

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 12

MONTREAL, MARCH 24, 1905.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## The Ebb and Flow of the Tide.

(Marianne Farningham, in the London 'Sunday-school Times.')

I stand on the edge of a boundless sea  
Whose waters are vast and deep.  
Sometimes the billows fight furiously,  
And sometimes calmly sleep;  
Sometimes in their generous wealth they rise  
Up to my very feet;  
And now they are stretching so far away,  
That I scarcely hear them beat;  
But pleasures and troubles are coming thus  
On the breast of the waters wide,  
And I wait to see what shall be to me  
With the ebb and the flow of the tide.  
Like a boat that is stranded I lie a while  
On the tide-forsaken shore;  
The hot sun beats on the barren strand,  
And, oh, that the day were o'er!  
Where are my waters of blessing now,  
I ask of my lonely heart,  
And the joyous movement and glow of life  
In which I once had part?  
But a lesson in patience is given to me  
While the waters from me glide;  
Though the time be long, I can wait with song,  
For the flow of the freshening tide.  
Oh, merry and free is the sunlit sea  
When the bounding waters play,  
And the rhythmic leaps of the gentle waves  
Keep time to my glad some lay.  
Cheerily dancing the bright hours through,  
The waters rise and fall,

And the beautiful skies in their cloudless blue  
Look down and bless us all;  
And every change is an added bliss,  
While gently the waters glide,  
And hope laughs out with a happy shout  
On the ebb and the flow of the tide.

A terrible storm beats down on me,  
And the waves are mountain-high,  
In a tempest of anger they rise and shriek  
To the black and frowning sky;  
And I am out in the whirl and rush,  
Helpless, alone, afraid:  
The waves and the billows sweep over me  
And how is my soul dismayed!  
Oh, for a helper—a saving ark,  
A haven in which to hide!  
But after the storm a calm will come  
With the ebb or flow of the tide.

My home is away across the sea,  
Where the skies and the waters meet;  
That is the land where the Summers last,  
And the tempests never beat.  
And what of the voyage that lies between  
This and the other shore?  
I have a boat that is safe and strong,  
And a Pilot to take me o'er;  
The water is low, but soon, I know,  
I shall see the face of my Guide,  
And sail away to the happy day  
On the joyous flow of the tide,

'I have called,' said the stranger, 'to show you that I have kept my promise.'

'What promise? Who are you?'

'Why, Mr. Merritt, don't you remember me? I called only this morning.'

'This morning! I never saw you before in my life.'

A merry smile brightened the dark face of the caller. His clean-shaven features would alone have prevented recognition. But in addition to a fresh shave, he had fresh linen, a well-blacked pair of shoes, plain but neat clothing, and a trim hat. These had worked a transformation in his appearance marvellous to behold. It required earnest assurances on his part to convince Mr. Merritt that his two callers were one and the same man. He explained in a few words. Fired with an earnest determination to reform, he had spent several hours in tidying up. His first investment was a good bath. Next he patronized a barber, then a ready-made clothing dealer, then a haberdasher. With his last twenty-five cents he had purchased a comfortable meal. Not a cent had gone for liquor.

So delighted was the philanthropist with the result of his experiment, that he procured work for the man in the office of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers of 'The Voice,' addressing envelopes at fifteen cents a hundred.

'Do you know, who that man is?' asked Sam Small, the noted prohibitionist, as he walked through the publishing house, and noticed the quiet figure of the new mailing clerk.

'No.'

'He is John G. Woolley, one of the most brilliant men of the Great West, a man of the highest education and mental power. As a lawyer in Minneapolis, he was easily the leader of the bar of his State, his practice netting him from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But he fell, a victim to strong drink.'

It was indeed true. An uncontrollable appetite had wrecked the home and the professional career of one of the brightest men in Minnesota. His wife had clung to him until he had lost all self-respect; then she had left him.

The struggle upward was a bitter one for the reformed man, but it was brightened by the love and helpfulness of true friends. The Rev. Dr. Deems took an interest in him, and so did the late Dr. Boole. His devoted wife hurried to his side, and together they bravely faced the world again. Bankrupt in health as well as in purse, a period of rest was procured for him at Springfield, Mass. Then, one Sunday afternoon, he made his first temperance speech at Cooper Union, New York. It was electrical. Thrilling as were the words to the auditors, the speech was destined to have a still more powerful effect upon the speaker himself. It opened up a new vista to him. Strengthened by the consolations of religion, and encouraged by the promptings of his wife, of his friends, and of his own heart, Mr. Woolley resolved to devote his life to the work of saving others from the drink evil. His own reformation being permanent, his great talents soon began to find play. Within a year, there burst on the sky of temperance reform a star of the first magnitude, a brilliant thinker, an able party leader, a man of such im-

## The Finding of an Orator.

(From 'Stepping Stones,' by Orison Swett Marden.)

A dark-visaged, unkempt man, who had evidently been on a protracted spree, but whose face retained some evidences of refinement, shuffled up to the desk of Stephen Merritt in his New York office, one bright summer morning a little more than ten years ago. In his hand he carried a battered hat, but so much did he tremble from effects of long abstinence from food and the nerve-racking consequences of strong drink, that the hat fell from his grasp, as he stood waiting for the merchant to look up. A week's growth of beard gave his face a tramp-like appearance.

'Mr. Merritt,' he began, falteringly, 'I have been told that you are a friend of the unfortunate—'

There was something in the tone of the speaker's voice that caused Mr. Merritt to stop writing and turn sharply in surprise. He looked the man over scrutinizingly. Evidently, he thought, it was an unusual case. A pair of pathetic dark eyes looked, appealingly, straight into his. The tramp had once been a gentleman—that was plain.

'I am unfortunate; will you help me?'

In his bluff way, the philanthropist pretended to be very angry at the suggestion.

While secretly resolved to help the poor fellow, he exclaimed:

'Not a cent for a drunkard! I have all I can do to assist those who are worthy. How dare you ask me for money, when you know you will go straight to a rumshop with it?'

The dark eyes of the stranger snapped fire. The manhood in him had not been extinguished.

'Try me,' he replied, as he bit his lips; 'try me.'

Down into his vest pocket went the hand of the merchant, bringing forth a five-dollar bill. Handing it over, he said, earnestly:

'I will try you; but, if I am deceived, as I have been so often—'

'You won't be, Mr. Merritt,' interrupted the man; 'you won't be. Your kindness will make a man of me.'

He grasped the hand of his benefactor, and, in a choking voice, promised to reform, and to let him know.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. The merchant-philanthropist was about to leave his office. He had been very busy all day, partly with the demands of his business, partly with the claims of the poor. A fine-looking man of about thirty-five was his last caller.

'What can I do for you, sir?' Mr. Merritt asked, just a trace of impatience in his voice.