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A Magic Purse.

'Alas, I have nothing to give!' said a Tamil woman, one of the poorest members of the congregation of a little mission-church, in support of which an appeal had been made to the congregation. Two scanty meals were all that poor Mary could allow herself, and her daily toil was very hard; but the poor old woman loved her church for the sake of the Saviour she loved; so she resolved to limit her food to her morning rice, until she had saved at least a few pice.

With these she bought a skein of colored thread, which she worked into a crochet purse, hoping to sell this to some richer member of the mission. But now it struck her that her work looked incomplete without a ring!

As she sat lamenting this defect, her eye fell on a brass finger-ring she always wore; it was a shabby worthless thing, but it was Mary's only trinket and she prized it exceedingly. Only after a hard struggle could

valuable form of a small organ, long wanted in the mission church.—Alice J. Muirhead, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Experiences of Western Life.

(By a Country Parson.)

In the fall of 1858 it was my privilege to attend a camp meeting held near the town of Mountain View, in Santa Clara County. The ground was nicely shaded with trees, which afforded a good shelter for those who came hither to worship. The meeting began on Friday evening, and without any religious interest so far as man could judge. On Saturday the audience was greatly increased, but the interest seemed to remain about the same. Sabbath was a beautiful day, and after the morning prayers at the tents and breakfast were over, there was a general prayer-meeting held before the hour for preaching. After the eleven o'clock sermon the sacrament of the Lord's supper was ad-

two said: 'For the first time in my life I believe I am the one who should preach'; said the other: 'If you have the light, preach, for I am not satisfied.' The hour arrived for the evening service, and with a heart full of the burden of his message, he entered the pulpit and began. He said to the congregation when he commenced: 'When I am through with what I have to say I expect to ask those who desire to be saved to come forward for the prayers of the Lord's people, and a number are coming, and they are going to experience the joys of pardoned sin, and I want you Christians to be prepared to pray for them, and to rejoice with them.'

The leader of the meeting was an old veteran, and had passed through many spiritual conflicts, but the assertion of the young minister seemed almost to unnerve him, and he groaned aloud, and said afterward that 'he thought all was ruined, and a declaration made that would never be fulfilled'; the brother, he thought, 'must be beside himself, when he knows there has been no interest at the meeting.'

The preaching was of the heart-searching kind, and very pointed, and told plainly as words could the doom of the finally impenitent, and the great danger of delay. When he meant hell, he did not shun to say it. At the close of the sermon the call for seekers of religion was made, and six came forward, and all were converted before midnight. Among the number who came was one who had been an avowed infidel, and lived near the bishop of the meeting. He said that that night's services had convinced him of the reality of religion. When he came forward, he made his way to the leader of the meeting, and there on bended knees, and with overflowing eyes, he looked up at him and said: 'Father B—, pray for me, I am a poor unclean, wretched sinner.' I certainly never heard him pray as he did that night; he seemed to bring heaven and earth together, and the presence of the Lord God of Israel was made known on the encampment, and especially did light and joy, and love fill the soul of the one who had so lately been an infidel. He very soon told what the Lord had done for him, and before long one after another were converted, until the six were all joyful in the Redeemer. These converts were the cause of general rejoicing, and from that time on until the close of the meeting many more were saved.

When Zion's watchmen all awake as they should, and heed the alarm they give, men cannot stand before the gospel message but must yield to its gentle entreaties. The leader of the meeting and his once infidel neighbor have both gone home to their eternal rest.—'The Occident.'

He Continued to Whistle.

Some have fallen into the error of supposing that noise means enterprise, and that the city or town which produces the greatest din in proportion to the number of its inhabitants must of necessity be most rapidly advancing in modern civilization. Whatever else advancing civilization may mean, it certainly means an ever-increasing respect on the part of each individual for the rights, health and comfort of all the others. Churches, hospitals, public and private chari-



TAMIL MILK-SELLERS.

she draw it from her hand, and place it on the little purse: but, so perfect did her work now appear, that she felt well repaid for her sacrifice.

She carried her offering to Mrs. Rogers, her missionary friend, who would have bought it; but others wished, for Mary's sake, to possess her work, and quite a little auction took place, Mrs. Rogers finally securing the prize for a sum which astonished the lowly giver.

Some time afterwards the missionary went to America for a brief rest, and had the opportunity to plead the cause of the Tamil Mission at several ladies' meetings. On one occasion, she passed round Mary's little handiwork for exhibition, and told its humble history.

So general and practical was the interest excited that the purse was returned to Mrs. Rogers filled with silver and gold: and when the missionary went back to Ceylon, she carried with her poor Mary's gift in the

ministered, but the services still seemed to prove lifeless; even unconverted men began to talk about it, saying, 'I was in hopes there would be a deep interest on the part of Christian people, so that we might feel a great deal more like becoming Christians.' The afternoon service was held with the same results.

Professors of religion and non-professors both seemed to grow restless about it, wondering what the outcome would be. Between the afternoon, and evening sermon two young ministers went to the secret grove for prayer, and on their way were overtaken by the leader of the meeting (sometimes they were called bishops even if they were Presbyterians); This bishop was Father Brawley, who said: 'Brethren, one of you must preach to-night, and I cannot tell which should; you must settle it between yourselves.' They retired to separate places and prayed, and when they met neither was satisfied. Again they went and prayed, and when they met again the younger of the