

C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

W. Bronscombe 30.09

VOLUME XLIII. No. 29

MONTREAL, JULY 17, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

Thy Will.

The bells of redemption are pealing to-day,
How sweetly the glad music rings!
Above and about me are wafted the strains,
My soul is an echo that sings,
Up swells to the throne in a volume of
praise,
The anthem of ransomed ones there;
The heavens and earth in that song are made
one,
One blending of praise and of prayer.

Oh, not in the sunshine alone does this song
Well up with rapturous praise;
It soars to its clearest, most triumphing note,
On darkest and dreariest days,
When no ray of earth-light shines out o'er
my way,
The voice of earth's laughter is still;
'Tis then, in the hush and gloom of the
night,
'Tis sweetest to say, Lord, Thy will!

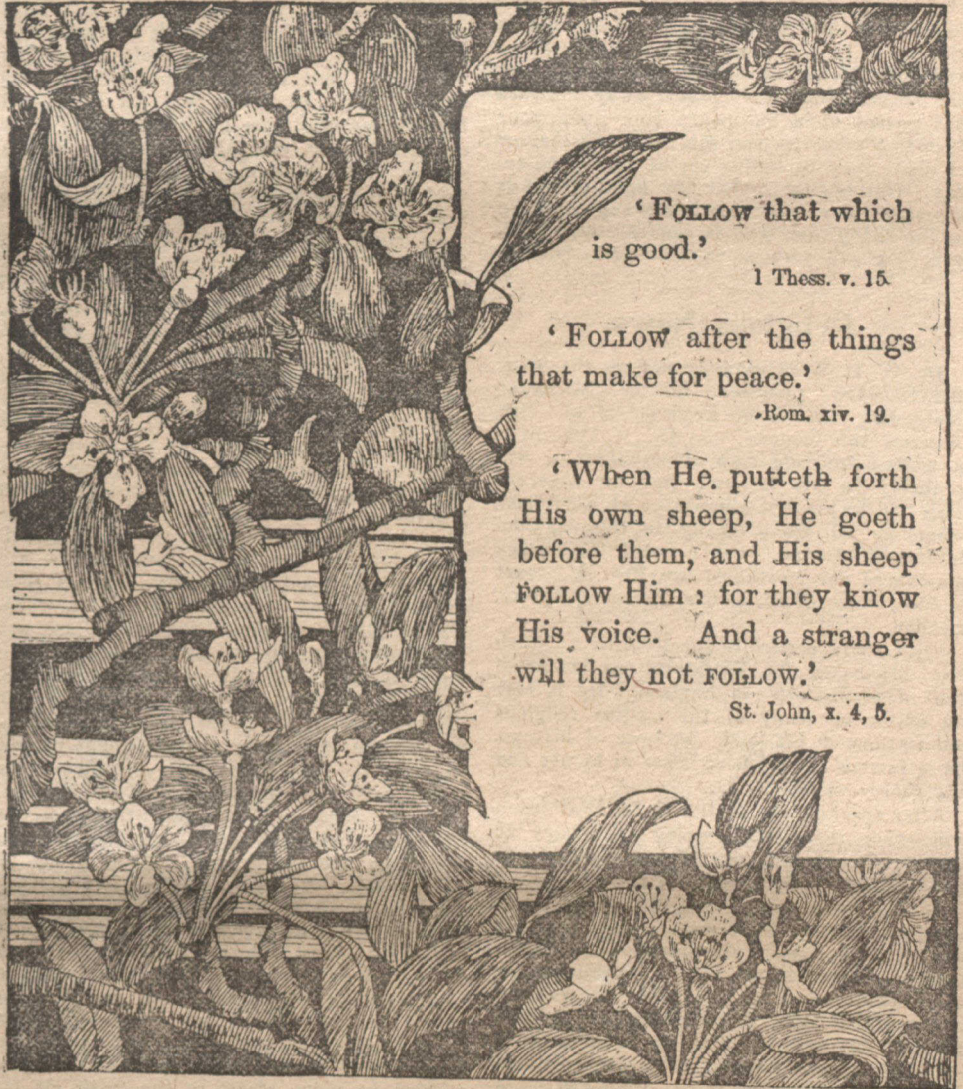
In storms or in calm, still I choose Thy dear
will,
That will which is Oneness with Thee;
Is pardon, and peace, and victorious power,
From sin and from self be free,
Oh, wonderful gift! blessed will of my God!
Thou only that will canst fulfil;
Work then as Thou wilt, oh, Thou conquer-
ing One!
But perfectly work out Thy will!

Thy will! 'tis the gladdest, most glorious
thing
That even Thy heart, Lord, could give;
Thy will! how my soul leaps to do its be-
hest!
'Tis life from the dead, and I live.
The desert grows sweet with the breath of
the rose,
The discords of life all are still;

Who now can harm me, what foe can affright,
Since Thou hast in me, Lord, Thy will?
—Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, in 'Hymns of
Christian Life.'

'I See It Clearly.'

A gentleman of wealth and high social position was taken ill. Being much troubled about the little love he found in his heart for God, he complained bitterly to his pastor. This is how the man of God answered him: 'When I leave you I shall go to my residence, and the first thing that I expect to do is to call my baby. I expect to place her on my knee and look down into her sweet eyes and listen to her charming prattle, and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she loves me little. If my heart was breaking, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play. If I were dead she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clasp her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant



—From 'Sunday Reading for the Young,' published by Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co., London.

'Follow that which
is good.'

1 Thess. v. 15.

'Follow after the things
that make for peace.'

Rom. xiv. 19.

'When He putteth forth
His own sheep, He goeth
before them, and His sheep
follow Him: for they know
His voice. And a stranger
will they not follow.'

St. John, x. 4, 5.

expense on my hands ever since she was torn. Yet, though I am not rich, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?' 'Oh, I see it,' said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. 'I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love him now as I never loved him before.' We think of our littleness when we should remember our Father's almightiness. We bewail our weak love when we should be grateful for our Father's great love. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us.'—Banner.

'Only Two Months.'

A number of persons were waiting their turn in a physician's consulting office. As they were talking a chatty little man remarked that he did not know why he was there, but he had a sort of numbness in the tongue, and an occasional depression of spirits, but he did not think there was anything seriously wrong with him. His wife, he said, insisted on his seeing the doctor, and he was there. His turn came to go into the

doctor's office. It was some time before he reappeared; but how changed! Pale, trembling, excited, he staggered towards the outside door. As he was about to open it he turned to the doctor and said:

'Is there no hope, doctor?'

'No remedy has been found for your disease,' was the physician's calm reply.

Then there was a short pause, broken by the patient asking:

'Did you say two months, doctor?'

'Yes, two months.'

As he was passing out the kind-hearted physician offered him a glass of water.

'No, no,' was the reply, 'I have no time. Only two months to prepare for death.'

One who heard the conversation said afterwards:

'I watched that man, and in two months after he was dead.'

That man believed on the testimony of a physician that he was sick with a mortal disease; and yet he must have known before that he was doomed to die; but for the first time it dawned on his mind that death was so near. 'Only two months.'

It is appointed unto man once to die. Every man is stricken with a mortal disease. That disease is not leprosy, or consumption, or paralysis, or apoplexy; it is sin! 'The wages of sin is death.' 'Sin when it is finished