

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 40.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 3, 1902.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Soul-Winning the First Duty

(Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the
'Episcopal Recorder.')

What the Lord Jesus Christ put first, his ambassadors and servants have no right to make secondary. Our blessed Master came into this sin-cursed world to seek and to save the lost. The ministry of his apostles had almost exclusively this one aim. To convert sinful men and women to Jesus Christ by the aid of the Holy Spirit was the master purpose of Paul and all his fellow-missionaries of the cross. The great Reformation of the sixteenth century was far more than a protestation against the errors of Rome; it was a direct bringing of benighted souls to the only Saviour of sinners. The Wesleys and Whitefields, and that intellectual giant, President Edwards, made this their chief business. 'My witness is above,' said the seraphic Rutherford, 'that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me. It were my heaven even to spend this life in gathering in some souls to Christ.'

He that is wise winneth souls. This is really the chief end of the best preaching. The great commission of every preacher worthy of the name is to bring sinful men to repentance, and to a living faith in Christ Jesus and obedience to him. Whenever and wherever Christ's ministers have most intensely and unflinchingly kept this grand purpose before them, and worked up to it, there have the most powerful and permanent results been reached. The man who strives, with the Spirit's help, to save souls, is the man who actually does it; the man who does not attempt this is never likely to accomplish it. He may utter from his pulpit much valuable and quickening thought; he may aid many social reforms; he may say many eloquent and plausible things about elevating humanity, and about developing the latent good that may exist in men, etc., etc.; but he does not awaken sinners. He does not draw them to the crucified Jesus as the only sacrifice for sin, and the only name known among men whereby they can be saved. If the heart is not changed, the life will not be changed. If immortal souls are not brought to Jesus Christ by the truth and the accompanying Spirit, what is to become of them? The issue is—Jesus Christ or perdition! Every true minister is stationed at the parting of the ways, and his supreme office is to point men and win them to eternal life in Jesus Christ. An archangel could not covet a higher or a happier office.

A Girl Chaplain in a Laundry

(The 'Sunday Companion.')

There is a large laundry near Harrow where between thirty and forty young women are employed, and these are accommodated with a rough dining-room at the rear of the drying-sheds, as they are obliged to bring their breakfast and tea



THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS--SEE HIS WONDERS
IN THE DEEP.

—'Toilers of the Deep.'

with them, leaving the laundry only for the midday meal.

One morning a fresh, bright-looking 'new hand' appeared. She was an ironer, and set about her work briskly, singing as she ironed and goffered. Presently the girls went to their dining-room, and Maria, the new girl, taking her food-basket, followed.

Setting her meal before her on the long deal table, she rose, and, putting her hands together, she said in a reverent tone:

'For health and strength and daily food we praise Thy Name, O Lord.'

There was a sudden silence in the room, until one girl at the far end drawled out 'Ah-men,' which was followed by a burst of laughter.

Then began a shower of taunts and cutting speeches.

'Were you brought up in a charity school?' asked one.

'No!' answered Maria stoutly. 'Why?'

'Leave her alone,' said another girl. 'She is a Diamond Jubilee saint, and, like the Queen, she says "I will be good" all by herself, without the help of any charity school.'

And so throughout the day the tormenting was followed with zest, until, as tea-time approached, one timid-looking girl crept near Maria and whispered:

'Do you say your grace at tea-time?'

'Yes, of course,' answered Maria.

'Then do say it to yourself, and the girls will leave you alone, perhaps,' suggested the friendly girl.

'What! And let them think I am afraid of them?' asked Maria. 'Not much; I am not soft enough to be dented by any words