

# Northern Messenger

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## The Child and the Sea...

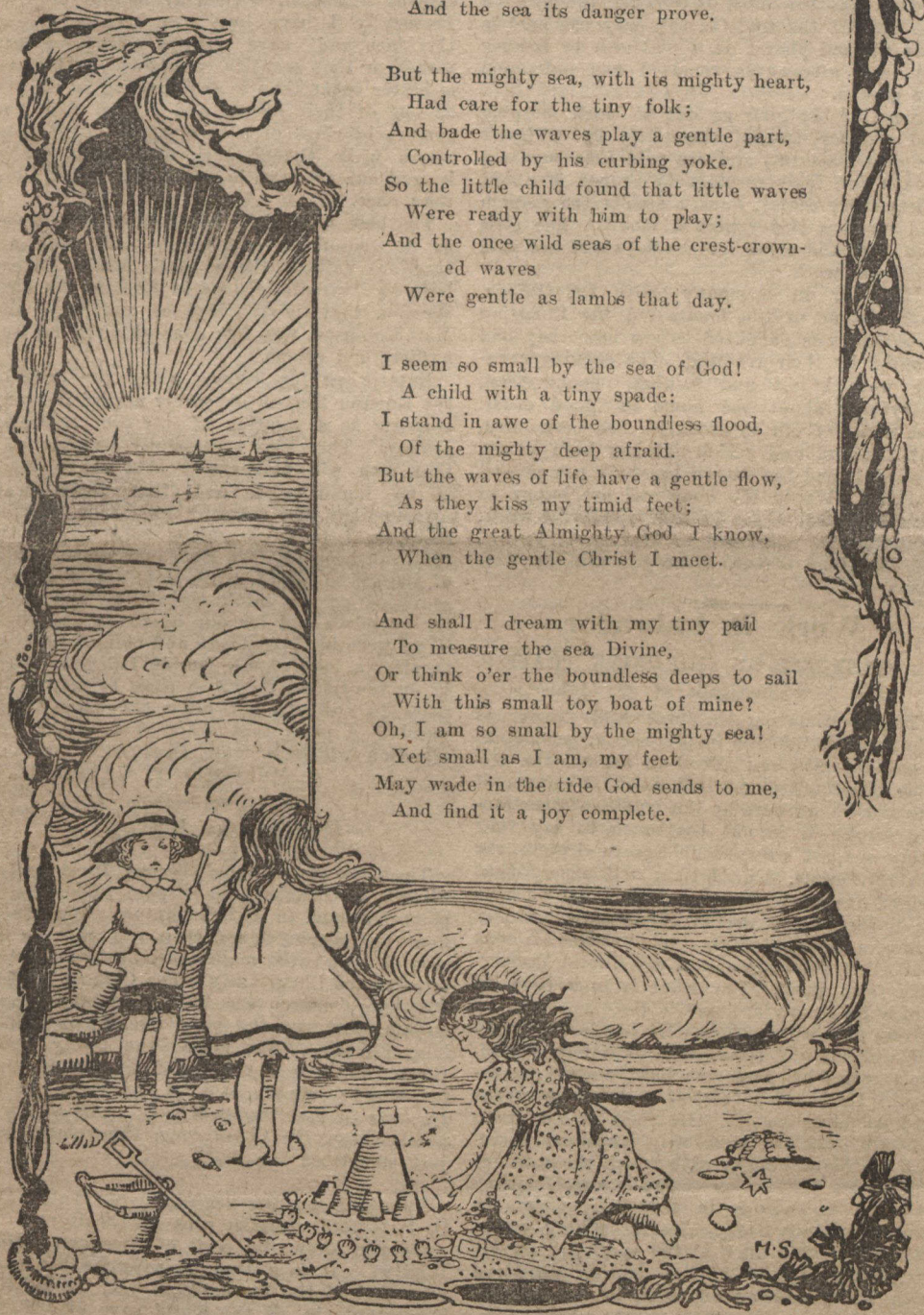
(William Luff, in the 'Christian.')  
Killean 2nd St. E. 10

A tiny child, with a tiny pail,  
Went down with its tiny feet  
The beautiful broad old sea to hail,  
And its waters vast to meet.  
It seemed so small as my eye looked down  
From the lofty cliffs above,  
That I feared the little one would drown,  
And the sea its danger prove.

But the mighty sea, with its mighty heart,  
Had care for the tiny folk;  
And bade the waves play a gentle part,  
Controlled by his curbing yoke.  
So the little child found that little waves  
Were ready with him to play;  
And the once wild seas of the crest-crown-  
ed waves  
Were gentle as lambs that day.

I seem so small by the sea of God!  
A child with a tiny spade:  
I stand in awe of the boundless flood,  
Of the mighty deep afraid.  
But the waves of life have a gentle flow,  
As they kiss my timid feet;  
And the great Almighty God I know,  
When the gentle Christ I meet.

And shall I dream with my tiny pail  
To measure the sea Divine,  
Or think o'er the boundless deeps to sail  
With this small toy boat of mine?  
Oh, I am so small by the mighty sea!  
Yet small as I am, my feet  
May wade in the tide God sends to me,  
And find it a joy complete.



—From 'Father Tuck's Annual.'

## A Gift to be Cultivated.

Let all you possess of unselfishness come to your aid when you write any given letter. I often pray for help and inspiration just before I write. Throw yourself into the environment of the one to whom you are about to write and tell just what you are sure will interest, encourage and comfort. Else why should you write? Instead of using time or space for excuses and apologies, which cannot alter the fact that you have not written be-

fore, begin at once to write the beautiful, loving words which you expect to put into the letter. It is safer to write short letters when you have a sudden inspiration to do so, or the impulse to pass on something which is stimulating or interesting, than to wait for the opportunity to write a long letter which must then begin with an apology.

Two ministers lived in the same town. One was lavish in promises to do for others, and often forgot his good intentions. The other rarely promised, but as rarely forgot to fol-

low up his good intentions with kind and unselfish deeds. Of one it was said: 'Dr. — does apologize so beautifully,' and of the other: 'Mr. — does not have to apologize.'

Teach children to write letters of acknowledgement for gifts, letters to relatives living at a distance whom they long to see, to their own little friends, and to their elder brothers and sisters away at college. The seeds of gratitude, reverence and loyalty will thus be sown and nurtured, to spring up in them in later life into fair fruit.—New York 'Observer.'

## Open Doors.

'If people would open more doors and windows, they would have less need of drugs,' said the family physician, repeating the axiom that is fast growing familiar to all ears and lips, however foreign it may be to all practice. 'There is plenty of fresh air outdoors, life-giving and free, so why insist on breathing over and over again the stale supply pent within four walls?'

Why do it with the soul any more than with the body? The more doors it opens outward, the more healthful, happy and active the spirit will be. To shut itself within itself, to breathe over again its own troubles, anxieties, animosities and griefs, great and small, is to grow morbid and soul-sick. There are so many doors that are ready to let in floods of fresh thought and interest, if one will but open them! There are doors that open upon other lives, with their needs and struggles, their hopes and fears; and there is nothing that will more effectually banish the malaria of one's own worries than a blessed breeze of sympathy for others. There are doors opening out on the world's great fields of movement and achievement, and to keep in touch with these is to keep the mind alert to the new forces, new discoveries, that are daily coming to the help of mankind, and to be athrill with a gladness and wonder that crowd out pettiness.

There are doors opening heavenward—never before were there so many of them,—and offering such glorious vision as now, when 'the world seems swinging back toward God,' and the promise and portent of the coming kingdom is everywhere. It is doors and windows opened outward that are needed to make the whole being healthful, and life worth living.—'Forward.'

## Keeping One's Life in Tune.

Pianos have to be kept in tune. Every now and then the tuner comes and goes over all the strings, keying them up, so that there will be no discords when the instrument is played. Our lives have a great many more strings than a piano, and much more easily get out of tune. Then they begin to make discords, and the music is spoiled. We need to watch them carefully to keep their strings always up to concert pitch.

One way in which a piano is put out of tune is by use. The constant striking of the strings stretches them and they need to be keyed up from time to time. Life's common experiences have an exhausting effect. We have our daily struggles, temptations, burdens, cares, duties, and at the close of the