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Seeing Good in Everyone.

Every hour in the day, almost, one hears unkind remarks made. How easy it seems for us to talk about the faults and defects of our friends and acquaintances, rather than upon their beauties of mind and character! There is not a little truth in what some one has said:

'Men's evil manners live in brass!
Their virtues we write in water.'

But it is not always so, or this world would be a sad place to live in. This summer I was privileged to spend some time in the company of a charming young girl.

plainly that the cause of his degradation was his indulgence in strong drink.

After he was gone, many forcible expressions of disgust were heard. But Leila said:

'Did you notice the look in his eyes when baby toddled over to him? I know he has loved some baby.' And, somehow, our thoughts grew kindlier toward the poor tramp.

Again, we were with some friends when a mutual acquaintance passed. 'What a very plain face that Miss Alison has,' said one.

'But did you ever notice what a sweet

Even where faults are glaring, it is generally well not to talk about them. For our knowledge is imperfect at best, and possibly if we knew more, we should be inclined to pity rather than blame.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Widow Brown's Investments.

She had been the 'Widow Brown' for twenty years—called so from no want of respect, but chiefly to distinguish her from several others of the same name in the same place. In money matters she was 'well fixed,' her neighbors said. Her three children were married and settled to her satisfaction. The handsome farm left her by her husband had increased in value. She hated to part with a single rod of the land that her dear Silas had once owned and occupied, but she was comforted by the thought that if he knew the circumstances, especially the price received for it, he would approve. No doubt he would, for in his day, as in hers, the one distinguishing characteristic of the head of that house was thrift.

To carry out his death-bed instructions seemed to be her supreme desire, not only from loyalty to his memory, but also because she had implicit confidence in his judgment.

'I have left everything to you, Debby,' said he. 'I know you will do what is right by the children, but I've been thinking since I lay here—perhaps we ought to—you better do—'

'Oh, what is it, Silas? What had I better do?' she asked, as she leaned over him to catch his last words; but his stiffened lips were silent for ever, and it was years and years before a suspicion of his meaning dawned upon her.

Mrs. Brown, during all the years of her widowhood, had gained the reputation of a good manager, and she deserved it. She gave something to the poor every year, and paid her taxes, though since her children were gone and her help attended other churches, she rented but half a pew. She said pew-renting was a business transaction, and it was not her way to pay for more of anything than she had use for. She never failed to drop something into the contribution-box, whatever the cause might be, and when privately solicited was rather fond of calling her gift 'the widow's mite,' and not improperly as it sometimes seemed to the solicitor.

'Oh, if her eyes would once be opened to see things in their true light, what a tower of strength she would become,' said Mrs. Scott, a lady foremost in all the benevolent work in the church, to her fellow-worker, Mrs. Edgar. The two were discussing ways and means for increasing certain revenues in which so many ladies are interested at the present time. Mrs. Edgar had pronounced opinions upon most subjects, and she never hesitated to speak her mind.

'Well, that woman's eyes will never be opened,' she said, 'by anything short of a miracle such as opened the eyes of the prophet's servant in Old Testament times.'

'And this was brought about through



DID YOU EVER NOTICE WHAT A SWEET VOICE SHE HAS?

She had no very unusual attractions in the way of appearance or accomplishments, but no matter what company she was in she seemed like a breath of sweet, fresh air. For a time I was puzzled to see just wherein her charm lay, but I finally decided that the secret was in the fact that she never said a harsh or unkind word of anyone, but seemed to be able to see some good traits in even the poorest specimens of humanity.

Together we were coming from a lecture. The comments heard from those about us were 'How dreadfully dull,' 'I thought he would never get finished,' and so on.

I waited for Leila's opinion. It came as we turned down a quiet street.

'How very much in earnest he is,' she said. 'I don't think I was ever so much in earnest over anything as he is on that subject.'

One morning a tramp came to the door, begging. He was a most wretched-looking creature, and his appearance told only too

voice she has?' was Leila's quick response. 'I never miss a chance of speaking to her, for her voice is like music.'

As we go through life, we are likely to find just that we are looking for. A vulture may wing its flight over a beautiful landscape and see nothing but a piece of carrion; while birds of cleaner habits will have their whole being thrilled with delight over the waving trees, the sparkling water, and the bright sunshine. The difference is in the nature of the birds.

If we are in the habit of fault-finding, it may be well to ask ourselves: 'Is it because we are evil that we see so much evil in others? Or, if we were better ourselves, would not the good in others appeal more strongly to us?'

The habit of looking for good in others is one that will abundantly repay cultivating. It is so much pleasanter to find roses than nettles. Our power for helping others will grow with our ability to recognize the good in them.