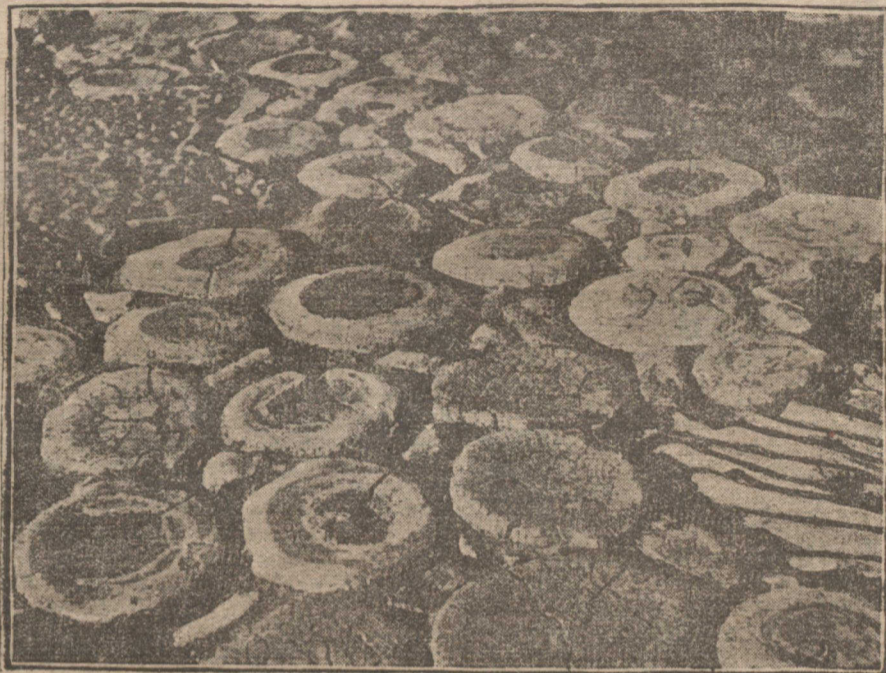


# Northern Messenger

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PAVEMENT OF WHALES' BONES.

## A Queer Pavement.

IT IS MADE OF THE BONES OF WHALES, AND LEADS TO A CHURCH.

One of the oldest, quaintest and most interesting towns in California is Monterey. In the days 'before the gfringo came,' while Alta California still formed part of Mexico, Monterey was its capital city. Many buildings still remain that are eloquent of those times. For a long period Monterey Bay afforded fishing ground for a considerable number of whalers. Monterey Bay still provides sport and profit for many fishermen, but is no longer the habitat of any great number of whales.

A curious memento of the whaling industry remains, however, in the pavement leading up from the street to the west door of the church of San Carlos de Borromeo. This is one of the churches founded by the Spanish missionary fathers, and is still in excellent repair. The priests live in a house adjacent to the church, and services are held regularly.

The round, mushroomlike objects in the pavement are the vertebrae of the great mammals. The pavement is in good condition and seems to wear well. Hundreds of persons walk on it without ever knowing of what it is made.

## The Ministers' Resignation.

The minister had written his resignation, and had made up his mind to read it the next Sunday. He was very much discouraged. For a long time affairs in the church had gone all wrong, it seemed to him. He was satisfied with the town and on good terms with the citizens. His church was an average church for intelligence and spirituality. He had been the pastor for several years, and was attached in many ways to his people. And yet that Monday morning he had gone up into his study and written out his resignation, and he fully meant to read it the following Sunday.

After writing his resignation, the minister took it downstairs and read it over to his wife,

The pavement is probably unique, at any rate in this country.

Another memento of the early days of Monterey is a wooden cross erected on the spot where Father Junipero Serra, the most notable of the Spanish missionaries to the California Indians, landed on June 3, 1770, on the banks of a creek, now nearly dry, and near a tree now almost dead. The wooden cross is not very old, but has been placed on the spot by the Landmarks Society, the function of which, as its name implies, is to preserve buildings connected with the history of California, and to cultivate interest in historical places and people.

The strange circumstance about the memorial is that the inscription on the plate beneath the arms of the cross contains a ludicrous mis-spelling of the name of the man whose memory it is designed to honor. The name of Father Junipero Serra, which is mentioned in every history of California and should be familiar to every child educated in the public school of the State, is spelled 'Fumpero'—and this, too, in a town intimately connected with him and his noble work, and comprising among its inhabitants a large number of persons of Spanish origin.—The New York Tribune.

and then they talked it over, as indeed, they had already done, for the minister knew too much to do anything so important as that without asking his wife if he might.

'It is a very serious step to take, John,' said his wife, after he had read the resignation and changed a phrase or two in it.

'I know it,' replied the minister. 'But I cannot stand it any longer. I am discouraged. I cannot get the people out to the Thursday evening meetings, and the Sunday night services are a perfect failure and my salary is about a month behind all the time, and the trustees are careless as to the way the church is cared for (remember the broken walk in front of the chapel), and altogether it seems

to me I had better go away. I have been here now several years, and perhaps the people are growing tired of me.'

'It seems too bad,' said the minister's wife soberly. 'I am sure the people like you. And just think of the attachments we have formed. This has been our home so long. And think of the number of people you have baptized and married and buried since we have been here.'

'I know. But I feel discouraged. The people say they love me and love Christ. Yet take a matter like the week day meeting—how few attend! Even when I write the men of the church a personal letter inviting them to come, they don't come, and they never think of answering my letter. Then take the matter of the salary. You know we've been owing that grocery bill at Jones's for over a month, and we can't pay it because the church is six weeks behind.'

'You're tired, and not yourself now, John,' said his wife.

'If I'm tired I'm myself, and no one else. Well,' continued the minister, after a pause, 'the resignation is going before the church next Sunday. That's settled.'

'Some other church might be as hard to get along with as this one, John,' said his wife, with a sigh.

'I don't believe it' replied the minister, as he went back up to his study.

It was very evident that the minister was out of sorts and thoroughly discouraged. And yet he was more than an average preacher, a devout preacher, and his whole heart was in his Master's work. His church loved him, was proud of his preaching, and had not the remotest idea that he was about to present his resignation.

It happened that the Sunday evening before the Monday on which the minister had written his resignation, the president of the Christian Endeavor Society of the church had asked the chairmen of the different committees to come to his house for a special conference. The president was a young man of thoughtful habits. The minister had baptized him in the church, and he had grown up to know and love his pastor because he saw what kind of work he had done. There were five committees in the society. The chairmen were all present at the call of the president.

'I call this special meeting,' said the president, 'because I believe the society ought to have another committee; not a committee appointed by the society or by the executive committee, but purely voluntary, and, in a certain way which I will explain, doing its work independent of the society.'

The chairmen looked surprised, but waited expectantly for the president to explain. He continued:—

'Have you noticed how tired and discouraged the minister has appeared lately? I noticed it specially last Thursday night at the prayer meeting, and last night after service. And, by the way, there were only half a dozen of our society at the Thursday night meeting, and more than half of them went away before the Sunday evening service. But what I have noticed lately is the discouraged appearance of the pastor. He needs help. And I propose that we six, you chairmen of the committees and myself, form a voluntary committee to be known as the "Pastor's Commit-