

I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness' (Isaiah xli, 10). I could not doubt, and from that moment I lost all fear, and knew that I should be saved. The whole incident comes back to me as if it were yesterday.

I was not yet out of danger; nay, in the next ten minutes, humanly speaking, my peril increased greatly. Yet I knew who had spoken that promise, and that I was safe! Scrambling, climbing, clinging, I slowly advanced, reaching upward. It was no choice of steps, for an instant's hesitation or cessation would have entailed a headlong fall upon the rocks or into the sea; and without rest or a glance below, my way was onward and upward ever! At length I saw the top of the cliffs, and to my horror discerned that the last dozen or twenty feet projected outward and overhung the spot where I was clinging. I shall never know how I overtopped that difficulty; I trusted, and I had God's promise, and I was saved! At last, I remember how I got one arm over the top, and raising myself by a supreme effort rolled myself to a little distance from the edge of that fearful cliff, and lay for some time panting and with nerves untinged; till after a while I roused myself, and actually afterwards found the path down the cliff to the coves, and explored their interesting recesses before I rejoined those who had been my companions, and returned to Falmouth, where I was staying at that time.

Do you know anything of this God-consciousness, this assurance that the Almighty One is with you? To myself it has been my most precious possession during a period of twenty years. It is always there while I am willing to do his will and desirous to be loyal to our Lord and Saviour Jesus. And in other crises of my life, as in prolonged sickness and special trouble or difficulty, it has been as clear and helpful as in this experience, when my life was placed in jeopardy.

When the storms of life beat upon us, when we encounter its deadly conflicts and are imperilled by its sudden snares, this God-consciousness rises like a flood in our hearts, makes strong our hand and steadfast our hope and courage. When we are weak in ourselves we become strengthened in God, and when danger confronts we are secure under his protection and guidance. Though it were foolish, as in my case, to run heedlessly into an unknown peril, even then, as in times when his own service has brought danger nigh, have we heard his voice speaking unto us as of old, saying, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'—J. Howard Fry, in the 'Christian.'

### After Forty-Nine Years.

When a man has been a mission worker for forty-nine years his opinion ought to be worth something. Dr. Jessup, who has been all that time teaching in Syria, says he has himself learned these nine lessons:

My first lesson is one of gratitude to God that I have been enabled to live so long in such a blessed work.

The second is that, if I could live my life over again, I would choose the missionary work above all others.

The third is one of sorrow and humiliation at my many mistakes and failures, and of a strong desire that I might try again with new purpose, new wisdom, and new consecration.

The fourth is the inadequacy and worthlessness of the human element in the missionary work unless vitalized, inspired, and controlled by the divine.

The fifth is the vantage-ground occupied by the new missionary of to-day over those who went out fifty years ago.

The sixth is that the great convulsions, wars and massacres which desolate mission fields, such as the Syrian massacres of 1860 and the Chinese Boxer outbreak of 1900, are the ploughshares upturning the soil for the good seed, and preparing the way for reconstruction, regeneration and reformation.

The seventh is that the Bible is bound to supplant the Koran, the Vedas, and the books of Confucius.

The eighth is that the world needs the Gospel, and will not be at rest until it has received Jesus Christ.

The ninth is that the most precious service of the missionary is the oral preaching of the Gospel.—'The Classmate.'

### Answered Prayer.

I asked for bread; God gave a stone instead;  
Yet while I pillowed there my weary head

The angels made a ladder of my dreams.  
Which upward to celestial mountains led.

And when I woke, before the morning's  
beams,

Around my resting place the manna lay;  
And, praising God, I went upon my way,  
For I was fed.

I asked for strength; for with the noontide  
heat

I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,  
Went forward with rich sheaves I could not  
bear.

Then came the Master, with his blood-stained  
feet,

And lifted me with sympathetic care.  
Then on his arm I leaned till it was done;  
And I stood with the rest at set of sun,  
My task complete.

I asked for light; around me closed the night,  
Nor guiding star met my bewildered sight,

For storm-clouds gathered in a tempest near.  
Yet in the lightning's blazing, roaring flight

I saw the way before me, straight and clear.  
What though his leading pillar was of fire.

And not the sunbeam of my heart's desire?  
My path was bright.

God answers prayer; sometimes when hearts  
are weak

He gives the very gifts believers seek;  
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,  
And trust God's silence when he does not speak;  
For he, whose name is Love, will send the  
best.

Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls en-  
dure,

But God is true, his promises are sure  
To those who seek.

—Myra Godwin Plantz.

### The Children's Portion.

Who can think of the immense number of children throughout our churches, who come up to the public services Sunday after Sunday with eager hope of finding some interest for their young souls, with that hope growing smaller and smaller as the brief years of their childhood run out, until at last the pathetic habit is formed of expecting nothing; who can think of this and not sympathize with the desire to provide for them also a portion in the service, which they shall look forward to and by which they shall be fed?

It cannot be a satisfactory reflection to any minister, that his teaching flows like a river, not through, but past, the lives of the children. It could not but be a joy to him, and a blessing to his own soul, if at every morning ser-

vice for one ten minutes out of the ninety he were in direct contact with the souls of the children. It seems to me, I say it respectfully that never a Sunday should pass in which the preacher does not give wings to some story of God's love or Christian life. Such a story would go up and down, and in and out, in all young hearts throughout the week that follows, doing work for God. In this way he would whet and keep whole the appetite of the children for the services of the sanctuary. Doing this, he would open to their young eyes the windows of Heaven, and give them glimpses of the vision of God. And in that golden space, in those so consecrated minutes, he would bring back for them, and it may be for the parents as well, the days when Jesus spoke to the disciples in parables, and taught those children of his love, as they were able to receive his words.—From 'The Children's Portion' by the Rev. Alexander Macleod, D.D.

### The Effect of Famine.

Bishop Welldon, of Calcutta, at the time of the great famine a few years ago, wrote a most fraternal letter to missionaries and other Christian workers of all denominations in the famine-stricken regions of India, in which, among other helpful things, he says, concerning the famine: 'It has drawn Christians nearer to each other. It has made us think little, for the time, of our speculative differences. It has made us think much of our common faith and duty. We have almost forgotten that we belong to this or that denomination. We have remembered that we are "all one in Christ Jesus." Yet again the suffering in India has, I think, drawn non-Christians nearer to Christ. While we have watched with admiring sympathy the patient endurance of the people of India in their long and painful affliction, they, too, have learned something, that they knew not before, of the beauty and sanctity of our faith as inspiring Christian men and women in the love of Christ, to make great sacrifices, and, if need be, to lay down their lives for those who in race and religion and in moral ideas and social custom are widely separated from themselves. When the famine is past, the tie of sympathy will remain. The ministers and recipients of philanthropic aid cannot be strangers, still less can they be enemies any more.'

### A Daring Rescue.

The conditions of modern life call forth deeds as brave as any that were done by heroes of old. The 'Youth's Companion' chronicles such a one, the performance of which called for considerable ingenuity and presence of mind as well as courage:—

A fire started in a New York tenement, and spread with such rapidity that those on the top floor were cut off from escape. An old man, a sick woman, and two little children appeared at the windows imploring aid.

A passing driver snatched a large rope from his waggon and ran toward the fire. A sailor followed him, and the two, calling a fireman, bounded up an adjoining high building and broke through the skylight to the roof.

The fireman was lowered and the rope set swinging. Aided by hands and heels, he increased the swing of the pendulum until it reached the desired window, into which he then climbed.

Grasping a child, he swung out to the corresponding window of the next house, where waiting arms relieved him of his burden. Three times the performance was repeated, while the crowd below showed its appreciation by wild applause.

### Sample Copies.

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