

# Northern Messenger

W. Bronscombe's 30¢

VOLUME XLIII. No. 23

MONTREAL, JUNE 5, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

## The Paradox of Strength.

Refusal to consider one's self strong is one of the secrets of strength. For the strongest man is he who knows that his strength does not lie in himself. This would seem to be just as true in the secular and the business and the physical world, as in the spiritual. The men who lead in every walk of life are the men who know that their hope and safety lie, not in themselves, but in what they can constantly acquire from sources outside of themselves. The scholar is he who continues to study. The financier is he who is alert to what is occurring in the money markets to-day, and what is going to occur to-morrow; not he who rests on his knowledge of what occurred yesterday. The successful athlete is the one who recognizes that the instant he becomes confident of what power he has, he is likely to lose that power. And in the work of the Kingdom—as a southern pastor preaching in mid-ocean on the cruise to Jerusalem last spring put it—'when we begin to feel that we are fountainheads, then comes failure.' The sons of the light cannot afford to be less wise than the sons of this world.—S. S. Times.

## Light in the Darkness.

So much is said of the sordid and sinful life of the dwellers in the East End of London, that we are apt to overlook the other side of the medal. The cloud of misery has, however, its silver lining. Numbers of the residents are living noble and heroic lives in circumstances calculated to crush out everything but selfishness and degrading vice. Mr. George Turnbull, writing in the 'World's Work,' tells of a visit to some of the sweated workers in Bethnal Green. One of these, a match-box maker, received twopence farthing per gross, paid three farthings a day for paste, and had to keep a fire to dry it when applied, her total earnings, after protracted hours of labor being fifteen pence per day. On the wall was the text 'Kept by the power of God,' and over the work table 'Only be thou strong!' Naturally Mr. Turnbull remarks, 'Faith! was there ever such faith?'

## Her Brother's Keeper.

The daughter of a famous French pastor, who is now a mother herself, began her life by being a good sister.

She had an only brother, and he was a medical student. She realized a little of the temptations to which a medical student must be exposed, and she determined in her simple, girlish way that she would make her own womanhood the crystal shield to protect her brother from the snares to which he would be exposed. She, therefore, made it her business day by day to enter into all her brother's pursuits and to understand his interests. She was allowed a little private room in the house, and to this she used to ask him to come and talk over the events of the day. She even overcame the natural shyness of a girl, and she would get him to kneel down with her, and she would pour out her sweet, girlish heart in prayer that God would keep

this beloved brother unspotted by the world. That brother has grown up and is now himself a married man, and has his family about him, but he said once to his sister, 'You little know all that you were to me when I was a young man. My temptations were so maddening that I used sometimes to think that

I must yield to them, and do as other young men did around me; but then a vision of you would rise up before me, and I said to myself, "No, if I do this thing I can never go and sit with her in her own little room; I can never look into her dear face again."—Selected.

## Sowing Time.

(S. M., in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Earth, that looking to the skies,  
Under shadow and sunshine lies,  
Asks the hand of man, and cries,  
'Sow in hope!'

Nature's voice from hill and dale  
Echoes God's own promise well—  
'Spring and harvest shall not fail:  
'Sow in hope!'



SOWING THE SEED IN SPAIN.

—The 'People's Own Paper.'

Clouds, that ride the breezes fleet,  
Shedding pearly treasure sweet,  
From their gilded thrones repeat,  
'Sow in hope!'

Sunbeams, cheering earth and heaven,  
Spring's first boon to winter given,  
Call to man from morn to even,  
'Sow in hope!'

Sow, for sin and death are strong!  
Souls immortal pass along;  
Sow for God amid the throng—  
'Sow in hope!'

God's own word is living seed;  
Fear not, though it long lies hid,  
He the increase hath decreed—  
Thence our hope!