

C-221-5-6

Allen Killam NB 230407

KILLAMS MILLS

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 14

MONTREAL, APRIL 5, 1907.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

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 I!
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
die,
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 of
hell,
And yearneth o'er the cities of the plain!

Life-Abounding.

To abound, one must have enough for one-
self 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 compan-
ion 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.'—Se-
lected.

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 un-
do 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 shep-
herd 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 atten-
tion and held him till he began to be inter-
ested. 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 four-
footed 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