

Northern Messenger

Wm. Bronscombe 2,020

VOLUME XL. No. 48

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1905.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Lay Hold on Eternal Life.

(Friendly Greetings.)

'Lay hold on eternal life;' that is to say, possess it. Get it into your soul; be yourself alive. What am I saying? My brethren, this eternal life must come to you ere you will come to it. The Holy Spirit must breathe upon you, or you will remain in your natural death. Behold, He sends me to cry, 'Ye dry bones live!' and therefore I dare speak as I have done. Apart from a divine commission I dare not speak thus to you.

How is eternal life grasped? Well, it is laid hold of by faith in Jesus Christ. It is

godliness in deeds of holiness and loving kindness. Let your life be love, for love is life. Let your life be one of prayer and praise, for these are the breath of the new life. We still live the animal and mental life, but these must be the mere outer courts of our being: our innermost life must be spiritual, and be consecrated to God.

Henceforth be devotion your breathing, your heart-beat, meditation your feeding, self-examination your washing, and holiness your walking. Let your best life be most thought of, and most exercised.

Be not content to use your eyes, but practise your faith in God; neither be satisfied

Dorothy's Birthday.

(L. M. Montgomery, in the 'American Messenger'.)

'What a sweet little woman!' said or thought everybody who met Aunt Mattie on the street that morning.

Nobody noticed that her neat black dress was old-fashioned, or that her comfortable bonnet had a countrified air. People saw only a lovely smile and kind eyes, and soft, silvery-white hair framing in one of the sweetest faces in the world.

Some might have thought that she had come to market, because of the big basket she carried on her arm. But Aunt Mattie knew better. That basket contained six rolls of butter, golden and sweet, such as was never made save in Aunt Mattie's dairy under the big willows; and the rolls were arranged around a pan full of big, ripe strawberries. Aunt Mattie had risen at sunrise that summer morning to pick them. And butter and berries were for Amy, because Amy, dear child, thought there were no berries or butter equal to those which came from Willow Farm.

Right in the middle of the dingy manufacturing town, a whole block had been scooped out for 'Westlands,' where Amy lived. Aunt Mattie paused at the gate and looked over it approvingly. The big, old-fashioned house, stuck all over with gables and 'look-out' windows, suggestive of cosy corners, was built on a little hill in the centre of the grounds. From it the turf, green and soft as velvet, sloped down to the country-like tangle of trees that swept around the four sides of the block.

'What a place for children to romp in,' said Aunt Mattie, softly, and then sighed. There were no children at 'Westlands' to tumble on the velvet grasses or climb the big trees, or play hide-and-seek in the dogwoods.

Aunt Mattie did not go to the big front door that faced the driveway, but trotted around the house like a woman who knew perfectly well where to go. Em'ly had seen her coming, and had the side door open for her.

There were only two people in the world who ever caught Em'ly in the act of smiling. One of these was her mistress, the other was Aunt Mattie.

'My, but I'm glad to see you,' she said heartily, her gaunt, honest face all aglow with welcome. 'I was just wishing to myself that you'd come.'

'How is Amy?' asked Aunt Mattie, as she untied her bonnet strings and peered into her basket to make sure that the butter and berries had not got mixed up.

Emily sighed. 'Well enough in body, Miss' Ellis. But you know this is Dorothy's birthday. And she always takes it so hard. She shuts herself up in Dorothy's room before her picture all day. You see I've got all the blinds drawn. She can't bear to see the sunshine coming in to-day. She always keeps Dorothy's birthday like this.'

'I'll go up and see her,' said Aunt Mattie, tenderly. 'I'm sure she won't mind seeing me.'

She went swiftly up the broad, old-fashioned staircase and along the hall to the little white room she knew so well.



'INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.'

a very simple thing to trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet it is the only way of obtaining the eternal life. Jesus saith, 'He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?'

By faith we have done with self, and all the confidences that can ever grow out of self; and we rely upon the full atonement made by the Lord Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation; it is thus that we come to live. Faith and the new life go together, and can never be divided. God grant that we may all lay hold on eternal life by laying hold of God in Christ Jesus.

This life once laid hold upon is exercised in holy acts. From day to day we lay hold on eternal life by exercising ourselves unto

to exercise your limbs in moving your body, but in the power of the new life mount up with wings as eagles, run without weariness, walk without fainting. Lay hold on the eternal life by exercising it continually, and never allowing it to lie dormant.

Remember that spiritual life is enjoyed in the fullest sense in close communion with God. 'This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' 'Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace.' Do not think that those gates of heaven cut us off from God; for they are never shut, and we may enjoy daily fellowship with Him who reigns within. In heaven or on earth we are in the same Father's house: yea, we dwell in the presence of the Lord for ever.—C. H. Spurgeon.