

Northern Messenger

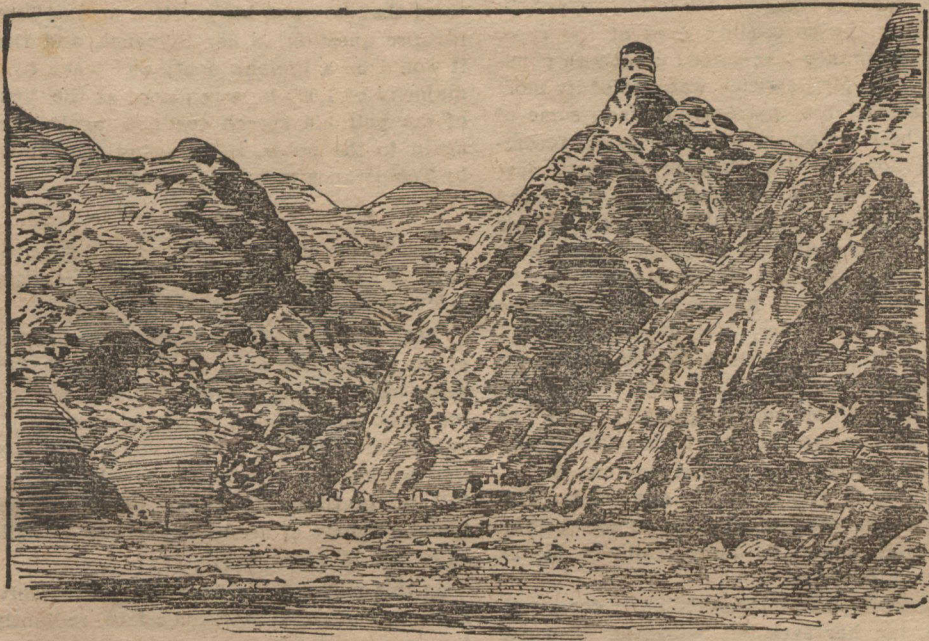
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BISHOP FRENCH'S BURIAL-PLACE AT MUSCAT, IN THE
PERSIAN GULF.

(The Bishop's grave is marked by a cross on the extreme right.)

Bishop French's Grave.

Very sacred are the spots where lie the mortal remains of men whom God has honored to be pioneers of great enterprises. How many of us have reverently looked upon the stone in Westminster Abbey which marks where the body of David Livingstone was laid! At Paramatta, in New South Wales, we may stand by the tomb of Samuel Marsden, the apostle of New Zealand. At Peshawar, on the Afghan frontier, we may find in the cemetery six missionary graves. What must it be to enter that little enclosure at Usambiro, where Bishop Parker and Alexander Mackay lie buried! Or God's Acre at Sierra Leone, with its tombs of three bishops and a whole host of men and women faithful unto death!

But still more sacred are the solitary graves of those servants of the Lord who laid down their lives for him alone in lands where no other messenger of the Cross had been before. Of deepest interest is the one shown in our picture. That quaint nook at the foot of those wild untrodden mountains is on the Arabian coast, looking across the Gulf of Oman, towards the southern shores of Persia. To the neighboring port of Muscat, with its fanatical Mohammedan population, never before visited by a preacher of the Gospel, went, four years ago, a veteran bishop, who had laid down his honors and dignities to go as a simple missionary to Arabia. Forty years before that, Thomas Valpy French, had gone forth as a young recruit to join the C.M.S. army in India. Now, in his old age, he went literally to 'the regions beyond,' for never on those mountains had appeared the feet of one bringing good tidings of peace. On Feb. 8, 1891, he landed at Muscat. On May 14, the Lord called him home; and on May 18 the tired body was laid to rest between the mountains and the sea.

'The victories of the Church,' said Krapf, the pioneer missionary of East Africa, as he buried his dead wife a few weeks after landing there, 'are always gained by stepping

over the graves of her members.' Many years passed before there seemed any fulfillment of that utterance of faith; but the day came when the new missionary colony of Frere Town was established upon the very ground consecrated by the burial of Mrs. Krapf. Shall it be so in Arabia? That is the question asked by Archdeacon Arthur Moule in his beautiful lines on Bishop French:—

'Where Muscat fronts the Orient sun

'Twixt heaving sea and rocky steep,
His work of mercy scarce begun,

A saintly soul has fallen asleep,
Who comes to lift the Cross instead?

Who takes the standard from the dead?'

Romance of a Temperance Tent.

(By Isabel Maude Hamill, in 'Alliance News.')

'There, now; I am sure everything looks lovely. I must just sprinkle a little water on the flowers so that they will keep fresh, and then I shall have finished my work for to-night; heigho! I hope it will be a success.' And as she spoke Ethel Barnes looked round the tent with pardonable pride.

'Well, you have worked hard enough, my dear, and I sincerely trust that this venture of Temperance women will be crowned with—what is better than success—the blessing of the Master.'

'Yes, Mrs. Manners, I meant that when I said success; and I do think God will bless our effort. Do you remember Mrs. Byng's word at the little prayer meeting we had when we met to talk over our scheme?'

'No, dear.'

'She prayed that we might win "one" soul from the power of drink by our Temperance refreshment tent, and then it would be worth all the labor and trouble.'

'All! Indeed it would; but if we do not succeed in that, we hope to keep many from getting much during the three days, and that will be something.'

'Yes, but I have a strong feeling that we shall save someone by God's help.'

'God bless you, Ethel; you are a true helper in any good cause. You always make one hopeful,' and as Mrs. Manners spoke she kissed the bright, winsome face so full of youth's brightest promise.

It was Leyton Agricultural Show, and the Temperance women had decided, if consent could be obtained, to have a tent where all sorts of refreshments could be sold, minus intoxicants. They had obtained their desire, and had worked with willing hands and hopeful hearts, but perhaps the one who had thrown most energy and loving service into the undertaking was Ethel Barnes, the daughter of a well-known and respected solicitor in the neighborhood. She was a girl of undaunted energy, and full of enthusiasm for any cause she espoused. For upwards of six years she had devoted herself ungrudgingly to Temperance work, and her winning manners and pleasing face had been the means of inducing many to come out on the 'right side.'

The opening day dawned bright and sunny, and Ethel was early at her post, looking sweet and fresh in her pretty white gown, which was touched here and there by knots of pink ribbon, and a bunch of pink roses fastened in her belt. Certainly, no tent on the ground had more willing, attractive attendants, and no interior was half as pretty. Quaint mottoes done in all sorts of colors and devices were hung around, and bowls of roses, rich and rare, were placed on the little tables intended for teas. These were daintily set out with snowy napery, shining silver, and china which, if not of the finest, was very superior to that in any of the other refreshment tents. During the day the heat was intense, and Ethel and her helpers had a very busy time, for one told another of the pretty tent where the waiters were so willing and cheerful amidst all the discomforts of a boiling sun and impatient customers.

Amongst those who strayed into it with the intention of enjoying a lark at the teetotalers' expense was a tall, handsome man of thirty to thirty-five years of age. His first thought was one of surprise as he glanced at the pretty interior, his second admiration as he noticed the unfailing good temper, the pleasant smiles, and anxiety to please of those who waited.

'Why!' he exclaimed under his breath, 'there's something not far short of heroism that will make these women work like galley-slaves in a heat like this to try to prevent people getting intoxicants; it's in their hearts, and no mistake. Allow me,' he suddenly said, jumping from his seat, and taking a hissing tea urn out of Ethel Barnes' hands, 'it's too heavy for you.'

Ethel looked up in wonder to see who had thus relieved her of her burden, and met two laughing eyes evidently amused at her surprise. She smiled in return, and thanked him.

'You must find it dreadfully hot here; how do you manage to get through and keep cool?'

'We don't keep very cool, but we came here intending to work and make our tent a success.'