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Were They Doing Wrong ?

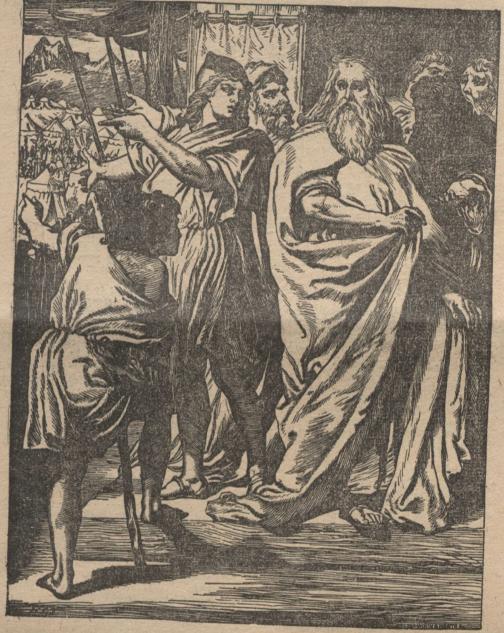
The history of the Israelites, which God has caused to be recorded in the Bible, has much to teach us on many points which come up nowadays. There is a very interesting event recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Numbers.

The people had got tired of the manna with which they had been fed for some time, and

prophecy does not always mean the foretelling of future events.

Now, two of the seventy who had been chosen were not with the others; we do not know why. But they, too, shared in the gift of the Holy Spirit, and began to prophesy in the camp, as the others were doing in the Tabernacle.

The news was brought to Moses; and Joshua, one of his young attendants, thought



"MY LORD MOSES, FORBID THEM!"

complained that they had no fresh meat to eat. Moses, worried by their grumbling, complained in his turn to God that the task of managing this discontented people was too great for him. Whereupon God not only promised flesh for the people, but also told Moses to gather at the Tabernacle seventy of the chief men, upon whom He woud send His Spirit, that they might help Moses in his work.

Moses did as he was told. The men were duly chosen and assembled, and then the Spirit of God came upon them, and they prophesied. This probably means that they spoke of God and His doings in an inspired way, and advised and taught the people; for that their speaking ought to be stopped. 'Mly lord Moses,' he said, 'forbid them.' But the great leader's reply was not what Joshua expected.

'Enviest thou for my sake? Would God' that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them!'

The answer shows the true greatness of the man. He was not jealous because God was appointing others to share in the work which he had hitherto done alone. The task was greater than he could do unaided; then God speed all who would help to do it, and increase their number!

We need to remember this in the present

day. There is so much sin and suffering in the world that there is plenty of work for all who will help to make things better. Others may not think just as we think; they may not act in what we think would be the best way. But if they are fighting against sin and suffering, if they are teaching others about God and helping them to live a better life, then by all means cheer them on. There will still be plenty of work for us!—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Summer's Work.

(Zelia M. Walters, in the 'Religious Intelligencer.')

The germ of laziness had certainly entered into Ralph's veins that summer. He came home from college to find the family settled in their new country home.

We're all going to rest this summer,' said the mother, who was realizing the dream of her life in living in the country. And Ralph found himself heartily in accord with the rest idea.

He lay abed until an unheard-of hour in the morning, and sometimes spent a good part of the remainder of the day in the hammock. His mother tried to interest him in the beauties of nature about him, but in vain.

'I don't want to observe the flowers-and fbugs,' he declared. 'I had to do it all the spring at college, and I dug in good and hard, but now I'm going to rest.'

Things changed a little the week Cousin Janet came. Ralph got up early for five mornings in succession, because there was some excursion in the fields and woods planned for every day. On Saturday Ralph declared that he meant to sleep until nine the next morning. 'That will give me just time to get to church,' he added.

The family still attended the city church to which they belonged before coming to the country.

'I'm not going to a city church,' said Janet. 'I can do that any time at home. I want to visit that little white church across the river. And I think we will go in time for Sunday school. Don't you think so, Ralph?'

Perhaps Ralph stifled a little groan. Sunday school was at nine, and the church was a mile away. There could be no Sunday morning nap. But Ralph was a well-bred young fellow, and he agreed pleasantly. When they reached the little church the

when they reached the little church the next day, they found it was well they came for Sunday school, because there was no church services. The little congregation was no church service. The little congregation was too poor to hire a minister.

Ralph and Janet did good service. Each taught a class. Janet played the organ, and Ralph rather nervously acceded to the elder's request and talked to the Sunday school. All his nervousness vanished, however, when he arose, and he surprised everyone by the excellence of his lesson review.

'Ralph,' cried Janet, as soon as they had started home, 'we must adopt that Sunday school, and work hard all summer.'

'All right,' agreed Ralph, heartily.

And they did.

As a first step, they invited all of the