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Both Converted.

Years ago two Christian parents in Sweden were given a little girl baby. When the child was ten, the mother died, and the girl went out into the world. The world seemed very attractive, and the unprotected child was more and more carried away with it.

At fourteen a young girl said to her, 'It is better to have Jesus than the whole world,' and asked her if she did not want him. She did not answer, but the question lingered with her.

But she drifted back to the capital, and to a very gay life, and in a little while down into the deepest sin. She was miserable, and tried again and again to break away from this life, but failed.

She came to America intending to start a new life, but in a few days was leading the same life in America that she had led in the homeland.

She became acquainted with a Polish Roman Catholic, a saloon-keeper, and gambler. They were married. He was cruel, but she loved him.

She bought a picture Bible. She could not read English, but would sit for hours looking at the pictures.

After two long years of this life a young lady from the Bible Institute called upon her and spoke to her about Jesus Christ. She was so happy that she wanted to pay the missionary money, and asked her if anybody gave her anything to go around and do good.

'No, no. I do not want anything. I am very happy in bringing the message.'

The young lady told her what Jesus had done for her, and they knelt and prayed. Three times the new friend called and instructed this anxious soul.

She told it to her husband, but he said: 'It is all humbug. Do not let her in any more.'

The worker was called away to be a foreign missionary, and saw no fruit of her labor. But one night the woman was in great distress. She cried and prayed, and found Jesus. Her past came before her in all its hideousness. Her head fairly swam. She cried, 'O Jesus, I have sinned so much!' and he met her right there.

She began to pray for her husband. Fourteen days after her conversion he came home and wept. She asked him what was the trouble, and he said he had been gambling for a whole week and all his money was gone. He asked her to forgive him. She told him not to ask her, but God, and together they knelt in prayer.

She prayed, 'O take everything away from me, make me as poor as you like, but save my husband.' She felt sure her husband would be saved.

He would not go with her to church. 'If I go to church,' he said, 'I will go to the Catholic church.'

Four days after, he sold everything and went to New York, intending to leave his wife forever. But his wife prayed, 'Do not give him any work, let him suffer until he gets rest in the Lord.'

The prayer was heard. Money was soon gone. He made up his mind to steal. He went to his room, and the thought of his wife and his wickedness came before him. He had been to a Salvation Army meeting, and that

troubled him. He fell on his face before the Lord and cried for mercy.

He wrote his wife and soon got word from a companion to return home. He would not believe the English Bible, so he bought German, Polish and French Bibles, and found them all the same. He read Matt. vi., 33, and took hold of that promise. He asked God for work, and got it.

Nearly three years have passed away, and two of the happiest faces in my Bible class every Sunday afternoon are those of this man and his wife.—The Rev. R. A. Tarry.

A Land of Darkness and the Shadow of Death.

(The Rev. A. R. Crawford, M.A., at Kirin, in 'Daybreak'.)

A member of the Manchurian church, named Pai-fushan, was publicly executed at Ao-tunch'eng, on a charge of robbery. Whether the man was guilty or not it is difficult to say for certain. At any rate the Christians in Ao-tunch'eng, one and all, believe in his innocence. When I was there last December, no one knew much about him. He had only been three



months in the place, and the alleged burglary occurred in a mountainous district over 100 miles off, which is certainly noted for its lawlessness. Since then the Christians have put themselves to considerable trouble to ascertain the facts of the case. A deputation whom they sent saw the plaintiff, who denies that he was robbed. Until we can meet the witnesses and hear their own tale there is little that can be put before a magistrate as evidence. More interesting, though sadly interesting, is what took place at the execution. As the feeling was so strong against the Christians, none of them were present, in fact there was none of the firing of crackers which usually announces that the magistrate is going out to an execution, so that many did not know. Another man was led out with Pai to meet the same fate, a thief who had incriminated Pai as having been his accomplice.

Pai's hands were bound behind his back, and attached to them was a slip of paper, with these words in large characters—'Pai-fushan, Robber and Christian.'

As they mounted the cart which conveyed them to execution the thief cursed Pai for bringing this punishment on him, to which he answered that it was even then not too late, if he repented and believed on Jesus. On the execution ground, as well as at the yamen, Pai addressed the magistrate: 'You don't fear Jesus; but God knows whether I am guilty or innocent. I don't curse you, because I believe

in the true God.' Then, strange to say, the thief changed front and, addressing the magistrate, said: 'Before I die I must speak the truth. "You" made me incriminate Pai-fushan. He is a good man!' And then the deed was done. The thief's body was buried, but Pai's was thrown away to be devoured by the dogs, while his head was put into a cage and has, no doubt, been sent to the scene of the alleged outrage to be a terror to others. Then, it is related, a miracle occurred. The soldiers' bugles refused, when blown, to emit a sound. I have heard since that a whole family of Christians has been arrested on an old charge of some years ago (the affair having been settled long ago). The father was ill at the time and was left by the roadside after going a few 'li.'

These incidents show that while there is, as a rule, full liberty to join the Christian Church, the spirit of persecution is by no means dead. Yet the work goes on; these persecutions have not been in vain. This is, perhaps, the church in which I have most joy. Last January I was privileged at one time to baptize the first-fruits, fifty souls, belonging to that town and the surrounding villages.

A Mighty Storm in Answer to Prayer.

HEED GOD'S VOICE, AND HE WILL DIRECT YOUR STEPS.

To be in the will of God, and willing to be led by his Spirit, means that your own will is subject to his will. How can we know that we are in his will? Ah, this is made quite plain if we are abiding in him for then the Spirit of the Lord directs our steps and the things that we do are not of ourselves, but he that doeth them.

Have we not heard the still small voice saying, 'Do this,' and when we disobeyed, was there not disappointment, and sometimes remorse?

Have we not had premonitions of coming events, which if we had not been prepared for them, would have overburdened us? Have not lost opportunities in service for Christ been followed by regret? Have we not murmured because the way seemed so hard, all our plans were frustrated, and we were left alone in our project?

Has not God on the other hand shown us that, should we have had our way, ruin would have resulted? Surely, all have had this experience in some degree.

A recent experience of the writer only demonstrates the way in which God may lead, in order to bring about his highest will. The day was hot and oppressive; it was the closing day of the week; after arduous labors, great physical pressure resulted, and for a time there was a mental debate as to what was best to do. The thought suddenly burst upon us, rest at the sea shore. Accordingly the train was taken and with the great flood tide of all classes who rush to the most convenient spot from our great metropolis, Coney Island, we found ourselves carried along. But why go to this notorious place where so much sin and iniquity exists and where thousands of people are stranded every year; this will be no rest, with the great mass of humanity surging to and fro in search of pleasure that is all wrong.