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The Sabbath.

(The Rev. Isaac Hyatt, in the 'Morning Star.')

The Sabbath is a beautiful day. It brings to our hearts the sweetest joys of earth. It is an emblem of heaven. It is a memorial day, suggesting the most precious memories clustering about the history of the human race. It recalls the wonderful acts of creation, when the Lord Almighty formed the earth, with its beautiful rivers, towering mountains, pleasant valleys, and grand oceans, and set the sun, moon, and stars in their appointed places. It recalls the crowning act of God's love in the gift, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is the Lord's day. He has sanctioned it and set his seal upon it. Hence it has flowed through the ages like a river of life.

The Scriptures, history, and geography throw around the Sabbath the beams of their united light, showing that it was instituted at the creation of the world as a day for rest, doing good, and divine worship. Biology attests that man needs such a day, and concedes to it sanitary power. Mental philosophy acknowledges it as an incentive adapted to man's intellectual improvement. The history of Christianity proclaims it to be a help to man as a moral and religious being. Ethics and law teach that it is necessary to ameliorate the condition of society. Certainly all these evidences should convince us that the Sabbath is a divine institution.

All days are adapted to the needs of the various animals that inhabit the earth, but this day is adapted to man in his higher, intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. Verily, we should praise God that the year has these fifty-two springs from which we may draw and drink the water of life. All through the Bible great stress is laid upon its proper observance. In some of the mines of Pennsylvania mules are worked. On Sabbath they are brought up into the light of the Christian Sabbath, not only to be kept from going blind, but that we may see; for many of us are blind now. We do not see the excellence of the Bible, the preciousness of Christ, or the value of the soul. We are so blind that we reckon the things of time of greater importance than those of eternity. Now the Christian Sabbath is the great luminary of God, shining upon the earth one day in seven, that this darkness may be dispelled, thus enabling us to see things as they are. Happy for us if we walk in its light.

But let us be careful not to worship the Sabbath day, but use it to help us to rest, do good, and worship our Creator. Since the resurrection of Christ the first day of the week has been kept as the Christian sabbath. Since it is a fact that it is impossible without an inspired almanac to tell just what twenty-four hours of the week correspond to the original Sabbath, is it not unreasonable to suppose our Creator would make our present and future happiness depend upon our doing what it is impossible for us to know how to do? All that nature and the Bible require is that



'ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT COMES TO ME O'ER AND O'ER.'

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light,

Oh, if my mortal feet,
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think—

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That my feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

—Phoebe Cary.