

# Northern Messenger

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## Go A-Fishing.

(Geneviève Irons.)

The tide is heavy with the draught,  
And fishermen are few;  
My heart and hands are strong for work,  
Oh, let me come with you!  
The land-life that I used to love  
Has lost its charm for me,  
And all my light and all my joy  
Are out upon the sea.

My childhood's visions have outlived  
The dreams of after youth,  
And, with a soul-enchancing power,  
Have won me back to truth;  
Then why must I be land-bound still,  
When all that now I crave  
Is work upon God's wondrous deep,  
And, in that deep, a grave?

Farewell to home, the home I love  
Lies out beyond the sea;  
Farewell to wealth, my fisher's coat  
Is dower enough for me.  
Give me my net, a loving heart  
That spreads both deep and wide,  
Then let me leave all else behind  
And launch out on the tide.

For multitudes of living hearts  
Within that ocean move,  
And all that they are waiting for  
Are fishing-nets of love,  
That they may breathe the upper air,  
And see the glory shed  
By Mercy's moonbeams shining through  
The midnight overhead.

Why must I wait, and sicken here  
With unfulfilled desire?  
Some kindling light I never sought  
Hath set my soul on fire!  
And in that light all things have grown  
As darkness unto me,  
And through the darkness comes a voice  
'Go, work upon the sea.'

## A Rummage Sale.

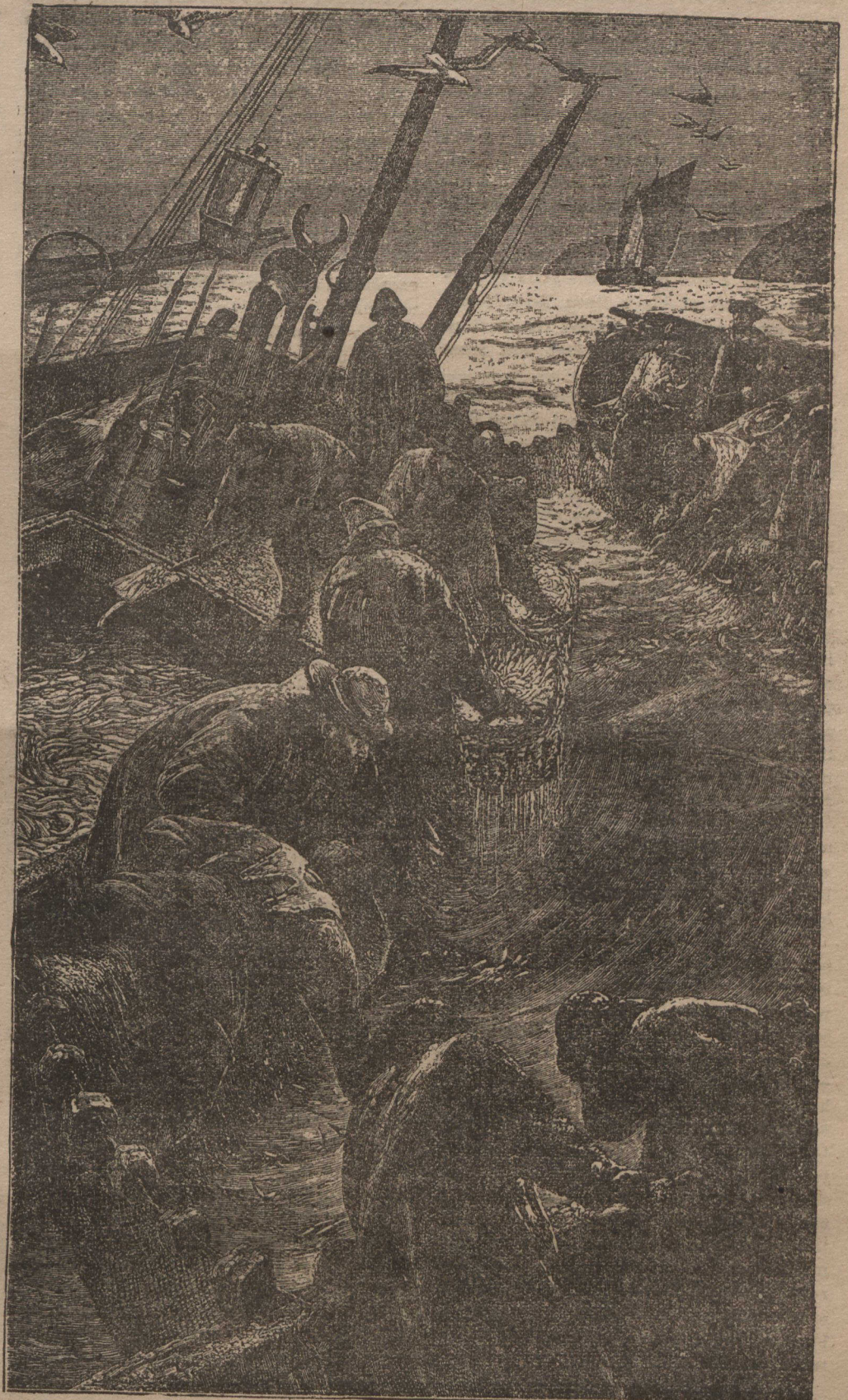
Annie A. Preston, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Into one of the now popular rummage sales held for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society in a Connecticut country village came a fine, scholarly man, who said in his usual gently modulated voice as he glanced over a collection of musty old books:

'At one point in my childhood my whole future seemed to be at the mercy of a rummage sale.'

'How was that?' 'Is there nothing new under the sun?' 'We supposed rummage sales at least to be a modern innovation!' The exclamations came so thick and fast that the gentleman threw up his hands as if to ward them off as he replied with a light that was not quite a smile illuminating his thoughtful face.

'The rummage sales in my boyhood days were not conducted on the present delightful plan. Allow me to explain,' and to a little group who lingered, attentive to his words, he said: 'My father went into the army in '61, and thereafter my mother and I found life a weary, thorny path.



THE TIDE IS HEAVY WITH THE DRAUGHT.

'Our family antecedents were simply those of the mass of honest, intelligent, industrious farm folk. My mother worked indoors and out, keeping the home together, that her soldier might not only have its memory but its hope to cheer him. A vain effort, for one day the mail brought his letter of farewell, written by a kindly nurse, but signed tremblingly by his own hand. Oh, that letter with its message of woe! I have it still. It seemed to us as

if the rain that fell upon our faces was nature's tribute of sorrow.

'Ours was not, nor had it been within my mother's knowledge a religious family; so what was her astonishment to find within that letter these words: "Whatever else you may do for our son, Emeline, teach him to believe in the God of the Bible and believe in him yourself."

"But I have no Bible," sobbed my mother, "and in times like these how am I