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How the Revival Came.

Some time ago I met a gray-haired minister who told me the following story from his own life. He said: 'I was brought up under Finney, and after my seminary course was sent to carry on a decayed work in a distant country district. There had been no revival, no stirring up of the Holy Ghost in those parts for years. I gathered some godly people in the vestry every Friday night to pray for a revival. We kept this up for fifteen months, but the heavens were as brass above us. When fall came on I set apart a day for united prayer. My heart rejoiced as I saw the farmers driving in with their families, until the schoolhouse behind the chapel was filled.

'I explained that we had gathered to pray for a revival. After the opening hymns and prayers, the meeting was then thrown open. The silence of death settled upon the audience. Everyone waited. Presently a leading old elder rose in a front seat, and said: "Pastor, I don't think that there is going to be a revival of the Holy Ghost here so long as Brother Jones and I don't speak to each other."

'He left his pew, walked down the aisle and found Brother Jones, and said:

"Brother Jones, you and I have not spoken for five years. Let's bury the hatchet. Here's my hand!"

'The old man returned to his pew and sat down. A sob broke from the audience, and then there was silence again. Soon another elder rose and said:

"Pastor, I think there will be no revival here while I say fair things to your face and mean things behind your back; I want you to forgive me."

'We shook hands, and the audience relapsed into stillness again.'

The minister told me that he then witnessed the strangest scene of his life. For ten minutes men and women crept noiselessly about the house, squaring old scores. And God began to visit them.

The operatives in a factory near by heard what was going on in the schoolhouse and at the lunch hour they came over in such numbers that they were diverted into the church. The pastor preached to them the simple Gospel, and, within five minutes four of the ringleaders in sin in that community were crying to God for mercy. A revival broke out that swept to and fro over the district for three years.

We are right with God in the exact proportion that we are right with the men and women around us. Let us test ourselves, not by what we are on Sundays at church, but by what we are to the man whom we like least. That is the truest gage.

Is there any unkind jealous feeling between pastor and pastor? any irritation or fretting because of another's success? Are you Christian people prepared to square up old scores, to give up things in busi-



He Saved Himself.

A man was travelling an Alpine pass. He went over the glaciers, sinking in the snow, step by step, upward, until he was very weary. High on the summit of the pass a desire to sleep overcame him. He could hardly put one foot before another.

Just as he was almost sinking down into the sleep which would have proved the sleep of death to him, he struck his foot against an object which proved to be the body of another traveller. He bent down, found that the heart had not ceased to

beat, and began at once to rub the frozen limbs and to do his best to awaken him. In his effort he was, after a great struggle, successful. He was successful in a double sense, because, in saving another life, he saved his own. He saved the man's life; and in the effort he banished his own desire to sleep, and in this way saved his own life in saving another.

It is thus in the spiritual life. To try to save others is the best way of linking our steps more firmly with the steps of Jesus.—'Friendly Greetings.'

ness that you know are not perfectly consistent with Christ's command? If so, just shake hands; write that letter; pay that money; have done with that source of ir-

ritation. Let the love of God be poured into your soul, and after that joy will come.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in 'Back to Bethel.'