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'When I Came to the Cross I Was Beaten.'

God's power is far stronger than the devil's. Jesus Christ promised that 'power from on high' should come on the disciples, who were to wait for the promise of the Father. This came to pass on the Day of Pentecost.

When Paul described the Gospel, he declared it to be the 'power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

That Gospel is constantly proving itself to be such a power.

When the famous geologist, Hugh Miller, in the year 1845, visited England, he was so

informed them that he would never again enter a public-house. He went at once to a religious meeting, and that very night on his way home fell down on his knees in the snow and yielded himself to the Saviour.

Bendigo had fought in twenty-one matched contests and had never been beaten in any one of them; 'but,' said he, 'when I came to the cross I was beaten first round.'

He then began to work hard to learn to read and write, in order that he might be the better able to go out and tell the world what a sinner Christ had saved, and what a Saviour he had found. This he did, and was an earnest follower of Christ until his death.

Here, then, was an exhibition of the power of God in salvation. The Holy Spirit exercised His power in this man. The Gospel showed its power in his changed life. And when a man is truly under the power of God, a changed life makes itself manifest.

Leader, has the Holy Spirit showed His power in your life?—'Light in the Home.'

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'Don't Forget to Pray.'

Bishop Edwards, of precious memory, once made that request in our hearing. He was preaching in the chapel at Otterbein University. His audience was made up of the members of the faculty, students, and resident members of the church.

For some reason, preaching was not going easy with the Bishop that morning. Usually he was fluent, eloquent and impressive. His fine physique, his sturdy manhood, and his Christian zeal, made him an impressive, thrilling expounder of the Word, and 'the people heard him gladly.'

But this time he had not proceeded far until it was evident that he was not in his usual preaching mood. Suddenly he stopped, looked intently for a moment into the eyes of those occupying the 'amen corner,' and said solemnly, 'Brethren, don't forget to pray.'

He then apparently recovered himself and proceeded with his sermon, but in due time it was evident that he was worse 'brushed' than before. He stopped again, and exclaimed in thrilling tones, 'Brethren, don't forget to pray.' His manner and his request impressed us with his sincerity, and his conscious need of Divine help. It also was evident that he realized that it was the duty and privilege of the members of the church to help the preacher with their prayers—to pray while he preached—but that they were too prone to forget this important part of their relation to the public services of God's house.

And, by the way, is it not the fact to-day that many, very many church members forget to pray while the preacher preaches? They go to church, not to help in the services, but to be entertained; not to pray, but to fill the pews.

How many truly realize the importance of their helping the preacher with their prayers? Are there not many who, forget to pray, and then, when they go away dissatisfied with the sermon, criticize the preacher and wholly overlook the fact that they forgot to help him with their prayers? May it not be that if there was much more devout, ardent pray-



'AT THE DOOR OF THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.'

struck by much that came under his notice that when he returned to Scotland he published in a book his 'First Impressions of England.' Amongst other records he gave an account of his visit to the village of Olney, so celebrated as the residence of the Christian poet Cowper. But Hugh Miller found it a village with the power of evil very prominent. He saw a man named Bendigo at the door of the village alehouse, and learned that he had lately beaten another pugilist in a horrible prize-fight which had lasted for no less than ninety-five rounds.

What would Hugh Miller have said if anyone had asked him if he thought it likely that that brutalized man would become a gentle and loving Christian and a preacher of the Gospel?

Exactly thirty years passed away. In the year 1875 the 'Daily Telegraph' astonished thousands of people by publishing an account

ing over this wonderful story in his cell, and decided in his own mind that someone must have helped the 'little 'un' to kill the big giant.

The next Sunday the sermon was on the story of Shadrack, Meshach and Abednego. He fancied that the name of the third was 'Bendigo,' and he said to himself, 'Why, if one Bendigo was saved, why not another?'

On the next Sunday the subject was 'Twelve Fishermen.' Being himself a keen angler, Bendigo was thoroughly interested.

The next sermon was about the seven hundred left-handed men in the Book of Judges. Bendigo was a famous left-handed fighter, so that this riveted his attention once more. He thought that the Bible must be a very strange and wonderful book, for it seemed to be written all for himself. His soul was deeply moved.

On his release from prison he found his old companions waiting for him; but he at once