

partly because of the chill at Mount Hermon; and there were several of the early visitors, looking up towards the pulpit with distinct interest. Perhaps there were some smiles, but they did not last; for when the minister saw the congregation, and the interest and the opportunity, his heart gave a bound. Then he sank down upon his knees in the pulpit.

It may have been the Door—or the Prayer—or the Opportunity; but Mount Hermon was quite comfortably warm that day. In his joy, some hidden powers of his own were given their chance, and while the strangers were pleased his own folks were astonished. They felt that something had taken place. Once or twice, during the singing, he looked anxiously towards the New Door; but the door was good, and when it was once closed it only opened to admit some living worshippers. If an invisible hand tried it, it tried in vain, and there was no puff of chilly breath felt throughout the morning.

When the service was over the congregation dispersed, but it was noticeable that they lingered as they went, and that numerous glances were directed to the door. The minister came down to the Big Seat, and sat among his deacons. He wondered, as he had wondered all along, how they would regard his high-handed action. And while he was still wondering and waiting, one of the congregation came up to speak to him—a stout, shaggy-headed old gentleman, whom some of the deacons recognized as an annual and persistent visitor to Llanbyre.

'Sir,' said this person, quite loudly, 'I am glad to make your acquaintance, and to thank you for your sermon.'

The little pastor bowed. The straight-backed deacons pricked up their ears.

'I am also glad to thank you,' said the visitor, who was evidently a character, 'for that Door!' And he indicated the New Door with his thumb. 'Eight years ago, sir, I visited this chapel for the first time—and sat in a Draught! There was nowhere else to sit; but I felt confident that it was not the will of my Father that I should go to His House to take a cold, so I did not come again. Every year since then, on coming to the place, I have inquired about that Draught, and found it still a fixture; but last night I heard that you had settled it for good.'

The deacons glanced at one another. 'I am only one of many,' proceeded the visitor, mercifully, 'as I think you will find. If the story I have heard is true, sir, I respect you as one who is not afraid or ashamed to do a plain thing in a plain way, cloth or no cloth. Good-morning, sir! Good-morning, gentlemen!'

There was no time for reply. Before the pastor or his officers had come to themselves, the Visitor—who was only One of Many—was passing out through the New Door, for the first time, but not for the last time.

And after that what could the deacons do? Only one thing, evidently; and that was to go down to the Door, and examine and approve it. This they did.

\* \* \* \*

There is a point in the history of both men and churches when the whole future seems to hang in the balance. For Mount Hermon that point was reached on that Sabbath morning, and the right course was found when the little pastor went down on his knees in the pulpit. People went away wondering why the place had been called cold, and came again at night with a further increase in their numbers. Things improved steadily as long as the season lasted; and before it was over Mr. Barnes had followed up his advantage by securing a fully equipped heating apparatus to meet the coming of the winter days. After that there was no going back; and the incoming of new and warmer blood gave the social atmosphere just that comfort which the pastor sought in spiritual things, and which his New Door secured for the all too tender frames of visitors from towns.

There is no mystery about the business, but surely the little pastor may be allowed to have his fancy. Perhaps he still thinks that an evil spirit in poor old Smith had made the ill-fitting door, and left it as a means for further inroads in the future; and also that by his modest sacrifice he had baffled one whose icy breath had chilled the Mount Hermon congregation week by week. After all, that is only another way of looking at it.

### A Grateful Tribute.

[An aged lady, almost ninety, but still a constant reader of the 'Messenger,' sends us the following verses, composed by her many years ago.—Editor.]

[Written to the friends in the new West of fifty years or more ago, and their cordial treatment of a newcomer.]

I come from the eastern mountains,  
Where they breathe the pure dear air,  
Where bright streams and crystal fountains,  
Are sparkling in beauty there.

I came when a cloud most dreary,  
Was spread o'er this pleasant land,  
And my heart was sad and weary,  
Oh, I sighed for those mountains grand.

But heart was saved from sadness,  
When I came to the house of prayer,  
For my soul found peace and gladness,  
As I joined in your worship there.

Oh, I found in that sacred spot,  
A home with a chosen band,  
So sweet that I almost forgot,  
That I dwelt in a foreign land.

But time now is swiftly bringing,  
The hour that will break this spell,  
My heart to this sweet home clinging,  
Still lingers and dreads a farewell.

For Oh, I may never again,  
Re-enter that pleasant retreat,  
Never list to that heart-moving strain,  
That fell on my ear so sweet.

### FAREWELL.

'Finally!' Yes! finally,  
The tie that binds eternally,  
For time must now be severed;  
I feel that we shall meet no more,  
Till life's short journeyings are o'er,  
And we in heaven are gathered.

'Brethren!' Beloved, on memory's book,  
Is written every form and look;  
But dearest to my heart,  
Are those upon whose heavenly face  
The image of my Lord I trace,  
Oh, can we, must we part?

'Farewell!' Farewell! It must be so,  
Those loved ones call, and I must go.  
Farewell, but not forever,  
For it shall be my constant care  
To pray and strive to enter where  
We'll part—no, never, never.

'Be perfect.' Oh, those words are sure,  
'They shall see God whose hearts are pure,'  
Then let us never rest,  
Till we this blessed state attain,  
Till we o'er sin the victory gain,  
And walk in holiness.

'Be of good comfort.' God hath given  
His word to light our path to heaven,  
His spirit for a guide,  
A comforter, our hearts to cheer,  
We've all to hope, and naught to fear,  
What can we have beside?

'Be of one mind.' Let naught divide  
This happy band in love allied;  
But let the world perceive  
How Christians love, Christians forgive;  
And let the holy life you live  
Constrain them to believe.

'Live in peace.' Oh, suffer not,  
Discord upon this sacred spot  
To find a moment's rest.  
But Oh, each other's burdens bear,  
And let the dove of peace find there  
A home in every breast.

'And the God of peace and love,  
Shall be with you.' May you prove  
All this precious promise yours,  
It's fulness words can ne'er express,  
His presence is our joy, our rest,  
Our heaven, our all secures.

II. Corinthians xiii. 11.

### Reply to Query.

We have been asked, by an Ontario correspondent, to state explicitly in our columns whether this publication were in any sense a denominational one. It is not. The aim of the publishers has always been, and still is, to make it a bright, helpful paper, equally acceptable to all, whatever their denominational preferences. No appeal for help, either financial or otherwise, is made in these pages, except for strictly undenominational forms of Christian work. Every effort is made to maintain absolute impartiality in the use of articles referring to work that may be carried on by special churches, and such items are inserted not to advance the particular work they describe, but because of their general interest. Our readers may rest confident that in subscribing for or recommending the 'Northern Messenger,' they are supporting an entirely independent and undenominational paper for the home and the Sunday school. The Montreal 'Witness' is equally free from any sectarian bias.

### The Religion Worth Having.

Religion, to be worth possessing, must have a life-giving, life-molding, hope-inspiring power. If it consists only in the observance of forms and ceremonies, in other words, if it only imposes weary burdens upon its votaries, or fails to cure the soul of doubts, fears and evil propensities, then it is utterly worthless. Some one has well written: 'We want religion that softens the step, and turns the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls that are travelling over them.'—'Religious Telescope.'

### Acknowledgments.

#### LABRADOR FUND.

A. M. Boosey, Embro, \$3.60; J. E. S., \$1.00; Mrs. John M. Gunn, Hopetown, \$1.00; Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, Caintown, \$1.00; Stanley B., Brantford, 50 cents; Miss McNabb's class, Kilsyth Presbyterian Sabbath school, \$4.25; total, \$11.35.

### The Maple Leaf Forever and Everyone.

Each week shows marked increase in our Maple Leaf orders. 'Pouring in,' is what one clerk says of them. That shows the pins and brooches themselves are 'all right,' just what we say they are, or better, and our low price, together with our free trial subscriptions, free silk badges to schools, makes this offer a very attractive one. (See mention on page 11).

The emblems we have already sent out, however, are but the first flutterings of the showers of Maple Leaves that we intend shall fall all over the Dominion. This offer is of special interest to schools everywhere, and by prompt action, schools even in the Far West, can remit to us, and get their supply in time for Empire Day.

Nova Scotia is away head still, but New Brunswick does not mean to be behind long, judging from the orders.

Do it at once. A Maple Leaf pin will lend zest to the songs, speeches and general tone of your celebration.

The lessons of that day, and every subsequent lesson in patriotism, will add to the associations clustering round the dainty emblem, which will thus serve continually to call these to mind.

Read our advertisement on Maple Leaf Pins, and lose no time in taking advantage of it.