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In Great Waters.

(Genevieve Irons, in the "Sunday Magazine.")

Softly falls the summer night
O'er the ocean wide,
Memories of the afterglow
On its bosom glide;
Silently the day drops down,
Far beyond the tide.

Gracious is the fisher's lot,
Waking while we sleep,
God doth show him wondrous things
Out upon the deep,
Teaching him in parables
That his heart can keep.

Heaven that watcheth all night long,
With its thousand eyes,
Countless stars, that silently
Sing about the skies,
Whisper to his simple soul
Thoughts that make him wise,



'SOFTLY FALLS THE SUMMER NIGHT.'

Fishermen put out to sea,
For the night is fair,
And a goodly draught awaits
In the waters there,
Where the waves lie rocked to sleep
In the evening air.

Ocean, with its restless moods,
Sullen, mild, or gay,
Unto God unchangeable
Teacheth him to pray,
Trains him for the Sabbath morn
Of an endless day.

And his very fishing-net
Speaks a message true,
Telling him how joyfully
Man such work should do—
Since, with love let down from heaven,
God is fishing too.

His Dual Mission.

It is easy to criticize the ministers, and, indeed, to offer good excuses for such criticism. But it ought to be borne in mind, that justice among men is purely a relative term and that as compared with the average layman the pastor is a man of exceeding virtue and exceeding power. The world is not suffering for good pastors, as much by a gunshot, as for good pewsters.

The Gospel of Christ is the Gospel of Help. The weary, the heavy laden, the oppressed, the bound, the tempted, the disappointed, the sinful, the sick, appealed to Jesus as the comfortable never did.

He said of himself: 'The Son of Man came to save that which was lost,' and the record of Him is that He went about doing good. Here are the foundation courses of the pastorate, and as to the life of the ministry upon the lost, so far as individual effort is concerned, the record is one to be proud of. The missions, the free hospitals, the Salvation Army, the American Volunteers, the deaconesses, the prison chaplains, and the like are of the church, without exception.

Next to the lost, in the estimation of Jesus, came the little children. 'Suffer them,' He said, 'to come unto me.' But He said that, not to ministers, but to parents. Homes are the churches, or the pitfalls of children.

He took a little child and set it in the midst and said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

What, would they come if they were suffered to, these totally depraved little men and women?

'Yes, they would. That heresy has the backing of Jesus Christ.

What a picture of society it is; in the midst a little child—the stuff of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Christian adults encircling them like a wall. 'Give me your children, and the world will be a Heaven. And the children will naturally come unto me if you suffer them,' says the Son of God.

We hear men say—good men, too. 'Ah, well,