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And Immediately He Was With Them.

In his account of the night of storm on Lake Galilee, Mark tells us in the sixth chapter and fiftieth verse of his record, that the disciples 'were troubled and immediately Jesus talked with them.' It would not be beyond human experience if we should come some time in life to 'the fourth watch of the night,' as did the

able to endure, we find a strange sense of deliverance taking possession of us. When the waves seem the biggest; when we feel we could never pull another stroke of the oar; when hope sinks the lowest, then 'immediately,' at that very instant, says Mark, the Christ is near. Not near to deepen our wonder and star-



—From 'The Good Shepherd,' published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow.

struggling, baffled, frightened, and weary disciples that night of storm. Like them, we, too, may be troubled, for in that hour the night was dark; the waves rolling high; the ship filling with water; and the outlook for reaching land doubtful. Just here for us, as for them, comes glad, unexpected relief. When things begin to look the most inexplicable, and we have stood about all that it seems we are

tle us by the strange reality of his presence, but near to 'talk' with us; to tell us how and why he came; to reveal to us in the calming of the storm of fear his wondrous power and to quiet our fears and weariness. Oh, blessed Christ! help us remember that when the troubles come thou art 'immediately' with us to speak the word of help.

—'Baptist Courier.'

'Poorer Than They.'

The following incident is given by Jacob A. Riis in his 'Silhouettes from the Slums.'

I remember seeing a tenement at the bottom of a back alley, over on the East Side, where I once went visiting with the pastor of a mission chapel. Up in the attic there was a

family of father and daughter in two rooms that had been made out of one by dividing off the deep dormer window. It was mid-winter, and they had no fire. He was a peddler, but the snow had stalled his push-cart, and robbed them of their only source of income, a lodger who hired cot room in the attic for a few cents a night.

The daughter was not able to work, but she said cheerfully that they were 'getting along.' When it came out that she had not tasted solid food for many days, was starving, in fact—indeed, she died within a year, of the slow starvation of the tenements that parades in the mortality returns under a variety of scientific names which all mean the same thing—she met her pastor's gentle chiding with the excuse, 'Oh, your church has many that are poorer than I. I don't want to take your money.'

These were Germans, ordinarily held to be close-fisted, but I found out that in their dire distress they had taken in an old man who was past working, and kept him all winter, sharing with him what they had. He was none of theirs; they hardly even knew him, as it appeared. It was enough that he was 'poorer than they,' and lonely, and hungry and cold.

The Consistency of Love and Punishment.

(Frank E. R. Miller, in the 'Standard.')

Some people profess to believe that the idea of divine punishment is a relic of savage superstition. They claim that if it is predicated of God it makes him out a cruel and inhuman monster. A God whose other name is Love cannot and will not chastise. The notion is utterly unworthy of men and women in this age of enlightenment, and it adds no necessary attribute to the glories of the divine nature.

But, is this true? Is the 'wrath of the Lamb' an incongruous and impossible conception?

If so, then a boy of ten years who tells his mother a lie and is whipped for it, must believe that his parent is hateful, cruel and vindictive. If so, then the child, who disobeys the law of her teacher in the school room, when told to remain after hours and remedy her deficiency, must conclude that her instructor is spiteful and revengeful. If so, then the thief, who has been proved guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary, must decide that the jury has a grudge against him, that the prosecuting attorney despises him, that the judge thoroughly detests him, and that all these persons combined are glad to see him go to prison or be confined at hard labor for a term of years.

Nonsense! James Whitcomb Riley, in a poem entitled 'A Boy's Mother,' shows us that to love and to punish are entirely consistent:

'My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her!

'She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An' what's the funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

'I don't like her to punish me,—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'—Nen I cry; an nen
We both cry an' be good again.'

It is this view of the consistency of punishment with love which the Bible gives to us in its teaching about God. God loves his chil-