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"The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School."—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.



THE YOUNG LIONS DO LACK AND SUFFER HUNGER; BUT THEY THAT SEEK THE LORD SHALL NOT WANT ANY GOOD THING.

The Unfinished Sermon.

(Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.)

Once I was speaking in my own church in Brighton on the power of the Saviourhood of Christ, and at the close of the sermon a man came into the vestry, and said:

'Excuse me, sir, did you finish your sermon just now?'

I said I thought so.

'Oh,' he said, 'you did not. You told me exactly what my life was once. You told me all the beauty and the winsomeness and the power of Christ, but you did not tell me how to bring the two together.'

I said: 'I will never make that mistake again.'

I'll tell you his story:

'I am a working man; I was once a drunken sot. I was picked out of the gutter. I felt the sudden liberation at the Cross. I was soundly converted to God. (I know he was.) I thought all my struggle with my old-time craving would be gone at once, but it was not. I had to get my living. I had to go past the place where the gin was sold, and I could not pass it. My hell began at the Cross.'

What do you think of that?

He said: 'After falling and failing, and fail-

ing and falling, till even my rescuers who had brought me to Jesus had despaired of me, I knelt down in the street myself, and raised my hands to heaven, and said: "Lord Jesus, Thou hast called me. Keep me. I claim Thy Spirit." That was years ago. I am a free man now in the power of the Holy Ghost. That is how it is done.' —'Christian Age.'

Farmer Abbott's Planting.

'Wal, neighbor, ben prayin' your potatoes inter the sile, this mornin'?' shouted Farmer Jessup, as he leaned over the wall that separated his 'early land' from that of Farmer Abbott. The other looked up with a cheery smile.

'Yes,' said he, 'I have been praying some, I couldn't help it.'

'I s'pose no one could hender you, now that you've got your mind made up, but it does seem to me that it is a mixin' of things up dreadfully, to pray right when you're plantin'. Its kinder like draggin' yer religion through all the dust an' dirt on the farm.'

'You think that religion is something that goes with Sunday clothes and folded hands, do you?'

'Wal, yes, an' not exactly, either. You see your mind ought to be on your work. You

should be a doin' of it with your might. This continool prayin' when you're hillin' up potatoes ain't profitable. You ain't no better, your crops ain't no better; in fact, you're wuss off than if you left your meditatin' an' prayin' for Sunday.'

'You think that I gain nothing by it?'

'I know you don't. It stands to reason that you can't.'

'Well,' said Farmer Abbott, seriously, 'since you have spoken of it, perhaps you would like to hear what I have actually gained.'

The other nodded indifferently.

'Just this,' said Farmer Abbott. 'When I can pray all day long, I am happy all day long. I feel that as long as I do my best, the rest will be taken care of.'

'Yes, but has it ever put a dollar into your pocket?' interrupted Farmer Jessup.

'I was coming to that; yes, it has within the last year brought me in a number of dollars. You know that cross heifer that I had? Well, I used to feel ugly and pound her with the hoe until I was tired, and it did no good. She kicked just as bad; but when I began to pray every morning and through the day, why, I hadn't the heart to strike her, and she tamed right down, and last week I sold her for sixty dollars. I found, also, that I didn't feel like yellin' at the oxen as if they were