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THE "WEEKLY MESSENGER."

For the benefit of those subscribers to the MESSENGER who would like to get their paper weekly, with the addition of the news of the world and editorial articles, the WEEKLY MESSENGER will be issued commencing with the first of January, 1882. The WEEKLY MESSENGER will be the same size as the NORTHERN MESSENGER. It will contain all the reading that appears in the NORTHERN MESSENGER. It will contain also one page of editorial and two or three pages of news every week. The price will be fifty cents a year; five names sent by one person, two dollars, or, one copy will be sent free to any one who sends us the subscriptions of four other persons. A sample copy will be sent to every subscriber and to any one who writes to us.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A merry Christmas to you, dear reader, Happy New Year! The coming each year with a freshness that cannot be tarnished.

A Merry Christmas to you, grandfathers and grandmothers, whose Christmases are numbered by scores, who are gliding quietly down into the vale of years watered by the river of eternity, and a Merry Christmas to you grandparents still in the prime of life.

A Merry Christmas to you, fathers and mothers, who are bravely bearing the burdens of the day. Heavy they may be and almost insupportable they may appear, but take courage and throw off your cares and troubles and rejoice on the day that commemorates that Christ was born on earth.

A Merry Christmas to you, children, whose steps are light and minds unharassed by care, to whom the future is full of promise; may the memories of this Christmas always remain with you as one that has been most fully enjoyed.

In our enjoyment never let us forget our duty to be thoughtful of the troubles and misfortunes of others and to do our utmost to gladden the hearts of all around us, more especially those in sore need of comfort from the pinching of poverty. A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE PARISH.

It was a bright and glorious morning. The birds, as they hopped from branch to branch, carolled their sweetest songs, and all nature appeared to revel in the glad advance of spring: at least so thought Mr. Baron,

who, mounted upon horseback, was riding over his broad and extensive possessions. Mr. Baron was a wealthy man, and as he gazed on the meadows that now lay bathed in sunshine, and turned to view the splendid mansion he had just quitted, a feeling of intense satisfaction filled his bosom, and caused him for a moment to check his steed and indulge in pleasing reflections. The sudden sound of a human voice at length startled the gentleman from his reverie, and looking over the hedge

"But isn't breaking stones rough work?" enquired the gentleman.

"Perhaps so, sir, to those not used to it; but you see, sir," he added, "the Master who has provided the work has also given me strength to do it; there's not many masters can do that, I fancy."

Mr. Baron was silent for a moment, and then pointing to a small bundle which was lying on a heap of stones, he said, "And your wallet, John, what does it contain?"

"My dinner, sir; true 'tis but a bit of

again riding over his wide domains. The words of John, the stonebreaker, had long been forgotten, and other subjects had intruded themselves upon his attention; still there were moments when even the proud worldly heart of the wealthy landowner became subservient to the tormenting whispers of conscience, and such was the case this morning. Mr. Baron felt restless and unhappy, for strange unaccountable words were ringing in his ears. It was useless for him to give his horse the rein and allow him to gallop wildly over the plain, or to pause and endeavor seriously to combat the new impression that was gradually stealing over him: he had tried both expedients, and both had failed. "The richest man in the parish will die to-night;" these were the words that were filling the breast of the gentleman with affright.

On reaching his residence, Mr. Baron immediately sent for the family physician and retired to his room, where he was shortly attended by his lawyer, and at once commenced the final arrangements of his affairs. The evening passed anxiously away, and night veiled earth in darkness. Mr. Baron, surrounded by his family, sat silently awaiting the approach of death; but, to the joy of all and the glad surprise of himself, the night gave place to morning, and smiles and congratulations burst forth at once.

"There," cried the physician triumphantly, as he opened the shutters and let the bright sunshine into the apartment; "I told you that you were the victim of a delusion."

"Yes," replied Mr. Baron, "but nevertheless the delusion, as you term it, is as strong as ever."

"Indeed," cried the doctor, with a look of alarm; "well, then, let us walk into the garden; the beauty of the morning and cheerful conversation may yet banish this sad conviction from your mind."

In silence they reached the gates, when their attention was attracted to an aged man who was slowly approaching them.

"Well, my friend, what is your business?" enquired Mr. Baron, kindly.

"Please your honor, poor John the stonebreaker died last night."

Mr. Baron started, a rush of thoughts passed through his mind. "Ah," cried he, at length, with emotion, "what a fool I have been to imagine for one moment that the voice I heard was intent with all my wealth I was of him who could call me Friend and Father."

which divided the field from the high road, he perceived a village stonebreaker, who was resting in his dinner hour and singing a hymn. The laborer was not unknown to Mr. Baron, and he determined to speak to him.

"Good morning, John," said he; "you seem very happy."

The man looked up with a smile as he replied—

"Ay, sir, and it would be hard if I was not, when I have so much to make me contented."

bread and cheese, but that with a good appetite, and a drink of water from the brook, makes a man a dainty meal, especially if the blessing of God is added to it."

"But sometimes when you are tired and worn out with the day's work, do you not sigh for the means that would bring you ease and comfort?"

"Not while I possess the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,'" cried the stonebreaker with energy, "which alone have power to make a man happy."

A week passed away, and Mr. Baron was



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GALLON QUE

SW M PZER

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