

C-221-5-6
62

Wm Bronscombe 30247

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 8

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 22, 1907.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Old Farmer.

It was in the snug parlor of the farmhouse that Farmer Giles and his friend Tomkins were sitting after tea. The farmer, notwithstanding his sturdy vigorous frame, and strong weather-beaten face, was beginning to feel the worse for his seventy years of life. Indeed, for the last few days he had scarcely got out of the house, and was glad, as evening drew on, to rest in his armchair propped up by pil-

'Then you feel comfortable?' said his friend. 'Well, no—not exactly,' he replied, with some hesitation. 'You see, I wasn't a particularly good son. I am afraid my mother died with a sore heart about me, poor old soul;' and the old man brushed away with his hand a tear that trickled down his weather-beaten cheek.

'Then there was that bit of land I had from Widow Sandon. It wasn't mine, Tomkins; I had no business to have it, but I grabbed it, and kept it, and was glad to have it at first.

and give Widow Sandon back her land and money. Perhaps she'll be at the judgment seat to accuse me.'

'No,' said Mr. Tomkins, 'it won't set the old wrong right. If Widow Sandon were living I'd say go to her. But she isn't. There are some wrongs can never be set right in this world. But God can pardon them. You must go to Him.'

'Hear what the old Book says,' continued he, taking up a Bible that lay on the table and reading from it, 'Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.'

'Forgiveness from God,' continued he, 'that's the first thing.' And, laying his hand on that of the old farmer, he added—

'Dear friend, put your case into Christ's hands, and it seems to me that even if Widow Sandon should meet you at the judgment she will be more likely to forgive if Christ pleads for you. Anyhow, it must be important to be forgiven by Him. He is "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Therefore trust Him.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Praying for What We do not Expect.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman a long way from here, and a very religious kind of a man he was. In the morning he began the day with a long family prayer that we might be kept from sin, and have a Christian spirit, and the mind that was also in Jesus Christ, and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A good prayer it was, and I thought: 'What a good man you must be!'

But an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing and scolding and finding fault with everybody and everything. And when I was come into the house with him, he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and quick-tempered.

'Tis so very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel,' said he. 'I don't know what servants in these times are good for but to worry and vex one with their idle, slovenly ways!'

I did not say anything for a minute or two. Then I said:—

'You must be very much disappointed, sir. How so, Daniel,—disappointed?'

'I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see that it has not come.'

'Present, Daniel?—and he scratched his head as much as to say, 'Whatever can the man be talking about?'

'I certainly heard you speaking about it, sir,' I said, coolly.

'Heard me speak of a valuable present? Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming! I've never thought of such a thing.'

'Perhaps not, sir; but you've talked about it, and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I'd dearly love to see it.'

He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain.

'You know, sir, this morning you prayed



'HEAR WHAT THE OLD BOOK SAYS!'

lows, and to comfort himself with his pipe. He very heartily welcomed his old friend that evening, as they drew together for a chat over the fire.

'You see,' said the farmer, 'I suppose this must be the beginning of the end. I'm turned seventy.'

'Well,' replied his friend, 'it may. We can none of us live for ever. And how do you feel about it—comfortable?'

'Well, so, so!' replied the farmer. 'I haven't been so particularly bad. There's worse than me about, you know.'

'Oh, yes!' said Mr. Tomkins. 'There's Sindel and Mason—'

'Oh, not that sort!' said the farmer, hastily; 'they're bad. But of the goody kind.'

'Oh; you mean those who talk much of religion, and do mean and sneaky things.'

'That's it,' said the old man. 'You know how to put it.'

But soon I hated it, and would have given it her back, only I feared what people would say. And that bit of land has always done well. However bad the harvest, there was always a good crop there! And that made it worse. Do you think God will remember it against me?'

'Sure to,' replied his friend.

'I'd have given it her back, and all the money it made, over and over again, only she's dead, and all her belongings gone, and now that's the thing that troubles me.'

'Seems to me, Giles, you'll have to come to God as a sinner, the same as the rest of us have to do.'

'Aye,' said the old man, 'a sinner; I'm just that, and nothing else.'

'And it seems to me, friend, you're just one that needs a Saviour to forgive you.'

'Forgive me!' said the farmer; 'that's not enough. That won't set the old wrong right