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The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.



PROVERBS-IX-10

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A Grand Old Hero.

Would you like to know a grand old hero? Then read this story of Chrysostom before the Roman Emperor, who had just threatened him with banishment if he still remained a Christian.

'Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me,' Chrysostom replied.

'But I will slay thee,' said the Emperor.

'Nay, but thou canst not,' said the brave Christian; 'for my life is hid with Christ in God.'

'I will take away thy treasures,' threatened the Emperor.

'Nay, but thou canst not, for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven and my heart is there,' was the reply.

'But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left,' continued the Roman.

'Nay, and that thou canst not,' once more the noble Christian answered, 'for I have a Friend in heaven from whom I have never before, and her

it must have caught
gel, who smiled so
ed poor little Betsy,

not separate me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me.' Was he not a grand old Christian hero?—'Sunday School Advocate.'

You Only Have to Ask.

A young man in Scotland came one day to a gate, when the gatekeeper's little girl ran down and shut it, saying, 'You have not to pay anything to pass. You have only to say, "Please allow me to go through?"' The young man did as he was directed, and the gate was immediately opened. The owner just wished to preserve the right of entrance, that was all. So simply 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'—Spurgeon.

Old, But Ever True.

A nobleman once had a jester, a fool, to whom he gave a gold-headed staff, saying, 'Keep this until you meet a greater fool than yourself.' The jester had the staff a long time, but one day he came into his room, and he found the staff was wet. He must have caught it from a fool, who smiled so at him. The poor little Betsy, was a

master's room and found him very ill. 'What is the matter?' said the jester. 'I am going a long journey,' said the master. 'Where?' asked the jester. 'I don't know,' said the master. 'When will you return?' asked the jester. The master said, 'Never.' 'And what preparation have you made?' 'I have made none,' said the master. 'Then,' said the fool, 'Master, you must take back the stick, for a man who is going a long journey from which he will never return, and who has made no preparation, is a greater fool than I am.'—Selected.

'Rest and be Thankful.'

Written for a Guest Chamber.

'When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.'—Prov. iii., 24.

'The Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me.'—Psa. lxxii., 8.

Rest thee now, oh pilgrim weary;
Sweetly sleep till morning light;
He who slumbers not will guard thee
Safely keep thee through the night;
'Rest and be thankful.'

Art thou careworn, mind or body,
'Neath this shelter find repose;
Take no trouble for the morrow,
Now let peace thine eyelids close,
'Rest and be thankful.'

—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Missionary Hints.

The 'Missionary Intelligencer' gives some items of advice to missionary committees; these among others;

Save all clippings that would be profitable to read in the meetings.

Make a missionary scrap book.

Keep a little note-book, and write in it the names of missionaries and their fields, and any interesting facts about them that may come to your knowledge.

Pray regularly for some missionary who is in the field.

God's Grindstone.

(Extract from a letter written to one in deep sorrow.)

'I wonder why I kept seeing last night a hatchet turning the wrong way to a grindstone.

I was half awake, and tried to see it turned the other way, for chips of steel were flying off it distressingly. I knew I was thinking about something, and it straightened out like this:—

The grindstone takes tiny pieces of steel away, so as to give the axe something else—something immaterial, impalpable, called a sharp edge.

The steel exists, in this case, only for the sake of this finer thing. It is there that it may have 'an edge.'

That it may have a better edge some of it must be refined away.

But if the hatchet holds an attitude of resistance to the sharpening power it loses