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JESUS, THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND.

Jesus, the Fisherman's Friend

How significant it is that the most intimate relations of our Lord's life on earth should have been with the busy toilers of the day. His life and love were given for all, from the richest to the poorest. He is the All-sufficient, alike for the great and for the lowly. Yet as the great mass of humanity are those that work for their daily bread, it is peculiarly precious that the human side of the Saviour's life should have been so largely spent among them.

Jesus in the carpenter shop at Nazareth comes very near to all those who work with their hands, not only in that calling, but in any of the crafts that minister to the needs of our complicated civilizations. There the landsman, whatever his vocation, finds One who knew what it was to be compelled by the stress of poverty to turn every hour of the day to good account.

It shows the marvellous reach of that wonderful career that Jesus was keenly alive to the experiences of a seafaring life also. For the three years of his ministry he was surrounded by a band of men who were for the most part unlettered fishermen. To these he

showed himself, his truth, his mission, as to no others. And though he took them away from exclusive devotion to their old calling, yet he identified himself with them in it in such a way as to make 'the fisherman's friend' forever the hero of seamen.

They had had him in their boat with them as they fished; under his direction they had hauled in some of their largest catches; he had sat in their boats, and as the waves gently rocked them to and fro had taught the listening throngs on the land. He had lain asleep on a pillow among them, when the storm raged furiously and the mountainous waves had threatened every minute to engulf the little craft; and this same boisterous sea had become a calm at his word. They had even seen him walking on the surface of the deep, type of the divine power over sea as over land; and after his resurrection, it was beside that sea that he added another to the many precious experiences they had had with him there, when he called to them from the shore and bade them sit down with him to a fisherman's meal of bread and broiled fish.

The sea, the ever-changing, never-changing sea, is to-day just what it was then. It was the same years before, when the psalmist said,

'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

'These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.' The sailor, the fisherman know full well that God

'Plants His footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.'

To these men, Jesus, the friend of fishermen, has a special message. And should not the landsman bear oftener on his heart and in his prayers, those for whom the Master himself showed such regard?

There is a beautiful story told of a godly sea captain, who in the midst of a hurricane, when his ship seemed ready to go to pieces, yet remained perfectly calm amid the storm. His wife, who was with him on board, was full of fear, and said impatiently to him, 'Oh, John! how can you be so calm! Don't you see we may go any minute to the bottom?' 'And if we do, wife,' was his answer, 'if we do—what is the bottom of the sea but the hand of God? Does the Good Book not say, "He holdeth the deep in the hollow of his hand," and should I fear to sink into my father's hand.'

'O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its storm didst sleep;
O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.'

The Woman and the Pin.

(The Rev. Charles D. Crane, in the 'Christian World'.)

A short time ago a lady well known in Boston and vicinity for her abundant missionary zeal, and whose attractive face and smile would be easily recognized, got on board the train to go to a certain point. The car she entered proved to be unusually full, the only vacant place being at the extreme end. As she sat down, she observed directly opposite an old woman in shabby attire and with a most unhappy look upon her face. Upon her head she had an old shawl, which with some difficulty she was holding in place with her thumb and fingers.

The lady had just given an earnest address on foreign missions, and was returning from the missionary meeting to her home. As she cast her eye upon this forlorn creature, it occurred to her that here, close at hand, was an opportunity for missionary work. She thought of the 'cup of cold water,' but that gift seemed uncalled for; a tub of warm water would have been more appropriate, had there been opportunity. So she took from her case a glass-headed pin, and with a smile passed it to the withered and wretched woman opposite. As the woman clutched the pin in her bony hand, the brakeman called out, 'Essex,' and she rose as if to go.

Placing her hand upon the shoulders of the lady, she said, 'I wanted the pin awfully, but I thank ye for the smile.'

There was but a moment left. Desiring to acquaint the woman with the love of the gracious Father, the lady bent over toward her, and said gently and tenderly, 'Do you know