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No Pilot!

(T. E. T., in 'Light in the Home.')

Out on the lonely sea
A bark is gaily gliding;
With heart so light and free,
The skipper his helm is guiding.

A Pilot hove in sight,
No Pilot wanted he:
He knew which way was right;
He knew about the sea.

The Pilot, therefore, must
Go search for other men,
Who less to self would trust,
And put their trust in Him.

Of friends who for them pray,
Were changed to anxious fear.

For the night was coming on,
And dangers thick around;
The man they wanted—gone!
No Pilot to be found.

A fog came o'er the sea,
Confused were all of them.
The cry: 'Where can we be?'
The skipper was to blame.

He heard the fog bell's gong,
And muttered, 'I must be mad!
Too late! I see I am wrong—
The Pilot I should have had.'

Not below, nor yet on deck,
But beneath the angry sea.

The sailors rowed their best,
And safe arrived on land;
Now with them leave the rest,
And think of the one lost hand.

Why should man become a wreck,
When he is in his prime?
No Pilot on the deck
To hear the fog bell's chime.

The skipper is not alone
In this world's wondrous sea;
Thousands will lose the home
Offered to all of ye.

So, men they pass away,
Careless about their fate;
The Pilot they would pay
When it's too late! too late!

The 'Jesus-Preacher.'

(Mary H. Grosvenor, in 'New York Observer.')

When Florence was a very little girl, and was first taken to church, she could not understand much that went on about her; she was pleased and interested in the singing, but when the sermon commenced she would lean her curly head against her father's shoulder, and soon the blue eyes would close and she would be fast asleep.

But as she grew older she found herself able to take some part, for when there was a familiar hymn her sweet voice would ring out joyfully, and, although generally either a line in advance or behind the choir, would struggle nobly with the long words, and come out straight at the end.

She soon observed that the grown people did not go to sleep during the sermon, at least they did not put their heads on their neighbors' shoulders, although she rather suspected one or two of nodding, so it became a point of honor with her to keep awake too.

The first Sunday after this discovery she edged away from her father's encircling arm, sitting very erect in the middle of the pew, the golden curls straying out from under the big hat and the toes of her shoes barely touching the cushion. Several people smiled at this little picture of independence, and her father thought it would not last long, but she maintained the position through the whole sermon, and although confiding to him afterwards that 'she had seen two ministers once or twice, and felt very buzzy in her head,' she could never afterwards be persuaded to indulge in a nap in church. But such a look of patient resignation would settle upon her face when the sermon began, such pathetic little sighs would creep out as it continued, and such an evident relief was shown at the end, that her mother feared Florence would form a habit of regarding the sermon as something dull and tiresome, which would be a bad thing to get over in after years.

After much thought she suggested to the little girl that she should listen for and count how many times she heard the name



The gliding of the bark
Was not so gay just now;
For, sailing in the dark,
She knew not where to go.

'How often man will tread
Dark path of life's rough sea!
Without a Pilot at his head,
One fears his end to see.

Oh, skipper, why tread the darksome
way,
And risk the lives you hold!
Why should you take the Pilot's pay,
And sell those lives for gold?

The crew at his command,
As a crew should always be,
Were looking for the land;
But there was no land to see.

The crew, so light and gay,
At thoughts of the welcome cheer

Man's life must have it's night
And in the fog may be;
With a Pilot you are right,
From danger you are free.

The order came, 'Ho! heave the lead.'
It was done once, and that was all;
Against a rock she struck her head,
Like going against a wall.

They heard an awful sound,
A grating of the keel;
They saw the rocks around,
Then came the bell's sad peal.

The boat was seized by men,
Who took their own command:
Now, who could blame them, when
They had no guiding hand?

The crew they left the wreck,
The skipper, where was he?