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"We regard the 'Northern Messenger' as a first-class publication in all respects, and have taken it for a number of years."—E. Dawson, Bailieboro, Ont.

## The Boy Who Was Ready.

Boys, do you ever realize what that story of the feeding of the multitude means for you? It's a wonderful story and you have heard any number of beautiful sermons and seen beautiful pictures, but did you get your own out of it.

Do you realize that it was one little chap with his lunch who was able to stand by and help when the wise disciples were all worried and flurried and so tired they even

from a heart with a will to be kind and courteous. Common, too, but how do you know what the Master can do with it, whose heart he will cheer on to great things for many people by just the light of that bit of sunshining good nature.

Clean hands, commonplace enough, but in this case I mean more than the soap washed hands that make mother's face brighten up. I mean what the Bible does when it says, 'He

sible it is to know just how many thousand it will feed. How do you know who the little chap you helped will be when he grows up, or how far your influence through him will reach when the Master blesses it.

That he still watches and stands ready with his blessing to multiply infinitely we know as surely as we know the story of the little lad's lunch basket, and how he had the wonderful joy of seeing twelve baskets of the bits that men left over after that wonderful meal.

Think it out boys and don't let the Master look in vain for the boy who holds the basket ready.



—From the 'Good Shepherd,' Published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow.

forgot to have faith in the 'Master.' If you never thought it out for yourself do it now.

What is yours that you can help with?

A common ordinary school lesson no more common than the bread and fish lunch. What can you do with it? What may you not do with the knowledge? Not to-day perhaps that little chap had been eating lunch all by himself. Many days before, but his chance came at last and his generous little soul was ready for it.

A jolly, bright, honest smile that comes

that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger.' How great things our Master will do with the help of the clean hands we cannot begin to think. The hands that are resolutely clenched against all friendship with evil, against those who whisper unclean stories and tempt a fellow to do what he knows is wrong. The hands that are always ready to stretch out with a hearty grasp that pulls up the little chap or the easily led when he is afraid to refuse some one who is chaffing him into wrong-doing. How impos-

## The Sons of Judah.

The young minister, making his first call in his new parish, found himself one lovely May afternoon upon a corner of the Bakens' tiny front piazza with old 'Uncle Jimmy.' He hardly knew how he came there. Of course he had not expected to find Dan Baker at home in the afternoon, but he had counted upon a call on his wife; and instead, here he was upon a corner of the piazza with Mr. Baker's father-in-law, old, crippled, Uncle Jimmy. Uncle Jimmy's shrewd, friendly blue eyes studied the young man's face.

'Don't be put out,' he said, cheerfully. 'Dan and Fanny will be all right, come Sunday. But there's a heap of things doing on a farm in May, and they haven't got time to talk religion week-days. You might take it out on me, if you don't mind. I've got all the time there is—sometimes, I most think, too much of it, and I'd take it real kind of ye.'

It was irresistible, even had the minister wanted to resist. He led the old man on to talk of his early life, and the years before the rheumatism conquered him. Uncle Jimmy 'old of it all freely, his long years of toil, and then the defeated hopes and plans. There was no word of complaint; indeed, his tone was almost impersonal, but at the end of the story he looked up.

'I'd admire to have you read to me before you go,' he said. 'There's a Bible on the table in the fore room.'

The minister went into the 'fore room' and returned with the big family Bible.

'Have you any particular passage in mind?' he asked.

'Yes,' Uncle Jimmy answered, 'I have. For years I've had a hankering for some minister to read one of those long chapters in Chronicles, say, about the sons of Judah and the sons of Levi, and all the rest of them. I wrestled with 'em myself a lot, but some of the names is certainly a mouthful. I've always wanted to hear somebody read 'em off slick.'

'Certainly I will read them,' the minister answered, surprised, 'but isn't there some other passage that you would like besides—something closer to human life?'

The old man turned his wrinkled face to the young one.

'Well,' he said, 'I suppose it does sound queer, but mebbe there ain't anybody can tell right off what will help somebody else most. Now me, when I get real down-hearted, I read over the "Sons of Judahs" lists. I say t)