

221-5-6

Northern Messenger

Allen Kilam 3rd

VOLUME XLIV, No. 37

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 10, 1909.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



We Are His Flock.

(J. Newton, in the 'Cottager and Artisan'.)

The Saviour calls His people sheep,
And bids them on His love rely;
For He alone their souls can keep,
And He alone their wants supply.

Jehovah is our Saviour's name,
Then what have we, though weak, to fear?
Our sin and folly we proclaim
If we despond while He is near.

When Satan threatens to devour,
When troubles press on every side,
Think on our Saviour's care and power,
He can defend, He will provide.

See, the rich pastures of His grace,
Where in full streams salvation flows:
There He appoints our resting-place,
And we may feel secure from foes.

There, 'midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie;
The wolf in vain with malice swells,
For He protects them with His eye.

Dear Lord, if I am one of Thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free;
To trust, and love, and praise is mine,
The care of all belongs to Thee.

The Window.

(By Charles H. Dorris.)

Just at dusk was the great window finished, and in the twilight we stood looking at it. 'I don't see anything so very pretty about it,' said the lad. 'It looks rather gloomy, I think.'

'It does look somewhat somber,' I replied, 'but wait till to-morrow, and then we will pass judgment.'

Just as we left the church the lights were turned on.

'O,' exclaimed the lad, stopping on the sidewalk and gazing up at the transfigured window, 'it's not so bad, after all.'

'No,' I replied, 'it's not bad, but wait till to-morrow.'

The next morning, when the sun was flooding all the earth, we again entered the church.

Scarcely had we crossed the threshold when the lad stopped, transfixed.

'Papa,' he exclaimed, 'is that the same window we were looking at last night?'

'The very same window,' I replied.

'Then is it the sun shining through that changes it so? Oh, how beautiful!'

'Yes, child,' I answered. 'The sun gives it its beauty.'

We stood gazing at the window for a time, and then the lad asked:

'Papa, is that what makes old Mr. Jackson such a different sort of a man from what he used to be—the sunlight shining through him?'

'Yes, my boy,' I replied. 'The Sun of righteousness has entered the old man's heart and transfigured him.'

'And his life is beautiful now,' mused the lad.—Selected.

The Art of Being Likeable.

'If I were a student,' declared President Charles F. Thwing to the readers of the 'Saturday Evening Post,' 'I would try to cultivate the major graces. I say major graces. Usually we speak of the virtues as major and the graces as minor. I have no purpose to depreciate virtue or the virtues. But I do wish to make significant the place which the graces play in the life of the student. The graces constitute the lady or the gentleman. These elements are far more contributory to the happiness and success of the career of the student than he usually believes. There are many men who are faithful, honest, able, who yet fail to secure the results which faithfulness, honesty, ability, ought to secure, for the simple reason that they are not gentlemen. They are not likeable and they are not liked.'