

# Northern Messenger

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

## 'Tempting the Young.'

There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout, or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night, "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue; but I can't get them to Christ." We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down to his prayers and said: "O, God! take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord."—Dr. Talmage.

## 'Then I am Saved.'

During the first visit of Henry Moorhouse to America he was the guest of a cultivated and wealthy gentleman, who was greatly blessed by the simple testimony it was his privilege to hear.

This gentleman had a daughter just advancing into womanhood, and looking forward with bright anticipation to a gay and worldly life. One day she entered the library, and found the evangelist poring over his Bible. Begging pardon for the intrusion, she was about to retire, when he looked up and said in his quiet and tender way, 'Are you saved?'

She could only reply, 'No, Mr. Moorhouse, I am not.' Then came another question, 'Would you like to be saved?' She thought for a moment of all that is meant by salvation, and of all that is meant by the lack of salvation, and she frankly answered, 'Yes, I wish I were a sincere Christian.'

Then came the third question, asked very solemnly and earnestly, 'Would you like to be saved now?' Under this searching thrust her head drooped, and she began to look into her heart. On one hand her youth, her brilliant prospects, her father's wealth and position in society, made the world peculiarly attractive; and on the other hand stood the Lord Jesus Christ, who must then and there be received or rejected. No wonder the struggle in her breast was severe, but as the



## He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me In weary ways, where heavy shadows be: Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright, Out of the sunshine into the darkest night, I oft would faint with sorrow and affright. Only for this—I know He holds my hand; So whether in a green or desert land I trust, although I may not understand. And by still waters? No, not always so; Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow, And o'er my soul the waves and billows go. And when the storms beat loudest, and I cry Aloud for help, the Master standeth by, And whispers to my soul, 'Lo, it is I.' Above the tempest wild, I hear Him say, 'Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day. In every path of thine, I lead the way.' So whether on the hill-tops high and fair I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where The shadows lie—what matter? He is there. And more than this; where'er the pathway lead He gives to me no broken helpless reed, But His own hand sufficient for my need. So where He leads me I can safely go And in the blest hereafter I shall know Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Selected.



realities of eternity swept before her vision, she raised her eyes, and calmly, resolutely said, 'Yes, I want to be saved now.'

The supreme moment in her history was reached, and the evangelist was led by the Holy Spirit to guide her wisely.

He asked her to kneel beside him at the sofa, and to read aloud the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. This she did in tones that became tremulous and broken by sobs. 'Read it again,' said Henry 'and wherever you find "we,"

"our," and "us," put in "I," "my," and "me." Read it as if you were pouring out your own heart before God.' The weeping girl again read. 'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and I hid as it were my face from him; he was despised, and I esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows; yet I did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.' Here she broke down completely, as the thought of her per-