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Voices of the Sea.

The sea is the sailor's Bible. In it are recorded the power and wisdom and beauty of God. The mighty mystery of the depths below them, the burning stars in the heights above them, and the storm-swept surface and the vast wastes would have an appeal to the souls of the men who go down to the sea in

spurns his puny strength and laughs him to scorn.

The first voice of the sea heard by mortal man is, I suppose, the message of infinity. Its boundlessness suggests the eternal. Its unfathomable billows of intimations of infinite power. Its fathomless depths speak of a fathomless God. Its tireless motion is a figure of the endurance of Him Who holds in the

west and sailing into the unknown. That there is land ahead we firmly believe. We cannot see it, but anon we see signs of it, we have intimations of another country, even a heavenly. The spiritual Columbus must be full of faith, undaunted, patient, brave, never think of turning back.

When I look upon the sea I am impressed with the thought that God is a great accountant. Not a drop can be lost. It may change its form and place, but it cannot fail. Are we not of more value than many drops of the sea? Will the Eternal be responsible for the minutest quantity like that and then lose all trace of you, a thinking, longing, praying intelligence? Will he lose all trace of you, a spiritual son of the Eternal? If God can speak to the sea bird and bid it make its homeward voyage, can He not speak to your soul? Is He vocal to the creatures He has made and dumb to the immortal sons whom He has begotten?

The heart-hunger, the disturbed conscience, the noble impulse, the inspiring hope, the high resolve, the home-sickness for an abiding place beyond the storms of life, what are those but God offering Himself to your soul out on the sea of life and telling you to get ready for the voyage home?

Christ will not always calm the storm, but Christ will always calm the soul in the midst of the storm, and that is better. Believe in Him, trust in His word, rest on His power, surrender to His love, look up through the night of the storm, knowing that God stands charged with the welfare of every child of His, knowing the harbor is yonder.

'Blow, winds of God, to bring us on our way;
We set our sails to catch thee if we may.
The night is dark with storm and tossing spray,
And yet we trust the morning, and we say—
Blow, winds of God, and bring us on our way.'
—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Old Pew-opener.

(London 'Christian World'.)

'Don't go to-day, William; you are really not able, and the weather is not fit.'

It was one of those cold, wet days which come occasionally in some of our summers, days when it would be a pleasure to sit by lighted fires and pretend that the winter had returned.

The old man shook his head, while his wife stood with her hand on his shoulder, trying to persuade him.

'I never missed for over forty years,' he said. 'The old chapel was never open but I was there. No matter what the weather was, I was certain to be in my place. Oh Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth!'

The wife turned away, and tears were in her eyes. She was alarmed about her husband. He was not himself. There was a strange look on his face, and a trembling of his limbs which filled her with anxiety.

'That is all the more reason why you should not go to-day. You did your duty by the old chapel; it is time they let somebody else



COLUMBUS IN SIGHT OF THE NEW WORLD.
(From an old print.)

ships and do business in the great waters. The sea is the sailor's sanctuary, the sea is the sailor's organ where he hears played every music from lullaby to Hallelujah Chorus, the infinite thunder of the storm and the rattle and shock of the hurricane.

The sea seems to belong to God in a peculiar sense. Man pretends to own the land, but over the sea he exercises no permanent dominion. Man's ships leave no tracks as they cross it. Man cannot possess it. It

hollow of His hand those ceaseless waves. No greater deeds have been done than those which have been wrought upon the sea.

We need the same daring and discipline and character and skill. Our world is also a world of peril, requiring hardship and the Columbus spirit. Life is an adventure, and only those arrive and brave the dangers and accept the sacrifices leading to the larger and diviner country. We, too, must 'sail on and on and on.' For we are all like Columbus, sailing