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And He Said, 'I Will Not Destroy it for the Ten's Sake.'

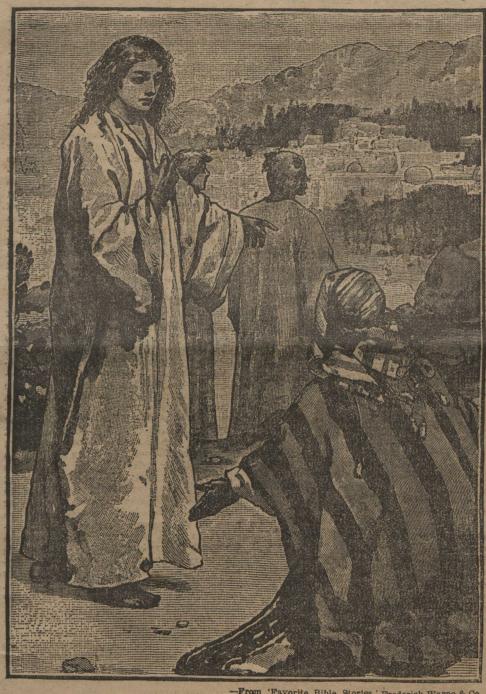
(Josephine Dodge Daskam, in the 'Atlantic.')

Look back and see this brooding tenderness Ye wait till Bethlehem? Nay then, not 1! Under the law doth Israel ever sigh? Is there no mercy till the great Redress? See now, amid the nameless wickedness

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Ay, child, and more! thou hast not learned to spell

Love's first great letter; centuries of pain



-From 'Favorite Bible Stories,' Frederick Warne & Co

ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS.

Love dreadeth lest one soul of His should

Spareth and faltereth and passeth by, Soft'ning the law to ease a son's distress. Still leave Him terrible in thy scared sight Who quencheth with His tears the fires ot

And yearneth o'er the cities of the plain!

Life-Abounding.

To abound, one must have enough for oneself and some to give to others; notice boys when school is out, rushing from the door, running over with life, life abounding. So rooted in Christ, filled with the joy of the

Holy Spirit, we come out of Grumble Row and take up our residence on Thanksgiving Avenue. It took David out of the mire and clay and put a new song in his mouth, a song of joy; there is no power in Christian life where there is no joy. Many Christians are like pumps, in order to get any water out

you must first pour water in, but where there is rooted life, the Christian's heart is bubbling over with joy and praise.

Two men were travelling over one of the double tracked railroads in the West, one noticed that the road they were going west on was dry and dusty, while the other on which the west-bound train ran was green and fresh looking. Asking the cause, his companion told him the west-bound road carried empty cars to the wheat regions, and was dry and dusty, while the east-bound road carried loaded cars from the wheat country, the cars being full the wheat rolled out and kept the track fresh and green. Beloved over which road are you travelling? If your heart is empty the road will be dry and dusty, but if your heart is full, abounding in the love of God, and the power of the Holy Ghost, the road will be fresh and green over which you travel.

The secret of abounding is abiding, and in order to abide in Christ our hearts must be clean, and when we are clean and rooted in Christ, abiding in Him and He in us, our hearts abounding in the love and power of the Holy Ghost, there is no doubt, but all is joy and certainty, we no longer hope we are saved but know it. We can shout with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer lives,' and with Paul, 'I know whom I have believed.'-Seleeted.

A Windfall Message.

It was easy for the gossiping woman in the old story to obey when her confessor told her to walk a mile, scattering feathers. But the other half of her penance was to go back and gather them up again. The difficulty of undoing scattered mischief was her lesson.

Heaven has made it equally difficult to undo scattered good. More than that, we may believe that no right deed or word is ever lost, while many a wrong one is forgiven and forgotten.

A leaf of an Australian newspaper, left to the chance of the winds, was tossed about the plains of Victoria, and finally blown to the foothills beyond Ballarat, where a lonely shepherd lived with his sheep in 'the bush.'

One day he saw and picked up the soiled paper, delighted to find something he could read. To his disappointment, nearly the whole of one page was covered by a printed sermon; but its opening sentences caught his attention and held him till he began to be intesested. He devoured every word, to the end of the last column.

It was a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon. The solitary, a man past middle life, had been so long a stranger to everything its theme and language expressed, and so far away from the sacred scenes and privileges it suggested, that the human soul within him had starved and withered, and he had grown almost as numb and neutral in moral feeling as the fourfooted creatures he tended.

The reading of that discourse shook him from the slumber of years. He read it again and again; and the Gospel that was in it