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A Woman's Prayer.

Across the snow-clad field she went,
Her form beneath her burden bent;
Her shrinking steps despised the way
That to the haunt of demons lay,
The path whose end she knew too well—
The path whose steps take hold on hell.

She gained the door, she entered in;
The air was like the breath of sin;
She stood a moment silently,
Then silently she knelt and prayed;
They looked upon her, and, dismayed,
They felt the prayer they did not hear,
And trembled with a nameless fear.

At length, one day, as the door she swung,
He met her, and asked with faltering
tongue,

How long she intended to come and pray,
'As long as you sell,' He turned away
To hide from her his burning cheek,

To gather the voice with which to speak.
'Then I surrender! I cannot bear
This awful spell of a woman's prayer!'
So the den was closed, and bells were rung
And shouts leaped forth, and songs were
sung;

And like rushing flames the tidings flew,
Of what a woman's prayer could do!

dignity of the position, prepare honestly, and
teach with all the wits God has given them?
—'Standard.'

Why Worry?

By Rev. Andrew Murray.

The first thing I say to mothers is this:
My beloved sisters, what you do in your
house and with your children depends en-
tirely upon what you are.

My beloved mother died at the age of
eighty. She was sixteen years old when
she married, and my father, who was a ten-
der, godly man, trained her himself. God
gave a wonderful blessing on all the family.
Some died, but of the twelve who grew up
all were Christians—five ministers, and four
sisters married to ministers.

There was a missionary's wife who always
wished to have my mother go to the
mothers' meeting. She said to my mother—

'Do tell us, how did you educate your
children?'

My mother, in her simplicity, said, 'I did
nothing.'

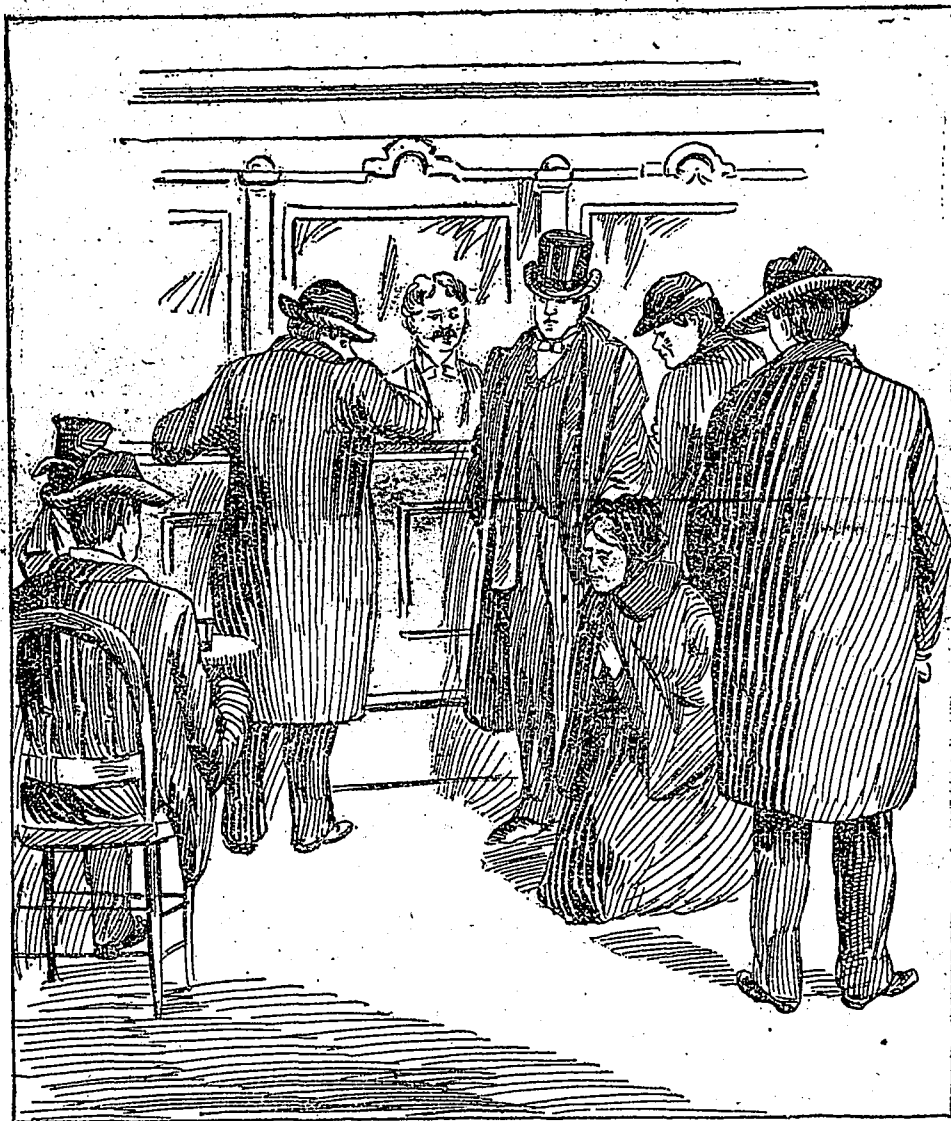
It is not when we are making systems of
things, laying down and trying to keep rules,
that we are working most successfully.
Things grow best when they grow naturally.
Plant a little cabbage, the cabbage comes
naturally; plant an acorn, the oak comes
naturally. It is a blessed thing, in the Chris-
tian life, to be brought to that great restful-
ness and simplicity of casting our burden
upon the Lord God, feeling the first thing
is, I must be right with God. If God were
to use me to help one mother, anxious
about herself and children, with the wor-
ries of life fretting her; if God help one to
give up her mother heart, her mother life
and mother duty, into the arms of the bless-
ed Lord Jesus; help her to go away saying,
'The Lord Jesus has come into my heart,
and in his name and strength I am going
to live in my family,' this meeting would
be richly rewarded. And our God is willing
to do it, not only for one, but for all. Jesus
is willing to say, 'I will take all the re-
sponsibility of those dear children you are
so anxious about.'

One more of the things which often trou-
ble mothers is the wear and tear of life. A
mother once said to me—

'Oh, Mr. Murray, I am not so long mar-
ried, and look at these eight little children!
It is hard to be a Christian and live in the
full joy of the Lord. When I awake in the
morning baby is already awake, then the
others. Then there is the farm to attend to
—it is often mid-day till I get a moment's
quiet. Then the nerves go.'

In Scotland, I suppose, you have nerves,
too, that get strung on the wrong side.
What we want is to get insight into the
perfect restfulness Jesus can give us. The
chief difficulty is not that we don't trust
Jesus and pray to him—you all do that; but
one of the great difficulties of life is the
circumstances, the wear and tear of life.
We get irritated, and then hopeless; then a
cloud comes. We have felt—Ah, if my heart
and life were filled with the peace and joy
of the Holy Ghost, my conduct would be
different, would be better.

One lesson about these difficult circum-
stances. Whenever difficulties come—per-
haps from husbands (we unfortunate hus-



She only prayed and turned away,
And took the path that homeward lay,
While in her inmost soul she felt,
That God spake to her while she knelt.

Next day she went and knelt the same;
Without a word she went and came,
And day by day, with tearful face,
And silent lips, she sought the place,
And poured the anguish of her prayer,
Before the Lord, and left it there.

They watched for her; and when she came,
They crept away, with guilty shame;
And all day long, and all the night,
Asleep, awake, by dark or light,
That woman with the silvery hair,
Just as she bowed in silent prayer,
Haunted the man who kept the den,
Where demons were made of the hearts of
men.

Then out of heaven there came a word,
And it filled and thrilled the hearts that
heard;

'This work has waited a hundred years,
For woman's prayer and woman's tears.'
—'Christian Safeguard.'

Responsibility and Rewards.

Many young people are quite right in the
opinion that they are not fitted to be preach-
ers, evangelists, or even efficient 'workers'
in revival meetings. Why not turn to this
quieter ministry that goes on from month to
month and year to year, with renewed en-
thusiasm and determination to put more
conscience into the work? Why should not
those who have been appealed to in vain by
the superintendent for help appreciate the