

loved child had suddenly stepped from his father's side into a solemn Eternity, speaking to the last of 'Lord Jesus,' and smiling joyfully as the Good Shepherd took the little lamb in his arms 'on the brink of the river of death,' James realized what a life of terrible trifling his had been, and ever since, in a dim, aimless way, he had been groping after the truth as it is in Jesus.

Only the Sunday before, the words of a street-preacher had fallen on his ear, words that told of the water of life, and of the love of Jesus in obtaining it for poor, perishing sinners; and James had got a glimpse of the truth that made him long painfully for more. He knew now that this burden on his heart was unforgiven sin, and the preacher had said that Jesus would forgive sin.

Then James, in his slow way, had reasoned it out that to take of the water of life, and to get sin pardoned, were perhaps the same thing. There were two things about which he was quite clear. He needed salvation, and he would not rest until he found out how to get it; and he thought if he could but discover who it was that was so freely invited to take of the water of life in the passage he had been reading, it would throw great light on the subject.

Again and again he repeated to himself the letters of the 'long word,' until they were thoroughly fixed in his memory; and then, with a sudden gleam of hope lighting up his face, he started from his seat, closed the Bible, and taking his hat from the peg, he nodded pleasantly to his wife, saying, 'I'm going to take a bit of a turn, Hannah; I'll not be long.'

Once outside the door he walked forward with a brisk, determined step, until he came to a large house standing back from the road, and surrounded by extensive grounds. James was in the habit of passing this house every day on his way to and from work, and knew it to be a boarding school for boys; and out of his wife's mention of making their little Tim a scholar, if he had lived, had sprung the sudden thought that one of these boys might help him in his present difficulty.

It required some determination for the reserved, grave man, rendered graver than usual by the pressure of a great anxiety, to face a troop of merry, rollicking lads, who might, perhaps, turn his inquiries into mockery. But a man thoroughly in earnest does not let the lion in the heavenward path frighten or deter him, and such a man, as he speeds past the enemy, always finds it chained by the order of the King.

Many voices of boys, just out for their evening games, filled the air as James drew near the gate; and he had scarcely taken his station outside, when, within, one of them rushed past it to pick up a ball. It was Harvey Reynolds, a bright-faced fellow, on whose character good home training had left unmistakable traces, making him kind hearted and courteous to rich and poor alike; and as the words reached his ear, 'I say, young master, can I have a word with you?' he slackened his flying pace, and came up to the gate, pressing his flushed face against the bars, and looking through them with a pleasant smile and with boyish curiosity at the man outside.

'You can have two or three words if you like, and if you'll be quick about it,' he said; 'but the fellows will want me back in a minute.'

'I thought you'd, may be, tell me what these letters make up when they are put together,' said James, and, with the air of a great schoolboy repeating his lesson, he slowly spelled out the long word that had so perplexed him.

'That's whosoever,' said Harvey, secretly wishing that he could pass every examination as easily.

'And will you be pleased to tell me what whosoever means?' asked James, anxiously.

'Oh, it means,' and Harvey paused a moment to put his explanation into the simplest possible shape. 'Oh, it means you, me, or anybody.'

'Thank you kindly, young sir; you've done me a great service.'

Harvey, as he rushed back to his companions, wondered at the sudden brightness that lighted up his questioner's face as he turned away; but it was a joy with which no stranger intermeddled that James Simpson was feeling then. Salvation was for him! He, or anybody might take it! at least, so the young

gentleman had said, and coming out of a big school like that he was sure to know.

It would be impossible here to tell fully the further stages of James' spiritual history. The Holy Spirit has various ways of working, but it is a blessed truth that, 'where'er we seek him, he is found,' and that when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he shall guide into all truth.

Under this Divine teacher James so 'learned Christ' that he became a happy, consistent, and useful Christian; and though he never got farther in his scholarship than to be able to read the Bible to his own and his wife's satisfaction by spelling a few of the very long words, yet he never again needed to spell the word 'whosoever'; and his face would light up with joy whenever he came to it, regarding it, as he did, as the key-stone of the arch on which rested his hopes for eternity. Perhaps nothing could better express his feelings, nor more fittingly recommend the same Saviour to my readers, than that sweet verse of Dr. H. Bonar's hymn:—

I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place  
And He has made me glad.

### A Hero in the Home Field.

(Helen Frances Huntington, in 'Union Gospel News.')

Howard Wendall was eighteen at the time of his conversion. He immediately prepared for the ministry, much to the disappointment of his family, who considered his promising career spoiled irretrievably. Howard determined to spend his life for Christ in the mission field, and for four years he studied zealously to fit himself for his chosen work.

On the even of his graduation his father sickened and died, after which a series of reverses deprived the family of the bulk of their fortune. Philip Wendall, the older brother, who should have assumed the cares of the household, was poorly fitted for the responsibility, being a vain, worldly-minded society man; the two sisters were idle devotees of fashion, and the mother too much stunned and broken by grief at her bereavement to battle with the serious affairs of life. Howard tried to reason himself clear of responsibility, but the voice of his Master was stronger even than his zealous desire to enter the mission field, so he stayed and shouldered the arduous work of domestic readjustment.

It was hard living after that; the young Christian seemed to stand absolutely alone in the midst of the worldly-minded people whose sole ambition was to maintain their former places in society in spite of their broken fortunes. In looking through his father's papers Howard found mention of a debt of honor which the others refused to consider, and, true to his own conviction, Howard set himself resolutely forward to cover the sum thus involved.

For eight years he labored patiently, uncomplainingly at the call of duty, and at the end of that time his mother died with Howard's name on her lips, and a prayer of thanksgiving to God for using her son to her soul's salvation. Shortly afterward when the two sisters were married, Howard at last turned his face toward his long-delayed goal. He immediately received an appointment under the auspices of the Home Board of Missions to go to California. To his surprise his brother Philip met him at the train. He had not seen him for two years, not since Philip had left the South and settled in business in New York.

'I felt that I must see you before you left,' he said quietly, 'and tell you that I owe all that may be called success to the influence of your patient example for which I shall feel grateful as long as I live. Don't forget that, will you Howard? You have my heartfelt wishes for your success and happiness.'

'Thank you Philip,' said Howard, greatly moved by this unlooked for revelation. 'I believe this is the happiest hour of my life. It has brought the fulfilment of my dearest wishes. I look forward to a long, useful life, by God's grace, in His service. God bless you Philip.'

And so they parted to go their separate ways.

The train in which Howard traveled was

delayed for several hours in ———, Michigan, a town of notoriously bad reputation. The officers on board warned the passengers to keep very quiet in the presence of the ruffians lounging about the tracks, some of whom had made very evil records by unprovoked assaults upon travellers. Howard was earnestly advised to make no mention of his calling, which was particularly distasteful to the roughs. However, he left the car presently and walked about among the loafers skulking around the station, and suddenly a little child ran out of a shack close by and dived across the track. He turned at the sight of the unfamiliar faces and would have fled but fell across the rear track just as a freight engine backed around the curve and bore down toward him with perilous speed. Howard sprang to the rescue and with one deft motion flung the child out of harm's way, but as he did so his foot caught, and he fell under the very wheels of the moving engine, which passed over his body with a shriek of almost human horror.

One of the roughs picked up the wounded broken body very gently and carried it into the dingy waiting room. It was plain to the most inexperience he was past human skill; Howard knew it best of all, but he made no mention of his own condition, and not a murmur of complaint passed his agonized lips. He turned to the man who carried him in, and who knelt by his side on the floor. 'Thank you, friend,' he said in a husky voice. 'Call in your comrades, will you? I want to speak to them.'

There was no need to call them in; they gathered about the dying man in awed silence and reverence which death inspires in the roughest hearts. A few directions and addresses were given by the dying man; then Howard talked to them as no man had ever dared to talk before, of their lawless, sinful lives, of their lost heritage of noble manhood, and lastly of the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. He pleaded with them to turn to the meek and lowly Jesus. It was a sad and solemn hour; the quiet heroism of the pleader's act touched his listeners more than a life time of exhortation could have done, and seeing how deeply moved they were, Howard thanked God eloquently for the privilege of that one short hour in the mission field. He died with a prayer for their conversion on his lips.

Two years after Howard's death the man who had closed the eyes of the dying hero wrote Philip Wendall telling him the story of that last hour and the beginning of a new order in the lawless place in Michigan. 'He did his duty nobly, and we will remember that dying hour to the day of our own death. We have set out to follow him.'

### Communion.

If faith be the main-spring, devotion winds up the machinery, and keeps it in continual motion. It is as impossible for the soul to remain strong in faith and active in obedience, without continued communion with God, the fountain of all grace, as it is for a clock to perform its revolutions without being regularly wound up.

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