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THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

One Pastor's Method

(Sara V. Du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The congregation in the little village of H— was in a strange commotion. They were a people well to do, and believed in home missions, that is, in sustaining one's own church and in giving in one's own household. Theirs was a handsome church, and strangers liked to come and worship with them now and then, if only to feast their eyes on their velvet pulpit furniture. The communion table, bearing the words, 'This do in remembrance of me,' was the pride of the ladies, while the stronger sex delighted in the church enlargement, done chiefly through their instrumentality. It was a common remark that the Rev. James Devine ought to be a happy man with such exquisite surroundings. But was he? The Rev. James Devine had a broad and consecrated spirit and a heart keenly awake to the need of sending help to other lands. His daughter was a missionary in Japan, and people said that was the cause of his interest. They hadn't the insight to know that had she not been trained in the spirit, the spirit would not have been hers.

How sweetly the church bell rang out on the clear morning air, and how one and another hastened to the house of God. Each was dressed in his best attire, and smiles

and nods were exchanged on every side. It would be easy to forgive an enemy now if one had the heart to feel enmity with the sweet June air laden with perfume, and the Sabbath stillness entering the depth of one's soul.

Sister Gray had on a handsome corded silk, and charming indeed she looked in her little lace bonnet to match. She believed in home missions, even to the fit of her handsome new kids. And the Misses Larkin, in their dainty new summer silks, formed a picture pretty enough to please the most fastidious critic. Miss Jones, sharp-eyed and observant, was sure that she saw the minister look sidewise at them, as he mounted the pulpit steps. Brother Jones had on a new light tweed cloth, and the deacon, who liked to be considered a model in such things, looked almost clerical in his attire.

'Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' sang the choir with a magnetism that lifted many a heart heavenward. It was so comfortable to be sitting there in the softly cushioned pews, knowing one's self becomingly dressed. A smile of satisfaction settled on many a brow, which the keen-eyed pastor noticed with half humorous appreciation. In a corner pew sat Mrs. Brown, a widow gowned in rusty black. She was narrow and penurious, a woman thrifty to miserliness. The home and foreign cause were alike dear to her,

as was every other cause which appealed to the strings of her purse. Her pocket was deep down, and so was her heart, and it was a hard matter to touch either. She was deaf in one ear, and sat in a side pew, so that when there was an appeal for help she could turn that ear toward the pulpit.

But what did that determined look mean which crept around the pastor's lips as he announced the theme, Ah, foreign mission day, and they had forgotten it! Uncomfortable glances were exchanged as he read his text, 1st Thess. ii., 15-16: 'And they please not God, forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved.' With what righteous indignation did he picture to them their sins. He became even personal in his remarks. The rusty widow, whose sensibilities were hard to find, wilted a little in her black robes. 'Will a man rob God?' cried the indignant parson. And Fannie Larkin covered her new gloves, only to exhibit the better the costly fan in which she had taken such pride. She could give nothing now, as she had spent her whole yearly allowance. Little did she reflect that she was robbing God of his own.

Did the preacher never mean to stop. 'You give to God like beggars,' he cried, 'and some day as beggars you must enter his presence.'

The deacon in his new suit looked so