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A Living Door.

(W. F. Clift, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The sun was setting over the hills around the little town of Nazareth, when a traveller stopped to rest and to gaze down upon the valley beneath him. Far away in the distance his eye caught a certain object, which seemed to be moving nearer and nearer.

can see straw scattered about on the ground; the walls are strong and thick, but—there is no door! So the place is absolutely useless as a protection against thieves and wild beasts.'

At this time the shepherd was going quietly on with his work. Now he had reached the fold, and one by one the sheep entered until they were all safely inside.

'It is very late,' said the traveller to him—

His meal finished, he laid his shepherd's crook beside him, wrapped his cloak around him, and lay down across the open space to rest. He himself was the door, and no harm or danger could come to the sheep during those long night watches, without first passing over the shepherd's body.

Is not this a wonderful picture of what our Lord Jesus Christ meant when He said:



LEADING HOME THE FLOCK.

By and by he saw distinctly that it was a shepherd leading home his flock of sheep for their night's rest. Darkness would soon fall, and the traveller knew that the hour was late, but he lingered, fascinated by the sight in the valley below. He could see at the foot of the hill a little building evidently intended for a sheepfold.

'But it is very strange,' thought he; 'the sheep certainly rested there last night, for I

self, 'but I cannot leave until I see what the shepherd means to do for the protection of his sheep.'

The man was busy now providing them with food for their evening meal, and soon the sheep all settled down to feed and rest for the night. Then the shepherd brought out his own food. Taking his provisions with him, he seated himself in the very middle of the opening, where there was no door.

'I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall go in and out and find pasture.'

Oh! the blessed safety of all who enter by that door into the fold of God—the fold in which no pain, no sorrow, no trial, can touch them unless the One, who is the Door allow it to enter. Only what is best for His sheep can touch them and the Shepherd knows all about it, for surely what touches them has touched Him first, because He is the Door.

Prayer and the Power of the Holy Spirit.

'Life of Faith.'

More than a quarter of a century ago there were several ladies in a New England town who carried one burden of life in common—their husbands were unconverted men. Either they were unconverted when they married them, or, as often happens, the wives themselves had been brought to the Lord while their husbands had not. Having a common sorrow, it naturally became a subject for conversation and mutual counsel. It is needless to say they had all prayed for their husbands; still the answer was delayed. At length they all agreed to hold a special prayer-meeting with the distinct object of asking for the conversion of their husbands. Ac-

cordingly they met for a special session of prayer.

Prayer kindled their hearts, and their prayers became prevailing prayers; they believed while they yet prayed, and the Lord sent answers while they were yet speaking. The husband of one of these ladies had mounted his horse, and had ridden some distance from home upon a very worldly business. The Spirit of God spoke to him, his pace slackened, finally he stopped and pondered the considerations which arose in his mind. Then, turning his horse homeward, he returned to his house, shut himself in a room, and diligently sought the Lord. In due course he came forth to meet his wife a new and converted man.

The husband of another of these praying ladies was about the same time attending a

dance. He was standing with his back to a fireplace, looking down the ballroom, when a friend came up to him, and, with a look of surprise said: 'Why, what is the matter? You look more like a man attending a funeral than a dance!' He replied: 'While I have been standing here the thought has come into my mind, What shall become of all those people dancing there when, in but a little time, they shall have passed to the grave and to eternity?' His friend followed his fixed gaze down the saloon, and then heard him say: 'I cannot bear to think of it.' He immediately left the room with tears in his eyes, and sought a quiet place to pour out his prayer to God for his own salvation, as well as his companions.

As far as I can recollect, all, or nearly all, the husbands of these ladies were converted.