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The Family Altar.

(Charlotte Archer Raney, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

John and Margaret Ellet, husband and wife of a week's standing, were putting the last touches to the cozy sitting-room in the newly established home. Margaret rearranged with lingering touch the soft, graceful folds of the muslin curtains at the windows, and glancing around the dainty but plainly furnished room, turned to her young husband, and with eyes shining with happiness, said:

'This is home, John, and I have been homeless since I was a little child! How I have longed and prayed for a home of my very own, with some one in it to love and care for me! God make me worthy of the blessing, and help us to make this earthly home a beacon light, lighting the way to the heavenly home.'

Sitting in the glowing radiance of the open fireplace these two happy people talked long over their plans for the future.

'First of all,' said Margaret, 'we must establish a family altar.'

'Yes, and Margaret, I would like to make a small change in the usual manner of conducting the morning and evening devotions. I would like that we read the chapter verse both aloud and talk it over together, and we can lead in prayer and praise alternately, and in this way we will come nearer to each other, and it seems to me nearer to the Master.'

And the new life began. It was a life of hardship and much privation, for the farm must be paid for dollar by dollar, and out on the frontier, where they had established themselves, because land was cheap, they found a scarcity of dollars and a great abundance of very hard work.

Their neighbors were scattered, and most of them uncongenial; their church privileges few and far between, since the nearest church was ten miles away, but morning and evening they met the Lord at the family altar and received grace and strength for the duties that lay between. The half-hour spent in holy converse with the Master knit together the ragged, frayed edges of their hard, bare life and made them firm, smooth and symmetrical.

With the coming of a family the cares and anxieties and hard work increased. Failures of crops sometimes made it impossible to meet the regular payments on the home, and sickness among the dear children often wrung the father's and mother's hearts with anxiety; but in the sacred morning and evening hours, when they drew near to God in holy converse sweet, the Master met and blessed them, and made all their burdens and hardships light through love for him.

A home with family worship in it, in which even the children joined, was a marked home in a sordid and worldly neighborhood.

The people watched the daily life of the Ellets to learn what made them so different from those about them, and they found the secret spring of the higher and nobler living in the daily trusts they so carefully kept with the Master. It is a very ignorant and wicked person who cannot see and acknowledge—to himself at least—the strength and beauty of a Christian life, and it is few who are not influenced thereby.

The Ellets were not long in the new home



The Buddhism of Thibet

Has amalgamated several features of Hinduism with it, of which pilgrimages to sacred places is one. Our picture shows some pilgrims measuring their length round the capital city of Lhassa. They walk about five feet,

and then fall prone on the ground, falling as many as 3,000 times during the day. This is also a feature in Hindu penances to atone for their sins.

—'Christian Herald.'

until they had gathered the young people into a Sabbath-school, and soon a church was organized, feeble in numbers but strong in courage and faith, and God's cause began to prosper in the community. His blessing was upon that little frontier church and its light shone out to guide the feet of the people into the strait and narrow way.

The family altar erected that first evening in the new home was the germ of this church to be, although perhaps John and Margaret Ellet never realized the fact, nor understood the influence of their Christian living.

Their family of boys and girls came into the church while yet children in years, coming up into a good and honorable manhood and womanhood, the whole trend of their lives telling for the advancement of the Master's great cause; going out to establish new homes on the same plan of the old, and to continue and multiply and extend the uplifting influences of their childhood's home.

'What She Could.'

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

Margaretta Moses was a beautiful girl until the small-pox left its marks on her face. She never married, and had a hard battle to make a living, especially when she became so crippled that she could not lift her right hand to her head.

Left an orphan, she moved to Roodhouse, Illinois, and bought a small house. In one

poorly furnished room of this she lived, while the rest she rented.

She supported herself by baking bread and selling it among the villagers. For years the little woman, in her hood and calico dress, with her basket over her arm, was a familiar figure on the streets.

Everybody knew crippled Margaretta Moses. They knew that she always had a kind word and a cheery smile for those she met. They knew, too, that she made it a habit to speak to the wayward and careless, and urge them to a more earnest life. But not many knew why she lived in a single room when she owned her own home.

Margaretta Moses denied herself that she, out of her poverty, might enjoy the luxury of helping others. She was continually on the lookout for opportunities,—and, of course, she found them.

One day the hooded figure entered the building of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association at Roodhouse. The secretary was out, but she left a few dollars with the message that she had heard new hymn-books were needed by the young men.

Her interest in the work of the Association led her to subscribe for periodicals which told of the work carried on among young men of other lands. She was especially attracted as she read of the success of Mr. David McConaughy in India. Every midnight, when she rose to set her sponge, she used to pray for him, remembering that he was then in the midst of his day's labor.