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A Lawyer Brought to Christ.

THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF ROWLAND B. EDWARDS, THE ENGLISH EVANGELIST.

(The 'Ram's Horn.')

Up to the age of twenty-two I had no thoughts about eternity, in fact, my life was one devoted to pleasure, business and sin. It was about that time when practicing as a lawyer that a brother-in-law, an English barrister, to my surprise, spoke to me about my soul. I say 'surprise,' for up to that hour I knew him only as a worldly unconverted man. I sarcastically remarked that I would give him three months to keep to his religion, feeling sure in my own mind that he would weary of it, and return to the old paths. He replied that the Lord would keep him and still urged me to become a Christian. He induced me to attend some evangelistic services where he had found Christ. I went, and what impressed me most at the outset was the intense earnestness of the preacher. His addresses so fitted itself into my life that I felt sure my brother-in-law had previously informed him of some of the details of my history. This I afterwards found was the case. At the close of the service I went to a hotel to play billiards and have a 'nightcap'—though conscience told me I was all wrong.

The next day I was chaffed considerably by many fellows on the score of having attended a revival service; they said they also were going to turn 'good.' One of them, a bright young fellow (at the hotel bar this took place), said to me he would give up saloon going if I would pledge myself to do the same. To this I agreed, and though, poor boy, he ultimately died a victim to strong drink, yet through the mercy of God it was my last visit. That night I again attended the services and though the Spirit of God strove with me I shrank from a full surrender to the Lord.

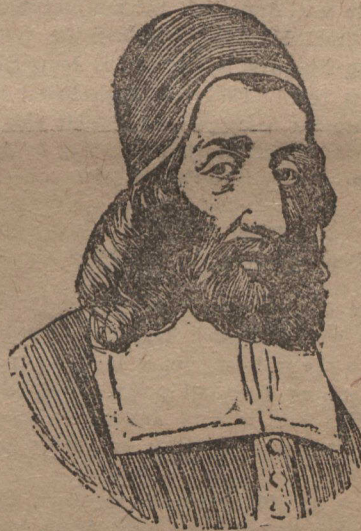
Another night and yet another, and then I realized the folly of procrastination any longer and determined to accept the Lord if he would receive me. Mark the 'if.' How little I then knew his wonderful love—the heart that breathed out to every sinner the loving invitation, 'Come,' and from its depths uttered the soul thrilling words, 'him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' The evangelist dealt personally with me at the close of the service, explaining several passages, such as John iii., 16-36, Romans v., 6; and especially Romans x., 9: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved.' My difficulty was, however, that I did not feel saved, although ready to confess the Lord. It was pointed out to me that the above verse did not say 'shalt feel saved,' but 'shalt be saved'—a fact, not a feeling. This brought light to my soul.

I confessed Jesus as my Lord, believing with the heart that God had raised him

from the dead and I was there and then saved. God said so and I believed him. Having thus taken God at his word we knelt and thanked him for his salvation, when immediately the happy feelings I had longed for became my experience. I was not only saved, but happy in the knowledge of it. For five more years I continued of my spare time in preaching the gospel in my own neighborhood. At the end of that period a growing desire to do God's will at all costs and an increasing love for Christ and for the souls of men constrained me to relinquish my worldly prospects and led me out entirely into the Lord's work.

The History of One Good Book.

An old Puritan, more than two centuries ago, wrote a little book called 'The Bruised Reed.' Let us trace its effects. It fell into the hands of Richard Baxter, and led him to Jesus Christ, and Baxter wrote 'A Call to the Unconverted.' The 'Call to the Unconverted' was



RICHARD BAXTER.

heard and answered by Philip Doddridge, who went and strengthened his brethren by writing the 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.'

The 'Rise and Progress' touched the heart of William Wilberforce, who in turn wrote the 'Practical View of Christianity,' which brought blessing to Legh Richmond and Thomas Chalmers. Legh Richmond wrote the 'Annals of the Poor,' which was the means of the conversion of large numbers; while Thomas Chalmers became one of the greatest preachers of the century, and won, by his fervid oratory and impassioned appeal, thousands to God.

He was the main support of the great Free Church movement in Scotland, and to him more than to anyone else is Free Presbyterianism indebted for the Sustentation Fund, by which that great Church keeps a well-trained minister in every parish. What the world owes to the Free Churches of Scotland only the Great Day can declare.

So, then, the harvest that has sprung from one almost unknown and forgotten book! Scientists tell us that in the physical world no-

thing is lost. They say that matter is indestructible. When things seem to be gone out of existence they have only changed their real form. They exist somewhere, and nothing ever is lost.—'Sunday Companion.'

'Saved So As By Fire.'

Sister Pardoe is one of the most earnest workers in one of our South London churches. To look at her, you would never imagine that she is a woman with a past, and is nothing less than a miracle of Divine grace.

There are still lingering traces of early youthful beauty in her comely, happy face. It is with something of the sense of a horrible nightmare that she looks back on her past, and praises God for his grace manifested in her.

Mrs. Pardoe lived in one of the dreariest parts of South London. Like so many more, her husband had been allured to the big city from his native village by the hope of more remunerative employment. It was the worst day's work he ever did.

If anybody ought to have been happy it was Mr. and Mrs. Pardoe; blessed with good health and a fair share of worldly prosperity, the world wore for them its most inviting smile. But, somehow, Mrs. Pardoe began to slip down the social scale. She took to drink, and mixed up with an undesirable set of female companions; and almost before her husband could realize the fact, she had become a confirmed dipsomaniac. It was enough to drive a man of less moral strength to the bad, but he himself retained his sobriety.

The factory bell at Greenwood's, the big builders, where Pardoe worked, was just ringing the men out to dinner, and he, with the rest of the stream, turned his face in the direction of his home. Arrived at his home, he found the breakfast things lying on the table as he had left them; but there was no sign of his wife.

Presently, while he stood sick at heart, looking upon the general appearance of neglect, a loud shout of derision greeted his ears, and on looking out of the window, he saw his wife rolling along in bestial drunkenness followed by a jeering pack of children. It was the last straw; love turned to loathing, and Pardoe's mind was made up.

That afternoon the wretched man, who loved his wife as he loved his own life, went to the emigration office and arranged to leave for one of our colonies, abandoning his wife to her fate. They had no family to bind him, and so he decided upon this drastic course. When he went home he found his wife had slept off her drunken stupor; but he was not to be moved from his purpose, and he revealed his intentions to her.

Days passed, and he was busy making arrangements for his departure. Mrs. Pardoe took fright, for it was evident that his threats were earnest. To the wretched woman it now seemed that her case was hopeless; she had lost all. She loathed herself, and yet she felt powerless. She was conscious that she had sinned away her will power.

It was in this condition that one of our own workers found her, and the poor, wretched woman, in the desperation of her need and misery, poured into the ear of our lady friend all the story of her shame. She saw the pit into