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A Gospel Song-writer.

The late Mr. Albert Midlane.

Very touching have been the testimonies received from many parts of the world to the deep affection in which the late Mr. Albert Midlane was held by the people of God. There has been sorrow in multitudes of hearts; but during his long life of eighty-three years our dear friend had served the Lord with gladness, and there is throughout the Church of Christ, mingling with the mourning, a universal feeling of thankfulness for the beautiful as well as useful life which was so lately brought to a close.

It was our privilege, some little time before he passed away, to receive direct from Mr. Midlane some particulars of his own career; and now that the beloved one is no longer in our midst, these have a special and pathetic interest. His opening words were characteristic of the spirit of the man in all his dealings. 'There is nothing more lovely, when age has stamped its impress upon one, and the calm of life has come, than to trace the loving way of the Lord toward you, and the infinite wisdom which, step by step, has led on, filling up the outline of one's life, and giving shape and symmetry to the whole.'

He then went on to tell that it was on Jan. 23, 1825, that he, who had become an aged pilgrim, was born—the son of a devoted mother. Not having, even in early days, the benefit of the care of an earthly father, he



THE LATE MR. ALBERT MIDLANE.

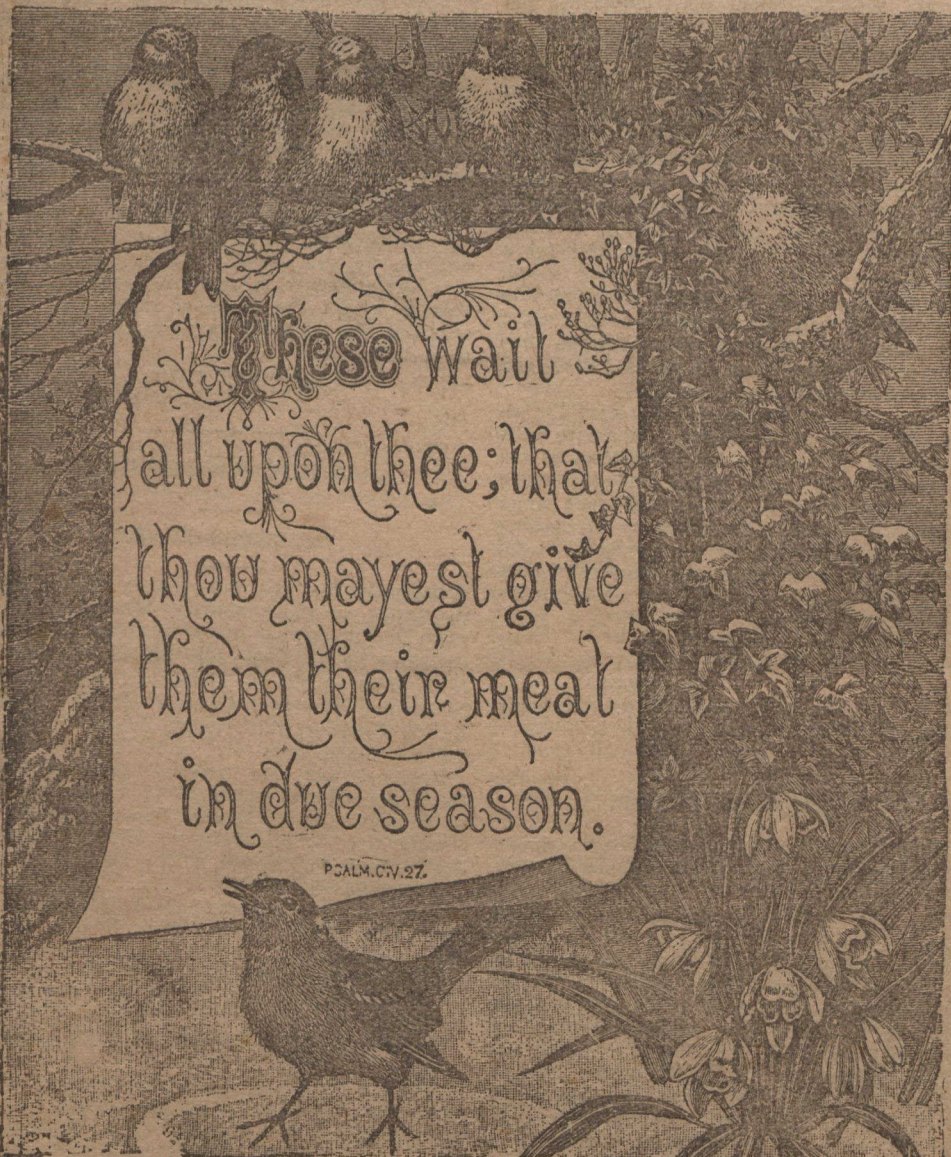
said he 'was the more cast upon Him who is the "Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow"; yes, and especially of

"the widow indeed." For such was his mother; and, it was added: 'What an assurance of a future happy career—a godly mother and devoted teachers, with faith in the living God!' And this good man lived worthily of such a mother, whose memory was a continual inspiration.

Looking back over those years when he was so tenderly watched over, Mr. Midlane's words were: 'How often, from the cares of the family, would that dear mother lead me into a quiet room; and there, kneeling by my side, would she, with holy fervor, by prayer bring God into all her circumstances down here; or, by sweet communion, be with God above them all. How often the words of dear John Newton were upon her lips:—

'Yet a little, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.'

As will be readily understood, there came, at an early period, into the mind of one enjoying the benefit of such sweet and holy influences, clear convictions concerning his state before God—a sense of sin, causing sleepless nights and moistened pillows. This spiritual exercise does not seem to have been traceable to any particular personal dealing by others, but: 'This state of soul could not eventually be hidden from my teachers, and I was invited to attend a meeting for prayer held by the teachers for God's blessing upon their labors. It proved to be of God. A deep sense of His presence and power seemed to pervade the meeting. With bent knees and holy expectancy each soul was struggling. Light broke in upon my spirit. I could withstand no longer; and to the joy of my friends, and my own heart's relief, in broken language the surrender was full, and my immortal choice was made—"Christ for me." It was a solemn occasion as there, in early 'teens, I stood a confessor of the name of Jesus, and



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