

NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE,

VOL. XXXI., No. 5

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1896.

30 Cts. Per. An. Post-Paid.



INNOCENCE.

For the 'Messenger.'

TWO PICTURES.

'Twas on a time once, not so long ago,
A painter lived, who loved the little
children.

And nothing that he saw in all the world
Seemed fairer than their faces, chubby,
sweet and frank.

It stirred the fire of genius in his soul,
To paint, with worthy touch, the loveliest
he could find.

He made the picture; and he called it
'Innocence.'

They hung it gladly 'mid choicest works
of art.

It made men think that Innocence had
highest worth.

'Mid rush for gold, and hollowness of
vanity,

'Mid whited sepulchres of all the world's
hypocrisies,

'Mid talents glittering, and empty flat-
teries,

Men looked upon the face that hid no
secrets.

They felt a calm steal o'er their life for
one short hour.

A breeze from some mysterious shore
blew o'er the fever

That burned their life so tired with plots
and competition,

They wished that men might have the
spirit of a child.

The years fled on. The painter saw that
some who looked,

Passed on with spirits far from like a
child.

They were not drawn by beauty—
he would warning give.

A picture he would paint with hardened
face and eye,

The mark that sin would brand upon the
worldling's brow.

He sought the prison and selected there a
face,

That darkest was and meanest; most un-
like the child

That once, a score of years ago, he knew
and loved.

He found it; and he begged the chance
to paint it there,

And as the lines on canvas grew, with
saddening heart

He questioned from the man the story
of his crime.

A deed of deepest guilt was his—I need
not tell.

'But what,' the painter asked, 'provoked
the crime, poor man,'

''Twas chums and drink that led at last
to mad despair.

I was not always so,' he said, 'for, when
a boy,

A painter, sir, perhaps 'twas you, drew
with his brush

This face, and called it "Innocence," and
so it was.

But envy, passion, selfishness and greed
of gain

Have marred those childlike lines of
purity and grace.

'I'd give a thousand worlds to be a child
again.'

Alas, 'twas true, that innocence, most
winsome fair,

Could hideous grow; and years alone can
not preserve

A beauty dropped by God within this sin-
ful world.

And now the picture hangs beside the
childlike one,

And 'Innocence' and 'Crime' their stories
ever tell.

'Tis only touch of Christ has alchemy
divine.

Who once the whitened flesh of leper
lightly touched,

And soon it came to be like flesh of lit-
tle child.

And sinners dyed with deepest stain can
whitened be.

E. M. HILL.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

['What I Live For' was written by my
father, the late Mr. G. Linnaeus Banks,
many years ago, and has been copied in
many papers—not only here, but in
America and Australia—rarely, however,
with the author's name.—Agnes J. Ray-
mond in 'Great Thoughts.']

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;

For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;

For all human ties that bind me,

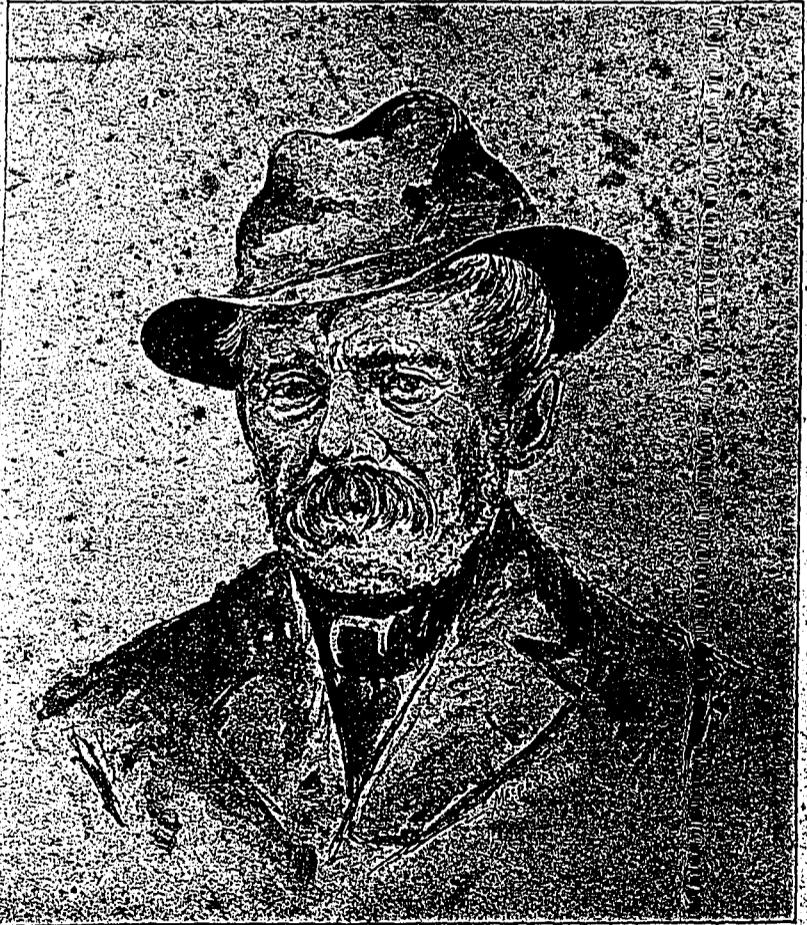
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole word shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
George Linnaeus Banks.



CRIME.