

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 36

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

## A Babe's and a Woman's Love.

(B. W., in the 'Sunday at Home.')

Tom was a rough bold sailor,  
Who now and then would dream  
And knew that a poet once had said,  
'Things are not what they seem.'

He sat alone and pondered,  
By the stove that burnt in the hold.  
Chums wondered, 'What is he doing of?'  
For the weather was not cold.

A cradle stood in a corner,  
A mother sat stitching near,  
A kettle sang on the cleaned-up hob,  
A cock crowed in the rear.

The woman, he saw, was looking  
Down the walk to the garden gate,  
Longing to run to open it now.  
Alas! she had months to wait.

He saw the woe of her heart;  
He almost heard her speak;  
He stooped and stroked her brow with his  
hand,  
And pressed a kiss on her cheek.

He seemed to ride at anchor,  
A soul like a ship at sea,  
And port had never such anchorage  
As that cottage floor could be.

Not all the storms and strainings,  
Of the tackle and gear of life,  
Could drag his grappling anchor away  
From his baby and his wife.

His mates could not understand,  
As they rollicked on deck above,  
For they had not entered the magical world—  
A babe's and a woman's love.

## Dr. Arnold's Daily Prayer.

Dr. Arnold's daily prayer was as follows:  
'O Lord, I have a busy world around me;  
eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all  
my work to be done in this busy world.  
Now, ere I enter on it, I would commit eye  
and ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless  
them, and keep their work Thine, that as  
through Thy natural laws my heart beats  
and my blood flows without any thought of  
mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its  
course at these times when my mind cannot  
conspicuously turn to Thee to commit each  
particular thought to Thy service. Hear my  
prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen  
—'Missionary Herald.'

## Don't Believe in Foreign Missions.

(By Rev. John Woods, D.D., in the 'Herald and Presbyterian.')

'I don't believe in foreign missions.'

Oh, you don't? Then you think Christianity ought to have died where it was born, in the little country of Palestine, about the size of the State of New Jersey, or one-sixth as large as Ohio. The moment the gospel was carried beyond the Holy Land it became a foreign missionary enterprise. Before the death of the last of the apostles it had been carried throughout the Roman Empire, and firmly established in three continents.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you think that when Jesus commanded his followers to go into all the world and make disciples among all nations, he laid upon them an unreasonable and hopeless task. You think that when Jesus said, 'I am the light of the world,' when he assumed to set up the kingdom of God among men; or when he declared, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away,' he was simply a visionary, carried away by his own enthusiasm, and cherishing ideas, and aims that could by no possibility be realized.

Don't believe in foreign missions? Then you do not think much of the prayer which our Saviour has taught us: 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in



And as he sat, his face shone  
As the sea when bright and calm,  
And his eyes, as he gazed on the fire,  
Seemed singing a silent psalm.

Another flame was before him,  
Which burnt in a hut afar,  
Flickering a floor and a ceiling,  
Beneath the northern star.

His ship was due in the winter,  
The corn was just breaking the ground,  
The summer must go and the roses  
'Ere her lost good man is found.

It was not far to that gate,  
Yet it seemed far off to-day, for  
The man, that made it her gate of heaven,  
Was sailing long leagues away.