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A Child's Cry.

'I once heard,' said Henry Ward Beecher, a cattle-drover of the Far West tell a story which widened my thoughts of God. Said he:—

'I had to travel many miles from home across the prairie to the nearest settlement to sell fifty head of cattle, and I had promised to bring a present for my youngest child. I returned with my money upon me in pitch darkness, and in the loneliest part of the road I thought I heard a child cry.

'I called, and it seemed to answer. I dreaded an ambush of Indians or robbers, but I thought it might be a child, and compassion conquered fear, so I groped my way to the cry and found a lost child moaning,

that had wandered out to meet me while her mother was at work, and had got lost on the prairie. And," he concluded, "I have often wondered how I could bear to live now if I had not let compassion conquer fear, and stopped when I heard that cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."



I THOUGHT I HEARD A CHILD CRY.

and sobbing in the dark and pouring rain.

'I wrapped my coat round it and again started for home. When I arrived I could see that something was wrong, and that there was trouble there. But I opened my coat and said, 'I have found a poor little lost child. Take it in!'

'Then I saw that it was my own child

Yes; and what are we men and women but infants crying in the night, lost on the prairie of the world, in darkness, doubt, uncertainty, and fear? Our very need is a constant cry for help. Shall the heart of God our Father in heaven be less compassionate than that of the drover in the Far West?—'Friendly Greetings.'

God's Hand.

A Picture From Life.

(Translated from the Swedish by the Rev. M. J. P. Thing.)

'Indeed! for what are you punished? What have you done?' said the pastor to a man who came to him asking for money.

'I struck a man,' was the answer.

'Then you have broken the sixth commandment,' said the pastor, and before he could add anything more the man continued, 'Yes, but I had been provoked so long that I must

strike. He had published my history, saying that I was untrustworthy, and so I gave him a thorough cudgelling. Then he informed respecting my . . . The man clinched his hands and his eyes glittered. 'He shall get everything again. He shall not forget me so easily.'

'But, dear friend, you must remember—'

'Yes,' answered the man, 'I shall remember that I lost work a long time, and the wife and child had nothing for themselves and no one helped them, and the winter was cold. No, no. . . .'

'You must still think yourself well off and remember that sin is sin.'

The man still insisted that he would not soon forget Hansson.

'Harden not yourself against God's Word and Spirit,' commanded the pastor; 'think of your wife and child.'

These words of the pastor seemed to reach the man's heart, and he took the pastor's hand while the tears came into his eyes.

'See here,' continued his pastor, 'you shall have a trifle for those at home,' and he gave the man a couple of crowns.

Henry Nelson, for that was his name, thanked the pastor and went away.

His pastor's words sounded in his ears, but hatred and revenge filled his heart. He seated himself upon a stone and wept aloud. 'I shall endure all this again,' he muttered frequently.

In the meantime, Nelson found work on this condition, that he should behave himself. He promised nothing additional. He was honest—but in secret he rebelled against such a proposition, and revenge rankled in his heart.

These evil thoughts especially came over him in the evening, when he sat at home. Then he was sullen and spoke few words, when usually he was very talkative and friendly with children.

'Henry,' said his wife to him on evening, when the baby was asleep, 'you ought not to indulge in such revengful feelings any longer. I am so afraid that you will go away and do something else. You must forget that now?'

'I forget' he answered. 'Do you think I can do that?'

'The pastor has been so good to us. Talk with him again and you will become calm in your mind.'

'No, no,' he answered, 'it is well enough for the pastor to talk so; it is his business; but there is no righteousness in allowing Hansson to go blameless for his reports. He injured me, and I do wish him harm.'

'Fye, shame, Henry! Don't talk so,' said his wife. 'Possibly Hansson is also sorry.'

Meantime, week after week passed away, and Nelson mused upon revenge constantly, and one day he determined to assault Hansson. He knew that Hansson came home late, and he could conceal himself by the roadside and watch for him.

Accordingly, he hurried to finish his work, so that he could go out to accomplish his purpose. He had only to chop a little straw for the horses and then he would be done.

'Whisch, wishch,' and the machine shaves the straw. Suddenly the machine stopped. He drew his hand to himself, and his eyes grew dim; he had cut off the four fingers of his right hand!

The physician dressed his hand and took him home, and Henry Nelson, on the evening when he thought to accomplish his revenge, lay white and faint in his bed. His wife, though dejected, could not do otherwise than thank God. She had feared the worst.

The next day some one knocked upon the door, and the pastor walked in. He had heard the report of the accident, and he wished to