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ANOTHER NOTED BABY.

Messenger readers have always been interested in noted babies on the other side of the water, the baby king of Spain, the little queen of Holland, both monarchs in their own right; and Dorothy Drew, noted as yet chiefly for being the granddaughter of Britain's premier, and his especial pet. On this side of the Atlantic no baby is talked of so much as "Baby Ruth," the daughter of President Cleveland. Of course, just now, she owes her fame chiefly to the charms of her mother and to the fact that she is "the baby of the White House," but no matter who she was, or where she might be found, who could let such a baby as that pass unnoticed? Of course, this is not a photograph, for her sensible father and mother are not fond of publicity, and not even the omnipresent kodak has yet been able to get a snap shot at her, but an artist of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, saw the little maid as she was taking her airing one day at Lakewood, and this picture was afterwards developed from the "thumb-nail" sketch. Her salient points, the artist says, are a pair of large, dark eyes, with the prettiest of long lashes, delicately regular features, fair coloring and dark hair.

It is not difficult, she says, to see "the baby," who is spoken of usually as if there were but one baby in Lakewood. She takes her airing, with all the other children of the cottages and hotels, between the hours of ten and twelve, and her plain little wicker chariot may be seen on the broad plank walks by the Lakewood Hotel, and up and down any of the pine-sheltered avenues, driven by the vigilant nurse, who is ever on the watch to protect her charge from too intrusive admirers. Everybody stops to look at her or to speak to her, and the manners of the young princess are most affable. The artist was fortunate in crossing the path of the little carriage just before baby, in her white cloak and cap, with a biscuit clutched in one white mitten, was preparing to take a nap,

and thus was favored with a sight of the dark eyes and a faint smile which might be interpreted as expressing the last degree of boredom at again hearing the inevitable—"Oh, what a lovely baby!"

BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

People should be willing to surrender themselves to God so as to receive a baptism of the Holy Ghost for personal service. You could have had it if you had wanted it. There is not any one but has all the Holy Ghost he has made room for.

Finney once used an illustration of a man seeing a beautiful team of horses, and saying to their owner: "What will you sell them for?" The reply was: "I will take five hundred dollars for them." The man had the five hundred dollars in his pocket, but immediately there came to

his mind the new coat of paint his house wanted, and the trip he had contemplated making, whereupon he said: "I will keep my money and you can keep your horses." This is a homely illustration that you have all of the Holy Ghost that you paid for. You cannot have your selfishness, your worldly lusts, your avarice, your pride, or secret sin in your heart, and have the power of the Holy Ghost; but if you would rather have the power of the Holy Spirit than these things, God will give it to you.

Some time since a pastor, who had graduated at Princeton theological seminary some twenty years ago, told me that although he had been ordained to be a minister of the gospel, he had never led a soul to Christ, and had no idea how to do it. He happened to be in Indianapolis when some meetings were in progress. They were

conducted by an individual who was a man of power, but rather rude in some ways.

At the end of the services the minister said: "Now we will have an after-meeting, and every man that is saved is requested to talk to some one that is not." The Princeton graduate thought to himself "What shall I do?" The evangelist came up to him and said: "My friend, are you a Christian?" The minister said: "Yes." He said: "Stir yourself up and try to lead some one to Christ." After a while the preacher came to him again and said: "My brother, are you a Christian?" He said: "Yes." The minister said: "In the name of God try and get some one to come to Christ." The minister sat still and the preacher came to him the third time. He said: "My friend, did you not tell me you were a member of the church?"

and he replied: "Yes, I am a minister of the gospel." "Great God!" the preacher said, "and letting souls all round you go to hell!" He immediately left Indianapolis and took the first train for his home. Upon reaching there he went to his room and spent two days in prayer. He then sent for the elders of the church, and he told them he had found the Holy Ghost. They said: "Pastor, you had better get the people together." He did so, and one hundred souls were converted inside of ten days. Some of them are now elders in that church.

I am acquainted with a man who has been pastor of prominent Methodist churches, the Rev. Dr. Keen, whom some of you know. That man has perhaps been preaching for thirty years, and he has never seen a year of his ministry without a mighty revival of the work of Christ. It was not so with his first charge. At his first revival he preached as well as he could. He said: "Here is the altar, and those who want to find Christ, kneel down here." How many do you think came? No one. He then preached another sermon, extended the same invitation, but no



MRS. CLEVELAND AND BABY RUTH.