

'Let Me Go Over Unto the Other Side.'

(E. F. Weston, in the 'Morning Star.')

O the sea of life is rough, and full of dangerous rocks and shoals,
And storm-tossed on the billows high are wrecked and dying souls.
Full many a craft is on the rocks, and the cry of those who drown
Is borne afar on the boisterous wind, as the sun of life goes down.

But the good ship Zion is staunch and true, the Pilot knows the way,
And safe through the channel of love he steers, to the harbor of endless day.
But his great heart yearns for the many souls so sadly tempest-tossed,
And He orders the life-boats launched and away, to gather in the lost.

There are life-boats enough to reach and save each soul that is perishing there,
And personal efforts are sturdy oars in the rowlocks of faith and prayer.
But the volunteers! How strange! how sadly strange and true!
The need so great! the call so clear! yet the volunteers so few!

The heart-breaking cry of shipwrecked souls is heard on every hand,
And above the roar of the storm of life rings the Master's clear command.
This is no time for dalliance, no time for laggard aid,
Quick, man the boat, bend to the oar, launch out—be not afraid.

And when the good ship Zion shall ride safely out the storm,
And in Heaven's harbor anchor, some fair, sweet summer morn,
The crown of your rejoicing, through eternity will be
The shipwrecked ones you rescued here, while sailing o'er life's sea.
Newark, N.J.

God Never Disappoints Us.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Christian Guardian.')

We cannot trust ourselves too little and we cannot trust God too much. 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding.' Somewhere in the future there hangs before us in the air a golden ideal of a perfect life, but as we move on the dream of complete victory over sin moves on also before us. It is like the child running over the hill to catch the rainbow; when he gets over, the rainbow is as far off as ever. If our expectation of spiritual growth and of conquest of temptation rests on our own resolutions and on our own strength, then our day-dreams are continually doomed to disappointment.

'My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.' God never disappoints us. When we study the Almighty in the book of nature or the book of revelation we find our utmost expectation overtopped by the wonderful reality. When we obey God we find the rich reward sooner or later just as surely as day follows the sunrise. When we trust God he never fails us. When we pray to him aright, with faith, with submissiveness, with perseverance and with honest desire to glorify him, he answers us. I do not believe our heavenly Father ever turned a deaf ear to an honest prayer offered in the right spirit. He is a sovereign, and doeth his own wise will; and if it pleaseth him to keep us

waiting for the answer, then we must understand that delays are not always denials.

If we have only to demand from God just what we desire, and in the way and the time that suits our pleasure, then we would be snatching God's sceptre and trying to rule the Ruler of the universe. Did you ever know a child that ruled its parents without ruining itself? And if it spoils our children to have their own way, I am sure that it would be for our ruin if we could bend God to our wishes. If this be our 'expectation' from God, then the sooner we abandon it the better. God keeps all his promises, but he has never promised to let you and me hold the reins. He answers prayer, but in the way and at the time that his infinite wisdom determines. Some prayers are not answered at once; more than one faithful mother has gone to her grave before the child whose conversion she prayed for has given his heart to Jesus. Some prayers are answered in a way so unlooked for that the answer is not recognized; eternity will 'make it plain.' For many petitions are answered according to the intention and not according to the letter of the request; the blessing granted has been something different from what the believer expected. Jacob, when he blessed the sons of Joseph, laid his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. So God sometimes takes off his hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for, and lays it on another which is more for our good and his own glory. He often surprises his people with unexpected blessings—and heaven will have abundance of such surprises.

Let us rejoice to remember that our Saviour is God, and in him dwelleth all fulness. 'Of his fulness have we all received,' and the beloved disciple, and John was not disappointed. Neither was Paul when he found himself 'filled with might in the inner man.' There is a fullness of grace and love and power and peace and comfort that his redeemed children have never been able to explore, much less to exhaust. I left some little brooks, nearly run dry, the other day, up in the mountains, but I found yonder harbor, fed from the fathomless Atlantic, as full as ever. 'Oh, how shallow a soul I have to take in Christ's love,' said the holy Rutherford; 'I have spilled more of his grace than I have brought with me. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand; as little am I able to take away of my great Sea, my boundless and running over Christ Jesus!'

When a friend of mine, long years ago, urged John Jacob Astor to subscribe for a certain object, and told him that his son had subscribed, the old German millionaire replied very dryly: 'He can do it; he has got a rich father.' Brother Christian, you and I have got a rich father! We are heirs to a great inheritance and possessors of exceedingly precious promises. Let us ask for great things. God must take it ill that we covet so little of the best things and pray with such scrimped and scanty faith. 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.' We can easily overexpect from our fellow-creatures, but we cannot overexpect from God. 'The Lord taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy, I have read many a biography which ended in bright hopes quenched in blackness of darkness, but I never have read and never have heard of the experience of any man who confessed that he was disappointed in his Lord and Saviour.

'My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from him.' There can be no divided responsibility; it is God or nobody. As the old Puritan writer Trapp reminds us: 'They trust not God at all who trust him not

entirely; he that stands with one foot on a rock and another foot on a quicksand will sink as surely as he that hath both feet on a quicksand.' The stake is indescribably tremendous, for it involves my eternal destiny. Even heaven is yet only an 'expectation,' but it is from him!

'My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.'

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A Mother's Faith in Prayer.

A lady came into a certain shop to change a sovereign. The woman took the sovereign to her husband, who gave her the change, but the sovereign could nowhere be found. Their little girl, who was in the room getting her father's supper, was asked, but denied seeing it. Her parents searched, but in vain. The lady had her change, and left. The little girl was sent to bed, and the parents were troubled, but did not like to think their child had hid or secreted the money. The mother, who was a very godly woman, went alone, fell on her knees and prayed, if her child was innocent, that the money might be found. Rising from her knees, she began to wash the plates that were piled together from supper, when at the bottom of one was the coin, adhered to the grease, which was cold, and so cemented the coin. Going upstairs to her little girl, who was quietly crying, she told her how God had answered her prayer, and both rejoiced together, because she had found the piece which was lost, and proved that God is still the Answerer of prayer. He hath said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.'—'Christian Herald.'

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