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Leading the Blind.

(George Hawker, in the 'Christian Pictorial'.)

Not very long ago I was sitting near the front at a devotional meeting. A young man just behind me, whom I did not know, led us to the throne of grace. In the course of his prayer, which was very simple and beautiful, he specially asked that those who were baffled and bewildered, who knew not which way to take might be guided by

it all. His eyes were wide open, but there was no light in them: they wandered about unseeing: he was blind. I was very sorry that he was blind, but very glad that he believed in Jesus, and quite sure that his prayer for guidance and comfort would be answered.

Since then I have often thought of him and his prayer, and it has seemed to me that sometimes, Jesus, who was so good to the blind when he was upon the earth, answers such prayers through us. The

which a child can render, is to lead the blind. Like the giving of the cup of cold water, of which Jesus speaks, it is done, not only for him, but unto him, and can in no wise miss its reward.

And the reward of leading the blind, is that we are led by such kindness ourselves into the ways, and into the spirit of Jesus. I once heard a member of Parliament telling of how certain blind children were sent to school with other children who could see. When it was first arranged, the teachers were afraid that if the blind children mixed with others in the playground, they would be knocked down and injured by the rushing about of careless boys and girls. But the event was very different. Everybody was gentle and careful toward the blind; and some of the wildest and roughest seemed to be most tender and eager in showing them kindness, and guarding them from harm. The teachers were delighted, and confessed that the presence of the blind children had raised the tone and spirit of the school. The boys and girls who could see led the blind; and part of their reward was that they themselves were led into a gentler, higher kind of life.

There is another kind of blindness—blindness of soul. St. Paul speaks of the god of this world blinding the eyes of them that believe not. That is the worst kind of blindness. One may be able to see with both eyes all the sweet wonders of the outer world—the rising of the sun; the new green leaves appearing on trees that seemed all stark and dead; the daisies that spangle the meadows, and the stars that shine like flowers in the broad fields of the sky; one may see all these things, and yet be blind toward God, and never see 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.' That is, indeed, the worst kind of blindness. Those who are blind after this manner have most need of guidance. Let us pray that our eyes may be open to the beauty and the grace of Jesus; and that so we may be able to lead others to his feet. Perhaps we may find ourselves some day leading by the hand a blind man whose heart is full of light, who will be able to repay our lesser kindness by leading us into deeper knowledge of the truth of God.



the Spirit of God; and then he went on to pray that if some of us lacked something which it was good to possess, and were different from other people, the lack might be made up by the presence and the sweet fellowship of Jesus.

I wondered in my own mind what it could be to which he was referring, and while we were singing the next hymn I stole a look at his face. Then I understood

blind man prays that his want may be made up, and then somebody with a kind heart, in which God has implanted sympathy, takes him by the hand and leads him gently, not thinking perhaps that this little act is done for the Lord. It is quite certain, however, that the Lord will use the hands of little children who are willing to lend them for his service; and one occasional, but very beautiful act of service

To Every Man His Work.

(Leander S. Keyser, in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

'Good-night, Mr. Albers. It is surely time for me to go; it's growing quite late.'

'Oh! don't be in a hurry, parson. You haven't anything to do; you can sleep as long as you want to in the morning.'

'You're mistaken, Mr. Albers. I have a great deal to do to-morrow; and must try to get enough sleep to-night, so as to be in good condition for my work.'

'What in the world have you got to do, Brother Stanton?'

'Well, besides my pastoral work, I have