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The Royal Chaplain.

Regarding the late Bishop Sumner (of Winchester), the following incident is told: When in attendance on George IV. on one occasion, the King said, 'I am beset on all sides. One asks me for this; another wishes for that. In point of suitors, I believe I could even excel the Lord Chancellor. Yet, Sumner, I never meet with any request from you. How is this?'

'May it please your Majesty,' was the reply, 'I, too, am like others. I have a certain object at heart, a private request of my own to make, and I have been anxiously waiting an opportunity to introduce it.'

'Let me have it now,' was the permission granted, with a smile not unmixed with surprise.

'During the reign of your Majesty's revered father, a custom prevailed that the household, morning and evening, should be summoned to family prayer. This practice, with your Majesty's permission, is what I should wish to be revived and fully acted upon.'

'By all means. Why was it not named before? But is that all, Sumner? Where is your request?' 'For myself, sire, I have none to make. Your Majesty's bounty has left me nothing to ask.—The Living and the Dead.'

An Old Minister With a New Experience.

(The Rev. H. W. Pope, in the 'Intelligencer'.)

Not long ago I met a minister who is fast approaching sixty. He said that last summer he returned from vacation with a heavy heart. He had been pastor of the same church for a dozen years. He was not strong physically, and the demands of the parish were constantly increasing. Preaching was becoming harder and harder, and he seemed to have no message for his people.

He did not feel equal to the task of taking up the burden of another year, and he began to question seriously whether a new minister could not serve the church better than himself. For several weeks he pondered the momentous question whether he had better not resign and hope for a smaller church. One day it occurred to him that an old minister with a new experience might be better for the church than a new minister with an old experience.

At once he began to wait on the Lord for a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit. His heart grew hungry, his prayers became imperative. The fire in his soul burned brighter, and he fed it constantly with the fuel of God's word. He reached the point where he fully resolved that one of two things must happen—either he would have a new religious experience, or he would resign his pastorate.

One morning, as he opened a little book of selections, from which he was accustomed to read, his eye fell upon one passage, 'The Lord shall increase you more and more.' Instantly there flashed into his mind a glimpse of the boundless resources of grace and glory which God had in store for him, and he cried out to his wife:

'There it is, there it is, O wife; see what

the Lord has given me; I haven't got to go after all.' His soul was filled with heavenly joy, his eyes were wet with tears. Such a vision of the Crucified one and the depth of his riches, and such an overwhelming desire to proclaim him, came into his heart that even now he cannot recall it without tears.

It was easy to take up the burden. Indeed it was no longer a burden, but a privilege. The chariot wheels did not drag now. Sermons were no longer made, they were born, and preaching became a delight. Never did his people enjoy his ministry more, and he seems likely to remain there as long as his earthly ministry continues.

Perhaps this incident may bring comfort to some aging and anxious pastor whose people have become restless. Possibly it is not a new minister that the people crave so much as a fresh message, and that is so easily within our reach. A change of pastor might bring no improvement. Indeed the old pastor with a new experience would probably be prefer-

able to a new pastor with an old experience. No one enjoys stale bread from the pantry, nor a mouldy message from the pulpit, but a minister with a real message from God is always and everywhere welcome, since the days of John the Baptist.

The Fifth Gospel.

There are four written Gospels. The fifth is writing now. The world may forget the four, and the leaves of the book may never be turned, but the fifth Gospel men are sure to read.

That fifth gospel is your life of Christ; that is, your life in Christ. Men may forget Christ; they never forget the Christian. Christ lives in heaven and on earth. The world's dull eyes have never gazed upon his heavenly glory, but they are looking eagerly for Him on earth. Christ in men is the most powerful preaching.

The world has had many lives of Christ. Each Christian is writing his own, and the very children read it. We are either revealing or veiling Christ to men.—Selected.



The Goodness of God.

Suppose a group of merry children were sitting around the cheerful fire, while the snow is on the ground, and the mother of one of them brings in a basket of fine ruddy apples, perhaps some thoughtful one would thank her, and say it was very kind to think of their pleasure, and would love her for what she had done.

But would any of them, as they enjoyed the nice fruit, remember how the apple trees looked in spring-time, covered with their pink and white blossoms, and their tender green leaves? Would they think who sent the gentle breeze that carried away the leaves of bloom, leaving the little germ on all the boughs? Who sent the sunshine day after day, and the gentle showers, and the summer dew? And who, in the golden days of autumn, made the large, round fruit hang ripe on its stem?

God might, when He made this world, have made but one kind of food if He chose. It would have been enough to keep us alive, if the broad fields had been all filled with grain, and we lived on bread alone. It was His goodness to us that planted the grape-vines on the sunny hills—that loaded the trees with their precious fruit—that put on the peach its