

# Northern Messenger

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The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

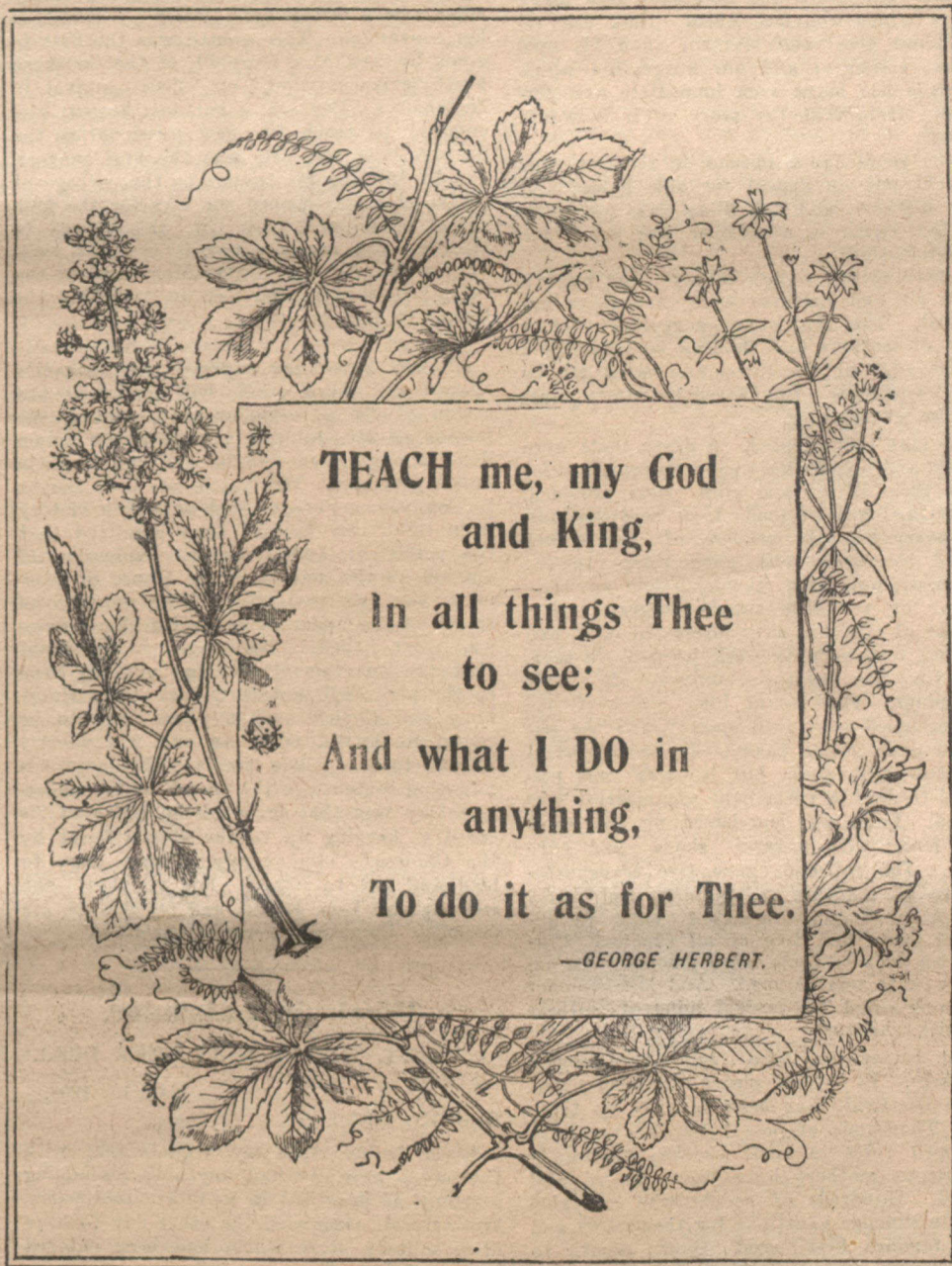
## The Beauty of Death.

If there is one thing especially of which many people cannot possibly believe that, under any circumstances, it would seem beautiful, I suppose it must mean death. That must always be dreadful. Men seldom see any misery in life so great as to outweigh the misery of leaving it. But yet it comes to all of us, that he who made death made it, like all things else, to be beautiful in his time. When a life has lived its days but in happiness, grown old with constantly accumulating joys, and then, at last, before decay has touched it, or the grounds soften under its feet, the door opens, and it enters into the new youth of eternity; when a young man has tried his powers here and dedicated them to God, and then is called to the full use of their perfected strength in the very presence of the God whom he has loved; when a man has lived for his brethren, and the time comes that his life cannot help them any longer, but his death can put life into dead truths, and send enthusiasm into fainting hearts; when death comes as a rest to a man who is tired with a long fight, or as victory to a man who leaves his enemies baffled behind him on the shore of time—in all these times, is not death beautiful? 'Nothing in all his life became this man like leaving it,' they said of one who died.—Phillips Brooks.

## Keep Steadily at Your Work.

(Rev. W. A. Quayle, D.D., from 'Eternity of the Heart'.)

It may be the last year of your life. Time is hurried—I take my hour glass and put it down before me many an hour just to see that time is in a hurry and won't stop. The yellow sand from off some tawny desert, runs down—nothing can stop it, runs down, a few grains at a time, persistent as the unsealed glacier in its onward movement, and as certain as the rush of the great sea—going, going, till at last, every grain has seeped out, and the bulb above is empty and the bulb below is full. We haven't much time. How old are you? Wasn't it only the other day you were married, and cast your first vote? For whom did you cast your first vote? 'Why,' you say, 'let me see, why I remember now, I cast my first vote for —.' Did you? Well — has been dead a long time. O, you old chap! Getting old? Yes. Don't feel it? No. You say, 'I feel as vigorous as ever I did.' Hear me! You AREN'T. Time is going to stop pretty soon for you. How long are you going to live? What's a hundred years. You cannot stay here long, you have got to go quickly; pretty soon you will be gone, and your hands will have rest for a million years. Get tired while you are here. Work hard. Don't whine because you have to work. Thank God you have the chance to do it. Be so honorable in the world's industry, and so eager to serve, that you will covet the hours you sleep. Work, work! Hurry up! Don't wait. Don't waste time. Don't do things you will have to undo. Keep at your work



—The 'Advertiser.'

and do it right. Keep at it six days in the week. Pretty soon it will be time to stop; and God will come by and say, 'Quit work,' and you will say, 'It is not night,' and he says, 'Quit work,' and you say, 'It is only two o'clock; I have only just begun for the afternoon.' And he says, 'Quit work;' and you say, 'Master, it is not sundown yet, may I not work till night?' and he says, 'Quit work;' and you lay down your hammer on the anvil, with your hand black with the grime of the smithy, and you will go out with him, and he will say to you, 'It is time to quit work;' and you will say, 'Will I be back in the morning?' and he will say, 'No, not in the morning;' and you will say, 'Will I be back to-morrow?' 'No, not to-morrow;' and you will say, 'Will I be back day after to-morrow?' and he will say, 'No, not day after to-morrow;' and you will say, 'Will I be back this week?' and he will say, 'No, not this week;' and you will say, 'Will I be back week after next?' 'No, not week after next;' and he leads you past your own door; and you will say, 'Here is where I live;' and he says, 'Let us go a little further;' and you

will say, 'Will I be back soon? There is a little baby in the cradle, and my wife sits beside the cradle;' and he says, 'You cannot come back to-night;' and you will say, 'Where are you taking me?' And he will say, 'I am taking you to a land very far off, and from whose "bourne no traveller returns."' And you say, 'Cannot I go back and only kiss my baby's lips, and kiss my wife's cheek and tell her how I love her and how sorry I am I was unkind to her?' and he says 'Come along. This is the way.' And you say, 'Can't I go back once?' 'NO.' And somehow there is a little sternness in his voice, but you say, 'I MUST go back a minute, only a minute, just once, to tell'—and he says, 'COME ON'—O, who is it? It is the Master, Death. You cannot go back—not for a minute, no. You might just as well ask for a century as for a minute; and you will go past your own door, and out through the street, and beyond the city gate, and out into lanes you never trod before, and suddenly, it will be pitch dark, and Death will be gone, and you will be in the silence where you can hear the blood beat around