

# Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

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**S** MALL service is true  
service while it lasts  
Of humblest friends, bright creatures  
scorn not one  
The Daisy, by the shadow  
that it casts  
Protects the lingering dewdrop  
from the Sun.

W. Wordsworth.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

## A Famous Prescription.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end:

'Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!'

'But, doctor,' began the bewildered patient—

'Go home and read your Bible an hour a day,' the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, 'then come back to me in a month from to-day.'

And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certain-

ly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly—she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayers and Bible study for years, and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had become a most careless Christian. She went home, and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. 'Well,' he said smiling, as he looked at her face, 'I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as though you needed any other medicine now?'

'No, doctor, I don't,' she said, honestly. 'I feel like another person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?'

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

'Madam,' said he, with deep earnestness, 'if I were to omit my daily reading of this book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an opera-

tion without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called, not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure.'

'Yet I confess, doctor,' said his patient, 'that I came very near not taking it.'

'Very few are willing to try it, I find,' said the physician, smiling again. 'But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders, if they would only take it.'

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription is still good.—'Christian Advocate.'

## The Touch of Tenderness.

How little it is to give! It is, in appearance, only a little tenderness in the voice that the spirit that needs it recognizes, though it could hardly tell how it recognized it. It is simply that the soul shows herself for a moment at her window and the wayfarer looks, and by a sudden recognition sees her there, and knows that it is her care for him that brought her there. It is only a something, we hardly know what, in the grasp of the hand, an electric thrill that shows that it is no mere formality, but that it is a touch of life; that the hand is warm from the heart. This is all it is to give. But what is it to receive? It is often nothing less than a new life. Here is a poor suffering soul that feels itself cut off from the common and glad circle of humanity. The common joys and the common life seem not for it. It seems to itself like one shivering apart, while the merry groups of happier ones rejoice in the warm sunlight, and in the play of free and kindly intercourse.

Perhaps this lonely soul had felt itself forgotten even by God. Perhaps it saw no sign that he still remembered it. But by this greeting of hearty interest, by this touch of feeling, of compassion, of fellowship, it is as if God himself spoke to it. It is as if he had sent one of his angels to speak to it good cheer; for if one of his children cares for it and loves it, it feels that the Father himself cannot have forgotten it.—Dr. C. C. Everett.

## On Going to Church.

(By Bishop Vincent.)

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour for the service is announced to begin. Then you will not disturb other worshippers.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the service about to begin.

Resolve that you will foster no thought, fix your eyes on no object, utter no word that will tend to divert your mind from the holy