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Missionary Tim.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Gilbert R. Kirlew, in 'Home Magazine.')
Magazine.)

Tim was a Manchester street Arab, shoeless and ragged—just an ordinary, rough, neglected child, with bright eyes under a thatch of tangled hair, who slept out when he had no place to sleep in, and whose fa-

ther—his only parent—was well known to the police.

The one oasis in Tim's desert life, his one refuge from kicks and curses, was the Ragged School. He could scent out tea-parties and gifts of clothing as keenly as any other half-starved child.

'Teacher, give us a clog-ticket,' he pleaded one Sunday in the early winter, and the appeal, seconded by his bare toes, was granted.

He ran home, a proud and happy boy,

with the wooden-soled Lancashire clogs clasped to his bosom—the only pair of shoes of any kind he had ever possessed.

Far too grand were they for every-day use! 'How can I keep them,' he thought, 'where father won't pawn them for drink?' His grit, originality and determination came out in the plan he adopted. In a plot of vacant ground near-by, he dug a hole and privately buried them!

Alas! the interment was not secret enough; for next Sunday morning he dug and

untamed spirit that inhabited the smart red jacket, and many were the scrapes and troubles of Tim's boyhood.

But softly, gently, in unknown ways, there came a great change.

His friend's prayers were heard for the headstrong youth, so full of character and possibilities for good; the untamed heart opened to a Saviour's love, and the free street Arab vowed himself to the service of Christ.

Naturally, this meant the service of his brethren.

A knock came one night at his friend's office door, 'Come in, Tim. Well, still trusting in Jesus and looking bright?'

'Yes, sir, but I'd like to save my little brother from the streets. He's just about as old as I was when you took me in.'

What a joy it was to help the big boy to save the little one, who lives to-day. A good and prosperous man.

When Tim's apprenticeship came to an end, he had been for some time an open-air preacher and a worker in the common lodging-houses—the very places where he was known before as a wild untaught lad.

But he longed for more and harder work for God, and a speech from Dr. Harry Guinness at a young men's meeting fired his heart with desire to help the dark heathen. These wishes were strengthened by a visit to Mildmay Conference, where he heard Mr. Spurgeon and others.

It is several years now since a stalwart young emigrant, with his carpenter's tools in his box, set sail for Canada.

The friends he made there soon told him the great North-West needed ministers of the gospel as much as carpenters, and suggested that he should go to college.

Easier said than done, even in Canada! The preliminary examination was about a hundred miles off, and Tim had no money for railway fares.

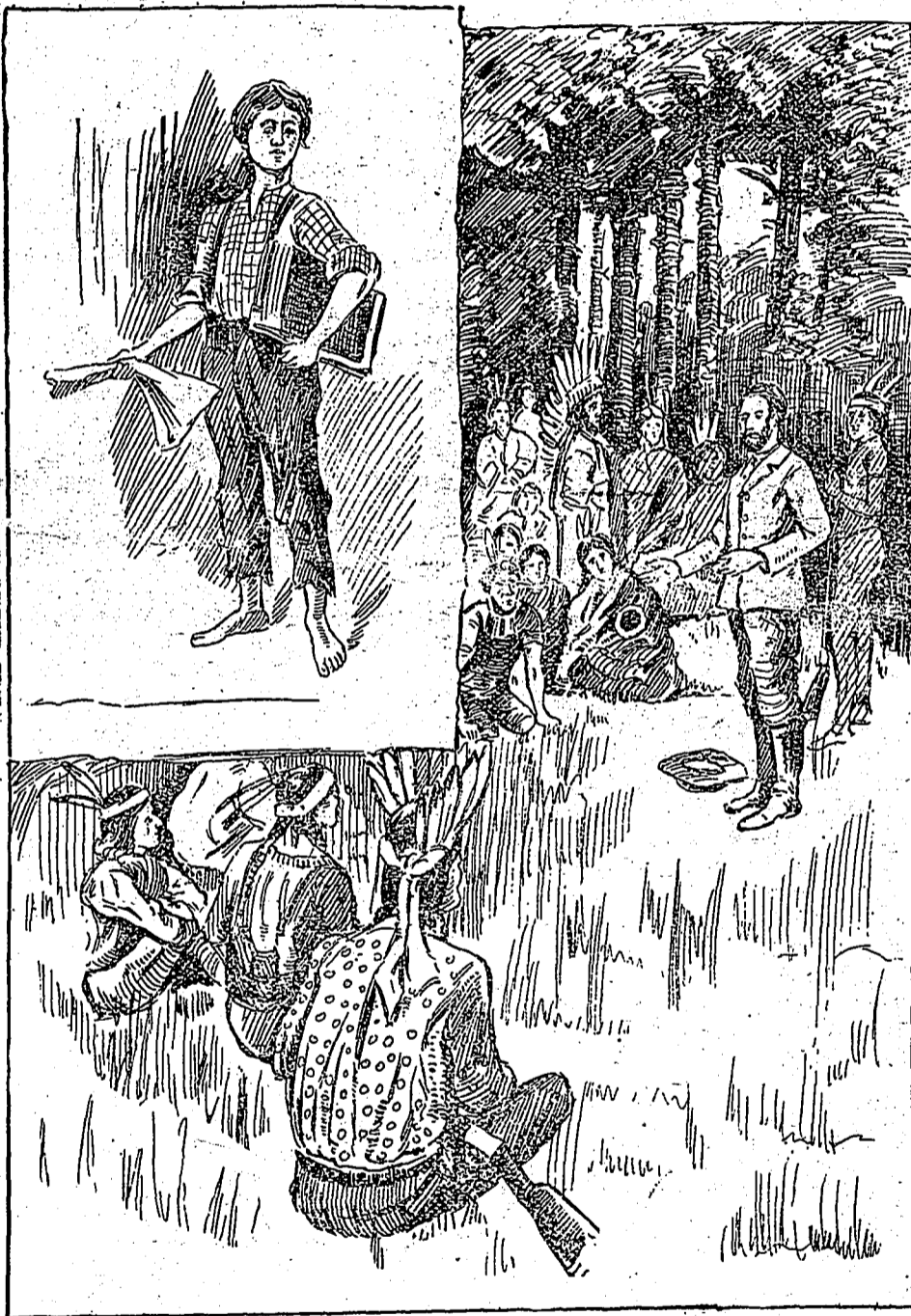
It was a little country school house where the examiners sat, and they had done their work and locked the door behind themselves and their candidates, when another student appeared, very tired, and without a dry thread on him, but eager.

It was Tim. He had walked the whole hundred miles, wading a good part of the way knee-deep through the flooded plains, to find himself just too late.

Grit like this was not to be denied. The door was unlocked again, and the damp aspirant put triumphantly through his facings and sent to college. How indeed could they have had the heart to 'pluck' him?

In the same spirit Tim met and wrestled with the further difficulties of his career.

One of the happiest days of his old friend's life was the Sunday four years ago, when he sat in a Methodist church on the far side of the Rockies, and saw Tim, his 'son in the faith,' set solemnly apart by the laying on of hands to the work of preaching the gospel. During his last year at New Westminster College, he had been preaching in a little wooden church in that thoroughly wooden town, but now that he was ordained he asked for harder work.



dug, but found no clogs. They were gone!

It was a bitter loss, but the thought of it has helped him to bear many a disappointment since.

Just as his teens were reached, a piece of good fortune came to poor, forlorn little Tim. A friend, the friend of his life, took him to a home for rescued waifs. Now the days of nakedness and hunger were over; he donned a red jacket, and went out shoe-blackening, and in time he was advanced to the carpenter's bench. Still, it was a wild,