

When from the old Book, side by side, we
read the words of life,
And prayed the dear familiar prayers to-
gether, man and wife.

I mind just how the parson looked—dead
now this forty year—
And how on squire's big curtained pew
the light struck bold and clear,
And while about the open porch the swal-
lows skimmed the eaves,
The south wind made a music like, among
the ivy leaves.

That was the bright beginning, dear, to
all the blessed years,
Where love has doubled all our joys, and
more than halved our tears:
And goodness follows still behind, and
mercy goes before,
To bring us to the Father's house—we'll
soon be at the door!

We've had our share of troubles, wife,
hard times and harder fare,
And sometimes scarce enough of that, and
never much to spare;
Dark days, when life seemed winter bound
and hope was far to seek,
But through it all our Sundays made a
Maytime in the week.

We brought the children up to think that
day the best of seven,
It came between the toil and moil, so like
a bit of heaven;
We loved our church, for there we heard
of Him who died to save,
Though by-and-by we had to go past little
Lucy's grave.

But never once in all these years has win-
ter long prevailed
Above the spring, and never once has
God's own covenant failed;
Like this May sunlight still it shines,
good wife, on you and me,
And on Will's home in foreign parts, and
Jamie on the sea.

We've Bessie and her children still, and,
over and above
All else, we have each other, dear—we've
proved that life is love,
And love is life; and for the rest, it's
strange how things grow plain
When children's children climb the knee
and make one young again.

Just fifty years ago, dear heart! to-day our
heads are gray,
And we are getting near the gate that op-
ens on the Day;
We need not fear the future, love, so good
has been the past,
And, come what may, God always keeps
His best things till the last!

A Notable 'Messenger' Family.

St. Mary's, Ont., April 13, 1903.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—I find that in sending for
eight 'Northern Messengers' for eight
families of my grandchildren, I only sent
seven. I found this out when one of them
was not coming. I looked over my book,
and find it was my mistake. Some of my
grandchildren have now children of their
own, but they like the 'Messenger' still,
and I continue to send it to them. I have
been paying for it for them over twenty
years. Yours truly,

ALEX. WOOD.

Saved by Miracle

TWO STARTLING NARRATIVES.

The Rev. Joseph Bush publishes in the
'Methodist Recorder' the following re-
markable story about the late Rev. Peter
Samuel: —

On a Sabbath evening he had been con-
ducting a service in a mission room. At
the prayer meeting which followed, Peter
Samuel's attention was attracted by a mid-
dle-aged, well-dressed woman who appear-
ed in great trouble. Mr. Samuel went
and spoke to her. The woman avowed
herself in deep concern about her soul, and
listened eagerly to the counsels of the
young preacher. At length, as if sudden-
ly recollecting the hour, she remarked that
she could not stay longer; but she desired
further instruction, and would count it a
favor if Mr. Samuel would call at her
house for this purpose on some evening
during the week.

Mr. Samuel consented. The day and
hour were fixed—Tuesday at seven. It
was winter, and the evenings were dark.

Mr. Samuel found the house. It was
about the sixth door, on the right, away
from the main street, in a rather wide
court or alley. Satisfied that he was at
the right door, Peter Samuel raised his
hand to knock. But when his hand was
being lifted for this purpose it was ar-
rested—suddenly gripped as if by an in-
visible hand. Mr. Samuel did not feel
anything material, but, do what he would,
he could not get his hand above a certain
level.

He paused, thought, and resolved. He
would try again. But a second time, and
at the same point, his hand was arrested.
The young preacher grew nervous; the
thing was unaccountable. But he had
come on a good errand—he was on the
Master's business; and, despite much trep-
idation, he made up his mind to try a
third time—which should be the last.

Again he tried to raise his hand to knock
at the door, and again, as twice before,
the movement was arrested, and he could
not get his hand high enough to knock.
In a moment, three times in succession,
Peter Samuel lost all control of his right
hand; it was as if smitten with paralysis.

After three attempts to knock at the
door, and each attempt mysteriously over-
ruled and defeated, Mr. Samuel concluded
that there was more at work than he could
see, and he returned to his own home.

Not long after two persons were hanged
in Edinburgh for the crime with which the
notorious Burke is associated. One of the
two was the woman who performed as a
penitent at a Methodist prayer meeting,
and begged the young evangelist to call
upon her, that she might learn from his
lips what she must do to be saved.

So far as Peter Samuel was concerned,
the woman confessed everything. In or-
der that she might compass his death she
attended the service, stayed to the prayer
meeting, attracted the young preacher's
attention, and arranged the visit. On that
Tuesday evening at seven she had in the
house two desperate men. When the
preacher called, and the conversation be-
tween herself and Mr. Samuel had fairly
commenced, these fellows were to enter the
room, murder the young man, sell his body

for dissection, and the three conspirators
would divide amongst themselves the pro-
ceeds of the sale.

The Rev. John Reynolds, one of Wes-
ley's Travelling Preachers, used to tell a
similar experience, which befel his col-
league, the saintly Bramwell. It occurred
in Liverpool. Mr. Bramwell had been very
successful among the Irish Catholics in
the slums, and the priests were very an-
gry. One Sunday night he was roused
from his sleep by a loud knocking at his
door. An Irish wharf laborer stood there,
and besought him to come and pray with
a dying man, who had been brought to
conviction under his sermon. Mr. Bram-
well went with him at once. When he
reached the room on an upper floor, where
the dying man was said to be, his com-
panion opened the door and asked him to
come in. But when Mr. Bramwell stepped
forward, he felt what seemed to be a hand
on his breast thrusting him back. Again
he tried, and again he was prevented. He
spoke to God in silent prayer. And then
he said, in solemn, thrilling tones, 'Wret-
ched murderer that you are! That man
lying there—your confederate—is dead!' The man who brought him screamed aloud. The people in the neighboring rooms came flocking in, some with lighted candles in their hands. And there, in a corner of the room, on a bed on the floor, lay a dead man with a knife clutched in his dead hand! His shrieking comrade confessed they had planned to murder Bramwell while he was kneeling in prayer. The late Mr. Mortimer Rush, of St. Kilda road, had this story from the lips of his mother, who was the Rev. John Reynold's daughter.

Postal Crusade.

The following sums are acknowledged,
with many thanks, and are to be used for
subscriptions in papers for India:

\$5 from L. M. E., \$3.50 from Phillips-
ville Circle for papers to Leper Asylum;
\$2 from Miss Maggie Cameron, Iroquois,
for 'Weekly Witness' to Leper Asylum; \$1
from A Lover of the 'Messenger'; \$1 from
A Friend at Valleyfield; and several con-
tributions for stamps on papers. Grateful
letters are now coming in from Christian
natives who are delighted with the 'North-
ern Messenger' and 'World Wide.' These
will appear from time to time in the Post-
Office Crusade paper, the subscription list
of which is increasing every day, but
which requires 1,000 paid-up subscriptions
of thirty cents each to make it of real
benefit for India. Address:

The Post-Office Crusade,
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

The following amounts have been re-
ceived for the Post-Office Crusade Fund:

M. Worrell, Harrigan Cove, N.S.	. \$.20
K. MacDougall, Verna, Man. 20
S. McClinton, Black Bank, Ont. 2.00
Jas. Cram, Sr., Smith's Falls, Ont. 1.00
Mrs. Wm. Barnet, Sr., Living Springs, Ont. 1.00
J. F. Lesslie, Kingston, Ont. 1.00
John Gibson, Mossley, Ont. 1.05
A Denver Friend 1.00
A Friend to Missions70
Lizzie Price, Cobden, Ont.25

\$8.40