

is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix., 10).'

"Sinners," "lost," those words just fit me," murmured Hugh Carroll. "And I have thought so much about your words, "Jesus said, I am the Way." But can he, will he, receive such a sinner as I am? Will he be "the Way" to me, and give me the "eternal life" you speak of, and that my dear wife used to talk about?"

'He said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,"' answered James Moore, as he slipped away to leave the invalid to think over God's words, and to pray that the Holy Spirit would speak them with power to his heart.

And abundantly was that prayer answered. Both travellers stayed for several days on the little plateau, and Hugh Carroll's health improved daily. But, best of all, as a little child he came to the Saviour. One day he said, with a glad smile, to his fellow traveller:

'God has made it all clear to me now. I see that the Lord Jesus is, indeed, "the Way." It is in him that "we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." And he has redeemed and forgiven me.'

'Let us praise him together,' said his friend. And after prayer both sang the Magnificat, and the sleepy Kaffirs outside heard a deep bass voice and a weak tenor one chanting, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

Two months later, in his Master's strength, and in his Master's company, Hugh Carroll returned to England to serve and glorify his new-found Saviour.

Let me pass on to you a thought about the Lord Jesus being 'the Way':

Without the way—there's no going,
Without the truth—there's no knowing,
Without the life—there's no living.
Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

—African Story.

On Demoniacal Possession

A RECALLED TALK OF THOMAS K. BEECHER'S.

(H. Clay Trumbull, in "S. S. Times.")

While, in 1858, the second service of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford, was a general Bible class, including all ages, it was a novel and attractive service, and therefore well attended. Dr. Bushnell, the pastor, was usually present, and made a closing address on the topic of Bible study for the day. A series of Bible lessons was arranged for the first year on the Friends and Enemies of Jesus. One of these lessons was on John the Baptist, the Friend and Forerunner of Jesus. A later lesson was on the Demons, the Enemies of Jesus.

On the Sunday for this latter lesson, as on the Sunday for the former, I was an interested visitor. On this second occasion, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, then, as for many years after, of Elmira, was also present. He and I sat together in the lower part of the audience room. Toward the close of the hour for study, Dr. Bushnell came down to where we sat, and said, in his abrupt and hearty way:

'Here, I want you two up front. You must do the talking to-day. Trumbull,

I want you to talk about the Sunday-school. Beecher, I want you to talk about the Devil.'

We did as we were told to do. What I said of the Sunday-school I do not remember, and it is of no importance if I did. What Beecher said of the Devil I do remember, and it is well worth remembering. Although I have no record of its substance, it is fresh in my mind after these more than forty years, and I deem it worth giving to others as I recall it.

Added force will be given to this address of Mr. Beecher if the fact be borne in mind that at that time what was called 'Spiritualism' was the religious fad of the hour. 'Spirit rappings,' by the aid of 'mediums,' were the entertainment of 'spiritual séances' in the community generally. Hartford was quite a centre of the delusion. Andrew Jackson Davis, the high-priest of the cult, and his brilliant wife, were residents of Hartford. Hence any word on spiritual possessions would be sure to fall on open ears in a Hartford congregation. Mr. Beecher said, in substance:

'All of us believe that there is in every one of us a spirit that controls and directs our body, that can live even when our body dies. We who are Christians believe that another spirit, the Spirit of God, can come into our bodies, and dwell there, as in a temple, while our own spirit is still in our body, and that that Holy Spirit can control and direct our spirit.

'The Bible tells us that in olden time there were evil spirits that entered into men and took possession of them, sometimes singly, sometimes by sevens, and sometimes a whole legion of them. These evil spirits held men captive, drove men, tore men, denied men their liberty and personality. The question naturally comes up,—it must have come up in this place to-day,—"Is there anything of this sort in modern times?" I am afraid there is, and I want to be on the watch against the dread possibility.

'Suppose I lived on Broadway, where the crowd was surging past in both directions all the time. Would I leave my doors and windows open, saying to the crowd of strangers, "Enter my door, pass through my hall, come into my parlor, make yourselves at home in my dining-room, go up into my bed-chambers"? Would that be my way with my home and with the outside world? No, no! I'd have my windows and doors barred and locked against intruders, to be opened only to me and mine, and those whom I would have as companions. That would be my way, and that would be yours.

'Yet here we see poor, foolish men and women opening their ears, and eyes, and noses, and mouths, and stretching out their arms, and saying to the spirits of the vasty deep: "Come in and take possession of me. Write with my hands, think with my brain, speak with my lips, walk with my feet, use me as a medium for whatever you will."

'Let us remember that God respects the sanctity of the dwelling-place of man's spirit. So does he honor that, that even the Son of God himself says to each soul: "I, even I, stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

'O Holy Spirit, enter my being as thy temple, and there fill every room so that

there shall be no space for any other to come in. Let me be full of thee, and controlled wholly by thee.'

I have never ceased to be glad that I heard that talk on that theme by that speaker in that place. I would have others to be helped by it.

Postal Crusade.

We take pleasure in acknowledging \$2 from Mrs. Harper, of Bower Island, B.C., for 'Messengers' to India; also \$3 from Mrs. Smith, of the same place, for stamps. Mrs. Cole writes:—

'It is very good of this kind friend to provide so generously for stamps. The whole expense of stationery, etc., for the overseeing of this endeavor falls on me, as I am in no way connected with any society or publication. I make this statement for the good of the work. Many write to me in Canada letters of enquiry, and as I have only medium time and strength, I thought a little paper to keep up interest would be helpful. As the subscription list is not large enough as yet to cover expenses, I will be obliged to send it out once in two months for the present.' "A Friend," who is a tenth giver, sends \$10.00. My sincere thanks are due to all these kind friends, and my heart lighter in thinking of the coming winter's work. The next issue of the "Post-Office Crusade" will be for September and October.'

Faithfully,
M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

What Is Your Excuse?

If you are offered happiness and refuse it, What is your excuse? If someone offers to supplant misery and distress with peace, enjoyment of life and comfort of body, and you allow it not, What is your excuse? Mr. Theo. Noel, whose announcement appears in these columns, wants to know what is your excuse, if you are sick and ailing and refuse to accept the offer of thirty days' trial of 'Vitae-Ore' at his risk which he is making to the readers of this paper.

The offer, 'PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS,' has appeared in these columns a number of times during the past two years, and hundreds are to-day blessing the day they read and accepted it, else Mr. Noel could not continue his announcements from time to time. If you fear its genuineness, ask any of your fellow-subscribers who have accepted it, and then, if YOU don't accept, What is your excuse? You need the medicine; you can have it for the asking, you take no risk. What is your excuse?

The editors of the best periodicals in Canada endorse Mr. Noel and his offer. Let their endorsement be YOUR EXCUSE for writing to-day for a package on trial. See large announcement in this issue.

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