

# Northern Messenger

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## The Love Brotherhood.

(The Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Now the springtide flood again  
Comes to field and wood,  
Bringing joyful thoughts to men,  
And love's brotherhood.

Think how many hearts endured  
All the winter through.  
In the courage of that strength  
Shalt not thou be true?



Think of all the hidden nests  
In the boughs of May.  
In the joy of all that joy  
Shall not thou be gay?

Hark to all the bliss that finds  
Utterance in song.  
With the love of all that love  
Shalt not thou be strong?

Over all and under all  
Think what fatherhood,  
Sharing love and bearing loss  
For a final good.

Joy and love and courage live,  
Though we faithless cower.  
Up, my soul, and do thy part  
In thy little hour.

## Given Her What She Should Speak.

(Margaret Meredith, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Mrs. M. Baldwin Kirkpatrick, missionary, from Burma, tells this experience:

Po Hla, a little Shan boy, was sent down from the mountains by his Christian uncle to be a pupil in the mission school at Thibaw, in which she taught. After a while he accepted the Christian religion, and at twelve or thirteen accepted Christ as his Saviour. Proving clever and earnestly desiring to be a preacher to his people, he was sent to Rangoon to receive further education, and in due time passed through the academic and theological courses.

Returning to his native mountains, where Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were now established in a new mission, he had a grave talk with them. 'Teacher,' he said, 'and mamma, I have changed my mind, I know how much I owe you for teaching me, and for getting money and giving money for my teaching. I believe in the Lord Jesus, I love him and I shall always be his servant; but I do not see why I should not make money—cultivate ric-

fields, or trade, or take a government position,—and have things, like other men; and I would speak constantly all the while for Christ.' He knew the utter poverty of his mountain people, and had seen in Rangoon such different possibilities. 'I will preach faithfully for five years, and after that I will earn money and have what other men can have.'

Three years went by. During these years the missionaries had anxiously tried to teach and influence him in every way, but his purpose remained the same. 'We felt, too,' Mrs. Kirkpatrick said, 'that even his "five years," though honest, could not be a wholly consecrated service, fitted to have the most blessed results.'

'One evening in my Bible class for the helpers and senior pupils, to which he belonged, he asked: "Mamma, I am God's child; he loves me, does he not?" "Yes, Po Hla, he loves you." "Does he not love all his children alike?" "Yes." "He is not partial." "No." "If I am his child, I shall go to heaven, shall I not?" "Yes." "And be just as happy as I can be?" "Yes." "Well then, so far as I am concerned—never mind other considerations now,—but keeping to this point, how can I

be any better off if I live and die a preacher than if I live and die an ordinary, good Christian man?"

'This was a question asked in the class, and I answered it in the class, but with an intensely appealing cry first that an answer should be given me. "You know, Po Hla, that the reward and blessedness that you would win as a common workingman would be as great as any preacher's if you were shut in to that, if you were sure that you were doing just what you believed God wanted you to do. But, let us suppose a Sawbwa (a prince), rich and powerful and good. (They delight in illustrations, and in Swabwas). He has two sons, a grown one and a little baby. He loves them both devotedly—is not the least partial.

"Suppose he buys a handsome, European bicycle to give to one of them, he will give it to his dear little baby, will he not?" "Oh, no, mamma!" cried a chorus. "Why not? He loves them both alike." "Oh, but, mamma, the baby couldn't do anything with a bicycle." "He will give it to the grown son, then?" "Yes, certainly."

"Well, he has a fine, spirited horse to give, he will give that to the baby instead, won't he?" "Oh, no!" "To the grown son?" "Yes." "But, why? He loves them both alike, wishes them both to have every pleasure." "But a baby wouldn't have any pleasure in a spirited horse; he couldn't ride it. He couldn't care for it a bit."

"Then he gave one of them a great big bag of rupees. Of course he gave that to the baby? Poor baby, there had been nothing for him; surely he ought to have the rupees." The class seemed a little restless at such continued folly on my part, but they could not resist asseverating that a baby wouldn't know how to use money.

'Well, at any rate, the Swabwa could do the best things of all for the baby, he could counsel with him, and could have him as his invaluable assistant; he could take him to share in his governing of the country; above all, he could have him as his close friend.' The helpers vaguely looked at me; only the younger scholars answered "mamma" at all—talking in this way, as she never did before. Po Hla's head had gradually sunk upon his breast. The class was dismissed.

A week or two afterward, at the church covenant meeting. Po Hla rose and said: "I am very much ashamed of myself. I have been so selfish. Now I have asked God to forgive me; and I ask you to forgive me. I see now as Paul did: 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.' If I never get one pice of salary, I shall preach to my people all my life."

'God had given me the mouth and wisdom for which I had turned to him in my helplessness. It was that simple illustration, sent to me, which flashed light from heaven into Po Hla's brilliant mind, and transformed his purpose, deciding him to present himself a living sacrifice to his poor, low-down Shan countrymen.'

He is ministering to them to-day, in poverty like theirs; happy and a blessing.