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His Anchor Held.

(Russell E. Conwell, in the 'Morning Star.')

A sailor in Gloucester, Mass., had been wounded in a wreck, and was brought ashore. The fever was great and he was dying. His comrades gathered around him in a little fishing house, and the physician said, 'He won't live long.' The sailor was out of his mind until near the close. But, within a few minutes of his death, he looked around, and calling one comrade after another, bade them good-bye, and then sank off into sleep. Finally, as it was time for his medicine again, one of the sailors, rousing him, said, 'Mate, how are you now?' He looked up into the eyes of his friend and said, 'My anchor holds!' They were his last words. And when they called upon a friend of mine to take charge of the funeral service, how powerful was the impression made upon his hearers when he quoted the dying words: 'My anchor holds.'

One Way.

(By Miss I. M. Smith.)

'How soon a smile of God can change the world,' she read.

'Ah, yes! but when God's face is turned away, how dark and cold it grows,' she mused. 'How dreary and dark and cold! How can I bear to go on and live my desolate life, now that God's smile has ceased for me!'

But Elizabeth's was a brave spirit, and no one but herself knew of these hours of terrible sadness and depression.

Her friends all said of her, 'How well she bears the changes and afflictions of the past year!' A year which had taken from her those whom she loved most in all the world.

But she had not shut herself up, she had not talked overmuch about her griefs, and her serious face had always brightened at the sight of a friend, while her interest in the interests of others she had never allowed to flag.

There were some who said openly that they could not understand her! Yet Elizabeth's standpoint was a very simple one.

'There are just two sorts of people in the world, the saddeners and the gladders,' she had said to herself during the first dark days. 'I don't know yet whether I can help to gladden others who are in sorrow, but I do know that I will not sadden anyone and so add to the weight of another's already heavy burden.'

'It seems to me that the only right way of living in this sad old world is to help others all one can, and never to hinder. And when one is no longer happy, then one must try to make other people happier—just because one is still alive.'

'What a very little thing will give joy to a child! So I will try to make the children about me happy as long as I live. And what a very little act of kindness, thoughtfulness or courtesy will bring a glad smile to some poor creature's face. I will try to call up such smiles as often as I can. So many little pleasant friendly things can be done for others every day—if one only thinks of doing them. And if every one of us tried to help along the sunshine instead of the shadows, how much brighter and better the world would be. For happiness is what every one craves, and most of us lack. It will never be mine again, but

Sir Matthew Hale.

Sir Matthew Hale, who was born at Alderley, in Gloucestershire, on November 1st, A.D. 1609, became Lord Chief Justice of England in 1660. He was throughout his life remarkable for his piety and love to God.

In 1666, there was a wide-spread belief that the end of the world would happen in that year. Judge Hale being engaged in the business of the assizes, was, on a certain day, conducting a trial when a terrible storm burst over the place. The whole assembly were filled with sudden fear of death and judgment, and betook themselves to prayer, but the judge was not in the least discomposed, and

when he was asked, 'How he could treat a man so kindly who had wronged him so grievously?' his answer was, 'He thanked God that he had learned to forget injuries.'

The following well-known lines, so often seen on cottage walls and in almanacks, were written by Sir Matthew Hale:—

'A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the joys of to-morrow;
But a Sunday profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.'

And the learned judge acted on his own rule,



SIR MATTHEW HALE.

he quietly proceeded with the business in hand until the storm had ceased.

For many years this good judge regularly laid aside the tenth part of his income for acts of charity, and secretly paid the debts of many poor men, that they might be released from prison.

There was a man who had done him great wrong and injustice, who afterwards came to him for his advice. Sir Matthew frankly gave it to him, and would accept no fee, and

at best I will try to give a little of it to others whenever I possibly can!'

So the days and months had passed slowly on, until at last Elizabeth found God's smile again. For by thinking constantly of others, this 'sad old world' came to be again a pleas-

ant place to dwell. And in constantly trying to give happiness to those about her, she found it also for herself, until she realized that thus, though in a new, unlooked-for way, 'a smile of God' had 'changed the world' for her.—Selected.

for, for thirty-six years he never once failed in attending church on the Lord's Day. In 1676, his health failed, and he had a curious presentiment of his death, for he said, that 'if he did not die on such a day (the 25th of November), he believed he should live a month longer.' And he died on that very day month, being Christmas-day, a day on which he had been accustomed to write sacred poetry, and to feel special joy and devotion.—'Chatterbox.'