

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 26.

MONTREAL, JUNE 30, 1899.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

## A New Lesson.

This story is true, and I have tried as nearly as possible to tell every word and incident just as they occurred.

Mary and Jennie sat in Jennie's room in their night-dresses, about to retire for the night. They were both away from home at a finishing school, and now Mary was wondering why in the world Jennie didn't put out the light, so that they could go to bed.

But Jennie did not put the light out just then, as Mary was thinking she would, but reached over to the table and got her Bible. 'Shall I read for both?' she said. Mary nodded assent.

Just you lie still, and I'll have a hot flannel ready in half a minute.'

'No, no, Jennie,' putting out her hand to stop her, 'it's not my tooth. I'm so unhappy; it's my heart that's aching;' and with that Mary put her arms around her companion's neck, and cried as if her heart was breaking indeed. Jennie, awe-struck and wondering, could not say a word, but presently Mary found voice to say:

'It all comes of what happened before we went to bed. I never realized that I wasn't a Christian at all till then. You read your Bible, and then you prayed, and I couldn't. I never had anything make me feel so in all my life. I couldn't endure it any longer, without talking to you

"for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" Just think—whosoever—whosoever believeth.'

There was a silence, during which Jennie was earnestly praying in her heart for Mary; and poor broken-hearted Mary was longing to know what Jennie knew so well. However, her trouble did not last long that night; for God's Holy Spirit soon made all so clear and simple that presently Jennie felt Mary's arms tightened about her, and the hot tears dropping on her shoulder.

'Oh, Jennie,' she sobbed, 'I'm crying for joy; I see it all so clearly now. He died for me, for me. Oh, I am so happy!'

'So am I!' cried Jennie, her tears flowing also for pure joy.

Later days proved the reality of her faith, while peace like a river filled her soul in the assurance of forgiven sin.

It was a new lesson to Jennie, the experience of that night. She had never before realized so much how true it was that Jesus had taken her place and Mary's place, and died in their stead. It was now so simple to Mary, but doubly so to her, and they both rejoiced together.—'Indian Witness.'

## A Silver-Winged Messenger.

(By Mrs. Harvey-Jellie.)

Colonel Valious sat alone in his dining-room, looking at the many presents that had been sent for his wife's birthday. She was thirty years old that day, the sunshine of his home, and the delight of all who knew her.

But no festival of rejoicing was to be held, for she lay in her silent room, apparently near the gate of death.

Dinah Hall, the old servant of the Valious' home when the Colonel was a child, had become the gardener's wife, and lived near, and she was coming to nurse the invalid.

A gentle creature was she, one whose anchor of faith was cast within the veil, and whose soul dwelt in perfect peace. The door opened softly, and she stood before the downcast man. 'Ah, to be sure, it's her birthday,' she said, glancing at the presents, 'and this one is lovely,' pointing to a flower-vase held by a silver angel, with outstretched wings.

'Her friend Mrs. Statham has just sent it; you shall carry it to her, Dinah; place it on the table beside her; the flowers are choice,' he said, handing the vase to the good old servant, for whom his wife and he had a real affection.

In Dinah's pocket she had a card with her favorite verse on it, and she thought to show it perchance while attending to her patient; but now, quick as loving thought can prompt, she took it out and hung it between the silver wings under the maiden-hair fern, and in the stillness she breathed a prayer, and felt confident her God would use the little messenger.

The fever had gone, and Mrs. Valious lay prostrate. She smiled at the familiar



LATER DAYS PROVED THE REALITY OF HER FATE.

When Jennie had read her chapter, she said, 'Shall we pray together, Mary?'

Mary nodded again. They knelt, and Jennie prayed just as she had been used to do at home, and they went to bed. It did not occur to her that she had done an odd or unusual thing. She had come from a sweet Christian home, where the Heavenly Father was daily called upon in simple and unaffected fashion.

Long after Jennie had gone to sleep, Mary lay awake, thinking more seriously than she had ever done before in all her light, careless life.

Presently Jennie heard a little moan. Mary had complained of her tooth during the evening, and Jennie thought she was suffering again.

'Does your tooth ache so badly, dearie?

about it. Oh, Jennie dear, I am so unhappy!'

'Have you prayed?' said Jennie.

'Oh, yes, over and over again, but I don't seem to get any help or comfort. Do you think I've been so wicked that God can't take me?'

'No, no, no!' cried Jennie. 'Don't you remember what Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners?" Don't you want to be a Christian?'

'Oh,' groaned Mary, 'I think I'd give my right hand to know that my sins were forgiven.'

'Do let's pray,' said Jennie. And with her arms around Mary, she asked God, 'for Christ's sake, to help Mary to trust in Him, and to forgive her sins.' Then she said, 'Don't you remember that verse, Mary,