

without a mistake, the—let me see—the (scratching his head) the—I forget—I could remember it three months ago—for I repeated it all over to myself—this sickness has so upset my memory. It was either the fifth or the third chapter of John.'

'Can you recall any part of the chapter?' I asked.

'Well, it was the chapter where the ruler came to Jesus by night.'

'That is the third chapter of St. John,' I replied. 'Yes, that is the chapter.' I quoted verses from it, and he joined with me in the repetition.

'And I won another prize,' he continued, 'for repeating without a mistake the chapter about the Good Shepherd—I think it is the tenth.'

'Yes,' I said, 'it is the tenth of St. John which tells us of the Good Shepherd who gave his life for the poor lost lonely sheep. And you are one of the lonely ones for whom the Good Shepherd gave his life, are you not?' With deep feeling and tears he said—'Yes.' And I urged him there and then to trust the Good Shepherd. He seemed inclined to tell me more, and I listened interestedly.

I have had a good many ups and downs during my forty years in Australia. Sometimes I've saved a bit of money, and sometimes I've lost money, but in all my wanderings up and down, I've carried them two chapters with me, and many times I have repeated them over to myself, but I can't recall the words as I used to do.'

Once more I recalled to his memory the story of the Love of God, and bowing over his couch, I whispered a prayer that the Good Shepherd would take to his heart and his fold, this poor lonely sheep. I noticed that my brief prayer was seconded by an 'Amen' from a voice tremulous with emotion. As I left the hospital the sun was well in the West, and the yellow light was gilding many things. As I walked on I reflected on the great work that man had done more than a generation ago, who with his ten shillings' prize had lodged in a human brain an important section of Scripture. The seed may for a time have remained dormant, but it at last yielded fruit, and the Lord of the Harvest, Who does not forget the sowers in his field, no doubt remembered the good deed done by the nameless benefactor, long years ago. 'He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

### The Little Boy That Died

(John McCoy, M.D., in 'Religious Telescope.')

The cold winds were whistling around the corner, and the air was full of snow. The weather had been freezing and storming for several days, in Kansas City, and we feared an unusually cold spell. Diphtheria had prevailed in the city for several weeks, and the physicians had been unusually busy. About a block away from me there lived a family of father and three children, and the father's sister. The mother died a year ago, since which time the father's elder sister had kept house for him and looked after the children. The youngest boy was six years old, was fine-looking, and unusually bright. He was the pride of the house, and of the neighborhood.

He frequently rode out with me, and often asked puzzling questions about medicine and sick folks. His mother died when I was out of the city. This he always regretted, for he said that I could have cured her. A few days before the storm commenced this little boy stopped school on account of his health. Sore throat followed and a severe case of diphtheria soon developed. I saw him two or three times every day, several times in consultation. I was greatly troubled, for I loved the little fellow tenderly.

He was growing constantly worse, and I had seen him three times during the day. All day long he had been talking about his mother, and had, again and again, asked for her picture. He asked questions about Heaven and the angels that would have puzzled a bishop. Twice I had to steal away from his bed to dry my tears.

I could not sleep that night, although I very much needed the rest. I listened through the darkness and the storm at every passing footstep, fearing a messenger from 'my little boy,' as I often called him. At two o'clock in the morning, I heard someone coming hurriedly, and, directly, there was a knock at my door. The little boy was growing worse, and wanted to see me. I dressed quickly, and was soon at the little sufferer's side. I saw at a glance that no earthly power could save him, and told the family so. I broke the news as gently as I could, and then withdrew to another room and appealed to Heaven for help. It is easy to pray under such circumstances, and most doctors lift their hearts and thoughts to God at times like this. They cannot help it.

When I returned to the room, the little fellow held my hand, talked about his mother, and looked at her picture. He finally told me that he did not want any more medicine; that he desired to go and be with his mother. He described the sainted woman as faithfully as his father could have done. He spoke of her bright eyes, her dark, wavy hair, the curls on her forehead, her sweet voice, her smiling face, and her beautiful hands. I could see the beautiful woman, as he drew her portrait, moving around in love and faithfulness in her home.

'We let mamma go alone,' he said, in broken accents, 'but I am going to visit her now. Papa and Eddie and Lillie (his elder brother and sister) and Aunt Belle will all come some day. We will be watching for you all. Yes—' Then he had to rest, and one of the sweetest smiles that I have even seen played over his face.

We did what we could for him, and watched and waited. I stayed with the family through the stormy hours of the after part of the night. The winds roared without, the snow drifted along the streets, the storm grew in fury as the dawn approached, but these things did not interest us at this time. I held the dear boy's hand for an hour; he requested me to do so. 'Mother will be here, doctor,' he said; 'you hold my hand till she comes.' I could not refuse his request, and, as silence reigned, I tried the best I could to pray for the dying boy, and for us all.

He turned his face toward the window and saw the light; day was dawning. 'Pretty soon,' he said; and pretty soon, sure enough, he threw up his little hands as if startled, his eyes flashed wide open,

his lips parted, and in the little one's last impulsive effort, with surprise and transport in his voice, he exclaimed, 'Yonder comes Mamma;' then folded his arms across his breast and a sweet smile played over his face. I did not need to hold his hand longer; it was all over now.

Pardon me, reader, that my eyes are full of tears, and let me close this paper with a verse:

There are little feet I loved to meet  
When the world was sweet to me;  
I know they will bound when the rippling  
sound  
Of my boat comes over the sea.  
I shall see them stand on the gleaming  
sand,  
Their white arms o'er the tide,  
Waiting to twine their hands in mine  
When I reach the farther side.

### Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—The address, 'Post-Office Crusade, 112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que.,' causes misapprehension, I find. Postal notes come frequently addressed: 'To the Postmaster,' etc. Quebec Province also is confounded with Quebec City, and orders come addressed to Quebec, a city which is many miles distant. Others use the name Montreal, and put me to great inconvenience and extra car fare.

P.O. orders and postal notes are quite useless unless correctly addressed by sender and signed by receiver.

A married woman making out post-office orders or collecting them must always use her own Christian name or initials, not those of her husband. Canadian postage stamps are always convenient to me to use.

The letter which contained no money, of which I wrote some time ago, was mailed to me open without the money, I found later.

Subscriptions to the little paper, 'Post-Office Crusade,' cannot expect to receive space for acknowledgment in the 'Messenger,' but all other money for 'Witness' publications will be acknowledged.

Please address in future P.O. orders or letters to

M. EDWARDS-COLE,  
112 Irvine Avenue,  
Westmount, P.Q.,

and sign your name in letter as you sign the order.

If the little paper, 'Post-Office Crusade,' does not reach you, kindly drop a card to above address.

These amounts are acknowledged with many thanks.

Mrs. J. A. Bryce, Toronto, \$2; Mrs. A. McKemmon, Petrel, Man., \$2; Mrs. Moffat, Carleton Place, Ont., \$1.20; Miss Amanda Hodges, \$1.30; A Friend, \$1.—M. E. C.

### Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan, but the words 'God is love' ought to contain to every doubting soul the solution of all things.