

# Northern Messenger

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## UPON THE ROCKS.

(Captain Edwin F. Ludwig in 'New-York War Cry.')

'Upon the rocks!' rings out the cry;  
The vessel groans, and lifted high,  
By wave on wave, cannot withstand  
Their power, and on the rocky strand  
Is driven, there to quivering lie.

But what of those who, longing, try  
From wave-washed deck some help to spy;  
A clinging, praying, helpless band,  
Upon the rocks?

Is there no hope, must they all die?  
Praise God! their awful plight some eye  
Hath seen; the lifeboat fully manned  
Hath left its station on the sand,  
Their lives to save, who hopeless sigh  
Upon the rocks.

'Upon the rocks!' the awful end  
To which all sinful courses tend;  
Tho' at the start they seem so fair,  
So bright with promise, and the glare  
Doth hide the dangers that impend.

O blinded soul! Sin ne'er can send  
Thee aught of good, it will but rend  
From thee all peace, all hope, e'en there  
Upon the rocks.

But Christ is near, and He's thy friend;  
If thou wilt ask, He will extend  
His help, will save thy soul, will share  
With thee His peace beyond compare,  
If from thy heart doth rise a prayer,  
Upon the rocks.

## After the Revival.

(J. N. Ervin in 'Ram's Horn.')

They have just had a revival at Fuller's Station. The church here has not had such an ingathering for many a year. The minister who preaches there has been preaching powerful sermons to the unconverted, and has been visiting everybody and talking religion till the whole village has been stirred. Every person has been going to church. The groups that used to sit about the stove in the grocery and spin their yarns and those who used to borrow the heat from the stove at the railway station and the usual little gossiping circles of the small parlors all gave up their usual occupation to go to

church. Nor was the revival a mere artificial spasm of emotion. The law and the Gospel were proclaimed in unmistakable tones, and men saw and believed. The first Sunday in February was a glad day in that church. The great company of new converts were all there. The village church was crowded to a jam. The recent additions seemed a congregation in themselves as they came out publicly that day, more than fifty of them. That night they had a jubilee service, and then the pastor announced that the revival services were concluded. Monday night the church bell did not ring, and about the usual church time the middle-aged men began to drop into the grocery as they used to do. They were all mem-

bers of this same church which had felt such a revival. They filled up the chairs and drew up the empty boxes and perched themselves on the counter and the heads of barrels. Naturally they fell into a discussion of what had created the latest commotion in the community. They discussed brother Samson's powerful sermons, and the terrible things he had said to the wicked. They could not see how anybody could resist his preaching of the Gospel. They talked about other revivals which they could remember in that church and other churches. They talked about the scene of the day before and how long it had been since their church had had such a congregation as they had just now. Then they individually found