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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

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God's Way of Giving.

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green
Were grace unmeet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs, thank God!

After the lark the swallow,
Blackbirds in the hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales, all roads I trod,
As though one bird were not enough, thank
God!

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out;
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank
God!

—Katharine Tynan.

Have you ever thought of it? Have you ever stood in the midst of a field of daisies and clover and realized the kingly giving of our Father. Countless blossoms, seen and unseen, filling the air with fragrance. Countless grass blades covering the earth with their beautiful green carpet. Countless drops of dew cooling and refreshing the night air. Countless bird songs rejoicing our ears.

No limit to His bounty, or rather the only limit our power to realize and our will to accept and enjoy His gifts. Let us think more and more of Him and His wonderful gracious love and care for us, and let us, in these beautiful days when we are storing up strength for future work, not neglect to show our gratitude to Him. Let us attend the services that are held in His honor, and if we are out of reach of regular church service, let us gather together in two's and three's to sing and pray and read His word and honor His name and the day He called his own. And let us not give grudgingly to Him who gives so lavishly.

The Lord's Day an Oasis.

In the whole parish of All Souls', London, England, there is just one little bit of green grass. That is Cavendish Square. At this square has very beautiful grass and lovely shade trees. The rector, Rev. F. S. Webster,

draws this lesson: 'How long do you think that grass would remain green, how long do you think those trees would spread their shady branches, and the beautiful flower beds would continue to delight both residents and visitors, if there were no palings round the square. But just because that garden

in the midst of the square is surrounded by railings, that garden remains green and beautiful.

'So it is with the Lord's Day. God has built a solid statute, "Thou shalt not," around the one day in seven, a barrier against man's greed and selfishness, a bar-