

Northern Messenger

5 Wm Brown Co. 2020

VOLUME XLII. No. 37

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 14, 1906.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Friend of the Sorrowful.

Once Jesus went to a town about twenty-five miles away from Capernaum. That town was called Nain (or Beautiful), and it was built on a hill. Why did Jesus go all that long way? He had work to do in Nain. For one thing, He wanted to com-

have seen men in India carrying a dead body on a bier, exactly as the young man from Nain was carried.

A poor woman who was near the bier was crying very much. Can you guess who she was? That was the young man's mother. She was a widow. That means that her husband had died. And this was her

began to speak. And Jesus gave him back to his mother.

Just think how surprised that mother must have felt! She was a happy mother now. And every one else was surprised. Everywhere people said, 'God has visited His people.' Even John the Baptist in his prison heard of the wonderful miracles.—'The Children's King.'



JESUS BRINGS THE WIDOW'S SON BACK TO LIFE.

fort a poor woman who was very unhappy just then.

A great crowd of people followed Jesus and His disciples; and when they came near to the gate of the city of Nain, they saw a funeral coming out. The dead body of a young man was being carried out on a bier to be buried.

A bier means a bed; but it is really a flat piece of wood, or something like that. It is very much like the stretchers which are used to carry sick people to the hospital. I

only son, her comfort; and now he was dead too. Who would comfort her now? I think you can tell me. Yes, it was—Jesus.

When Jesus saw that poor mother crying and sobbing, He felt very sorry for her, and He said to her, 'Weep not.' And Jesus came and touched the bier, and the men who were carrying it stood still. And Jesus said, 'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.' And life came back into that dead body again. He that was dead sat up and

A Model Missionary Meeting.

'One of the singular things,' said Mrs. Morrison, as she waited for her cup of tea on the veranda, 'is that women have to be urged so constantly to attend missionary meetings. For my part, I prefer them to any social function I know. In our church the missionary meetings are delightful.'

'You are fortunate,' replied Sophy Madison, handing her aunt the cream and sugar. 'I have never yet attended a missionary meeting that was not extremely dull and a real waste of time.'

'Sophy, you surprise me,' Mrs. Morrison returned. 'Tell me how the meetings are conducted with you, and I will give you an idea of what they consist of under the able direction of our president, Mrs. Windmere.'

'I believe we have a president,' said Sophy, 'but I am not very sure. If we have she is nothing more than a figurehead. We have a treasurer and there are collectors who come around at fixed periods to gather up the dues that the members pledge. As a rule, the treasurer secures money enough to save the face of the society, but I hardly know where the money is going, nor does anybody very much care. When a barrel is sent to a home missionary, there is rather more interest, because we all feel sorry to think of the good man without a decent coat or comfortable stockings, and the needs of the wife and children appeal to us very strongly. But foreign missions seem a great way off, in a dim distance, and we do not feel much enthusiasm except when once in a while a missionary lady or a secretary comes from the board, then we take a new start for the moment.'

'I went to a missionary meeting a month ago,' said Sophy continuing. 'Half a dozen people came; they straggled in, seating themselves so far apart that you would have thought them enemies instead of friends. No persuasions could induce them to sit close together. The leader asked them to change places and come to the front, but they might have been statues for all the attention they paid. We have a very large congregation and a large membership, but we never have more than a dozen ladies out at a missionary meeting. On this occasion the president appeared to be rather confused and bewildered, the secretary had forgotten to bring her report, and when a hymn was given out only two women sang. You could not hear a word of the prayer that was made, and when the affair was over we went out into the sunshine very much relieved and glad to get away.'

Mrs. Morrison seemed unable to grasp so amazing a statement. After a pause she