

# Northern Messenger

W. Bronscombe 30209

VOLUME XLIII. No. 31

MONTREAL, JULY 31, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

## TRUE HEROES.

A. C. D., in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'The people that do know their God shall be strong, and shall do exploits.'—Dom. xi., 32.

'Tis they who know and trust Thee, Lord,  
Thy loved, Thine own,  
'Tis they are strong in time of need,  
And they alone:  
No duty is too hard for them;  
Clad in Thy might  
They bravely march against the foe,  
And bravely fight.

And in the dark and troublous times,  
Which must be near,  
When hearts shall fail, and courage die,  
And strong men fear;—  
No evil thing shall touch Thine own,  
Thy servants true  
And wondrous are the mighty deeds  
Which they will do!

O Lord, my Saviour and my Friend,  
I trust in Thee;  
I am Thine own, for Thou hast loved  
And died for me:  
I will not fear the darkest hour:—  
I shall not fall;  
Thou art my strength, my hope, my joy,  
My life,—My ALL!

'Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.'

## What Makes Your World Beautiful.

Goethe says 'the world is so waste and empty when we figure only towns and hills and rivers in it, but to know of someone here and there whom we accord with, who is living on with us even in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden.' Do you remember how tired you once grew of the little village in which you had lived for years? Every tree and shrub, every house and barn were painted on your memory; you could close your eyes and see them perfectly. Yes, even hear the sound of the village blacksmith's hammer when the lights were out and the brawny blacksmith had long been asleep. You wanted to be rid of it all—to see new sights and hear new sounds while your mind forced its way out of the old grooves that were of necessity so narrow and restricted. The time came when you said good-by to the dear ones on the little plat-

form that fronted the low, tiny room you called the 'station.' Somehow there was just a little mist over the sunshine and the soft south wind chilled you a trifle—or was it that your heart beat a little heavily and the blood did not go bounding through your veins as usual? There were others who noticed the mist that dimmed the sweet sunshine of the morning, others who felt the chill as you felt it, and some of them were going sadly back to a little home among the trees, and the chill was going with them to stay in their hearts while you were looking for your World Beautiful. How long did it take you to find what your heart was seeking. True, a great city with its wonderful possibilities, with its undreamed-of attractions, soon swallowed you up as it had thousands before you, but did it satisfy the hunger of your heart or make you forget that quiet uneventful past that grew so monotonous to you that you fled from it? The years rolled on, but you could close your eyes and still see

the little village nestling among the trees. You could still, in the quiet night-watches, hear the familiar sound of the blacksmith's hammer and sometimes, with a half-aroused consciousness, you imagined you heard the plaintive cry of the 'whip-poor-will' from the curb of the old well, its favorite spot, at the close of the long, hot summer day.

If you could go back once more and be just as you were then how happy you would be. Your World Beautiful meant after all home and love and the association with those whose hearts held you close and to whom—imperfect as you were—you had become their happiness.

We have such vague unsettled feelings in regard to what we need to make us content and happy. It is always the thing just beyond us that seems a necessity. We are willing to exchange our gold for dross sometimes, if it only glitters a trifle more and we barter our greatest treasures for what in a moment of passion makes a strong appeal to our restless unsatisfied natures.

There is no real beauty in this world of ours that in some way is not the product of love. We may feast our eyes on some beautiful image, but it is only beautiful because it represents a living soul—a throbbing life and it is no longer marble but warm flesh and blood, capable of loving and of being loved. If this great round world were yours, yet held no other heart that was 'living on with you even in silence,' you could write after your name 'A pauper.' It is God's plan for a happy life that it must be shared, must be fed by the fire from the altar of another life in accord with it. It is the greatest joy of life to minister to love. The unloving heart dwarfed and withered by its own selfishness is no fountain to send forth sweet waters that will make the life beautiful. The heart that loves as God meant it should can find beauty wherever the object of that love is to be found, though it be amid the stands of the desert. Love brought us the Christ and love unbars the gates of the eternal city to the poorest of his children. Would you have a 'World Beautiful' fill it with love, love for God and man. 'For love is the fulfilling of the law.'—The Burlington 'Hawkeye.'

## The Forgiveness of Sin.

(Rev. Albert Goodrich, D.D., from 'The Parables of Jesus.')

God has been, and is here upon the earth, striving against the wickedness of the world, and seeking to set up his kingdom of grace and righteousness. He has spared nothing, not even the incarnation and death of his Son, to accomplish this, his redemptive purpose. Men on the earth are, in their deepest life, either with or against God in his great strife for righteousness. If we withhold from God our trust, we take sides with the ungodliness of the world; we take a place in and with the evil host who are fighting against God; we are with them, hindering the march of God and the good to the establishment of righteousness and peace the world