

# Northern Messenger

KILLAMS MILLS  
NB

Wm Bronscombe  
30-0-03

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 6

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 6, 1903.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## Betty's Last Prayer.

(C. N. Barham, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The wind blew a gale from the eastward, and the sea, breaking upon the shore, flew inland in clouds of scud. The day was not one for anybody without urgent business to be abroad in, yet all the adult inhabitants of the hamlet of Ragness were on the beach.

No, not all of them. Betty Crouch leaned against the table, gazing out of the window between the geraniums of which she was proud. Betty was old and para-

over Ragness sand, a shallow bank which, when the wind blew heavily directly off the continent, exacted a cruel tithe of victims from those who go down to the sea in ships. Betty saw, as those on the shore saw, a brig under nearly bare poles, trying to beat its way northward, but drifting towards the sand. 'If that vessel escapes destruction it will be by a miracle!' the old woman moaned, wringing her hands.

The men on the beach stood by their boats, ready to launch them when the vessel struck. They recognized her as a collier

nearer to the submerged sandbank. Betty fell upon her knees, and prayed, 'O Lord, make the storm a calm—save those men! Perhaps they have mothers, wives, or bairns; for their sakes, mercifully deliver them! There may be some boy on board who would do great things for thee, if only his life were spared; I beseech thee, don't drown him! Some of them may be sinners, Lord—cut them not off in their sins, but give them time for repentance. 'Tis a cruel sand, Lord, but thou art not cruel! Oh, if I were not so helpless—!'

Betty's prayer was hushed as a fiercer blast struck the cottage, causing it to tremble. She fell forward, still upon her knees, with her head resting in her hands on a chair.

Outside, the clouds burst with the shock in a downpour of rain. 'She's struck, God help them!' was the cry, as all rushed the boats down to the water's edge. They were mistaken. With that tremendous roar the wind veered sharply round to the southward. Before the boats could be launched, the brig was seen safely running before the wind under a scrap of foresail.

Betty's last prayer was heard and answered. Her soul went out with it. When they found her, she had entered the fair haven and was at rest.

## Lorenzo Dow and the Cobbler

(The Youth's Companion.)

Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric circuit-preacher widely known through New England and the South, eighty years ago, lives in tradition chiefly for his oddities; but he was a man of strong character, who loved his work and loved the souls of men.

His sermons and his ways of doing good were peculiarly his own, but they were often surprisingly effectual—not merely because he was singular, but because he was sincere. An aged lady whose father's large farmhouse was one of Mr. Dow's favorite stopping-places in Rhode Island, related some years ago the following story of him from her earliest recollection:—

One winter afternoon my father overtook the eccentric preacher on his way to fulfil an engagement, and took him into his waggon.

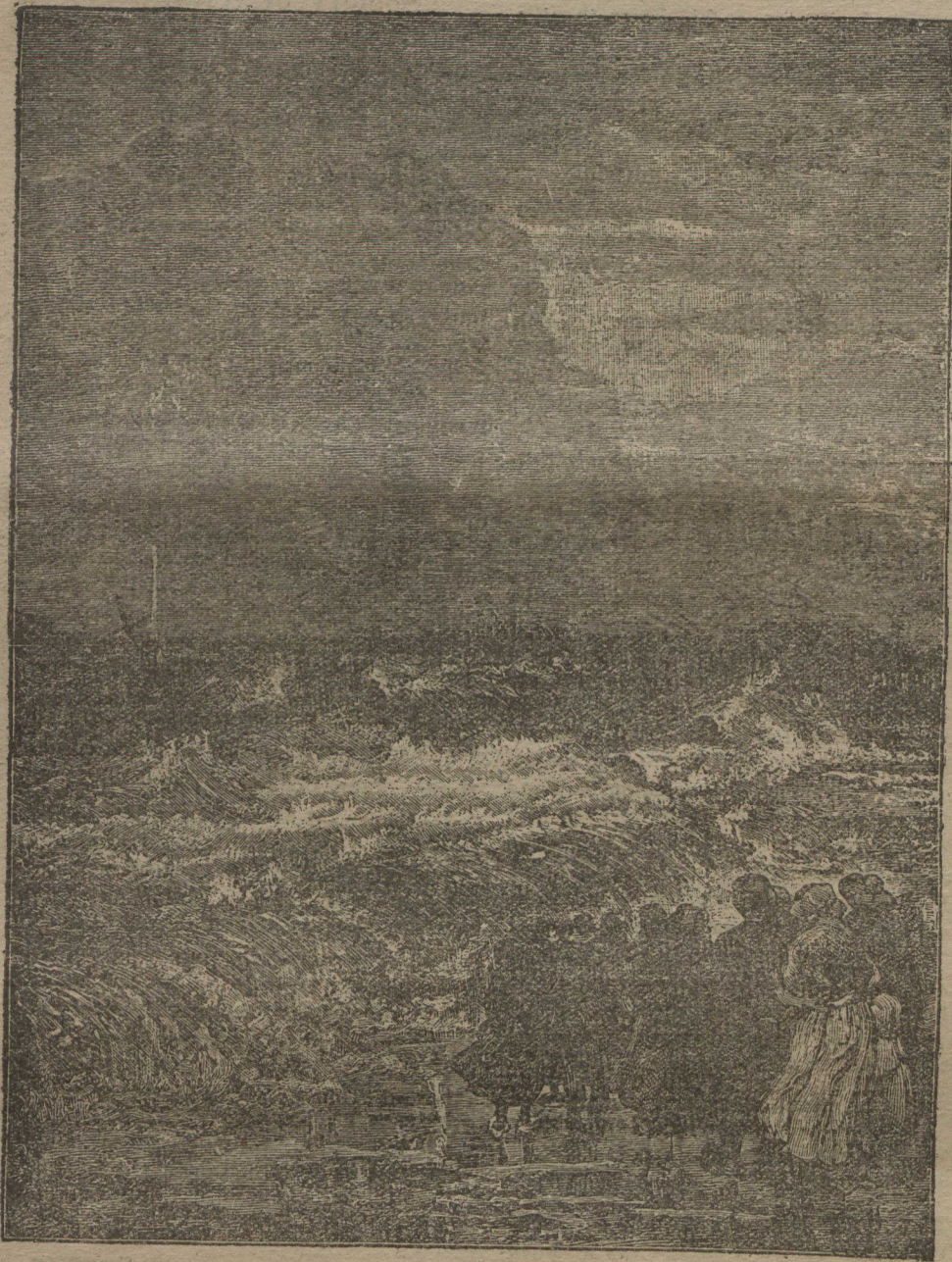
'I am glad to ride,' said Dow, 'for there is a thaw coming, and one of my boots has sprung a-leak.'

As they went on my father suggested a way to repair the damage. 'A cobbler lives in that little red house yonder,' he said. 'He is poor, lame, crabbed and cross, but a good workman.'

'Just the place for me,' said Dow, jumping off and going into the little shop. He sat down silently in front of a few brands smouldering upon the hearth, and pulling off his boot handed it to the cobbler. The man looked at the leak and swore.

'I am afraid you are not a Christian, my friend,' said Dow, quietly.

'There are no Christians,' retorted the cobbler. 'There are plenty who pretend to be'; and he waxed his thread with an angry jerk that seemed to emphasize what he said.



THE INHABITANTS OF THE HAMLET WERE ON THE BEACH.

lyzed. Although usually reconciled to her lot, she was harboring a rebellious spirit because of her inability to do anything which would be of service, when all the neighbors were astir.

Betty was a sailor's daughter and a sailor's widow. In her earlier years she had been able to pull an car with the best of the men. Now, when lives were in peril she was helpless.

Half a mile out at sea the surf boiled

in ballast, and were prepared to venture their own lives on behalf of the crew; while the women present did not attempt to dissuade them from their desperate adventure.

A hardy race are those Lincolnshire fishermen, fighters of the sea from their youth upward. The blessings of many a traveler along the highway of the German Ocean rest upon their heads.

The wind shrieked, and the brig drifted