

# Northern Messenger

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## Food For All.

'It's queer, isn't it?' said an old farmer thoughtfully, 'but it's a fact, that you can pasture horses in a meadow, and after they're through with it the cows will find plenty, and after the cows go a flock of

each need to help us and keep us from falling. Young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner, all can discover just the right thing for themselves, somewhere between Genesis and Revelation.

What if you do find things that you do not understand, and that do not fit your

## Two Churches.

(Marion Brier, in the 'American Messenger'.)

'Good-bye, Fred; it's going to be pretty lonesome at home, but it's a good chance for you, and I'm not afraid to trust my boy in the city, for I know he won't drift away from the church as so many boys do after they get away from home.' Mr. Kent's kindly eyes were dim, and the work-roughened hand that rested on his boy's shoulder trembled slightly, for the train was in sight that was to take Fred to the city, where he had just obtained a situation as clerk in one of the stores, and saying good-bye to his only boy was not easy.

There was a lump in Fred's throat that kept him from answering. The future looked bright, and he was eager to meet it, but now that the moment for leaving home had really come, he found it harder than he had expected. The train drew up to the platform, and, with a strong, close hand-clasp, father and son parted. A moment later Fred found himself with his face turned toward the city, leaving the old home life behind.

The week that followed was a busy one for Fred, but it was a lonely one also. He felt more alone in the midst of the crowds of strange faces on the city streets than he had ever felt, even when plowing in a field alone on the farm. He found it hard to become accustomed to his new duties and to adjust himself to the new conditions by which he was surrounded, and before the end of the week he was a very homesick boy.

He greeted Sunday morning with relief. Surely at church it would seem a little more homelike. So with his Bible and his Sunday school quarterly under his arm he started out for church, as he had been in the habit of doing for each Sunday morning ever since he could remember, feeling more cheerful than he had before during that long week.

He stopped at the First Church. The service had already commenced, when he stepped inside the door and looked around for a seat. The church was not more than half full, but there seemed to be some one sitting at the end of each pew. Fred hesitated a moment, then advanced to a seat that had but one occupant; but the man did not move from his position in the end of the pew. Fred touched him on the shoulder to attract his attention, but the man simply ignored him. It was embarrassing; Fred felt his cheeks growing hot. If there had been any way of getting out of the church without attracting attention he would have gone. But there was not, so he looked around for another seat. There was not a vacant pew, except those in the very front. Not willing to risk another rebuff, he tiptoed his way up the length of the aisle, feeling more awkward with each step, and sat down in the front seat.

But he felt ill at ease and out of place for some reason, and could not fix his mind



TURNED OUT TO GRASS.

sheep will fatten on what they leave. Seems if the Lord made them that way, so as they'd each get enough, and yet not need the whole field for themselves.'

People are much the same when they read the Holy Book. Some need one kind of spiritual food, some another, and there is plenty for all. We are all different in our needs and thoughts and feelings. No two people in all the world think exactly alike on all points, or need exactly the same help at all times. Yet we can all go to the same Book and find there just what we

case or in the least help you? To some one else they may be the gleam of light in the dark. They are not what you need. Pass them by, and take for yourself the parts that are your own—that fit your case, that shed light upon your pathway.

Take all you want. Search well, and get all that belongs to you. There will be plenty there for others that you did not touch; for the great Book of God was written for all His people, for all time, and it never fails them if they search it aright. — 'Friendly Greetings.'