

# Northern Messenger

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A MERCHANTMAN SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS.

## Christ's Story About a Pearl.

We often see pearls in jewellers' shops, sparkling and shining among other precious stones, and perhaps we may have thought, 'Oh, I wish I was a jeweller, to own all these fine things.'

But the jeweller only buys to sell again. He is a merchantman. Did you ever hear the little story told by the Lord Jesus about a merchantman? Here it is:—

The story told by the Lord Jesus about a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.

I suppose the merchantman had a great many little pearls; but he was willing to sell them, yes, and everything he had, to buy that large one, which was so much more valuable. What does the story mean? It means something for you and me. You are like that merchantman.

Is I never tried to buy a pearl in my life?

Perhaps not; but you are seeking after something to make you happy, are you not?

We all desire things which we think will make us happy; but when, as sometimes happens, we obtain them, there is almost always something to destroy the happiness which we expected.

But there is one thing which will make us really happy, because it will satisfy us, and because we shall never get tired of it. What is it? what can it be? It is this pearl of great price of which Jesus spoke in His little story.

What can that pearl be?

Why, it is Jesus Himself, and nobody and nothing else. He only can make us truly happy. Without Him for your Friend and Saviour, you may have everything beautiful around you, and have every wish gratified, and yet be discontented and miserable. With Him as your Saviour and Friend, you may be poor and afflicted, and yet be happy.

Oh, then, go and seek Him, go and find

Him; go with a humble, earnest, penitent spirit, and ask Him to forgive your sins and bless you.

'Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.'  
—'Friendly Greetings.'

## The Minister's Resignation.

'Let me see,' said Miss Eleanor Banks, on the first afternoon of her visit to her aunt at Farmington village, 'didn't you write to me last winter that your minister had resigned?'

'I guess perhaps I did,' was the reply, in a somewhat absent-minded tone.

'It seems to me that I got the impression from your letter that the resignation did not cause universal regret,' suggested the niece, after waiting a moment for her aunt to enlarge upon the theme.

'Maybe you did,' said the old lady, who was apparently absorbed in learning how hard it may be for a thread to pass through the eye of a needle.

Presently she added, with the manner of one who, after all, is not quite willing to let the subject drop. 'There were some of the people who thought that Mr. Pease had kind of lost his usefulness.'

'He had been here a long time, hadn't he?' asked her niece.

'Yes, that was just it. Mr. Pease had been here going on thirty years; and as you might say, we'd got him learned by heart. We always knew what he was going to say next, and it's no use denying that he was getting to be rather dry in the pulpit. I didn't mind it so much myself, but your Uncle Andrew did, and that was worse. The preaching I could stand, but what with that of a Sunday, and Andrew's talking on about it all the rest of the week, I was beginning to get about beat out myself.'

'Every now and then somebody would come around and want him to speak to the minister about resigning. Of course, if anything of consequence is to be done in the parish, it is always your Uncle Andrew that has to go ahead with it. They would argue that Mr. Pease was comfortably off, and his wife had property besides, and so it would be no hardship for him to step aside.'

'But Andrew couldn't make up his mind to do it, so things went along, with the society fast running to seed, when all of a sudden, and without any help from anybody, the minister did resign.'

'Well, I presume a good many felt to rejoice, but I guess nobody was quite so tickled as Andrew. For a few days it seemed as if he could not do enough to show how kind of grateful he was.'

'He did the papering and painting that I had been at him about for two years, and he bought a new parlor carpet that I hadn't so much as asked for. Then he took it into his head that we must get up a farewell reception to the minister.'

'Well, all the folks seemed to fall in with