

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 6

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 7, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'Must say the 'Northern Messenger' is very popular. I thing it ahead of all in its class.'—(MISS) KATIE COOPER, Chateauguy, Que.

The Nobleman's Son.

In the city of Capernaum, there was once a nobleman who had a son very sick of fever. No medicine could cure him. His mother could watch and weep at the bedside of her suffering child, but she could not help him; his father would have given all he had to bring back health to his boy, but that is what money cannot buy. Then there was a report in the city that the Lord Jesus had returned from His journey to Jerusalem, and was again

raise him up even from the dead. But the Lord Jesus did not go; he only sent His healing word:

'Go thy way,' He tenderly says to the agonized parent, 'thy son liveth.' And there was that in his manner which convinced the man that He had power to make good His word. Contented with that, he set out for home.

On the way he met his servants coming out



in Cana. Cana was about twenty miles from Capernaum.

The nobleman had heard much of this remarkable Person, and he hoped He could help his son. The case was pressing, for the child was already at the point of death, and every moment was precious; he dared not risk sending the message by a servant, but resolved to go himself. That is the only way for the high as well as the low; if they want anything of the Lord Jesus, they must go and ask it themselves. The father made haste on his errand, and when he found Jesus he begged Him to come down and heal his son.

'You will not believe except you see signs and wonders,' said the Lord Jesus; for I suppose He saw that nothing but some sore affliction, or signal mercy, would lead this great man to become His true disciple.

'Sir,' cried the poor father with trembling anxiety, thinking of his sick boy, 'come down before my child dies.' For as yet he cannot conceive that a word spoken from a distance can cure his son; much less that Jesus could

to comfort him with the news of his child's recovery. 'What time did he begin to grow better?' asked the father. The servant told him, and he found it was the very time when the Lord Jesus spoke.

Do you not think that surprise and thankfulness filled that father's heart at the joyful tidings? Oh yea; and more than that, 'himself believed,' that is, he saw in the Lord Jesus the almighty and merciful Saviour, and he opened his heart to receive Him; more than that, 'himself believed, and his whole house;' and so it is pleasant to learn that the son, now glowing with health, did not forget the Giver of the blessing, and that he showed the sincerity of his gratitude by loving and serving his Saviour.

This family did not receive the blessings which Christ gives and then neglect or feel ashamed to acknowledge them. Though a rich and noble family, they confessed themselves the friends of Jesus, publicly embraced His cause, and threw their influence on the side of piety and truth.—Friendly Greetings.

Washed Clean.

'I had a girl once named Mamie,' said the miner, softening, 'and she died. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she had lived. I have hated everybody since she died.' His heart having been opened with that memory of his child, he heard the story of Christ dying for us all, and then he wanted the other rough miners brought into his room to hear it. 'Boys,' he said, 'you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes. It carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that man she tells about went right over me like that, and carried off about everything, but it left enough for me to see Mamie and to see the man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love him?' Some days after, he died, leaving this word for the woman who had ministered to him, 'Tell her I am going to see Mamie and the man that died for me.'—Selected.

Leaving Christ Out.

In the village of W—— was the home of a man who was honest in his dealings, but who took no interest in religious things. His business was absorbing; and as the Sabbaths came, he was disinclined for public service, preferring ease and quiet at home, and rather enjoying than otherwise his reputation as an unbeliever. In the midst of external prosperity and apparent health, a fatal disease suddenly appeared. One of his first movements was to send for the minister. 'Now, Mr. F——, if you can help me, I will be glad; for I am all uncertain as to the future; but I don't want to hear about Jesus Christ.'

The faithful servant of God quailed at first; but undertook the service upon the basis proposed. 'Well,' he said, 'I will talk with you to-night about the greatness of God.' His watchful hearer agreed to it, and listened attentively while the minister spoke of the wonders of creation; the beauties of nature; the telescope and microscope. The sick man was profoundly interested throughout the interview; and urged the minister to come on the following evening. As the good man entered the chamber on the next evening, he said, 'I will talk to you to-night about the goodness of God.' His hearer listened attentively; and, as the unnumbered mercies and blessings were made to pass before him, his mind was moved, and he exclaimed, 'It is all true.' And yet the name of Christ had not been alluded to.

At the next interview the minister said, 'We will talk to-night of the justice of God.' The sick man trembled with new and strange emotions as the awfulness of this attribute of Jehovah took possession of his mind; and as the skilful doctor drew the net tighter, his conviction of sin had become a power within him hitherto unknown. At the crisis, when the face of the hearer indicated the alarm of the soul, as his sins stood in awful array before him, the minister arose to take his leave. 'You are not going now, Mr. F——, and leave me in this distress—can't you give me some comfort?'

'No,' said the minister, kindly, 'I cannot;