

# Northern Messenger

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## The Laplander's Bible.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation.

Many years ago, says an American newspaper, a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta.

During the riots several murders occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of committing them. They were found guilty, and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

Pitying his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain, extended to him such

miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God. There is nothing which comes to seem more foolish in us, I think, as the years go by, as the limitations which have been quietly set to the moral possibilities of man. They are placidly and perpetually assumed. 'You must not expect too much of him,' it is said. 'You must remember that he is only a man, after all.' 'Only a man!' That sounds to me as if one said, 'You may launch your boat and sail a little way, but you must not expect to go very far. It is only the Atlantic Ocean.' Why, man's moral range and reach is, practically, infinite, at least no man has yet begun to comprehend where its limits lie. Man's powers of conquering temptation, of

## Alice Barton's Thanksgiving.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

Thanksgiving was very near, but to Alice Barton the prospect of the day was not a joyous one. If Jack's business had prospered, if even they had met with losses, it might be different. Only that very morning her husband had told her kindly, but very firmly, that they must cut down their expenses—and that after she had thought that she had economised in every possible way. It was most discouraging! Of course, she knew that Jack was not to blame, but it was so much easier to make no reply to his words; and though it hurt her sadly when he turned away and left the room with a deep sigh, and though the impulse was strong to run after him and assure him that she would do the very best she could, she let the moment slip, and the next moment she heard the front door slam and it was too late. It did not help matters much that she sat down and cried over what she called her own 'hatefulness,' for Jack did not know how bitterly she was repenting, she told herself; and that she had added one more anxiety to the burdens he had to bear did not serve to make her day a happier one. He was one in a hundred, was her Jack, and she knew it. Dear true-hearted, chivalrous Jack! How tenderly he had cared for her during her long illness, and how often she had returned his devotion with peevish complaint. That doctor's bill of hers, by the way, was one of the things which was worrying Jack; and that illness had been brought on by her own stubborn refusal to listen to her husband's advice that she should not sit in a draught when she was overheated. But not once had he mentioned the fact, or even looked, 'I told you so.'

She was in the midst of her lamentations when her mother came in to spend the morning with her, and finding her sobbing, with her face buried in the pillows, insisted on knowing what the trouble was; and Alice, who never thought of trying to evade a question of her mother's, knowing how useless that would be, sat up and told her story, which sounded so much worse in the telling that by the time it was finished she was crying harder than at first. For a few moments her mother let her tears have their way, but presently she said, 'Come, now, Alice, you have wasted enough time crying so dry your eyes and listen to me. Not that I wonder that you want to cry,' she went on, 'for I am heartily ashamed that a daughter of mine should prove herself so lacking in all that is to be expected of a wife that is worthy the name. You, yourself, acknowledge that it is not Jack's fault that he is obliged to ask you to save, and in the same breath confess that you treated him as though he was willingly skimping you. You promised to take him 'for richer, for poorer,' and yet the moment that he is unable to give you all that you think you ought to have you make him feel that he is doing you a great wrong, and sulk like a baby instead of helping him bear his trouble as a true loyal wife should. Do you think that it is pleasant for such a man as your husband to deny anything to the woman he loves? Are you so foolish as not to under-



A FAMILY OF LAPPS.

favours as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write.

Lars became interested in the Bible, and grew day by day more fond of reading it, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar.

But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and though an old man was still active, and often served parties of travellers as a guide.—'Family Greetings.'

## The Possibilities of Life.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men? Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a

despising danger, of being true to principle, have never been indicated, save in Christ. 'Only a man!' That means only a son of God; and who can begin to say what a son of God, claiming his Father, may become, and be, and do?—'Phillips Brooks.'

## Khama's Address to Missionaries.

When Mr. Hepburn decided to take four of the Bamangwato with him to preach to the Batanana, Khama solemnly and publicly addressed the four, reminding them that they were not going on the work of his kingdom, but of Jesus Christ's, and that therefore they must be faithful, earnest, do what they did with their hearts and not with their lips, and rejoice that God had given them such work to do. He along with the leading men of the church laid his hands on them and prayed that 'God would send them himself by his Holy Spirit.' — 'Twenty Years in Khama's Country.'