

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 9

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 26, 1909.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

The Same Old Place.

'Did you ever notice,' said an old lady, smiling into the troubled face before her, 'that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again it was right in that same old place where they had been

'The old temptations are to be overcome, the old faults to be conquered, the old trials and discouragements before which we failed yesterday to be faced again to-day. We must win success where we are if we win it at all,



working all night and had caught nothing?

'If we could only go off to some new place every time we get discouraged, trying again would be an easier thing. If we could be somebody else, or go somewhere else, or do something else, it might not be hard to have fresh faith and courage; but it is the same old net in the same old pond for most of us.

and it is the Master Himself who, after all these toilsome, disheartening efforts that we call failures, bids us "Try again."

'However it seems to us, nothing can be really failure which is obedient to His command, and some bright morning "the great draught of reward will come."—'Friendly Greetings.'

What a Wife Did.

About forty years ago, there dwelt in one of the fine agricultural towns of Central New York a man of much worldly prosperity, a farmer, with broad acres whose productiveness always filled his barns with plenty. When a little past middle age he lost his wife by death, and not long after returned to his native east to marry one of his schoolmates in the town where he had been brought up. She was a pious woman; but he was not religious, and had been in the habit of doing Sunday work on his farm whenever he conceived it necessary. This his old schoolmate was ignorant of.

In a few weeks after bringing his new wife to her new home, the haying harvest came

on; and one Sunday morning, as the wife was superintending the preparation of the breakfast, she heard an unexpected noise outside of the grinding of scythes, and other indications of the usual assembling of the laboring hands; and stepping to the door to see, behold! there they were, ready for the lead of the master.

Turning on her heel and re-entering the house, she sought directly her husband, and looking earnestly in his eyes, she said to him in respectful, but firm tones, 'Marvin, did you bring me here to break my heart?'

The strong man looked at the feeble woman in silence for a moment or two, as though in prudent self-consultation, and with no direct reply to her turned himself to the door, and passing into the yard, waved his hand to his

men, saying, 'I think we will do no more to-day, boys, but come early to-morrow morning.'

Thus the weak woman conquered; winning not so much a conquest for herself, as she did for the Sabbath and its ever afterward supremacy in that household and on that farm. And so, like the wise woman of whom Solomon speaks, she 'builded her house,' and did not foolishly 'pluck it down with her hands.'

And as she did, so can woman in general do in all civilized and Christian countries, if she has a heart and skill to use in this direction her weakness or her strength, whichever we may call it. Comparatively few husbands would brutishly override the conscientious scruples, or tyrannically deny the prudently expressed requests of a pious wife. And in this line of things who can set bounds to the beneficent and reformatory influence of woman?—'N. W. C. A.'

Use What You Have.

(By the Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D.)

Have you a little faith? Use what you have and pray for more. Christ will help you when you begin to follow Him, as a child that is learning how to walk. Don't be satisfied with half-way work; no number of half-Christians can make a whole one. Make a clean break with your old sins and old self, and lay firm hold on the Almighty Saviour. There was a good deal of pith in the answer of an humble servant-maid, who, when applying for admission to the church, was asked by her pastor what evidence she had of her conversion? Her reply was, 'Well—for one thing, I sweep now under the rugs and the door-mats.' The fatal mischief with some professors of religion is that they have left a sad amount of sin and selfishness under the doormats. 'Faith without works is dead.' The only proof you can give that you are trusting on Christ and following Christ is that you begin to keep Christ's commandments.

The Missionary Axe.

One day a missionary was preaching in the city of Benares. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length a Brahmin said:

'Look at those men, and see what they are doing.'

'They are preaching to us,' replied the people.

'True. What has the sahib in his hand?'

'The New Testament.'

'Yes, the New Testament. But what is that? I will tell you. It is the Gospel axe, into which a European handle had been put. If you come to-day you will find them cutting; if you come to-morrow you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hinduism—at our religion. It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hindustan; its branches spread all over India; it is a noble, glorious tree. But these men come daily with the Gospel axe in their hand. But it is helpless. The Gospel axe is applied