

# Northern Messenger

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## Bemerton Church.

'O Day most calm, most bright,  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
The endorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood:  
The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay;  
The week were dark but for thy light,  
Thy torch doth show the way.'

How small the chapel is! No picture can give an adequate idea of its narrowness and simplicity! We count the chairs which suffice the little congregation. They number only forty-one! Everything is bare and plain.

their plough rest that they might also offer their devotions to God, with their dear pastor.'

When George Herbert was inducted into the cure of Bemerton, he was shut into the church to perform the (then) usual ceremony of tolling the bell. Having remained therein unusually long, his friends looked through the window, and saw him prostrate on the ground before the Lord's Table, at which time and place, as he afterwards owned, he set some rules to himself for the future conduct of his life, and made a vow to keep them.

In order that he might the better preserve

George Herbert led prayer and praise and exhorted and instructed his little flock, for the brief space of two years, and then, in full view of his end, he summoned his friend Bostock to read prayers for him, saying, 'I will only be a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality.'

His dust is buried on the north side of the Holy Table. He strongly wished that there should be no memorial of him, and there is none. His books, the church itself, and the atmosphere with which his memory pervades the village, are memorial enough.—'Light in the Home.'

## A Petition.

(By Henry van Dyke.)

These are the gifts I ask,  
Of Thee, Spirit serene;  
Strength for the daily task,  
Courage to face the road,  
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load.  
And, for the hours of rest that come between,  
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.  
These are the sins I fain  
Would have Thee take away:  
Malice, and cold disdain,  
Hot anger, sullen hate,  
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,  
And discontent that casts a shadow gray  
On all the brightness of a common day.

## How Ensor Robbed God.

'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me.'—Malachi iii, 8, 9.

A minister of the gospel in the state of Maine, found in one of his charges, a man who professed conversion but was extremely penurious. He wanted all the blessings that pertained to the gospel, but had never seemed to realize that the command, 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' was for him. The minister felt a concern to help the man; but whenever he said anything to him about contributing for the spread of the gospel at home or abroad, he was met by the excuse that, with a family to support, he had no money to give away.

One day as the minister was driving along, he saw the man whom we will call Ensor, in his field, and stopped to have a talk with him. He proposed to him that he should stake off a certain portion of that field, and cultivate it the best he could, and give the proceeds to the Lord. Ensor at last acceded to the proposition, and the minister, well pleased, went his way. The man planted the portion set apart with corn, and it grew wonderfully. When the minister saw him, he said he never saw anything like the way that corn grew; and the strangest part of it was, it was the poorest part of the field. The minister was well aware of the latter fact before the man inadvertently made the disclosure.

'Well,' said the minister, 'the Lord has



WHERE GEORGE HERBERT LED IN PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Yet George Herbert's rule is kept—'that all things there be decent, befitting His name by which God's house is called.'

There is a little stained glass in some of the windows. There are a few brasses on the walls. They say that the chalice which George Herbert used is still extant, and the bell which rings in the few worshippers today is the same as rung in George Herbert's days, when the field-laborers used to let

those rules and observe his own variations from them, he recorded them in a little book called 'A Priest to the Temple, or, the Country Parson.' This does not seem to be so well known as his verses, the 'Temple,' but it is full of devout and shrewd insight and out-sight, and constitutes a valuable manual of conduct not for clergymen only, but for all Christian folk.

Here, then, in this little shadowy church,