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The Dedication of the New House, and Twenty Years After.

(Marion Brier, in 'Ram's Horn.')

It was a pretty, cozy little house, not very pretentious, but nevertheless pleasant to look at in the eyes of young Mr. and Mrs. Howard Doran; for was it not their house; had they not fondly watched its walls rise from the foundation up; had they not together chosen every bit of the furniture, experiencing a separate delight in selecting each piece; and now that everything was completed were not their heart-strings already twined about this cozy embodiment of the magic word 'home.' Up to this time they had lived in a boarding-house, and that experience had made them look forward with the more pleasure to having a home of their own and find the greater enjoyment in building and furnishing it.

At last it was ready for them to move in. They had spent a hard, but delightful, day's work getting everything in its place, and now they had just taken a last look through all its rooms before going to the little dining-room to set the table for the supper that was to be their first meal in their new home.

'I tell you, Kate,' Howard said, putting his arm about the little wife as they both stood in the doorway of the tiny sitting-room, 'there's nothing makes life seem so much worth the living to a man as having a home like this. You know I've never known what it was to have a home since I was a little chap,' he added gravely, thinking of the cheerless years that the orphan boy had passed.

There was a tender light in Kate's grey eyes. 'I wish,' she said, 'that all the homeless boys could know what a home such as this is like. Perhaps,' she added thoughtfully, 'we can give a few of them a little taste of homelife here.'

Howard was silent for a few moments, then he said, 'I've lived in a boarding-house ever since I was fourteen years old. My mother died that year, and our home was broken up, and from then until I was twenty years old I had just one invitation to eat a meal or spend an evening at anyone's home. My evenings were spent in my little, cold, cheerless room or on the street. But I did receive one invitation, and you can't know how much it meant to me. I have never forgotten it, for it was the brightest spot in all those six years. I determined then that if I ever had a home of my home, I would sometimes invite a homeless boy to it.'

They were both silent for a few moments. Suddenly Kate said, 'I don't see why Christian people do not dedicate their houses. It seems to me that God wants us to use one in his service just as much as the other.'

'I never thought of it in just that way,'

Howard said slowly; 'but I like the idea. Suppose we adopt it; shall we?'

Kate's answer was given by crossing the room to the centre-table for her Bible and handing it to Howard. And then and there before they ate their first meal in their new home they held a simple little dedication service and consecrated the house to their Master's service.

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Twenty years later, the house, no longer new, but still cozy and comfortable, caught fire from a burning chimney. The fiery flames spread quickly, wrapping great scarlet tongues about the old house and enfolding it in sheets of flames. In a short time the fierce fire had done its work,

have gone to the dogs, I suppose. You see,' he went on, 'that was about a year after I came to the city. I was completely discouraged; everything seemed to go against me; I could get no start anywhere, and there was nobody to care in the whole city. I made up my mind that it was not worth while trying any longer; I had tried my best, and failed; now I would give up and just go in and have a good time. It was then that Howard Doran got hold of me and began inviting me home with him. He awakened my ambition again and aroused my determination to succeed and helped me to a chance to prepare for my work and held me to it. But more than all else, the knowledge that somebody was in-



"THEY READ THE ACCOUNT WITH INTEREST."

nothing but a heap of smoldering ashes and blackened stones remained to show the place where the house had stood. An act of heroism on the part of one of the firemen caused the account of the event to be given a prominent place in the daily paper.

As Dr. White, who was becoming one of the leading physicians of the city, glanced over his paper at the breakfast table the next morning his eye fell upon the account. He gave a quick exclamation. In answer to his wife's look of inquiry, he said, 'The old Doran place is burned completely down!' They read the account with interest, then laid the paper down. 'It really seems like losing an old friend,' he said. 'If it had not been for that house and the people who lived in it, I should

terested in me and cared if I succeeded and would be disappointed if I failed put iron in my blood. Then his house was a general gathering-place of the young people of the church and neighborhood and I soon got acquainted with them and the old sense of loneliness left me. Yes,' he added, 'everything I am I owe to the evenings I spent in that house and the influences I came under there; and there are dozens of men in the city who can say the same. The world was changed into a far brighter place to many a poor, homeless, discouraged chap in those cozy little rooms.'

A little later in the day, down in one of the machine shops Tom Mason, who was considered the best workman in the shop, opened his paper with grimy fingers and