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

Brother and Sister.

(Clara Thwaites, author of 'Sons for Labor and Leisure'.)

The love of God, in softest guise made known,
Meets us in earliest hours amid our own,
Enwraps our infancy in homeliest airs
Of human tenderness and human cares.

For softest shelter from life's first alarm
He gives the cradle of a mother's arms,

And hers are sweet compassions, pure and deep,
The heart that sorrows and the eyes that weep;

Quick to rejoice is she, and full of mirth,
A very sunbeam, sent to bless the earth.

Her faith is bold to soar, wit lacks not wings,



And for a heaven serene He bids arise
The tender radiance of a mother's eyes.

Home richer grows—for ever-brooding love
Bends with a further treasure from above;
The household widens, and rejoicing hearts
Fill up life's harmony with tuneful parts.

The blithest sympathy, the airiest grace,
Shines in the laughter of a sister's face,
And each to other brings a keener joy,
The winsome maiden and the dauntless boy.

The sister leans, without a doubt or fear,
On gentle valor, true to her and near,
Possessing always, even when apart,
The full allegiance of a brother's heart.

Hers are swift guesses at divinest things;
Love learns so much that wisdom cannot scan,

And so the maiden leads the thoughtful man.

Ah! good to gird faith's holy armour on
Ere yet the sunny days of youth be gone!
How can he doubt what Heaven's love may mete,
Since earth's compassions are so true, so sweet?

And thus by nether-springs of human love
Soft hints are given of our wealth above;
But what the measure of that overflow
What tongue can tell, what heart may ever know?

A Lesson in Tolerance.

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser'.)

A great many persons imagine that they are filled with the spirit of tolerance when, as a matter of fact, they have only the vaguest kind of an idea what this term really means. If you should accuse them of being intolerant they would object to the charge most seriously, and would undoubtedly believe that their expressions of indignation were eminently righteous. Yet, if you should live in close touch with some of these persons

even for a very short period of time you would discover that the spirit of true tolerance and they had little in common.

The reason for this is not that such people are deliberately hypocritical. They do not mean to pretend to something that they are not. They believe that they are really tolerant, and yet this belief is based upon a sorry misinterpretation of the word. Because they have read history or have heard about the 'intolerance' that existed a few centuries ago, when people killed one another because they disagreed about the meaning of certain verses in the Bible, they conclude that 'in-

tolerance' means fanaticism, and they feel that if they are duly charitable regarding other persons' religious opinions they are obeying the law to the last letter.

Unfortunately, however, the 'intolerance' to which they refer represents but one phase of the question. To be intolerant in regard to questions of religious belief is bad enough, but it is not the worst kind of intolerance that we can exhibit. Far worse than any religious fanaticism is the intolerance that we show in our treatment of others every day of our lives.

I know many people who are eminently charitable about the big problems of life but who are the incarnate spirit of intolerance when the smaller problems come under discussion. They would not dream of criticizing a friend or neighbor because of some differences of religious belief. This liberality may even extend to the field of political affairs and to other problems of importance, but let the little details of life conflict with some of their preconceived opinions, however, and the matter is treated quite differently.

In other words, true charity, or the charity that is truly kind, does not stop at the little things of life. It is exhibited in all the big problems, of course, but it must go further than that. It must extend to the smallest acts of the daily life—to the words and deeds to which we ordinarily pay the least attention.

It is doubtful if any of us really desire to be unkind to other people any more than we desire that our fellow men shall deal unkindly or unjustly with us; yet, in spite of this innate feeling of kindness toward others, many of us seem utterly unable to live up to this ideal. We may not think that we are unkind or uncharitable, but how often do we miss an opportunity to get in a sly dig at some friend whose words or actions fail to meet our approval in every particular? We don't mean to injure that individual—we wouldn't harm him for the world—but give us a chance to call attention to some of his shortcomings and how quickly we take advantage of it! We may claim that our criticisms are meant most kindly. We may even pretend that the acts we are criticizing have been the cause of anxiety to us, but we know—if we are really honest—that it is no such unselfish motive that is at the bottom of our attitude toward these persons who have displeased us.

It is somewhat surprising that there should be so much intolerance in this world when common sense should teach us that it is quite impossible for several individuals to hold precisely the same opinion upon any subject of importance. Although all men and women are composed of the same materials no two of us look exactly alike, and it is quite in harmony with this fact that no two of us should think precisely the same thoughts. There is a resemblance in features, and there is a correspondence in modes of thought, but to criticize another unkindly because he does not act or think just as we feel that we should act and think under similar circumstances is just as unreasonable as it would be to complain of him because he happens to have black hair and a snub nose when our own hair is red and our nose is cast in the Roman mould.