

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 35

MONTREAL, AUGUST 28, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

Waiting!

(By S. G. Stock.)

They are waiting everywhere,—
Where the fields of earth are fair,
Where the rivers nobly run,
Where the blossoms seek the sun
Where the hills rise, high and grand,
Looking proudly o'er the land—
Waiting! Waiting!

They are waiting in the wild,
Sick and weary and defiled,
And the Saviour's healing word
They have never, never heard;
Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the living bread—
Waiting! Waiting!

For the happy beam of day
That shall chase their gloom away,
For the news, so glad and blest,
That shall set their hearts at rest;
For the peace we know and prize,
For the hope beyond the skies—
Waiting! Waiting!

Yet not voiceless or alone,
For their cry to heaven hath flown,
And the Master waiteth too,
Waiteth, ransomed soul, for you,
Till the life devotion sweet
Be outpoured at his feet—
Waiting! Waiting!

Business and Prayer.

A business man in a large city tells of his perplexity when a young man. His partner, who had been connected with the firm for many years, was taken ill and compelled to take a sea voyage. The entire responsibility of the business was suddenly thrown on the young man, whose experience was limited. He trembled when he thought of the disaster which might come to the business in the absence of his senior partner. When they separated, the young man went to a vacant room in the building, locked the door, and prayed fervently for divine guidance and help. This he did every morning, and when his partner returned it was found that the business had prospered more in his absence than in his presence. All this might have happened if no prayer had been offered, and it might not. The morning prayer, his confidence in the help of God, all tended to encourage his heart, to strengthen him for the burden. And who shall say that his success was not a direct answer to prayer?—
'Christian Advocate.'

A Distinction.

Doubtless many an over-worked business man has often found himself looking back longingly to the happy days before he was 'successful.' The 'Youth's Companion' neatly illustrates this point by a little story:

'Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business, but to my mind he isn't prosperous.'

So said Mrs. Tracy to her sister, who had congratulated her on the purchase by her

husband of a mill which he was thought to have bought at a bargain.

'Well,' returned her sister, 'it seems to me everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town.'

'That's just it,' retorted Mrs. Tracey. 'He's busy, and he succeeds in his doings, but that isn't progressing—not as I understand it. You see,' she continued, 'when we were first married, he leased the little wool-mill on the stream and got along first-rate. He wasn't overbusy, and we used to ride around together every afternoon and have lots of company and good times.'

'But he began to make money and buy more wool and more mills to take care of it and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to another. Sometimes I see him on a Sunday, but he is generally busy resting up to start again. He's about as much a slave as if he was chained in a galley.'

'Yes, but he does make money,' said her sister.

'Well, perhaps so, but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to

getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town.'

Life and Death.

(An Allegory by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, in the 'Christian Herald'.)

The traveller was weary with the journey and, paused a little while by the path to rest. And as she sat there one approached and said,

'Thou hast only a little farther to go?'

'Only a little farther,' she answered.

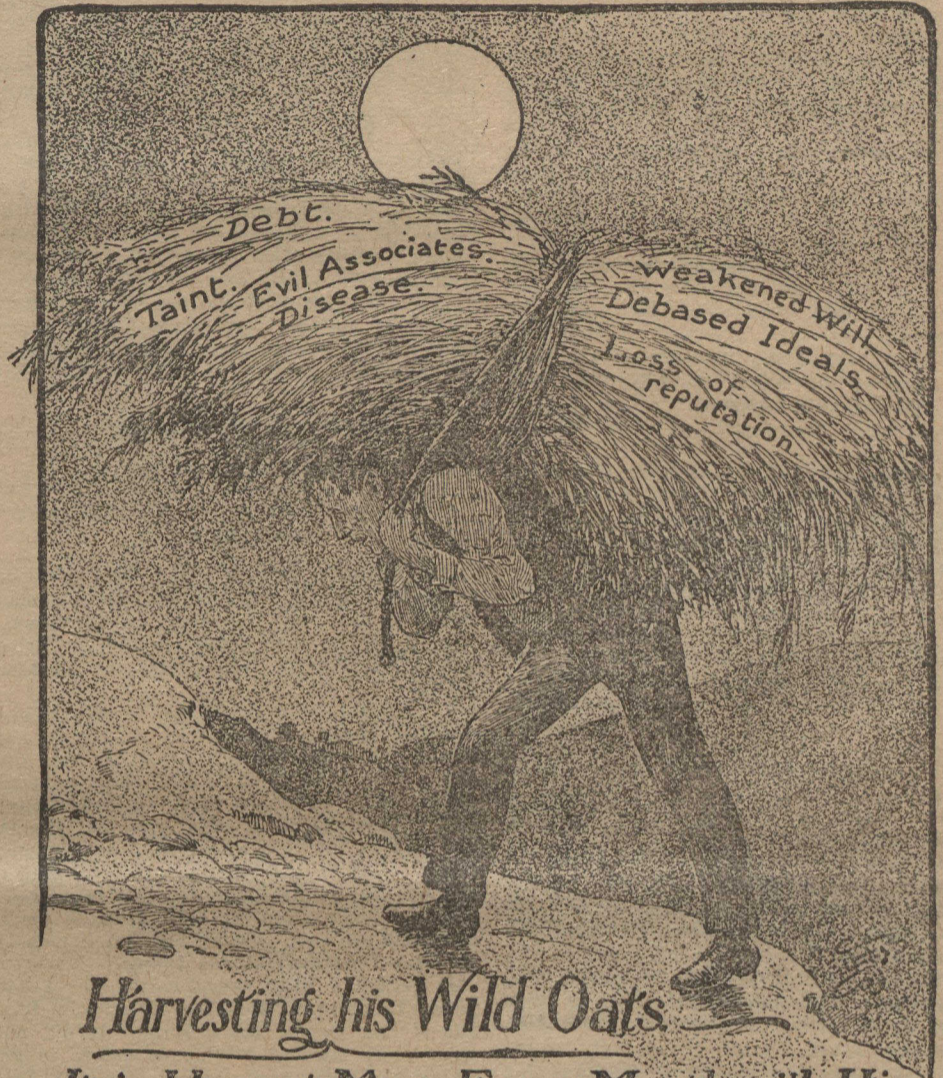
'Art thou not weary with the journey?' asked her new companion.

'Yea, I am. But the journey on the whole has been pleasant and I would not have missed it. I have had many friends and much joy, and great interest in doing my Lord's work.'

'Where are thy friends now?'

'Some of them have gone on before me. The others have been with me until a moment ago. I can hear their pleasant voices and almost see them yet.'

'But now thou art alone. Art thou not



Harvesting his Wild Oats
It is Harvest Moon Every Month with Him.

Drawn by L. J. Bridgman.

—'Christian Endeavor World.'