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Looking Forward.

(Alfred Norris, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Oh, where exists the spirit world
Which we must some day surely see?
Oh, where abides the Paradise
In which no death can be?

That mystic, solemn, sacred world
Where every eye is free from tears;
And every hand is true and good—
No failings and no fears.

Will there be tranquil meadow trees,
Broad-bowering in their leafy calm?
And gentle winds that sleep through noon,
And wake for evening psalm?

Will there be sunshine on vast hills,
And rivers in the spreading vales,
And wealth of flowers, and dewy lanes,
Where flute the nightingales?

Will there be gardens whose sweet fruits
Ripen and redden all the day,
And homes where clustering roses cling
And do not fade away?

We know not. But the weary fight
Is over where that world shall be,
And changed the aching of the soul
To calm felicity.

Oh, Lord of life, our hands are full
Of Thy sweet gifts; we judge Thy love
To those who love Thee will be shown
In fairer forms above.

But what the sounds that we may hear,
Or what the sights that there may be,
Thou know'st, O Sovereign of the skies!
And we can wait to see.

'The Soul's Sincere Desire.'

The Mather farm was advertised to be sold at auction on June 18th. That was to be the last scene of the tragedy which in fifteen years had overtaken the family. From being the richest and proudest in the town, it had come, through misfortune, disgrace and death, to the dreaded auction block.

Eunice Mather, the one daughter of the house, had drained the cup of grief. She was a strong, silent woman, who for years had worked desperately in trying to save the remnant of good fortune and good name. She had the pride of her race, and the endurance.

Her favorite brother was known as an agnostic, and slowly and almost unconsciously Eunice had drifted toward his views. Her character lacked that gentleness which Christianity had given to her mother, and to the other women of her kindred who had resembled her in their stern virtue. It was ten years since she had been to church. The one tie that held her to the beliefs of her girlhood was the white-fenced plot at the top of the orchard which held her dead; and this, too, was to be sold by auction! The thought was intolerable.

Shut in her room that June day, the lonely woman cried out in her anguish, with one heartrending cry, 'O God!' Then she gathered herself together and walked, quiet and white, down the stairs to the front yard, where the auction was to be held.

As she stepped from the door a man advanced to her. She dimly recognized him as one of her father's friends from the neighboring city. In a few words he explained that he had had a fancy for buying the farm where he had had so many pleasant visits. Since he had arrived, however, he had heard that she wanted to stay on the place. By all means she ought if she wished. He would gladly lend her the money to buy it in, and the interest might wait her convenience. He had been prosperous, and the sum in question was not of consequence to him.

Eunice listened in bewilderment and ecstasy. She could stay! She might see the faces of the cattle and the calves, and hear the crowing of the cocks and the bleating of

Colored Blanks.

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