

to it, and hope in the divine mercy. But virile Christian faith is far different. Here is a world of mighty forces, in which a man must do his best. He must study and strive, he must adapt himself to the material conditions in which he finds himself, for his fortune will depend largely upon his own efforts. Here, too, is a world of persons endowed with moral responsibility, who act and react upon one another. And the Christian must meet his fellow-men in a thousand varying relations. But God is with him in the midst of all, transforming every evil into spiritual blessing, bringing good out of every accident, trouble and irritation, using every circumstance and situation that comes in the complex play of things and persons for the furthering of His High design that we shall be conformed to the image of His Son.

This noble faith is wonderfully pictured in the Book of Revelation. Whatever may be the details of interpretation of that difficult writing, its main thought is clear and beautiful. On the earth are persecutions and calamities, war and pestilence. There is all manner of iniquity. God is not the cause of it, but strange powers of wickedness disobedient to His will are. The dwellers on earth in the midst of the awful perplexities cannot see any sign that God is caring for them. But every chapter reveals that God is on the throne, and the Lamb is with Him. Love is at the heart of the universe. And that Love is omnipotent, and seeth the end from the beginning. At last the end is revealed. Every evil vanishes, and the saints who have come out of the tribulation are seen to have been purified in the process, while a new earth reveals God's power to bring out all things well.

Everything does not happen for the best, but out of everything that happens God will bring the best to the soul that is believing and responsive.—The 'Sunday School Times.'

The Good Shepherd.

How, in all ages, God's people have loved this metaphor of sheep and shepherd to idealize the relations between their God and themselves. Five hundred times you will find 'sheep' mentioned in the book, usually with some symbolic interest or meaning. In the dreams of the prophets, the songs of the poets and psalmists, the Lamb became their national emblem—a wonderful combination of helplessness and power, weakness and omnipotence—gentleness and might. In the vision of the Apocalypse, one of the elders before the throne speaks to the weeping seer, 'weep not; behold the lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book!' John lifts his head to behold the lion of Judah, 'And I looked, and lo, a Lamb!' And this type of gentleness and innocence did what 'no man in heaven, nor on earth, neither under the earth, was able' to do—he took the book from the hand of him that sat on the throne, and broke the seals thereof. And the loud songs of praise that filled the universe of God with worship, a harmony of glory from the voices of 'every creature, which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them,' ascribed 'power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing, for ever and ever,' not unto the lion of Judah, but 'unto the Lamb.' 'Art thou then a king?' asked Pilate. 'Thou sayest that I am a king.'

'King of the Jews,' Pilate wrote above the thorn-crowned head. 'I am the Good Shepherd,' Jesus wrote on the hearts of men. To the child Jesus, I think the shepherd psalm must have been as sweet as it is to our children, who learn it, long, long years before they can appreciate it, and love it, many, many years before they know why.

What keeps the sheep together? Love for one another? Not primarily. A common love for the shepherd, first. They follow him. When one sheep follows another, they are both lost. They wander out into the mazes of the wilderness. The best sheep makes never an infallible shepherd. 'One is your Master—one is your shepherd—even Christ.' As he leads the 'sheep of his hand and the people of his pasture' on and

on, in the perfection of time and events 'there shall be one flock and one shepherd.'

Oh, beloved, we will have to love one another in heaven—the upper fold of his flock. Why not begin now, that all the way of the pilgrimage may have in it this foretaste of heaven? We can love each other in spite of our dislikes. In the happiest church I ever knew, there are lots of things about the pastor the people do not like. They do not like his voice—not one of them. Neither does he. Some of them do not like his pulpit manner; some do not like his gestures. And he, I know, does not like some things in some of the people. But, ah! how they do love each other! What need they care then, for 'dislikes'? 'Mamma does not love her little girl when she is naughty,' reproves the mother. Oh, but she does, though. She does not 'like' her little girl to tell fibs. She does not like it when the boy plays truant, or smokes cigarettes. Least of all, when he goes 'utterly bad.' But oh, love of the shepherd in the mother heart, how she does love the wayward boy! Let us not wait until we like each other, beloved. Let us begin by loving each other. The liking will follow.—Robert J. Burdette.

Wedding Hymn.

(Composed by the Bishop of Ripon for the marriage of his daughter.)

Lord, Who hast made home love to be
An angel help to us and ours,
Watching in sweet fidelity above
Our weak and cradled hours,
Bless where we love, we humbly pray,
Make strong the love love gives to-day.

Thou Who hast bidden hearts to beat,
Who makest human love so sweet,
Deign with Thy love, then, love to meet—
Father of love be near them!

They leave us, but they still are Thine,
When life with life both intertwine,
Fill Thou then love with life divine—
Father of life be near them!

Thou Who didst smile on love below,
And when the wine of life ran low,
Didst give a richer, ampler flow—
Great Son of God be near them!

Thou Who in years of grief untold
Didst love's triumphant night unfold,
Grant them the love which grows not old—
True Son of Man be near them!

Our life is Thine though life be ours,
Help us to live its fleeting hours
In use, not waste, of human powers—
Spirit of Life be near them!

Let love the rule of right maintain,
Unchanged through change and strong
through pain,
Till love to perfect strength attain—
Spirit of God be near them!

Lord, Who has wisely willed
That we more of Thyself in life should
see,
And makest changing life to be
The unfolding of love's mystery,
Grant that as love and life shall grow,
More of Thy love we still may know.

Speaking Unadvisedly.

The celebrated preacher and theologian, Dr. Hopkins, was afflicted with a very ungovernable temper. He had a brother-in-law, a member of the legal profession, who was an infidel. This man was accustomed to say to his family, 'Dr. Hopkins is, at heart, no better than I am, and I will prove it to you some day.' One evening Dr. Hopkins called upon his brother-in-law to adjust some business matters in which they were mutually concerned. The infidel, knowing well the weak point in the doctor's character, set up the most unjust claims for the purpose of exciting his anger. The attempt was a success. Dr. Hopkins left the house in a rage, closing the door behind him with much violence. 'There!' exclaimed the infidel to his family, 'you see now the truth of what I have told you, that Dr. Hopkins is, at heart, no better than I am: and now I have got my foot on his

neck, and I will keep it there.' Dr. Hopkins, however, went immediately home to his closet, and spent the entire night there in prayer to God. As the morning dawned an ineffable peace pervaded his whole being. Hastening to his brother-in-law's residence, he confessed with tears, to him and his family, the sin which he had committed in their presence, not saying one word about the graceless provocation which had occasioned the sin. As the man of God retired from the house, the infidel said within himself, 'There is a spirit in my brother-in-law which I do not possess, and that spirit is undeniably divine.' Thus convicted, he renounced his infidel principles, became a Christian, and ultimately a preacher of the Gospel which he had once despised. Thirty years afterwards, Dr. Hopkins stated that since that memorable night no temptation or provocation that he had received had ever once stirred a motion of that evil temper within him.—Dr. A. Mahon.

Because I Believe in the Holy Ghost.

In this age of faith in the natural, and disinclination to the supernatural, we want especially to meet the whole world with this credo, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' I expect to see saints as lovely as any that are written of in the Scriptures—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see preachers as powerful to set forth Christ evidently crucified before the eyes of men, as powerful to pierce the conscience, to persuade, to convince, to convert, as any that ever shook the multitudes of Jerusalem, or Corinth, or Rome—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see churches, the members of which shall be severally endued with spiritual gifts, and animating and edifying one another, every one moving in spiritual activity, commending themselves to the conscience of the world by their good works, commending their Saviour to it by a heart-engaging testimony—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see villages where all the respectable people are now opposed to religion, the proprietor ungodly, the nominal pastor unworldly, all that take a lead set against living Christianity—to see such villages, summoned, disturbed, divided, and then reunited, by the subduing of the whole population to Christ—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see cities swept from end, their manners elevated, their commerce purified, their politics Christianized, their criminal population reformed, their poor made to feel that they dwell among brethren—righteousness in the streets, peace in the homes, an altar at every fireside—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see the world overflowed with the knowledge of God; the day to come when no man shall need to say to his neighbor, 'Know thou the Lord;' but when all shall know him, 'from the least unto the greatest;' east and west, north and south, uniting to praise the name of the one God, and the one mediator—because I believe in the Holy Ghost.—Wm. Arthur, D.D., in the Michigan 'Advocate.'

SPECIAL

"Messenger"
PREMIUM

FOR only TWO NEW Subscriptions
to the "Northern Messenger" at
our special rate of 15 cents to Jan 1,
1907, we will send, postpaid,

A beautifully colored

Maple Leaf
Brooch,

in hard Enamel.

See also year-end offer
on page 12.



Actual Size.