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For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

'Consider Him.'

Hebrews xii., 3.

(Capt. R. Kelso Carter, in the 'Independence.')

He calms the strife of the warring will,
He softens the hardest breast;
He speaketh peace to the troubled soul,
And giveth the weary rest.

He standeth by in the wildest storm:
When the waves would overwhelm,
The mighty grasp of His Pilot hand
Holds steady my trembling helm.



—From 'Footsteps of the Master.' Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

HE STANDETH BY IN THE WILDEST STORM.

He feeds the hungry with bread from Heaven,
And then, in the thirsty strife,
He cleaves the rock in the desert way,
And sends the water of life.

He hears my cry, he drieth my tears,
And waiting, I find at length,
He is better to me than all my fears,
And stronger than all my strength.

He lifts the burden I cannot bear
Just when I am sinking down;
He gilds the top of the heaviest cross
With the flashing light of the crown

He feels the strain of the yearning love,
When dear ones sadly part;
He bears the brunt of sorrow's stroke,
He bindeth the broken heart.

In the darkest night He whispers low,
Till Hope and Faith are one;
He leads through the dark, more safe and sure
Than alone in the cloudless sun.

He eases pain and assuages grief,
He comforts in all my gloom;
His peace throws light through the darkened
vale,
And a halo above the tomb.

He stays the heart 'neath the setting sun,
Through the shadows, dark and deep;
He leadeth down to the water's edge,
And gives His beloved sleep.

He breaks the bars of the prison cage,
And beareth the soul on His wing;
The victory wins from the opened grave,
And wresteth from Death his sting.

He cometh again with the trump and shout,
And the hosts from the shining shore;
The Glory of God He'll bring to me,
Forever and evermore.

Then soul! look back upon what he was,
Look on through the ages dim;
He is and shall be the very same
Christ Jesus. 'Consider Him!'

The Expulsive Power of a New Affection.

(By the Rev. Thomas Chambers.)

The love of the world cannot be expunged by a mere demonstration of the world's worthlessness. But may it not be supplanted by the love of that which is more worthy than itself? The heart cannot be prevailed upon to part with the world by a simple act of resignation. But may not the heart be prevailed upon to admit into its preference another, who shall subordinate the world and bring it down from its wonted ascendancy? If the throne which is placed there must have an occupier, and the tyrant that now reigns has occupied it wrongfully, he may not leave a bosom which would rather detain him than be left in desolation. But may he not give way to the lawful sovereign, appearing with every charm that can secure his willing admittance, and taking unto himself his great power to subdue the moral nature of man and to reign over it? In a word, if the way to disengage the heart from the positive love of one great and ascendent object is to fasten it in positive love to another, then it is not by exposing the worthlessness of the former, but by addressing to the mental eye the worth and excellence of the latter, that all old things are to be done away, and all things are to become new.

To obliterate all our present affections by simply expunging them, so as to leave the seat of them unoccupied, would be to destroy the old character and to substitute no new character in its place. But when they take their departure upon the ingress of other visitors; when they resign their sway to the power and predominance of new affections; when, abandoning the heart to solitude, they merely give place to a successor who turns it into as busy a residence of desire and interest and expectation as before, there is nothing in all this to thwart or to overbear any