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GATHERING STONES FROM THE BEACH.



CARRYING STONES FROM BEACH TO TOP OF CLIFF.

## 'When Father is at Sea.'

('Sunday at Home.')

### HOW SOME CHILDREN WORK.

The accompanying illustrations are from drawings made, within the last few years, at a primitive village on the East Coast of England. They show the efforts made by the children of the poor fisher-folk, says the artist, in helping to keep the pot boil.



BREAKING THE STONES FOR ROADS.

## George Bowen, the 'White Yogi.'

(The Rev. J. Sumner Stone, M.D., in the 'Classmate.')

Two young men just landed from America on 'India's coral strand' started out to see the curiosities and celebrities of a great city on the shore of the Indian Ocean. There were monuments, temples and palaces by the score; there were princes and princelings, governors and generals and nabobs. But this morning we were hunting a prince, but not among palaces. So we picked our way through the

crowded native district till we came to a broad street called Grant Road, and stopped in front of a low, one-storied building divided into narrow apartments, two rooms deep. This was the office of the Bombay 'Guardian' and the home of its editor and proprietor—one of the celebrities of India. Americans and English called him George Bowen; natives called him the 'White Yogi,' or white saint. To our timid knock the door opened and—I started. It was December, 1880, yet we seemed to be in the presence of a Huguenot, Geneva Calvinist, or Scotch Covenanter of the sixteenth century. The figure that greeted us might have been

John Calvin or John Knox. Spare body, thin face, gray beard, narrow, high forehead, surmounted by rimless skull cap, thus the 'White Yogi' stood framed in the door bidding the strangers to enter.

How shall I picture to you that room? It was small, its furniture was of the plainest type and limited. The editorial table was a chaos of books, copy, manuscripts, and periodicals. Among the books, placed without order in the bookcases, I noticed a loaf of bread next to a dictionary, and a few bananas sharing a shelf with some works on theology and sociology. I realized that I was in the presence of a remarkable man, in the sanctum of one of the leading writers of the Indian empire, one of the most distinguished representatives of Christianity in the eastern world. At once there flashed into my mind the words of Jesus concerning John the Baptist: 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.'

George Bowen was a scholarly man; he was by birth and training a gentleman. He was widely read, widely travelled, a thoroughly trained man. When he wrote golden words flowed from his pen; gems of thought fell from his lips when he spoke. He had the brain of a philosopher, the soul of a poet, and the genius of a musician. I wish I could convey to you the impression produced by the strangely-gifted man when he sat down at the organ to let his fingers 'wander idly over the noisy keys.' He lived in poverty, yet he was rich—he had all that the millionaire possesses—sufficient. He lived among the poorest of the people, was a comrade of the coolie, yet he was sought by the cultured and the noble.

When the Prince of Wales visited India, instructed by her majesty the queen-empress, he sent his chaplain, one of the distinguished bishops of the English Church, to pay royal courtesies to George Bowen. The herald of the English queen-empress was received in the same room and with the same unaffected cordiality that was extended to us.

Once a distinguished gentleman said to George Bowen. 'I have come and have breakfast with you.'

'Come and welcome,' replied the White Yogi.

When the noble guest arrived he was received into the little editorial sanctum and seated amid the confusion of books and papers before described. There were no signs of any breakfast. At last, when his appetite was beginning to call rather loudly for substantials, Mr. Bowen remarked: 'We would better break our fast.' He then set out a soap box, placed on it a loaf of bread, a bunch of bananas, a pitcher of water, two knives, and two glasses, and invited his guest to draw up and share his meal. There were no apologies. This was his daily fare. He counted it no discourtesy to share his ordinary meal with any man who might be his guest, be he bishop or beggar.

George Bowen might have lived better, if by better we mean more luxuriously. Forty years before he had chosen this style of liv-