

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No. 46.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1897.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

## Away to the Hills!

If you were to visit Palestine you would find that the streets of the towns are very narrow, and the houses are built with thick, domed roofs of stone. In the summer time, when the heat is very great, the people say the narrow streets help to shelter them from the hot sun, and the big stone domes keep their houses cool. But still, they sometimes find the streets and houses unbearably hot in the height of summer—hotter, perhaps, than if the thoroughfares were wider, and the

and enjoy a far healthier life than they could possibly do in their crowded town houses.—'Child's Companion.'

## Sowing and Reaping.

(From one of D. L. Moody's sermons in Chicago.)

You may be forgiven by God, yet there are certain consequences that you have to reap, I know a father who was converted, God forgave him; but his boy is still a thief and a gambler. That man is reaping what

everything, that everything would be forgiven me?' I would say, 'Yes.' Then he would say, 'Mr. Moody, I confess it. I confess it, and you have got to forgive me. The day you sent me to sow those oats I got angry, and I sowed the thistles with them.' I would say, 'That is all right, I forgive you, but when you reap those oats you have got to reap the thistles along with them.' There are lots of Christian men in the house here to-night reaping thistles and tares.

Now, for an illustration. I was preaching in Chicago, when I was out here in 1876, I was preaching over on Chicago avenue where I was this morning, in the very same church. When I got through preaching a man came to me and said: 'Mr. Moody, can I see you alone?' I took him into the room, and he turned the key in the door. The perspiration was standing out on his brow in beads. He put his arms upon my shoulders and he sobbed and sobbed as if his heart would break. I let him have it out, and when he got better control of himself, I said, 'Sit down.' He sat down, and then I said, 'Tell me what is the trouble?' 'Well,' he says, 'Mr. Moody, I am a fugitive from justice. The governor of my state, Missouri, has a reward offered for me, and I have been hid here, hid away in Chicago for months.' He went on and he told me that he had been a large business man, had had a large business, had had a great mail every day. He said that he had not received a letter since he was in Chicago, and had not sent one. He went on and told me how far the untold agony, how remorse and despair had seized hold of him. He said, 'Some people tell us there is no hell, but I say that I have had a hell on earth for the past three months. I dare not go out in the daytime for fear that I will be arrested, and I take short strolls at night, and then I am afraid that a policeman's hand will be put on my shoulder. I did not dare to come over here. I was going by here and I heard you inviting the people to come back to Bethel, and meet God, and I felt as if I wanted to go to Bethel. I stood by a post outside listening to your sermon, and I was afraid an officer would put his hand on my shoulder then.' He said, 'Mr. Moody, I would like to go to Bethel, How can I?'

I asked him what he had done and he said: 'I stole \$40,000 in county bonds of eight different parties. I took them thinking I could replace them at any time, and I got to speculating, and I could not recover myself, and I have had to fly and dare not go back.' I said: 'Why don't you go back to your city and face your guilt and give yourself up? When Jacob turned his face toward Bethel the angels met him and escorted him back, and the angels will come and stand with you.' He said: 'Mr. Moody, I would rather be in prison and forgiven, than be hid away here in Chicago. I could not suffer more, I could not suffer as much in prison as I suffer here. There is only one thing that keeps me from going back. I have got a wife, and three little children, and how can I put this stigma upon them? My wife is a graduate from one of the first colleges in the country.' There is one rule I try to carry through life with me. I never advise a man to do what I would not do myself. When he came to speak of the wife and three children, I had a wife and three children. If the man



A HOLIDAY ON THE HILLS.

houses less crowded together. And then, those of the better class, who can afford to do so—especially those whose families contain young children—go 'away to the hills,' where they are the envy of the town-tied people.

Tents are pitched on some breezy eminence, not necessarily far from the town and house; carpets and tables and sleeping arrangements are taken, and with the help of the servants a new home is soon made—to last for some months, where the children can play, and swing under the olive trees,

he sowed. There is such a thing as being forgiven, but yet there are consequences that you have got to reap. Suppose I hire a man to sow oats in my field, and he sows the oats and when the oats come up I find it filled with thistles and with tares. I know that there were never weeds in there before, I go to the man, and I say, 'John, do you know anything about the thistles in the oats?' He colors up, and I see his guilt, and I say, 'Out with it.' Then he says to me, 'Yes,' Mr. Moody, do you remember one day you promised me that if I should confess