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Trusted.

Nothing is more likely to give hope and courage to the despairing than the great thought that there are people who still believe in them.

A young man, for persistent wrongdoing, was convicted of felony, and was sent to the penitentiary. He came out at the end of two years more hardened, and an object of shame, distrust and suspicion. He came to his native town; every one gave him the cold shoulder except a poor old woman who had known him ever since a child. She met him near her little home on the day of his return.

'Why, Harry,' she said, as if nothing had happened. 'I'm glad to see you. I didn't know you had come back.'

'Well, I have,' he said gruffly.

'Yes, I see; where are you staying?'

'On the street.'

'Dear me! That's no place for any one to stay. Come home and stay for supper. I can't give you much choice, but you are welcome to what I have.'

'Aren't you afraid I'll rob and murder you?'

'Why, Harry, I'm no more afraid of you than when you used to sit in my lap in your baby clothes. Come right along.'

After supper she said: 'Now Harry, you must stay here to-night and sleep in the little room my own boy slept in before he died.' In the morning she said: 'You'd better stay here until you find something to do.'

'Do you suppose any one would give me anything to do?'

'No, I don't. I thought about it while you slept, and I tell you what you had better do.'

She went to a bureau and took from it a silk handkerchief containing a roll of bills.

'Now, Harry, here's fifty dollars which I have saved penny by penny as the saving of a life. I've been saving it up to be used in my last sickness. I want you to take this money, go away off where you are not known and begin life over again. I can trust you to pay it back if able; if not, all right. I am not afraid to trust you.'

She could say no more, for Harry was on his knees, his face in her lap, crying as he had not since the days of his childhood.

'Say it again.'

'Say what?'

'That you are not afraid to trust me.'

'Why, I am not.'

'Then I'll take the money and do as you say, bad as I've been, to prove that I am worthy of your trust.'

Her confidence proved to be his salvation. He put hundreds of miles between him and his old haunts, and began life anew with hope and courage, because one trusted him. In a few months the old woman's money was returned with more than compound interest. In the letter sent with the money was:

'I owe my salvation to three words you spoke when all the world was against me: "I trust you." They led me to the belief and trust I now have in the God I am trying to serve.'—'Industrial School Gem.'

The Armenian and His Testament.

Garabed was born in Tokat, his parents being members of the Greek Church, and he was brought up in strict accordance with its principles. He had no Bible. A missionary came to his neighborhood, and Garabed had a great desire to go and hear him, but his father prohibited him. He somehow got hold of a copy of the New Testament, however, and in order not to be discovered, he took it into a stable, and read it by the light of a lamp. He feared



lest his parents should find he was in possession of the Word of God; for well he knew it would be taken from him. Reading night after night, he became deeply interested, and longed to know if there was a Saviour for him. He searched the whole New Testament to find his name, but could not. Peter, Paul, James and John he found, but no Garabed. Reading John's Gospel one night, he came upon the word 'whosoever' in chap. iii., 16. That word gave him the title he sought. It means 'anybody.' So he put in his own name, believed on the Lord Jesus, and is now a preacher of the Gospel, telling to others, in that dark land, the way of life and peace.—J. H., in 'The Christian Herald.'

Grace and Grit.

A pastor was holding extra meetings in a schoolhouse in a rich rural neighborhood. A wealthy farmer living a mile distant had not attended, when the wife, an unemotional woman, but of rare good sense, went to the meeting one evening. Although it was the first one she attended she was convicted of her sins, sought the Lord, and was happily converted before the meeting closed. Her special cross now was to tell her husband of her new exper-

ience. Reaching home, she found the family had retired. Her husband, arousing from sleep, said, 'You are a little late getting home.'

'Yes,' she said, 'I've been to the meeting, and I've been converted, and I want you to come with me.'

He was silent a minute or two, then said, 'Mary, you could not have done anything which would have displeased me more. Don't ever speak of it to me again. Come to bed.'

It was the most abrupt remark he had made to her in twenty years of wedded life. But she knew his will, and not a word was spoken until the morning. She did not sleep, and silently the whole night commended his case to God. She knew he also was far from having a good night of rest. Farmer-like, they ate breakfast by candle-light. No sooner was he seated at the table than he said:

'Children, your mother says she was converted at the meeting last night, and she won't want to eat without a blessing being asked, so keep still while she asks one.'

The good woman would not deny her Lord. She asked the blessing as best she could. There was silence during the meal. When the hired man pushed back to leave the room, the man of the house said:

'My wife says she is converted, and of course she will want to read and pray before we go to work. You'd better sit right down.'

Nothing daunted, the saved but persecuted woman, without a murmuring word, set herself to the untried work, read out a chapter, and kneeling alone, prayed. As the son was leaving the room, the father said:

'In an hour you hitch the gray horses to the cutter. Your mother and I are going to C—for a visit.'

Ordinarily he was a kind husband, consulted his wife about social and business affairs, and few were in better accord. But this was the first intimation of the proposed visit. Should she submit, and thus be ignored? Should she leave the meetings, where she hoped her children would be saved? These and other similar questions were pressed on her conscience, yet somehow she believed God was to be glorified even through this abuse. In an hour she was seated by her husband, and silently they drove twenty miles, when he reined up at a hotel and ordered dinner. When they entered the dining-room a few boarders and half a dozen commercial travellers came in. With a knife-handle the man rapped, and as the company looked about he said:

'My wife says she was converted last night, and she will not want to eat unless she asks a blessing. Please keep still while she says grace.'

Although faced by twenty strangers in this cruel arraignment, yet she would not deny her Lord, and in stammering utterances, thanked him for the food that was before them. There was no jest uttered.