

# Northern Messenger

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## The Muezzin's Call.

(Kate W. Hamilton.)

The sunlight fades softly from sea and shore,  
The last beams lingering on mosque and tower,  
And clear, from a minaret rising afar,  
The muezzin's voice calls the evening hour:

'God is great! God is one!  
Come to prayer, come to prayer!  
Prayer is better than sleep;  
Come to prayer!'

Through the long centuries faded and gone,  
So dark with their story of sorrow and crime,  
This voice of eternity still has rung on  
Its message unchanged to the sons of time:

'God is great! God is one!  
Come to prayer, come to prayer!  
Prayer is better than sleep;  
Come to prayer!'

Truth amid error, a light in the gloom,  
Faint it reaches us here, in our pilgrim tent,  
Like a whisper of faith, of comfort, of rest,  
That says to our home-sick hearts 'Be content:

'God is great, God is one,  
Whether here or at home;  
Still his heaven is near,  
Come to prayer.

'His night gently folds the children of earth,  
He cares for, and loves, and pities them all.  
He knows the blind eyes, the hands raised in  
the dark,

And the voice of the muezzin sounds his call:

'God is great, God is one,  
In all lands, 'neath the sun;  
He is ready to hear,  
Come to prayer!' ---'Forward.'

## Saved in a Railway Train.

(Grace Pettman, in the 'Christian.')

It was a dull and cheerless winter morning. I had been up North for a ten days' mission, and was returning to London by train. The work had been done under difficulties. All the week I had been really too ill to conduct the meetings. Worn out and tired, I just longed to be alone, and when my only fellow-passenger got out at Doncaster a great desire filled me to have the carriage to myself the rest of the way to London. But I was disappointed. The train was on the point of starting, when a young railway man in uniform handed his wife—scarcely more than a girl—into the carriage.

The fast-melting snow was flooding the big meadows, and the air was bitterly cold, so I said, 'Wouldn't you like the window shut? It's very raw this morning.'

The girl-wife started. 'Oh, yes, please; I forgot, I wasn't cold. I came away in such a hurry—I only had two hours' notice.'

I closed the window and retreated to my corner, while the young woman leant back and gazed steadily out on the flooded fields; but a glance told that her eyes saw not, and her thoughts were far away. Suddenly an idea struck me, and I said:

'I expect you have had no lunch if you came away so hurriedly; will you accept some of my sandwiches?'

A rush of unshed tears came to the young woman's eyes, as she thanked me gratefully. The ice was now broken, and she told me her story.

'My father is dying—they've just telegraphed for me—I am summoned home to see him die—it's hard, so hard!'

A few words of sympathy brought the ready tears, and they were falling quickly when I ventured a pointed question—tremblingly, it is true: 'And your father; is he ready to die?'

'Oh, yes!' the words came brokenly, 'he is one of the best of men—as good a man as one could meet.' 'But goodness is not enough,' I ventured; 'is he really trusting in the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour?'

'Yes, he is,' she said, emphatically, 'and he has been a Christian and a preacher of the Gospel for many years.'

'Then you cannot regret his being called, if he is old and full of years; it only means going home to the Lord Jesus in glory, and you will meet him some day again—will you not?'

Another rush of tears, and she burst out: 'Oh, I am not a Christian—I do wish I were! I have wanted to be saved for years, but somehow I could never understand the way!'

'Suppose God has sent you to meet me, in order that from his Word he may show you the way here and now! Are you willing to accept Christ as your Saviour?'

'Yes,' she answered, 'I am—that is exactly what I want.'

Taking out my pocket Bible, I opened it at Isa. i., 18, and asked her to read it—'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'There, you see, is the Lord's invitation; are you willing to accept it?'

'Yes, I am!' 'Then let us tell him so!'

The train was rushing on at forty or fifty miles an hour, but there, in the carriage of the