anticipations.

The worldly friend said to those standing by: 'Yes, yes, you wonder why I cannot be as quiet and happy too; but think of the difference; he is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine.'—'Sunday Companion.'

## The Year That is Gone.

(By the Late Professor Drummond.)

What is your life? Life is an irrevocable thing. We have just finished an irrevocable year. As we look back upon it every thought, and word, and act of it is there in its place, just as we left it. There are all the Sabbaths in their places and all the well-spent days or ill-spent days between. There is every sin, and every wish, and every look still in its own exact surroundings, each under its own day of the month, at the precise moment of the day it happened. We are leaving it all at 12 o'clock to-night; but, remember, we leave it exactly as it stands. No single hour of it can be changed now, no smallest wish can be recalled, no angry word taken back. It is fixed, steadfast, irrevocable—stereotyped for ever in the past plates of eternity. One book has a wonderful metaphor for this—'water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.' No, we cannot gather up these days, and put them back into Time's breaking urn, and live them over again. They are spilt upon the ground, and the great stream of Time has sucked them up, and cast them already on the eternal shores among all bygone years, and there they bide, till God's



—'Children's Friend.'

time comes, and they come back, one by one, in order as they went, to meet us again, and Him, before the judgment bar. To-morrow is to be a time of resolution, is it? Well, let this resolution take the foremost place of all, that, when this day next year comes, and we look back once more at the irrevocable past, there shall be fewer things to wish undone, or words to wish unsaid, and more spots where memory shall love to linger still, more steps which, when retraced in thought, will fill the heart with praise.

## 'I Theekit Ma Hoosie in the Calm Weather.'

(J. X. L., in the 'British Weekly'.)

All day long the snow had fallen, as if with quiet, steady purpose. As the light faded, the wind rose, and rose till the night was of the wildest. In each little house on the countryside the inmates knew that they were cut off from their neighbors, and that that night there could be neither coming nor going. Light after light in the little village went out, and all was dark. Yet, though it was now near midnight there was

one window—had there been any one but God to see it—in which still shone a light. It was in the farmhouse high on the hillside. For within an old man lies dying. Late in the evening he had taken a turn for the worse, and his daughter began to be afraid, knowing that on such a night she could send for no one, either doctor or minister, and fearing she might have to face the Angel alone. Hour after hour she watched and waited. She looked on the gray locks that had once been black as the raven, on the pale cheeks once red as berries, on the strong, straight nose that still spoke to her of all his strength and uprightness. Never again, she murmured to herself, would she see him in the little church bearing the vessels of the Lord—the tallest, dearest figure among all.

'Father,' she said at length, 'wull I read a chapter to ye?'

But the old man was in sore pain, and only moaned. She rose, however, and got the Book, and opened it.

'Father,' she said again, 'what chapter wull I read to ye?'

'Na, na, lassie,' he said; 'the storm's up