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'CARRIED IN ARMS WHEN FROM HEROD THEY FLED.'

Instead

How could it be,
That the King of the World was poor?
Love held his blanket and Peace made his bed,
Yet, had the world ne'er a crown for his head:—
King of our souls instead.

How could it be,
That the Ruler of Time was young?
Human and little, and tended and fed,
Carried in arms, when from Herod they fled?
Rule in our hearts instead.

How could it be,
That the Lord of all Life was weak?
Speechless, and childish, and growingly led,
Working and weary—and mocked—and dead—
O Lord of our lives instead!

—Anstance Rede.

The Unexpected Happens.

(By the Rev. C. H. Yateman, in 'Golden Rule'.)

I have ever found that the active Christian life is full of surprises. This is true in my own life, certainly. Let me tell you of one surprise. A big one it was, and glorious, too.

While holding meetings in Joliet, Ill., I was crowded with invitations to scores of places. Among the rest, was one from Peoria, of the same state. Now, if there was one place above another where I did not want to go, it was there. It was the great whiskey town of America, and, besides, the place where Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted infidel, was brought up. 'Better take some more promising field,' said I. So, when they wrote me that a committee would come and see about it. I wrote back, if I remember aright, 'Don't come and waste both time and money, for I cannot accept your invitation.'

But one day, several of their finest business men, and the busiest, too, walked into the church at Joliet, and at the close of the meeting said they wanted an interview.

I think I was not very amiable about it; for I never like to say, 'No,' to any calls for help. The gist of all they had to communicate was: 'We cannot help what decision you have made, Mr. Yateman. Our decision is that you are to come, and there is nothing else for you to do than say yes. We won't argue about it. That is of no use. We have prayed about it, and we know that you ought to come to Peoria; and furthermore, you will, we believe.'

I must say their boldness and confidence rather pleased me, and, though I had decided fully against it, I finally said I would go.

God does not always lead us in the direction of our inclinations. Oftentimes his leading is straight against them; but, if one is going to be true to Christ one will go the way he wants, and that way in the end will be best.

So, much to my surprise, I found myself, later on, headed for 'whiskey and infidelity,' as I kept saying to myself in the cars. They were foes quite equal to any faith I had ever discovered, either in myself or others.

Surprise number two, not a little provoking to me at the moment, came in the shape of the hotel's being burned out, and I had to take private entertainment, which, with the excessive work which an evangelist has to do, is often an extra load. The hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jamieson, was thrown open to me, and going there, like going to the town itself, was a blessing rich and sweet.

The meetings held in a large hall and in the churches, were good. Some fine conversions came, one that of a pupil who afterwards entered the field of Christian work. One of the reporters converted became a clergyman, I believe. The swing of success was ours, and many gave up drinking whiskey after a draught of the water of life.

All this was good, but the same might have happened in any city where my meetings were held. Soon I began to wonder inwardly why the Lord had led me there. Then came a strange