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The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

The Church Bell.

(S. N., in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Like dew on the gardens in summer descending,

The Sabbath bell calls the people to prayer;
To the House of the Lord, whose roof all befriending,

Would be to them refuge from sin and from care.

Come, low in confession your conscience relieving,

And hear His kind promise of pardon to-day;
Drink life from His look, and in Him believing,

Gain ease for your burdens and strength for your way.

Bring hither your wounds, find balm for their healing,

Bring hither your follies, be saved and have rest.

He gives peace to you all, as penitents kneeling,

And sends you back home of high freedom possessed.

O prodigals! come ye, you shall not stand knocking;

God's heart, like His Church, has a wide-open door;

No want of His creature, nor welcome is lacking;

Come, freely partake of His limitless store.

All people, O hear ye! this house is the token
Your needs are supplied by the Infinite Love;

Bring hither all vows and all hearts that are broken,

Take earnest of healing and wholeness above.



Communication.

A Communion Thought.

(By Dorcas Hicks, in the 'Presbyterian Observer.')

As I was sitting lately in church, during an observance of our blessed communion feast, a thought came to me which has stayed with me until the wish to pass it on has arisen. I imagined an announcement made that, after the service should be over, the Master, who had been with his people at the table, would visibly wait for a while in one part of the church to receive requests, impart help or counsel, and listen to any story of sorrow or anxiety which those present might wish to tell him. Then I imagined the service concluded, the benediction pronounced, and the hush which followed while the divine form became visible and realization dawned of the wondrous opportunity offered.

Would there be any in that congregation who would turn away from the waiting One yonder, careless of the privilege which might be theirs? Perhaps the children, the young people, might hasten out with no special sense of need or loss, yet, even among them, I fancied little, eager faces turned towards Him, flushed with the thought of having His hand laid upon their heads in blessing, as of old.

But how the men and women would crowd around the gracious Saviour, of whose dying love they had just been thinking so tenderly and gratefully! How they would wait their turn to speak to him, watch the loving face, listen for the gentle voice, and gather into as earnest words as possible the heart-history they would tell! I think each one would gain the Master's ear alone, and be able so to speak the grief or perplexity or trouble, whatever it were, as if none other were in that Presence just then. And I am sure that the Master's word and look and touch would seem to each one as precious as if no other shared it at that moment.

How the pent-up, perhaps unsuspected, anguish of one heart would pour itself out with an infinite sense of relief! How one and

It spreads through the skies, to the people announcing:

My gates are thrown open to all wide and free;

O enter, your ranks and conditions renouncing!

O come before God and as sinners agree!

Give thanks for the goodness which all things are telling—

The air and the sky, the ocean and field;
Together to Him who in Jesus was dwelling,

Come aged, come children, your thanksgiving yield.