

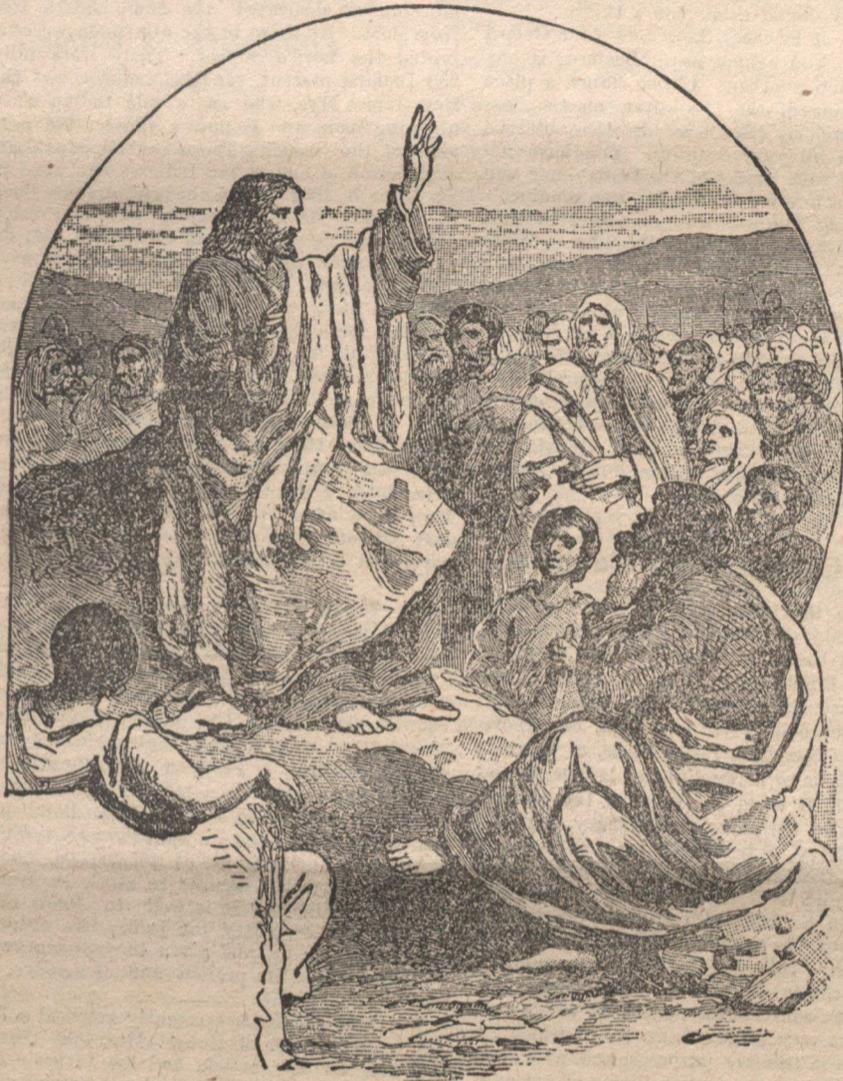
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Feed My Sheep.

That was a narrow street
Where trod Thy blessed feet;
And that a noisy throng
That followed Thee along;
And many a one was such
We scarce would deign to touch.

But Thou wast pressed upon by the unfolded
sheep,

And very close to them Thy place didst keep.
And is it thus

Thou sayest to us,
'O, if ye love Me, tend My sheep?'

That was a green hillside
By Galilee's soft tide;
And sweet the garden's shade
By ancient olives made.
We often follow there
Thy words of life to share;

But, oh, the multitude of Thine untended
sheep!

Speaks there a voice within our spirit's deep—

Thy voice to us,
And speaks it thus,

'O, if ye love Me, feed My sheep?'

—M. E. Gates, in the 'Presbyterian.'

Begin Right.

The following simple account of how one family began right their married life is from the pen of Dr. J. W. Weddell. It conveys its own lesson. The Publication Society has put it into pamphlet form so that pastors may give it to newly married couples.

'John, let us begin right.'

The word was spoken with a winning smile, itself a good beginning for the day, flashed at John across the breakfast table.

Yes, they were just setting up housekeeping—John and Mary, and this was their first meal in the pretty home the young husband had provided for his dainty bride. The interior of the house, the cleanness and neatness

of its furnishings, the flowers tastefully arranged, the well-laid repast, gave token that the little wife had done her happy part and that, as ever, the deft weaver and the doughty house-hand had united to produce the charming picture of 'Love in a Cottage' that men and angels love to look upon—if they may.

Just now John was folding his napkin with a satisfied air, and was evidently preparing to give the hearty but hasty morning salutation and catch his car for down town and the day's work that was calling to him.

'Wait a minute, John. Let us begin right,' said Mary.

John looked across at his little wife a bit

surprised. 'I—I thought we had already begun,' he ventured.

'Yes; but you know what I mean, John. We ought to begin the day with God, oughtn't we?'

The man of the house threw up his head slightly and then looked gravely down for a moment. He was a Christian, as was the fair daughter of a pious home he had chosen for his helpmate; but he had never accustomed himself to lifting his voice in public prayer or voicing his personal petition aloud. How many others there are like him! And so he answered quite naturally, 'What shall I say?'

He had 'asked the blessing' at the opening of the meal, had done it at a glance from the little lady across the table, in the simple fashion he had learned at the old home: 'Dear Jesus, we thank thee for our daily bread. May it nourish us and strengthen us for the duties of the day. Amen.'

But this was something other and harder he felt. And yet it was something he knew ought to be done, and that he always meant some time should be done. And now here he was facing the issue. 'What shall I say?' he asked.

'Here is the good Book,' said Mary, producing her study Bible from the sewing-stand at the side. 'I marked a passage I thought you might like to read.' With a little eagerness to know what she had chosen, and yet his hand trembling a bit with the new and sudden burden of his priesthood in the home, he turned to these words and read:

'And the man bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren.' (Gen. xxiv., 26, 27.)

It was one of those many scriptures in the Old and New Testaments that dignify the home and sanctify the wedded life. Its holy atmosphere and accent chastened the thought and refreshed the soul in the very reading.

When he looked up Mary was gazing calmly and expectantly at him. He knew what it meant. A moment he paused, while a silent, arrowy prayer went up for strength from two hearts, and quietly he said, 'Let us pray.'

And this was what he said: 'Our Father in heaven we thank thee for this thy word; we thank thee for our happy home, and for all the mercies that come to us new every morning. Help us to live for thee to-day and for the blessed Christ that hath redeemed us. Grant us thy Spirit, preserve us from harm, and keep us from sin this day, and at last, when life's work is ended, graciously receive us to thyself and to the dear ones gone before. We ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.'

It was enough. The good-bye kiss was sweeter and more sacred, and all the day long the remembrance of this happy, wholesome opening of its hours lent a sense of peace and of calm praise to the soul that made it like one of the days of heaven upon earth.

Thus well begun, the days went on evenly and rightly. Each morning Mary had her Scripture marked for John to read—a brief