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'I Suppose I Must Be His Child.'

A Story of a Russian Peasant.

Some years ago I was visiting friends in the government of Moscow. I found that an epidemic of dysentery—particularly fatal to old people and children—was raging there. In order to try and alleviate their sufferings we went to visit the villages, taking food and medicine to the sick.

In one village I found an old man who, tired of lying still, had risen from his bed and was sitting beside the window of his little cabin, his face flushed and his eyes bright

if God is your Father and you are His child, where is your home?

'Ah,' he said with a thoughtful air, 'my home must be where my Father is—in Heaven.'

'Just so; then, if your Father said to you, "My child, you have been long enough upon earth, I want you up here in Heaven; come to Me," would you be afraid to go?'

I saw what was coming, for his face, which had lighted up with joy, now looked sad, and the joy faded away.

'But—but my sins,' he said in a troubled voice.

'Tell me,' I replied, 'what do you call Jesus the Son of God?'

'Saviour,' he answered.

Their Experiment.

(*Christian Globe.*)

'Where are you going John?' asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband arose from the tea-table, and took his hat.

'Oh, I'm going out,' was the careless response.

'But where?'

'What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time.'

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

'Let me tell you what odds it makes to me,' she said, in a kind, but tremulous tone. 'If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were.'

'But you know that I am safe, Emma; and what more can you ask?'

'I do not know that you are safe, John. I know nothing about you when you are away.'

'Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?'

'You put a wrong construction upon my words, John. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh, if you would stay with me a portion of your evenings!'

'Aha! I thought that was what you were aiming at,' said John, with a playful shake of the head. 'You would have me here all the evening.'

'Well, can you wonder at it?' returned Emma. 'I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now.'

'Ah,' said John, with a smile, 'those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future.'

'And why not continue to do so, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a home.'

'And haven't we got one, Emma?'

'We have a place in which to live,' answered the wife, somewhat evasively. 'Now, just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there; and our evenings were happily spent. Finally, I gave all up for you. I left the old home, and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?'



RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

from fever. I felt deeply sorry for him, as he looked so ill, and went in to give him some medicine, saying to myself, 'Who knows whether I shall ever see that poor old man alive again?'

An ardent desire came to me to tell him in a few words the good news of a free and full salvation. I knew that the Holy Spirit alone could make him understand the things of God, and I prayed to Him for His assistance. After a few minutes the thought came to me to ask the old man the following question: 'Grandfather' (it is thus the young always address the old among the Russian people)—'grandfather, tell me, do you know the prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven"?'

'Yes,' he said, 'certainly I do, for I hear it at church, and I say it morning and evening.'

'Then if you call God "Our Father," what is your relation to God? If God is your Father, what are you to God?'

'Well,' said the old man in a timid voice, for he feared to be irreverent, 'I suppose I must be His child!'

'Yes, grandfather, that is quite right. Now

'Then if you call Him Saviour, He must have saved you from something?' I said.

'From sin,' he replied.

'Well, then, if the Lord Jesus has saved you from your sins, they are no longer on you, grandfather; don't you see God says nothing impure can enter in where He is—in Heaven—and He wished to have us with Him. His fatherly heart wanted us, and that is why He sent His only Son the Lord Jesus Christ, who had no sin, so that He should take our sins upon Himself, and we might be pardoned. And now God says to those who believe in Him that all their sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus, and that He, God our Father, not only has forgiven our sins, but also that He will remember them no more.'

While I was speaking I could see the old man's eyes fill with tears, which ran gently down his cheeks. He made the sign of the cross, as all do in Russia when they feel anything deeply, and said to me, 'Oh, what beautiful words you have told me; nothing new—a prayer I knew well, but I never dreamt what it meant. Thank you so much. I shall never forget your words, and I believe in them.'—'Light in the Home.'