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I Also am a Christian.

In one of his sermons the late Dr. Talmage said:

'A great many years ago a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will crown you. I will make your name famous through all the world, if you only will build me a grand Coliseum."

'The work was done.

'The Emperor said, "Now we will crown that architect."

'The Coliseum was crowded with a great

"I also am a Christian!"

'And they flung him to the wild beasts, and his body, bleeding, torn, and dead, was tumbled into the dust of the amphitheatre.'

As I was reminded of this story the pathos and the wrong of it made my heart beat quicker. I was aglow with a great indignation.

Very likely many of us would to-day shrink from a testimony like that. And not everyone is called upon to give up his life in that way for the Gospel.

But we are all under an obligation to de-

able lady's care, and, moreover, a personage of some importance—as Mrs. Ross herself dimly realized. This particular Monday had, as it chanced, been preceded by a Sunday on which Millie, sitting in Church, had done her best to comprehend a sermon concerning the duty which everyone owed to his neighbor and the obligation resting on all to fulfil some beneficial mission in life. Half-understood phrases from the sermon were floating through Millie's mind as she and her mother took their way toward the unsavory tenement inhabited by Dick Ross and his wife; the child vaguely asked herself whether such a visit as this might answer to the 'mission' of which the preacher had spoken, and what she ought to do to make the correspondence real. And would not her mother—perhaps—probably—surely—say and do something in that squalid room to-day that had not been said and done on any visit before?

Usually, when Mrs. Merton visited the abode of Dick Ross, the owner himself was absent, engaged either at some exceptional spell of honest labor or in one of the orgies which constituted the staple occupation of his days. To-day, however, happened to be devoted to recovery from the evil effects of one of Ross's drinking bouts, and the patient was sitting over the fire, moderately convalescent, but not yet restored, when the two visitors came in. He had no objection whatever to his wife's receipt of help from Mrs. Merton's resources; anything like shame had long since given up the attempt to obtain a hold upon his nature; and he maintained, under Mrs. Merton's austere rebukes and under his wife's ready seconding of them, an attitude which hung halfway between sullenness and contempt, and which gave no sign that any process of repentance had begun.

'I am truly sorry for you, Mrs. Ross,' said Mrs. Merton, finding it at length less humiliating to address her remarks thus circuitously at the delinquent than to direct them immediately to the unresponsive figure at the fire-side. 'It is really very hard for you to have such a husband as yours.'

But not even the sternness of judgment which the speaker contrived to convey in the quoted words, nor the look of magnificent reproof which accompanied it (this latter failing for the sufficient reason that Dick Ross did not see it) moved the culprit to reply.

'Eh! it's hard enough, ma'am. You're right there,' said Mrs. Ross. 'Not a penny has he brought me this fortnight past, and me slaving night and day. Sometimes I wish I'd never set eyes on him.'

'I can quite understand that,' rejoined the judge. 'Still, it's your duty—it's the duty of us all, you know—to try and reclaim him. Not that I suppose it's much good,' she added, with a sudden lapse from judicial dignity into temper.

Millie fidgeted in her chair.

'Good!' ejaculated Mrs. Ross, causing her gaze to move between Mrs. Merton and Dick's impressive figure, in rhythmic correspondence with the movement of her tongue. 'He'll never be different, ma'am, you be sure. He's settled down to this—that's what he is. He



'THE CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS!'

multitude. The Emperor was there and the Greek architect who was to be crowned for putting up the building. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and from the doors underneath were let out the hungry lions.

'The Emperor rose amid the shouts of the people and said: "The Coliseum is built, and we have come to celebrate its opening to-day by putting to death Christians by the mouths of these lions, and also to honor the architect who has constructed this wonderful building. The time has come for me to honor him, and we further celebrate his triumph by slaying these Christians."

'Whereupon the Greek architect sprang to his feet and said:

clare—if we are Christ's disciples—by a pure, quiet holy life, 'I also am a Christian.'

Perhaps, too, it is a harder thing every day, year in and year out, to witness steadily for Christ than in one act, like the Greek architect, to acknowledge faith in Jesus.

To live for Truth, and for Truth's sake and the Gospel's, is our duty so long as we are spared.

In the discharge of life's duties we may so spend our years as to make the epitaph a true one for ourselves that was found upon a lady's grave, whose only legacy was her 'character':

'The words Affection graves beneath this stone
Are few and simple, "While she lived, SHE
SHONE."'

'A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

(Henry W. Clark, in the 'Examiner'.)

Mrs. Merton was a lady whose hands dispensed large and frequented charity, but whose heart seemed able to hold itself strangely aloof from all the charitable movements which those same hands performed.

Little Millie, Mrs. Merton's ten-year-old daughter, took a continual and grave interest in her mother's philanthropy, occasionally accompanying that lady on those visits to the

poor whereof a certain number were each week recorded in Mrs. Merton's diary. But the little girl always felt, when she walked homeward at her mother's side, as if something had been lacking to the completeness of the hour's experience—not, of course, that she would have employed any such phrase to describe her mood, but that in a correct translation it is thus her mood would have read.

One Monday morning Mrs. Merton, with Millie for attendant, paid a visit to a certain Mrs. Ross, the constant drunkenness of whose husband made her a fit object of any charit-