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The Mother's Portrait.

(S. E. G., in the 'Sunday at Home.')

Of through a mist of tears
I see this pictured face; then, backward
flown,
Swift thought restores to me those happy
years
When I might call a mother's love my
own.

Here is the smooth soft hair,
Whose sunny gloss had scarce begun
to fade;
Here is the glance that spoke her kindly
care,
The smile that first for me life's sun-
shine made.

Mother! I would not waste
My days in vain repining at God's will,

Nor let a selfish sorrow breed distaste
For duties He would have me yet fulfil.

Let me learn patient strength
Before thy semblance; out of parting's
pain
Wring faith and mute submission; so, at
length,
Mother and sorrowing child shall meet
again.

Mrs. Lane's Class of Boys

(P. D. M'Louth, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

'Wasn't that the most presumptuous
thing you ever heard of?'

'What "thing" do you mean, mother?'
Mr. Martin spoke slowly, carefully meas-
uring his words as he always did when
'mother' began her conversation by using
adjectives in the superlative degree; for

quiet Mr. Martin had learned full well in
his fifteen years of married life that such
words indicated a storm centre somewhere
which needed but the passionate reply to
send the storm his way.

'Why, the preacher's taking that class
of Mrs. Lane's into the church. There
'ain't a one of those boys more than thir-
teen and there is little Clarence Lane I
know 'ain't more than ten. How absurd

to think such children have any idea of
what they are doing. It actually seemed
sacrilegious this morning to see those boys
partake of the sacrament.'

There was a lull in the storm, during
which discreet Mr. Martin urged the team
a little faster pace for the want of some-
thing else to do.

'I tell you he won't take any of my chil-
dren into the church at that age. Such ex-