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'Happy Land.'

'Father, do look up, and do speak to me,' said a pleading voice. And a tiny hand was thrust between the big clasped ones, on which her father's head was bowed.

He lifted up a white face, and said to his little daughter, 'What is it, darling?'

'I'm so frightened, daddie,' she answered. 'Do come and sit on the sofa with me. The house is so still, and I can't find mother: I've just come back from auntie's, you know. When I asked nurse where mother was, she told me to ask you. Where is she?'

'She's gone on a long journey,' answered her father in a broken voice. 'She's gone far, far away from here, and—'

'Has she gone to "happy land, far, far away?"' asked his little daughter, eagerly; 'to the "happy land" she taught me to sing about?'

'Yes, May, that's where she's gone,' said her father, relieved at her suggestion.

'O then, it's all right,' answered May, 'because Jesus is there. She told me that some day soon she was going, and that you and I must be sure to go there after her. We will, won't we, father?' she said, as she nestled close up to him. 'It's so still and sad without her, but I know she did so want to see Jesus. Tell me more about him and "happy land," please!'

But though he kissed his child very tenderly, Hugh Carroll would say nothing on either subject, for he boasted that he was an infidel.

The solemn fact that he did not know the God his young wife in her long illness had learned to love and serve, came upon him with great force some twelve months later. He had gone to South Africa for change of scene and variety, and had set off up country to see an old schoolfellow, who he heard was at a distant store. On the way he was seized with fever, and suddenly found himself very ill in a lonely place, with only a few Kaffirs about him. Thoughts of his loved wife and child came to him, and he feared that he would never see his little daughter again.

'If I die, shall I go to my wife?' he said to himself. 'No, I know nothing about that "happy land" where May loves to picture her.'

He grew worse and became delirious, and day and night his cry was: 'How can I get to "happy land?" Tell me the way to the "happy land."' His Kaffirs, to whom he had been a kind master, did all they could for him, but that question was beyond them. At last he rallied a little, and they determined to take him to a doctor. A bullock-waggon was the only means of conveyance, and the jolting brought on intense pain. Still his cry from half-unconscious lips was, 'Tell me the way to "happy land."'

On the second day, the little procession halted for the night on a little plateau. Very soon afterwards, a tall Englishman on horseback, followed by several waggons, arrived at the same place, prepared to spend the night there. He dismounted,



A Flower Song.

Words by LADY BAKER
Music by ALFRED REDHEAD

Moderato.

See how God paints the flow - ers In
col - ours won - drous fair, His tints the glow - ing
sun - beams, His brush the balm - y air

Then listen, maidens, listen,
Alike to sun and breeze,
Who whisper, 'We can teach you
To be as fair as these !

'The Rose so sweet and modest,
Lifts up a blushing face;
Each maiden who is like her
Needs not to hide her face.

'The Lily, pure and saint-like,
Reflects the sunbeams bright;
Keeps but your hearts, oh, maidens,
As stainless and as white.

'Heartsease and Balm of Gilead,
Say have you none of these ?
No balm for wounded spirits,
For aching hearts no ease ?'

O maidens! look around you;
Each little blossom knows
Some secret of true beauty
Which to our touch it owes.

But you must all remember
How fair soe'er you are,
There is a higher beauty
That is more precious far.

and, hearing of the sick man, was soon in the little tent where he lay, and he heard the feverish lips murmuring: 'Tell me the way to "happy land."' The speaker opened his eyes in surprise as a deep, manly voice said, quietly—

'Jesus said, "I am the Way."'

Mechanically the invalid repeated the six words; and he did the same thing over and over again during the night. At day-break the Englishman was again beside him, and saw that the simple remedies he had given him had greatly relieved him.

'I heard,' he said, 'that you are bound for Pietermaritzburg—so am I; but I am in no hurry. I propose that you rest here a day or two, and then that we travel on together. I can show your Kaffirs how to make a kind of hammock in which you can ride much more comfortably.'

'Why do you delay your journey and

take so much trouble for a stranger?' inquired the sick man.

'Naturally one helps a fellow countryman in distress,' answered James Moore, with a smile, 'and your delirious questions last night showed me that you are seeking the Saviour, and I thank God for the privilege of telling you about him.'

'O do,' answered the invalid, eagerly; 'I am utterly wretched. As I lie here I long to be ready to die, and to join my wife in heaven; but I see the sins of my life spread out before me. I am too sinful to hope to enter what my little daughter calls "Happy Land." Besides, I don't know how to get there.'

'Listen to God's words about this,' said the traveller, as he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some such text as: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I. Tim. i., 15); "The Son of Man