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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Lovest Thou Me?—Feed My Lambs.

'Why that's the lesson we had weeks ago!' I hear some of the children saying as they look at this picture. Yes, it is a picture of that morning on the seashore, that morning when Jesus' friends saw someone standing in the cold grey light waiting for them. They were perplexed and sad that morning, as well as cold and tired and hungry, and when the man called to them to fish on the other side of their boat they did it mechanically, too tired even to argue about it or tell him it was no use.

Suddenly everything was changed. The net was heavy in their hands, the blood rushed

to their hearts to draw them back to their homes. And He has not forgotten to put something in each man's heart that draws him, draws him all his life long, up to his home. I am coming near to mine. Shall I not be glad?'—The 'Youth's Companion.'

fect, he added just what they longed for, and told them just what he would like to have them do. 'You love me?' he said, 'Then feed my sheep, and my lambs feed them.' He said it too, to Peter, who had denied him, so all who came after might know that no matter how weak and sinful they were they could still love him and show their love.

What did he mean? Who are his lambs and his sheep? Think! Hungry and sick, naked and in prison, or poor. The least of these, he said, comforted or visited or fed, healed or clothed or lifted up by the glad news of his love. These are his lambs, these his sheep, and what we do for them he counts as done for him. Not only close by in our own land are his own calling for help,

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'Your Own.'

(Mrs. L. G. McVean.)

What if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And yet you knew
Where golden grew
Rich fruit and ripened grain:
Would you hear their wail
As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feast again?

What if your own were thirsting,
And never a drop could gain,
And you could tell
Where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain:
Would you turn aside
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened,
Without one cheering ray,
And you alone
Could show where shone
The pure sweet light of day:
Would you leave them there,
In their dark despair,
And sing on your sunlit way?

What if your own were wandering
Far in the trackless maze,
And you could show
Them where to go
Along your pleasant ways:
Would your heart be light
Till the pathway right
Was plain before their gaze?

What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key
To set them free
Held in your safe command:
Would you breathe free air
While they stifled there,
And wait, and hold your hand?

Yet what else are we doing,
Dear ones by Christ made free,
If we will not tell
What we know so well
To those across the sea
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the land of Calvary?

'They are not our own,' you answer.
'They are neither kith nor kin.'
They are God's own;
His love alone
Can save them from their sin.
They are Christ's own;
He left His throne
And died their souls to win.

—Selected.



to their cheeks, and the thought that this could be no one but Jesus flashed through their minds.

The dull, cold dawn was past, the grey water flashed with the shining scales of the fish, the sun had come up, and there so near they could dash through the water to him was the Master they longed for.

Overboard they went, and soon they were round him, hearing his words of love, warmed by the fire and fed by the fish and bread he had prepared for them. What a morning to remember! How they told of it over and over in the days that came after.

Comforted, warmed, fed, and best of all, more than all, loved, what could they do for him? How they longed to do something to show their love and gratitude. Not to repay him, that they knew was not possible, but just to do something to express their love, to make it visible.

Then, that his gift to them might be per-

but all over the world, from stormy Labrador to the islands of the tropics. Are we seizing our chance to show our love to him? Do we really love him? We resent the question, and like Peter, we answer, 'Lord, thou knowest we love thee.' Let us hurry then to show our love.

And He Was Glad.

'Why are you content?' an officer asked an Omaha chief. 'Pain and old age are not good things.' The aged chief was silent awhile, and then said:

'The bird that builds its nest on the tree near my wigwam in summer leaves it when winter is coming and travels thousands of miles to the southward; but in the spring it will come back across mountains and rivers to that same nest. How do such creatures know the way? They have no map, no guide. The Great Spirit puts something in