

# Northern Messenger

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## Samuel.

(The Rev. J. D. Burns 1856).

Hushed was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark;  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark;  
When suddenly a voice divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;  
His watch the temple child,  
The little Levite, kept.  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of Thy word.  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey thee first of all.



Oh, give me Samuel's heart,  
A lowly heart that waits  
Where in Thy house Thou art,  
Or watches at Thy gates;  
By day and night a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind,  
A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To thee in life and death,  
That I may read with childlike eyes  
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

open and get rid of the sin-germs that are busy night and day seeking permanent lodgment in our souls. These simple rules also have revolutionized many, and have turned disease-burdened existence into the glowing, abounding life of health in Jesus Christ.—'Sunday School Times.'

## Just Escaped a Wreck.

It is almost needless to make application of the following illustration. How many lives get off the course because of a little unraveling somewhere! Keep the heart true in the smallest matters, for out of it are the issues of life.

The infinity of detail upon which the safety of an ocean steamship depends, as well as the infinite care, which, after all, explains the apparent immunity of one or two of the ocean lines from accident, may be illustrated by an anecdote told by one of the veteran captains now commanding a favorite ocean steamship.

He was coming down the English Channel in command of his ship, one of the finest specimens of modern marine architecture, when he observed that one of the lights was not where it should be, if his reckoning and his compass were correct.

Fortunately, it was a clear night. He knew that it was impossible that the lighthouse could have been moved within a week, and therefore, the fault was either with the course he had laid out or with the compass.

His ship carried one of Lord Kelvin's patent compasses, one of the most delicate of instruments, and presumably one the least liable to be out of order.

Tests were made which showed that the compass was wrong, and it was removed and another one put in its place which instantly gave correct bearings upon the lighthouse, showing that the captain's reckoning was all right.

The captain spent some hours trying to discover wherein that compass failed. Neither he nor any of his subordinate officers was able to detect any fault with it.

Then the captain, using a strong microscope, found that some of the silk threads which served as a support to the compass, each thread being almost of the fineness of the spinning of a spider, had become unravelled a little, thereby causing infinitesimal knots, and these, so delicate was the instrument, had served to disarrange the compass.

Had it been a foggy night that fine steamship would have been a wreck upon the coast of Wales.—'Union Gospel News.'

## Taking the Minister Up.

Years ago there was trouble in a certain church over the young pastor. Many members insisted upon his leaving. His few ardent friends insisted with equal zeal upon his remaining. Much bad feeling had been generated. The case was critical.

Finally two prominent gentlemen called the congregation together and counselled them as follows: 'It is true our pastor is not a great man. He does not preach learned or eloquent sermons, but we all know that he is a good man, and that he is doing all in his power to

## Fresh Air and Exercise.

Health is simply a matter of getting the best of dangerous germs. The healthy man is not one who is never attacked by disease germs, but one who habitually and successfully resists such attack. And the doctors now tell us that the best way to resist attack is to live in fresh air, day and night, breathing it in deeply and constantly, together with enough exercise every day to get into a perspiration, thus keeping our pores open and throwing off through them whatever we are better rid of. These simple rules are revolutionizing the physical life of many who used

to cling to heavy clothing that clogged the pores, and hermetically sealed living-rooms, and wondered why they had so many 'colds. They know now that they were not nourishing and exercising the body, and were therefore easy prey for unfriendly germs. It is a striking fact that spiritual health must be had on precisely the same terms. We must breathe fresh air, and breathe it in deep, and breathe it all the time. And that is prayer. 'Pray without ceasing.' But this will amount to little unless we add exercise. We must work out our spiritual life,—give it an outlet in real activity of some sort, and in daily, systematic fashion, if we would keep the pores

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