

his parents—the religious atmosphere of the home followed him wherever he went. One evening, while listening to his father's prayer, a strange feeling came over him. He saw the folly and danger of sin in a new light. The beauty of righteousness completely captivated him. Future possibilities rose before him like an inspired vision. The conviction of duty which took possession of his mind at that moment proved the turning point of his life. He heard the voice of God speaking in accents clear and strong, calling him into his service in the Christian ministry.

It was a distinct call from God to turn from sin and preach the Gospel. Before the prayer was ended the response was given and the purpose unalterably formed to live for God.

He proceeded at once to execute his purpose. He united with the Church, followed Christ, found means to take a course in college, entered the Christian ministry and remains to this day on the walls of Zion calling sinners to repentance. A career of nearly forty years in the Christian ministry, with the conversion of hundreds of souls and other good results, many of which shall not be known until the books are opened at the last day, are all to be traced back to that small beginning at the family altar.

The following incident is taken from a recent issue of a religious periodical:—'Some years ago an English gentleman visited America and spent some days with a pious friend. He was a man of talent and accomplishments, but an infidel. Four years afterward he returned to the house—a Christian. They wondered at the change, but little suspected when and where it had originated. He told them that when he was present at their family worship, on the first evening of his former visit, and when, after the chapter was read, they all knelt down to pray, the recollection of such scenes rushed on his memory, so that he did not hear a single word. But the occurrence made him think and his thoughtfulness ended in his leaving the barren wilderness of infidelity and finding a quiet rest in the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ.'

Shall family prayer be neglected? Shall Christian parents permit the pressure of business, social engagements and the love of pleasure to overthrow family worship and banish the family altar? Shall the children of the Church be robbed of the benefits of this holy institution through the indifference and neglect of their own parents? God forbid! Oh, for a revival of family prayer!

### Post Office Crusade.

Acknowledged With Thanks.

A Bible class at Hawkesbury, Ont.,  
per Miss Annie Lackner ..... \$1.00  
Miss Christena Miller, Brighton,  
Ont. .... 50c.

This completes the fund for the 'Christian Herald,' which has been ordered to be sent to the Leper Asylum in Dehra Dun, India.

Warm thanks for papers are due to Russ Young, Anabell Sinclair, and other friends.

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

## A Good Confession.

(Frederick W. Faber, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

The chains that have bound me are  
flung to the wind,  
By the mercy of God the poor slave is  
set free;  
And the strong grace of heaven breathes  
fresh o'er the mind,  
Like the bright winds of summer that  
gladden the sea.

There was nought in God's world half so  
dark or so vile  
As the sin and the bondage that fetter-  
ed my soul;  
There was nought half so base as the  
malice and guile  
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's  
control.

For years I have borne about hell in my  
breast;  
When I thought of my God, it was no-  
thing but gloom,  
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave  
me no rest;  
There was still the grim shadow of hor-  
rible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could  
be  
Than that light should break on a dun-  
geon so deep;  
To create a new world were less hard than  
to free  
The slave from its bondage, the soul  
from its sleep.

But the word has gone forth, and said,  
'Let there be light,'  
And it flashed through my soul like a  
sharp passing smart,  
One look from my Saviour, and all the  
dark night,  
Like a dream scarce remembered, was  
gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my  
knees,  
And confessed while my heart with  
keen sorrow was wrung;  
'Twas the labor of minutes, and years of  
disease  
Fell as fast from my soul as the words  
from my tongue.

And now blest be God, and the sweet  
Lord who died;  
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the  
sky,  
No bright wave that leaps o'er the dark  
bounding tide,  
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear pre-  
cious Blood,  
That hath worked these sweet wonders  
of mercy in me;  
May each day countless numbers throng  
down to its flood,  
And God have His glory and sinners go  
free.

## One Truth a Year.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

One of the best rounded characters I  
ever knew—I speak now of things spirit-  
ual—was that of an old man who for forty  
years had made a practice of having what  
he called his year-text.

At the beginning of each year he was  
in the habit of selecting a text for his  
guide and counsel and comfort through  
the twelve months to come. I asked

him how he selected them, and have trea-  
sured up his testimony as something pre-  
cious.

'You see, my friend, the Lord knows  
not only the thoughts of the heart, but  
the weakness and need of the heart. So,  
when it comes to choose my text, I take  
the Word and kneel down before Him  
from whom it came, asking him to di-  
rect me in my choice. Before I rise from  
my knees I know what promise or injunc-  
tion he has for the year.

'But is that the only verse you have all  
the year?' I asked, wishing to draw him  
out.

'Bless you, my friend, no, indeed! But  
that one verse is, as you might call it,  
my start text. Having chosen it by the  
direction of the Holy Spirit, it is especi-  
ally impressed on my mind, and he uses  
it, often when I am least prepared, for  
reproof, rebuke, comfort, instruction.  
Then I meditate upon it in my wakeful  
hours, when I am on the street or about  
work that does not require mental study.  
It is wonderful how it grows and how  
other texts come up to explain it and  
make it clear.'

'What are some of the texts, if I may  
ask, that have been your star texts?'

The dear old saint's face lit up. 'Well,  
now,' he said tenderly, 'do you want me  
to choose one or two from the glorious  
constellation of forty? I will tell you  
one that was the making of me in my  
early days. It is in Proverbs: "By much  
slothfulness the building decayeth; and  
through idleness of the hands the house  
droppeth through.'

'What a queer choice for a year-text!'  
I exclaimed. 'You never were slothful.'  
'Ah, but I was, till the Lord changed  
me. Mother used to have a great time  
with me. I did not want that text at all  
and tried my best to fix on another. But  
the Lord kept repeating it in my heart  
until finally I took it and from that hour  
began to see how slothful I really was  
and what a shameful thing idleness was.  
The Lord knew what he was doing when  
he impressed that text on my conscience!  
'Another one I doubted about taking  
was in Deuteronomy: "To me belongeth  
vengeance and recompense; their foot  
shall slide in due time, for the day of  
their calamity is at hand, and the things  
that shall come upon them make haste."  
I was in great trouble that year. Some-  
one had done me a terrible injustice and  
by a single stroke of my pen I could  
have retaliated in no small way. But it  
would have been unlike Christ to have  
done so. That blessed counsel held me  
steady and the hour came when I thanked  
God for the teaching and restraining  
power of his Word.

'I will tell you about just one more.  
There are only six letters in the whole  
text, but oh, what it has done for me.  
The Lord chose it for me ten years ago  
and it has become my life-text: "I in  
you." You know it is in that blessed four-  
teenth chapter of John: "At that day ye  
shall know that I am in my Father, and  
ye in me, and I in you." Those three  
words, "I in you," came on my soul with  
a strange power I cannot describe. Like  
David, I meditated therein day and night.  
Oh, what a world opened up to me! Jesus  
Christ in me! How softly I should walk!  
How true I ought to be! What dignity  
of soul should be mine! How carefully  
I ought to choose my companionships, my  
books, my actions, my thoughts! Jesus  
Christ in me! In me, even me!'

The old man fell into a beautiful re-  
very, and as I watched his noble face and  
thought about his consistent, godly life,  
I realized something of the life-giving  
power of the Word. Truly it is like a lit-  
tle leaven hidden in meal. Silently it  
works till the new life has permeated the  
whole.