

C-221-5-6

Wm Bronscombe 30:06

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 43

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## The Making of Memories.

(Religious Tract Society.)

There is one provision for old age which everybody can make. Nay, it is a provision which everybody must make, whether he will or no. The only choice left us is, shall we lay up warm scarlet and pure wool to wrap around our chilly age, or shall we find ourselves reduced to a few paltry rags?

For, as years pass on, they must leave memories of some kind with all. The only ques-

tion for us is, shall those memories be good or bad,—shall they gladden or sadden us?

to reassure us. We had not taken the road in general use, but we were on a road which would bring us to our destination. He owned it was very rough farther on, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eye. Still it could be done. So we would do it.



### OLD MEMORIES.

The roughest bit of the road is often the pleasantest to look back upon.' I will illustrate this by an incident of a happy summer day in the Deeside Highlands. Three of us had started out for a drive over a district we did not know. We had heard of no difficulties in the way. We took what seemed to be the right road, and journeyed on snugly for a while. Presently the road grew very rough. We hesitated. Should we turn back? It seemed a pity, for we had already come so far. We persevered. Then the highway began to look suspiciously like a cart road, and we feared it might end with 'No thoroughfare.'

Seeing a little lonely church with a minister's house, we alighted and made inquiries. The minister himself hospitably came forth

each was helpful: we smiled in each other's faces, and joked and moralized.

Suddenly there burst upon our view a glorious vision! We were high enough to seem higher than the more distant hills,—and there they were, range upon range, patches of eternal snow glistening on one or two, all bathed in the soft light of the sinking sun! When we talk over that afternoon, do we speak of the stones and the trudging? No, we recall all as 'The adventures of our mountain-top afternoon.'

But suppose we had been cross and complaining? Suppose we had turned back when the road was at its worst? What should we then have to remember?

Is it not the same with the rough, uphill bits of life? Taken with cheery helpfulness, and widening our experience, do they not

make the most pleasantest of our memories?

On the other hand, is there anything so sad as to look back on blessings never valued, or on opportunities wilfully lost? Is it not the consciousness, that, even at our best, we have not made the most of what has been granted to us, which casts some pathetic shadow across all backward glances?

We live in a changing world. Let us do what we may to keep a firm grip on our past, yet we find it ever slipping from us. The ancient landmarks are always shifting. Every 'improvement' necessarily sweeps away the familiar scenery of somebody's life. No places can be so bitterly strange as old places can become. However stationary we may be, if we live long enough, a new world comes to us! and if we go away and stay away a while, then no returning ever brings us really back to 'our ain countrie.'

## 'One of These Little Ones.'

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the 'Christian.')

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And 'that' cannot stop their tears.

—E. B. Browning.

It was a small room, bare and cold, where—in a delicate woman lay upon a comfortless bed. Upon her brow could be seen the pallor of approaching death. By the narrow window stood a sad-faced girl of twelve, gazing up into the clear blue sky, thinking on in strange perplexity. She had heard the children laughing as they passed along, and seen them cared for and amused. 'What made the difference for her?' she wondered. A movement of the coverlet, and she turned quickly to her mother.

'There is just a little milk left. Will you try to drink it, mother dear?'

'No, darling. You need it more than I do. I have been watching you. Oh Maggie, child, when I think of our lost home, so full of comforts and love, and of your father! Do you remember him? He was handsome and clever; but his gambling companions brought him to ruin!'

'Don't cry, there's a dear, dear mother. When I can work I will make it up, and we will be so happy.'

'Do you wonder why I weep? It is for you, my gentle, innocent girl, to see your young life darkened by want and poverty, when you are unfit for a rough, hard life. I could die without a pang, for I long for heaven and rest, but to leave 'you' amid these shadows and sorrows, which never need have been, is more than I can bear.'

The woman closed her eyes, while visions of the home of other days passed before her, and then the dark picture of trouble and distress. Maggie had heard the freely spoken opinion of the neighbors in that close environment, and a dreadful fear deepened on the poor child's heart as she stood beside her mother.

'What shall I do? The doctor said you must have something good to eat; where can I get