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# Northern Messenger

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

## What Are You Living For?

What are you living for? Time passes on;  
To-day, with its openings, soon will be gone;  
Many an aching heart, saddened and tired,  
Waits for some sympathy, close by your side.

Many a suffering one, bearing his pain,  
Seeks some to help him go forward again;  
Many a young life, blighted through sin,  
Longs, with your counsel, afresh to begin.

Many a fallen one, facing despair,  
Cries for some brother his burden to share;  
Many a tempted one, weak against the foe,  
Is secretly longing some strong friend to know.

Many a doubting heart, fearful, oppressed,  
Wants you to guide it, lead it to rest;  
Many a heathen land, still dark as night,  
Calls to Christ's soldiers, 'Bring us the light.'

Many a broad field, in this great, fair land,  
Needs you to succor, give them a hand.  
What are you living for? Why do you stay?  
Numberless openings confront you to-day.  
—'Waif.'

## Fire From Heaven.

Whatever other power he may possess, the minister who is called to proclaim a message from God to sinful men most needs, and what everyone who is truly called to preach most desires, is a baptism of fire from heaven that touches his heart and his lips. This need was forcibly presented by Dr. Joseph Parker in an address in City Temple, London, England, before the united meeting of British Baptists and Congregationalists. In the course of his address, which dealt more particularly with the spiritual aspects of ministerial work, he said:

It is but mockery, guilty with the guilt of blasphemy, if we have fine machinery but no fire from heaven. We need the Holy Ghost. All our prayers must grow into one great cry for the Spirit of God. The Lord's ministry is not one of the 'arts and crafts' of men—it is the sorrow of the divine heart; it is not one of the 'learned professions'—it is an experience of the altar, an offering of grateful and responsive blood; my Lord's ministry is no trick in shapely sermons 'graven of art and man's device,' no experiment in calculated stipendiary rhetoric—it is the whole life alive with love, the mind ablaze with a vision that extinguishes the sun, a will that is gladly lost in sacrificial obedience. Along that line—not mechanical, but spiritual—lies our ministry, if so be we love the Lord. That is our unflinching Sustentation Fund. Apart from such conceptions, and all that belongs to them, we shall be but verbal sorcerers, sordid hucksters trafficking in salaries, self-seekers coining God into gold. Heart of us, O Cross, save us from this sin of sins! Why am I so anxious thus to consolidate and unify all the best meanings and uses of true Congregationalism? For the one simple reason that I want to get rid of all problems, disquietudes and agitations that weaken and embarrass us. We cannot afford to spend



—'Little Folks.'

much more time in rearranging and polishing our mere machinery. We want to get at the great work created for us by modern society. We must never neglect the ministry of witness bearing. Our congregations, if faithful, must more and more stand for an open Bible, a scriptural church, a spiritual hierarchy, a house not made with hands. The poorest chapel on the bleakest hillside stands for a spiritual and most holy testimony. Looked at architecturally it may be mean enough, but looked at ideally and in the thrilling poetry of its significance it is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven. They that have passed by may have wagged their heads and railed on it, but by so doing they have but established their kinship with the gang who made the cross a jest and spat on the Son of God. I call upon my brethren working in sunless places to take a high view of their functions and responsibilities.

What Dr. Parker says of 'the poorest chapel on the bleakest hillside' in England is equally true of the humblest country church in America—it 'stands for a spiritual and most

holy testimony' and its pastor is the messenger of God. What an honor is thus conferred upon the pastor of the country church and what an opportunity he has to serve his Lord!—'Congregationalist.'

## Prayer for Young Men.

A young man is a very precious asset in any community. Now almost on the edge of the world's busy arena of contentious activity, or quite within the sweep of its eager rush, the young man needs prayer if anything more than the boy of the nursery or the playground. Very likely the young man—possibly as amiable and attractive as the rich youth, who came to Jesus and was told that he lacked one thing—entertains vague notions as to the propriety of being a Christian, but is postponing with a perilous negligence the question of deciding unreservedly for Jesus Christ. Quite as likely the heart of the young man, who, like an Absalom, is ambitious for the wrong prizes in life, or like a Demas, is making a god of this present world, is becoming steadily hardened as the