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The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

Never Dim.

The storm-cloud and the darkness came together up the Channel,
As the watchman at the lighthouse fired his beacons for the night;
And from every bright reflector, and each slow revolving panel
Gleamed forth to vessels far and near a warning from the height.

The helmsman of the stately ship doing battle in the distance,
The fisherman who turned his boat before the storm to flee,

'But for a single hour did the beacon lamp shine dimly,
Though weeks and months should pass away, the tale would come at last
Of reckonings lost, and stranded boats, and seamen fighting grimly
For the refuge and the harbor in the darkness overpast.

'Night by night throughout the year goes forth the lonely lighthouse keeper,
As the storm-wind, fiercely raging, sounds its bugle call to him;
Dark were the morning's waking at his post were he a sleeper;

wanderers in the distance?
Are we telling of His love who calls the tempest-tost to Him?
Father of lights! to Thee we pray; now grant us Thine assistance;
Keep Thou our hearts from failing, and our lamps from burning dim!
—From 'Stories for Workers.' Published by Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, London.

Character.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word 'character,' which comes into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or a die is engraved, and then the inscription or the object which is cut in the seal or in the die. Our character, then, is the image and the superscription which we cut upon our life; I say which 'we' cut, for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tools which cut the legends on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The style and the subject of the engraved character depend on the choice of tools and on the manner of their use. The legend on the seal shows what was in the mind of the engraver as he cut with his tools. Here is a seal with a cross cut in it. That cross was the leading idea in the engraver's mind for that seal; and his busy tool translated that invisible thought of his mind into this fixed and visible sign. Character is invisible thought translated into visibility, and, fixed before the eye, cut on the life.—The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.

Two Preachers.

Two preachers went to the post-office to get their mail, and one of them had been writing a sermon and continued to think on the subject as he walked down the street. He decided to change the language on the last page and elaborate more fully an argument in the middle of the sermon. He got his letters from the office, went home, made the changes he intended, and was utterly unconscious he had done anything wrong.

But he had angered a sensitive man, offended two middle-aged ladies, and forever insulted a young mother, who was out with her three-months-old baby. He had passed them all without seeing them, for he was lost in himself and was utterly oblivious to all others.

The other preacher was writing a sermon also, but when he left his study he left his thoughts with his pen and manuscript. He passed down the street a few minutes after the other. He met the sensitive man, and said: 'Why how do you do, brother, I'm real glad to see you. How is your wife? Fine day!' and then passed on. Next he met one of the ladies and stopped to shake hands with her, and as the other one came up, he said: 'Well, I am in luck to-day in meeting so many of my friends, and here comes Mrs.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Knew the light which from the rock-bound shore burned bright for his assistance,
And women blessed the beacon-fire who prayed for those at sea.

'Now tell me,' said the stranger who looked forth beside the master,
'Failed you never through the months and years the warning-lamps to trim?'

Then came there o'er the other, as with shadow of disaster,
A thought of woe and shipwreck should the lighthouse fires burn dim.

No, never for an hour may the lighthouse fire burn dim.'

Through the night of sin and darkness there are thousands roaming blindly
Who, tempest-tost and helpless, yet no guiding-star have known;

One only light, one beacon lamp, with warning ray and kindly,
Revealing all the danger, makes the only refuge known.

Are we holding forth the Word of Life to