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The Gipsy Camp.

Rambling over the common one fine day, Harry and his sister noticed a gipsy encampment just within the edge of the wood. On coming closer they saw a man lying on the ground, and near by an old woman stirring something in a great iron cooking-pot. A big untidy girl called out in a mocking voice, 'Say, young mister, want some dinner?'

Harry was startled by the rude tones, but he managed to say, 'Not to-day, thank you,' and, taking his sister's hand, they quickly made their way out of the wood.

Fifty years ago Epping Forest, near London, was a favorite resort of this neglected class, who became the terror of the district from their profane and vicious habits. Since then many efforts have been made to bring the Gospel to those 'dwellers in tents.' Tents which were once the scene of riot now resound with the song of praise, and men who once lived by all manner of dishonest practices now support themselves and their families by honest industry.

A lady once accompanied Dr. Guthrie to a gipsy encampment near Edinburgh. She says: 'I sent for the only stool amongst the tents as a seat for the doctor. The men and women all took places around him in the ordinary reclining or sitting postures. After a little pleasant conversation, Dr. Guthrie told them

the story of "The Prodigal Son," and spoke to them upon God's love for sinners, sometimes addressing one, sometimes another. "I have six sons," the doctor said, "and I often ask myself this question. 'Could I love any one of them so well as to sacrifice him for Christ's sake?' But I always come back to this conclusion — no, I could not. And yet, look, my good friends, 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

'To which one of the man replied, "Well, sir, I can feel with you, and I have three sons—two are lads—but neither of them could I part with; no, not for nobody living."

'The doctor seemed pleased with his visit, telling me that he did not think he had addressed a more interested-looking audience.' —The 'Child's Companion.'

Among the incidents of an earthquake in India we have the following: Many of the natives thought that the world was coming to an end, and the merchants and money-lenders at Goalpara rushed to the top of the hill with other natives and literally sowed their money broadcast. When asked why they did it they said, 'If the ground is going to open

and swallow us, what good will our money do us? We give it to the gods.' A wiser method would be to make the offering to the gods earlier that they might prevent such a catastrophe. May not Christians in civilized lands learn a lesson from this incident and make their offering to the God of gods?

—Selected.

The Draught at Mount Hermon.

(W. E. Cule, in the 'Baptist Commonwealth.')

(Concluded.)

It was curious what a noise that door made in the village. Those who had seen it told those who hadn't, and representatives of each set went to interview the carpenter. He told all he knew, and there were some who had heard the conversation on Sunday week between the pastor and his deacons. Thus a fairly true version of the affair got abroad, to be told and retold. The village grocer, the barber, the news agent and tobacconist, told it in their shops; the milkmen and the bakers carried it far and wide in their carts. By Friday night there was scarcely a single person, resident or visitor, who had not smiled over the curious history of the minister and his door.

But it did not stop at that. In the nearest large town was published a gossipy evening paper, which gave a few notes to Llanbyre during the season in return for a quite respectable summer circulation. It probably had a correspondent there, to supply it with items of news, and the name of distinguished visitors. On that Saturday the paper came as usual, and the people of Llanbyre were delighted to find their latest sensation in a prominent place. Thus:—

THE MINISTER AND THE DRAUGHT.

Remarkable Incident at Llanbyre.

'One of the little chapels at Llanbyre had a Draught of a good old-fashioned kind. The other Sunday the newly-appointed minister discovered the Draught, and suggested a new door. His officers, however, resolved to keep the Draught, so the minister resolved to see to the matter himself. On Thursday, therefore, the people of the village were astonished to see the reverend gentleman, in company with a carpenter, bearing a brand-new Door through the streets towards his chapel, where it was safely hung in its place. The promptitude and energy of this action have made a distinct impression at Llanbyre, and it is felt that things are moving. It is rumored that the whole door came out of the minister's own purse, and we trust that it will act as properly as it should do under the circumstances.'

Those rather flippant, but not ill-natured remarks naturally clinched the matter at Llanbyre; and probably the person most concerned was the one who did not read the paragraph. Mr. Barnes never took a paper on Saturday evening, for he devoted those hours to a finishing study of his sermon; and he was thus unconscious of the general interest with which his doings were regarded. But when he came out of the vestry on the next morning, he gave a little start of surprise. At the first glance it seemed to him that the chapel was full.

It was not full, but there was a striking increase in the attendance. All the regulars had come in force, and there were many who seldom went to any place at all. There were some of the new residents, who had been quietly slipping away from the denomination,