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In 'Big-Tree' Land.

(*Christian Herald.*)

It has been recently said by an authority of high repute that in a few years the commercial value of timber of the State of Washington will be more than all the gold

acres,' about one-sixth of the total timber of the United States. Our illustration shows one of Washington's great trees, a low-laid monarch of the forest, its victors standing near, conquering weapons in hand. Arms that wield the battle-axe in such woodland warfare as this should wax mighty in mus-

jobs about the house, barn, and garden, that he had been trying to find a day to do up. (It would take a week, at least, to do them all.) And there was an item of private business to attend to. It would take but an hour or two to attend to that, but it had been neglected for a whole year under the press of ministerial duties. Neglected one minute too long and it would be disastrous to himself and family. He had long been waiting for time to write an article or two on important matters for his church paper. He had not made an entry in his diary for weeks. There was a lot of work to be done in his study by way of sorting and filing scraps, indexing books and periodicals, and he had a lot of choice reading on current events laid carefully away for a time to give it attention.

What of all these things should he do to-day?

As he lay thinking it all over, he dropped to sleep and dreamed that he was standing near an open door. In side, a company of his people was spending an afternoon playing—progressive euchre! He could hear their conversation.

'I wonder what the elder finds to occupy all his time.'

'About all he has to do is to get up in the pulpit a couple of times on Sunday and preach.' 'He makes but very few calls.'

'No, he has not called on the families in our neighborhood for a whole month.'

'And he never called on that—'

The minister was suddenly and mercifully awakened by his wife exclaiming: 'Why, J—, here you are fast asleep after daylight. What an unusual thing for you to do!' (God bless the ministers' wives!) 'I have ironing and baking to do to-day, and the W. C. T. U. meets here this afternoon, and the choir this evening. You said last night that you had your sermons done. You will help what you can, won't you, dear? Any way, you will take care of the baby.'

And the pastor sighed.

Gentle reader, do you think that this is all fancy? Ask your pastor..



A LOW-LAID MONARCH OF THE WOODS, NEAR TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

turned out by California. According to a recent government report, 'standing timber of all kinds in Washington is estimated at 410,000,000,000 feet, covering 23,500,000,000

acres. Lungs that breathe in such free air must needs breathe strong and wholesomely. Right royally should the axe ring that fells such arboreal lords.

A Pastor's Reverie.

(By Ariel, in 'Morning Star.')

It was before daylight on a Friday morning. The pastor lay with his eyes closed, planning his day's work, as was his wont. He thought of nothing that must be done that very day or never. What a luxury! How seldom he had such a day. When he left his study at half-past ten the night before, his sermons for the next Sunday were completed. He could think of no funeral, or wedding, or yearly, quarterly, prayer or covenant meeting for that day. No committees to meet, no social to attend, no suppers to eat, no societies to address, no picnics to make fun for. There were none dangerously sick. Oh, yes, a man had fallen from his barn some miles away the day before, and he was seriously hurt. 'But he does not belong to my congregation.' 'True, but his pastor is away at annual conference.' 'I must go and see the man to-day.' (The pastor had conducted the funeral services of a member of his absent associate's congregation the day before.) What a treat to have such a day, free from urgent, pressing duties. He had long wanted a day all to himself, to just rest.

But he began to think of things that had been put off 'till a more convenient season.' Things that could wait and had to. There were one, two, three, four, five invalids that he had not called on for some time. He ought to use this day to see them. He dreaded to, though, for he knew that some of them would meet him with reproving looks and words because he had not called sooner. Poor souls! They did not understand. Some of them, however, would be so thankful that he could find time to call on them at all. Then there were two aged ministers that he had felt for a long time he ought to visit. One lived six miles away and the other twenty. But they lived in the same direction. He could reach them both on the same trip. And there was a brother pastor five miles in the opposite direction that he wanted to confer with on important denominational matters. And there was an innumerable number of calls and visits that he had been putting off till he was appalled with the labor and time involved in catching up. And there were one, two,—twelve schools in the two villages and surrounding country that made up his parish. He had been trying to get time to visit them ever since the school year opened. And there were a lot of odd

A Ten-Dollar Bill From Heaven.

I had a lesson in faith early in my ministry, that did me a world of good, and I think it will always abide with me. Some things we could not forget if we would; some we would not if we could. This incident fits both of these propositions.

In our Conference we had organized a simple sort of mutual insurance company among the preachers. The plan was this: If one of the preachers should die during the year each member of the society was to send to the secretary of the society ten dollars for the widow and family of our departed brother.

I think I was in the second year of my ministry, travelling a small circuit, and living in a very pretty little Ohio valley town. At the time of this event I was engaged in conducting special revival services in a little country school-house about a dozen miles from home. I had made a trip to my home to visit my family, provide for their wants, and go to the post office for my mail.