

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 27.

MONTREAL, JULY 7, 1899.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

'Not Man Enough to be a Christian.'

('Light in the Home.')

The summer had passed. The shortened days of October were giving warning of approaching winter. The Long Vacation, with its cricket and tennis, was over, and the undergraduates were starting for another term of work or idleness. Charley Montague was the son of a squire in a pleasant country village. He was a tall, manly-looking fellow, with a strong frame and older in appearance than many, a great favorite with all his friends. He was to start the next day for Cambridge, and had strolled down towards evening to say good-bye to the wife of the vicar. The inhabitants of parsonage and hall were on terms of close friendship and the vicar's wife, a bright little woman, had known and loved Charley from his infancy, and was

with his dreams, and as he woke they seemed again to be sounding in his ears—'Charley, you're not man enough to be a Christian.'

When at length he rose, he knelt by his bedside, not as in the past too often, to 'say his prayers,' but earnestly to ask of his God that he might have strength to be and shew himself to be, in the truest and best sense of the words, 'a Christian.'

He started for Cambridge. At first he was alone in the compartment of the railway carriage, and he had taken a pocket bible with him, and with it open on his knee he was alternately reading and thinking, and still the words of the vicar's wife rang in his ears—'Not man enough to be a Christian.'

Presently the train stopped at a station, and he heard the voice of a cheery college friend giving directions to the porter about his luggage. His friend soon saw him and

received a kindly greeting from him. For a moment or two his friend did not notice it, but only for a moment.

'Hullo, Charley! Are you turned saint?'

A burning blush came over Charley's honest face. But as he breathed a silent prayer, the strength he longed for was given.

'No, Dick,' he quietly replied; 'I am afraid I'm very far from that. I've often longed to be better than I have been, but I have been a miserable coward; I have been ashamed of God, and have not been man enough to be a Christian.'

His friend was sobered at once—he saw that Charley was in earnest; he knew he was no excitable enthusiast; but a sober-minded and thoroughly honest man. So he ceased to chaff him; a quiet conversation followed. Dick shewed that he too was not without anxious thoughts, and Charley's first 'playing the man' resulted in both himself and his friend becoming earnest, brave and manly Christians, whose action led others of their set to follow their example. And when next he and his friend Dick walked with the vicar's wife in the quaint old garden, how she thanked God for the inspiration which led her to make the remark on which the incident related hinged, and how joyfully she acknowledged that now her stalwart friend Charley was 'man enough to be a Christian.'



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

beloved by him in return. They were strolling about the quaint old vicarage garden, talking of many matters and of his career at the University. Gradually their talk became more serious, and at last, looking up to the face of her tall companion, the vicar's wife said, 'Charley, I'm afraid you're not man enough to be a Christian.'

Soon after they parted, and Charley went home to prepare for an early start the next day.

But ringing through his mind throughout that night there ever came the words: 'You're not man enough to be a Christian.'

He could not shake off the impression. As he dropped asleep, the words mingled

made for his carriage. Charley's first and very natural impulse was to close his bible and put it into his pocket. He was like many such men, very sensitive to chaff, and did not like to be caught reading the bible in the train. It was not the style of thing he had been accustomed to do, and he knew his friend would in all likelihood quiz him unmercifully.

But then again he seemed to hear the words, 'Not man enough to be a Christian.' Should he prove their truth at the very first opportunity? Should he hide his colors at the very first chance of a shot? No. God helping him, he would now 'play the man.'

So the little bible remained upon his knee as he warmly greeted his friend and re-

My Legal Property.

A Christian peasant had a neighbor who feared not God nor regarded man. The two had once been great friends; but ever since the peasant had found his Saviour, his unbelieving friend had seized every opportunity of trying his patience, and provoking him, but in vain. Our friend walked by God's grace in those steps of our Lord Jesus Christ, of which we read in 1 Peter 2: 21-23. The more silent and forbearing he was, the more provoking was the other.

During a hay-harvest this neighbor drove several times through the mown meadow of the other, although it was not at all necessary, as there was a road he could have taken. As a reply to the gentle request not to do it again, he said, 'I shall drive through your meadow as often as I like, and you may accuse me before the judge.' Our friend went home in silence and committed it to him who judges all things rightly.

The next hay-harvest came, and the ungodly man actually cut a good large piece of his neighbor's meadow. Again the peasant went to him, and asked gently why he had done it; was it because he could no longer see the landmark?

'Of course I can see it,' the former replied, 'but I choose to do it; but if you like you can complain of me to the judge. I will then simply pay for it; but, in spite of all, I shall cut your grass.'

This seemed almost too much for our friend; but again he looked up to his crucified Master and Saviour, who also had borne trials in silence, and thus he was enabled to bear it patiently.

The harvest time came again. When