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LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT.

In Time of Need.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Job Carter was resting by the side of the road. He had seen more than threescore years and ten. And the burden of the years had bent his body, hollowed his cheeks, and furrowed his brow.

It had been a glorious summer day. The fields were fast whitening unto harvest. Everything was full of promise for the joy of harvest-home.

Job had started to work at half-past five in the morning, walked two miles to Farmer Wade's potato fields, and had toiled all the day.

The hot weather had tried Job more than usual. Scarcely a cloud had cast a shadow over the field during the long hours. He was weary and worn, and had come half the distance on his way home when he felt faint. Putting down his tools, which he was taking with him for work in his own garden, he sat by the roadside to recover a little.

Need we be surprised if his thoughts were not of the rosiest line? He could not work much longer. He would have to accept the help of the parish after all, till darkness thickened, and the last prayer was spoken: 'Lord, with me abide.'

His thoughts were interrupted by the meas-

ured sounds of a horse trotting briskly along the road.

As the cart, drawn by the plump cob, came up, Job recognized the driver as Mrs. Hastings. She knew Job as the lonely man who lived in the tiny cottage where the road bends, about a mile from the lane leading to her own farm.

'Good evening, Job,' she said. 'It has been a very hot day. Are you tired?'

'Yes, ma'am,' answered Job; 'and I've had a bit of a faint. I shall get along by and by,' he added, shouldering his tools as he spoke.

'Let me give you a lift; it's a good way yet for you, and you look so tired.'

'I feel it, ma'am! I feel it! Thank you much. It's very kind to offer to take up a poor old man.'

And raising his hand to his head in a rough sort of salute, he accepted Mrs. Hastings' kind offer.

It was only a small thing, it is true. But it was the spirit in which the deed was done that gave the little deed its value in God's sight.

Along the pathway of all of us there are many opportunities of doing little kindnesses for others. And in doing them we show that we have the spirit of Christ. Very few of us have the opportunity to do great things that anybody can applaud; but we can be quick to render kindly help in the time of need, even if the help be small.

John Vassar, the Soul Winner

(The Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A young man has charge of a brewery in Poughkeepsie. He has a hot temper, and when provoked swears profusely. His wife is Godless like himself. They care nothing for the Word or the worship of God. His cousin, an earnest Christian, begs and hires him to go just once to a revival meeting in the Baptist church. He is so impressed that he returns the next day of his own accord. His conviction of sin is like that of Bunyan and Newton. One night on going home and finding his wife fast asleep, he wakes her with the words, 'How can you rest when your husband is going right down to hell?' His views of the holiness of God in contrast with his own sinfulness filled him with pangs of contrition.

A friend describes his conversion thus: 'I sat next to him in the first seat as you enter the door. I never saw a soul in such agony as he. The service closed, and most of the congregation had retired. He said he could not go out of the room until forgiveness had been spoken and peace had come. Half a dozen of us remained and prayed that mercy might be extended and his burden lifted off. Then he broke out into petitions for himself, and such begging for salvation I never heard from the lips of any other penitent. He was more calm before we separated, but not by any means at rest. The next night, however, he was rejoicing in the Saviour's pardoning love; there was rapture in his face, there was glory in his soul. There was glory in the old prayer-meeting room, too, as he told us that evening of his own peace and the preciousness of Jesus.'

On his way home he joined with others in singing on the street, and some one suggested that people would think them crazy. He replied, 'Let them think so. They said the blessed Lord Jesus had a devil!' He turned the brewery, where he still worked, into a place of prayer and praise. A fellow-workman said to a visitor, 'There is one spot in this brewery that is better than any church in Poughkeepsie, and that is where John Vassar prays.'

He was not long in seeing that the brewery business was hindering the cause of Christ, so he gave up his position that he might devote all his time and influence to Christian work. His wife and child died. Several years after the death of his little son he said in an address, 'When I laid little Johnnie down out of my arms into the arms of the dear Saviour, this world and I forever parted company.' He resolved that his single mission in life should be to win souls to Christ, and that he would remain in a company only so long as he could speak of the Saviour, and, when that subject was exhausted, he would seek other company.

Such is a brief account of the conversion and consecration of John Vassar, the most remarkable face-to-face soul winner the last century gave to the Church of Christ. He sought 'by all means to save some.' With books and tracts in his hands, and a passion for souls in his heart, he travelled over this continent with the one thought of seeking and saving the lost.

In Boston he urged upon a worldly woman the importance of seeking the salvation of her soul, and prayed with her. When the husband