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The Dean and His Visitors.

Many years ago two soldiers went to Woolwich from the North of England, for six weeks' artillery practice. At the end of their military exercise they inspected many of the famous places of resort in London before returning to their distant homes. At the close of their sight-seeing day they arrived at the doors of Westminster Abbey in time to see the beadle lock them and turn to walk away. 'What a disappointment!' exclaimed one of

The inspection of the Abbey being over, the men parted with their friend, who made himself known at this stage as the Dean (the late Dean Stanley), and warmly invited them to the early service on the following morning, when he promised that he would again meet them.

The night was spent in some place conveniently near, and at the appointed hour next day the delighted soldiers were again within the Abbey precincts.

They were now treated to the hospitality

teacher used to tell me in the Sunday-school. I know what he meant by the Lamb's Book of Life.'

'What is it?' asked her husband; and as well as she could the wife explained it.

But the man desired to know much more, and so did his 'mate' in travel, and the result of their enquiries was that they both became earnest Christian men. 'And now, sir,' one of them exclaimed, after having told the story to a stranger some time later, 'we know that our names, and the names of our wives too, are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.'—'The People's Own Paper.'



'LOOK,' SAID THE GUIDE, 'AT THAT MONUMENT.'

them. Immediately a voice behind inquired: 'Would you like to look over the Abbey now?'

Turning to the clergyman who addressed them, the men gratefully expressed their desire. Asking for the keys, their reverend friend at once led the way into the noblest of English churches. He showed them its wonders of statuary and architecture, its honored names and striking inscriptions, and he paused before a great monument erected in memory of one of England's foremost warriors.

'Look,' said the guide, 'at that monument.'

After reading the inscription, he turned to the attentive soldiers and said: 'Now, you may never attain the honor in this world which that general received, and no such monument as this may ever record your heroic deeds; but, friends, if your names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, that will be your best possible memorial.'

of the generous Dean, and in parting with them he placed a gift in each man's hand, adding with much fervor, 'Well, friends, we may never again meet on earth, but be sure to have your names written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and we shall meet above.'

Impressed by these last words, and recalling the fact that the Dean had used them on the previous evening, the two privates travelled homeward. On arriving they were greeted as we know a husband or father would be in any happy British home. One of the men soon began to recite his tale of adventure and pleasure, and told his wife about their visit to the Abbey.

'A mighty kind gentleman was the Dean, who showed us all over, but he twice used a sentence which neither of us could make out. He said that we were to take care to get our names written in the Lamb's Book of Life.'

'It reminds me,' said the wife, 'of what my

A Prominent English Minister to Visit This Country.

The Rev. John H. Ritson, M.A., one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who is about to make a tour through the Dominion at the invitation of the Canadian Auxiliaries, is a prominent and interesting figure among the personnel of the religious world in England. Born in 1868, he is still a young man, with presumably his best years of service yet before him. Nevertheless, he has already accomplished work that would do no small credit to man's allotted span of three score years and ten.

In 1900 he was invited by the Committee of the B.F.B.S. to become one of their two general secretaries, and at once entered upon his duties. Here his conspicuous abilities found widened scope in the vast and scholarly work, touching all denominations, in which the Bible Society is engaged. It is an open secret that the universal interest aroused in the recent Bible Centenary, and the phenomenal success of this colossal celebration throughout the world, was largely due in the first place to the foresight and energy which Mr. Ritson and his colleague, the Rev. A. Taylor, M.A., displayed in the organization of what has proved one of the most unique demonstrations that history has ever known. In 1902, Mr. Ritson formed one of the deputation which presented to His Majesty King Edward VII. a handsome Bible as a memento of the Coronation. Mr. Ritson has travelled extensively in the Old World; but this, we believe, is the first time he has visited North America.

Among India's Women.

Several months ago we gave our readers a picture of Pandita Ramabai, whose name is well known to all who concern themselves about our sisters in India. As we give this week a letter from Ramabai herself, it might not be amiss to give a few brief words about her work. Sixteen years ago, she, an educated lady, a high caste Hindu, a widow with one daughter, conceived the idea of opening a school for Hindu child-widows of high caste. Feeling that the wisest way was to make the basis of her school non-religious, she herself, on that platform, secured the help of friends in this country and in India, and was enabled to draw a large number of these unhappy girls into her home at Poona, near Bombay. This school was called the Sharada Sadan, and for fifteen years was carried forward strictly on the original basis of 'no religious teaching,' perfect freedom being allowed to all to exer-