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The Grateful Stranger.

Ten lepers, each uttering his 'Kyrie Eleison!' What a mournful chorus, as they stand in the distance, cut off from intercourse with the world. Theirs was a terrible disease, foul, hideous, contagious. It grew worse day by day, was incurable, hereditary. It began minutely and ended with appalling completeness. It was death—death in the midst of life.

See our Lord's promptitude! He never kept a leper waiting. As soon as the ten uttered their mournful cry—keeping at the distance

the Lord because his face was set toward Jerusalem. Yet Samaritans had been the first to acknowledge his Messiahship. One of them had received the immortal badge of 'the good Samaritan.' And here is another, full of grand impulses, with a mind bright, warm and superior to machanical detail. No sooner does he feel the throb of pure blood in his veins than he realizes that the One who wrought that miracle claims the first acknowledgment. He can see the priest to-morrow; he must come to Jesus to-day. The moment is precious and cannot be lost. Then he falls at

Miss Marsh and the Navvies

Navvies, by popular consent, are known to be a wild, migratory, and dangerous class. . . . It would have been strange indeed if two or three thousand men, of the very rawest and roughest sort, living almost entirely in the open air, congregated in some quiet village, and having no other resort or relaxation but the beer-house, should have passed months together without 'émeutes' which, at times, would require the strong arm of the law to subdue. It was left to one lady, singularly modest, as we may believe she was gentle, to awaken conviction in the minds of these out-laws. The soft word, the gentle admonition, changed the lion into the lamb. This lady was Miss Marsh, daughter of the Vicar of Beckenham. Part of her ministering work commenced with the formation of the Army Works Corps, which consisted, from first to last, of nearly four thousand men. News being brought to the Rectory, on the evening of the 19th of May, 1853, of the arrival of some of the men at Beckenham, Miss Marsh at once proceeded to make their acquaintance. The newcomers were described as the 'roughest lot that had ever come to the place.' Some little opposition was made at first, but very soon their hearts and confidence yielded to the interest which the men felt Miss Marsh had towards them. They had been met with friendly interest, and they returned it with generous sympathy. It was then easy to induce them to attend the 'readings.' At one of the cottage meetings, a navvy said at the close: 'I wish the whole lot could hear these things. We're all together outside the Crystal Palace at seven of a morning, and the paymaster says we're the finest lot he ever saw, and the wildest—just like four hundred roaring lions.' The hint was taken, Miss Marsh drove to the ground by seven the next morning. She joined the men in conversation, and distributed amongst them little books and cards of prayer. Not one uncivil word was spoken, not one unwilling hand received the prayer. This morning's visit, so cheerfully received, and so full of hopeful results, was repeated each morning at 'roll-call,' and always met with the same respectful reception. Previous to the departure of the men to the Crimea, Miss Marsh undertook to take charge of any part of the large wages which they chose to empower her to receive during their absence. A considerable number of the men accepted the proposal. They were each presented with receipts for their money orders, which, so soon as they understood, they flung back into the carriage by common consent, with something like a shout of disdain, at the supposition they could possibly require such a pledge of honesty from a friend and lady. Before leaving, the men received their wages in full; the day following, they expected to go on board a transport. That night more than a hundred of the workmen spent in drinking. To their credit, none of those who had attended the cottage 'readings' were amongst the number. The next morning, a terrible fight took place between the police and the workmen. As soon as Miss Marsh heard of the circumstance, she ordered her carriage, and drove to the scene of action.



"WERE THERE NOT TEN CLEANSED?"

of one hundred paces, as the law required—the Saviour cried to them, 'Go and show yourselves to the priests.' Here was a reasonable hint. They took it, for they had faith. They had heard of Jesus; now they confide in him. They knew about the priest and the leper, that the priest alone could pronounce him clean. Thus our Lord conformed to law and authority.

The ten dying men had not proceeded far on their way when life was imparted to their very heart by the beneficent Nazarene, standing in the distance and beholding them with compassion. Nine of them are hastening to Jerusalem, one to Gerizim. He is a Samaritan, and his fellow-countrymen have just rejected

Jesus' feet. That is faith. When philosophers and theologians discuss that mighty monosyllable, it is soon lost in obscure clouds of dust and ignorance, but when St. Luke shows us a leper at Jesus' feet, we know what it means; we can feel what it is, though we may not produce a dissertation.

'Where are the nine?'—'the thankless nine.' There is a mournful cadence in Jesus' words, that seems to vibrate after the long centuries. Let it appeal to our hearts to-day, so that we shall ask if we belong to the nine-tenths, or to the minority. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'—The 'Christian Pictorial.'