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AUBREY GALLION
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MRS. W. H. POKER
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Burke the Burglar and Moody.

Prof. H. M. Hamill, D.D., relates the following in the 'Upworth Herald':

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate 'jobs.' Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing especially at sheriffs, and jailers, who were his natural-born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened. I for one have yet to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, and is beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told it to me in October, up in Brattleboro, Vt. And now that dear Moody is dead and has spent his first Christmas in Heaven I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it, and I am thinking how happy he and Burke are, talking it over together up there, where Burke has been waiting for him these long years.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the 'Globe-Democrat' announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he 'would weave in a lot of Scripture for the 'Globe-Democrat' to print, and that might count, if his own poor words should fail.' He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or damning the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a 'Globe-Democrat' into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: 'How the jailer at Philippi got caught.' It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

'Philippi!' he said, 'that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town.'

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. 'What rot is this?' asked Burke. 'Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the 'Globe-Democrat' got to printing such stuff?' He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By-and-by he took up the paper, and read the sermon

through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not then know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. 'What does it mean?' he began asking. 'Twenty years and more I've been burglar and jail-bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out if it kills me to do it.' He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned too that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon.

'Jim,' said the sheriff to the guard, 'you better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here.' In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a

big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away.

But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, 'if He wouldn't make him a better-looking man, so that he could get an honest job.' You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fine a looking man as he knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his child-like faith. Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and, after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court-house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

'Some old case they've got against me,' he said; 'but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying.'

The sheriff greeted him kindly.

'Where have you been, Burke?'

'In New York.'



COLLECTING DOG

A RECENT SCENE OUTSIDE THE WAR OFFICE IN LONDON.