

# Northern Messenger

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VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 33

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 18, 1903.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## The Harbor Blocked.

(S. E. A. Johnson, in 'The Cottager and Artizan.')

That fishing smack had been carrying too much sail, so the seamen standing round about the harbor said.

Rushing madly through the waves that windy afternoon, it had missed the proper

week, for was it not blocking the harbor mouth?

'Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered' (St. Luke xi., 52): so spake our Saviour when he was upon earth. Let us take heed to ourselves how we sail along the sea of life. If we carry too much sail, if we rush along

gain the harbor did gain it, in spite of the obstacle in the way.

One whole morning had that boat been trying to baffle the stormy wind that was apt to blow it every way but the right, and to enter the harbor through the narrow opening still left alongside the wreck. The whole morning it had been trying in vain, until at last an unexpected blast from the right direction blew it safely through into the harbor without another effort of its own.

Cheers and clapping of hands were heard on every side.

We may feel there is a block of some kind in our way just now. Whatever it may be, cannot the breath, or even the mighty wind of God's Holy Spirit, blow us safely past into our harbor?

## Helper and Helped.

(Charlotte Archer Raney, in 'Presbyterian Banner.') .

The superintendent of the Sunday-school was ready to give up in despair. Four times within as many months had he been compelled to find a teacher for Class A. Only last Sunday he had congratulated himself that his trouble with those young ladies was ended for a while, when he placed over them as teacher Miss Burke, of the university. And now, at the close of one lesson, Miss Burke had given up the class in silent disgust, and someone must be found to take her place. Truly, his position as superintendent of the flourishing Sunday-school of the B— street church was full of trials.

He stood looking over the school too heavy-hearted to join in the singing of the closing hymn, his face settling into anxious lines and his thoughts full of perplexity. Unconsciously his eyes rested on a quiet-looking woman moving softly down the middle aisle of the church. As she took her place in her pew, he searched her face again and again, looked carefully over her very plain attire, smiled softly to himself and was ready to make one more effort in behalf of Class A.

At the close of Sunday-school Superintendent Baird sought out little Mrs. Tremont, and after much kindly persuasion obtained her promise to teach a class the following Sunday morning. It required a good deal of argument to convince Mrs. Tremont that it was her duty to take up the added burden of teaching in Sunday-school. She had been out of the work for five years, and had lost step with the steady march of progress in Sunday-school instruction. And, besides, she was a very busy woman, doing her own housework and spending her leisure time copying for a law office in the city, that she might help eke out her husband's too scanty wages as bookkeeper. Her youngest child, too, was but three years old—a live, energetic, active boy—and she could scarcely see that God required any more work of her than that which he had placed ready



A WINDY AFTERNOON.

opening to the harbor, and had been dashed against the pier head at the harbor mouth. There it could be seen, hooked on to the pier head, unable to free itself.

The crew had been quite easily saved, of course. But there stuck the smack, not only itself a wreck, but increasing the danger for many other boats that stormy

madly without watching for the current of God's will, there is danger lest we not only come to grief ourselves, but lest we also block the entrance into safety for others.

But, on the other hand, for those who think something or other is blocking their way, this story has a bright side. One amongst the smacks that were trying to