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# Northern Messenger

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## Withered Branches.

I cannot tell you all the beautiful words which Jesus said to His disciples that night at the last supper, and when the supper was finished, but I will tell you just a few of them.

'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'

'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.'

'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give

unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

He also told them that if they were not branches of the true Vine they would be cast out and burnt, just as withered branches are.

And then Jesus prayed for His disciples—such a wonderful prayer! And in that prayer Jesus prayed for every one who was going to believe in Him. So if you are trusting in Jesus you can say, 'Jesus was praying for me the very evening before he died.'

Pray now for yourself and for all Christ's followers that we may not become withered branches.—From the 'Children's King.'

## The Secret of Contentment.

I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose the limb it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer, and knowing now that it was God's will, because in no

other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeons quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle.

The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross, it is no longer a cross.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

## Willie Watson.

The 'Poor Lost Lad.'

In an article on 'Christian Union' and its Principles,' the late Hugh Miller tells the following story, for a purpose that is sufficiently manifest in itself. The article appeared in the concluding pages of the volume entitled 'The Headship of Christ,' by Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh.

Willie had quitted the north country a respectable Presbyterian, but it was not until after meeting in the south with some pious Baptists that he had become vitally religious. The peculiarities of Baptist belief had no connection whatever with his conversion; higher and more generally entertained doctrines had been rendered efficient to that end; but, as is exceedingly common in such cases, he had closed with the entire theological code of the men who had been instrumental in the work; and so to the place which he had left an unconverted Presbyterian, he returned a converted Baptist. Certain it was, however,—though until after his death his townsmen failed to apprehend it,—that Willie was better fitted for Christian union with the truly religious portion of them in the later than in the earlier stages of his career. Willie the Presbyterian was beyond comparison less their Christian brother than Willie the Baptist maugre their diversity of opinion on one important point. And in course of time they all lived to see it. We may add that, of all the many arguments promulgated in favor of toleration and Christian union in his northern town, there were none that told with better effect than the arguments furnished by the life and death of Willie Watson the 'poor lost lad.'

It is now many years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to his native place, a seaport town in the north of Scotland. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval; and there was little known regarding him on his return; except that, when he quitted town many years before, he had been a neat-handed, excellent workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet, decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, a more

## Colored Blanks.

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