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'How Beautiful to be With God.'*

(James Buckham in the 'Wellspring')

How beautiful to be with God,
When earth is fading like a dream,
And from this mist-encircled shore
We launch upon the unknown stream!
No doubt, no fear, no anxious care,
But, comforted by staff and rod,
In the faith-brightened hour of death
How beautiful to be with God!

How sweet to lay the burden by,
The task inwrought with toil and prayer,
Assured that He who calls will send
One better still the yoke to bear.
What peace, when we have done our best,
To leave the pilgrim path long trod,
And in yon fields of asphodel,
Snow-white, be evermore with God!



Beyond the partings and the pains,
Beyond the sighing and the tears,
Oh, beautiful to be with God
Through all the endless, blessed years;
To see his face, to hear his voice,
To know him better day by day,
And love him as the flow'rs love light,
And serve him as immortals may.
Then let it fade, this dream of earth,
When I have done my life-work here,
Or long, or short, as seemeth best—
What matters, so God's will appear?
I will not fear to launch my bark
Upon the darkly rolling flood.
'Tis but to pierce the mist—and then
How beautiful to be with God!

* These were the last words of Miss Frances E. Willard, who saw the King in his beauty Feb. 17, 1898.

The Ministry of Intercession.

A writer in 'Bright Words' relates the following striking and suggestive facts. He says: 'I remember a friend telling me that one time he was in the direst temptation, and his future life was in the balance. There came upon him a blast from hell, and

he was on the very point of recklessly throwing his virtue and honor away. Away in another part of England there was a relative who lived close to God; some warning bell sounded in her heart that this other person was in danger. She pleaded with God for the deliverance of this soul. She knew not why there was such an urgency laid on her to pray for this special person; but she spent long hours on her knees that night, and in the morning wrote to her relation who had been in danger, to explain the strange feeling of urgency to prayer, saying that it was on his account she was praying. When the temptation was at its strongest, there sounded in the conscience of this man some terrific warning note; all the bells of the soul were set ringing; a sense of fearful and impending danger took possession of him, and the temptation lost its power. Here was the turning point of a life. If the warning bells of impending danger had been ignored, what would the result have been? If some Christians would hold themselves free to let God ring bells of intercession in their heart, many a poor soul might gain the benefit. In answer to prayer a man's whole nature was set tingling, and the sense of impending danger was his salvation.'—'Faithful Witness.'

Our Post Office Crusade.

GLIMPSES OF CHEERING LETTERS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

Letters, kind letters, are now coming every week. A Home Missionary, whose work is amongst the French of Quebec Province, says: 'If you are kind enough to send us some religious papers we will make good use of them.' A nice box-full is waiting for the messenger to take it and many parcels have been sent by hand and post to this, a very important centre.

'I have long been impressed to do something for the post office crusade,' writes M. E. Peltapiece, of Malakoff, with a contribution of \$1. This is waiting for another \$1.50 to complete a subscription to the 'Christian Herald' for our Leper Mission in Dehra Dun, India, where the Weekly Witness, 'Northern Messenger,' and 'Sabbath Reading' are going every week by post. The 'Christian Herald' said kind things about Great Britain when peace was proclaimed for South Africa, and we take pleasure in collecting funds to send it on a mission of love to India. We have to be careful, for this message comes to me in a letter from an editor in India lately: 'I have felt that good and all as the American papers are, there is not that tone of patriotism in them that is favorable to a sound national sentiment. They have only a fraction of the world interests that we have and it is not only desirable but very necessary for the best welfare of India to have a loving attachment to the British rule highly developed in India.' Here I am reminded that a kind letter containing \$1 came from a young lady who does not wish her name mentioned, and sixty cents from another constant friend of the Crusade. This enabled me to send a number of those beautiful Canadian papers from

Lachute and Chute a Blondeau off on their mission of good will to Mrs. Moore and several Reading Rooms. How are these and many other papers received abroad? Listen to what a missionary from the Maritime Provinces, now in India, says: 'Yes, indeed, the papers are appreciated. We are glad to have the 'Northern Messenger' for our reading room. It comes regularly now. The 'Sabbath Reading,' 'Christian Herald' or 'British Weekly' would also be of great service if any kind friend should care to send them. You ought to see how eagerly all the papers are sought after. Every Sunday about twenty-five or fifty boys from the High School come to the Mission House for Bible study, and I have abundant opportunity to make good use of papers or cards. Please give my thanks to the friends who help us in this way. After the 'Northern Messenger' is in the Reading Room a week I give it to some boy.' This lady, a complete stranger to me, says also that we 'are doing a good work and good seed is being sown.' Is there any one who wants to send her that delightful little 'Onward,' a fine Canadian Paper? This, with the others, she mentions, for, of course, she must have the 'Sabbath Reading.' She was the missionary who sent the names of several Hindu gentlemen anxious to improve their English by receiving a well-edited, simple paper. One gentleman, Mr. M. Kinley, of Coventry, Ont., supplied the entire list. 'I am thankful,' continues the letter, 'that I have heard of the 'Messengers's' effort to disseminate good literature, and if any names or help is required in any way I shall be most happy to co-operate.' Those wishing for this missionary's address can have it by sending stamped addressed envelope to me.

Now for our latest and very own reading-room. You will remember that a gentleman wrote, asking the help of the Post Office Crusade in starting a Reading Room. The 'Northern Messenger' carried the tidings and this is the result:

'To-day,' writes this missionary, 'I am clearing out a room which we shall use temporarily as our Reading Room. The native people here who understand English are very much pleased with the prospect of having access to a reading room. Many thanks for the bundles of papers that have come. The 'Northern Messenger' ought to be exceedingly helpful. 'World-Wide' will be appreciated. The 'Women's Journal,' of Boston, will be valuable.' (This paper is supplied to this new Reading Room by Mr. Hale Ramsay, of Westmount, Que.) 'What about the 'Christian Herald'? That paper is always appreciated by many. I trust you may be successful in securing for us a good supply of literature for I am convinced that we can push this department of the work with profit.' Ere this letter reached me, thanks to contributors of the 'Northern Messenger,' the 'Weekly Witness,' 'Sabbath Reading,' 'World-Wide,' 'Christian Herald' and 'British Weekly,' with two monthly magazines and the Boston 'Women's Journal' were going by post to this Reading Room regularly. I move