

Bill and Jack Maskery still maintained their free-lance connection with the Mission, Bill being exceptionally happy and contented there, especially as the boy whom he had rescued from the prison gate had turned out all right and a great comfort to him in his fast-increasing decrepitude. He had got the lad into a large shop close by the court in which they lived, where he was always handy, where his hours were good, and he was greatly esteemed. And poor old Bill was never tired of quoting that sublime line, 'At eventide it shall be light.' Woody, whose withered old frame seemed to have in it something of the gnarled and knotted fibre of the oak logs sawn from broken-up ships that he sold, still went on his way rejoicing. Never a member of the Mission—that is to say, inscribed on its books—he nevertheless came and went freely and much more frequently than anywhere else. He was always most heartily welcome, for he always brought with him a sense of power that lifted whatever was being done at the time on to a still higher plane.

Here stern necessity compels me to leave the Apostles of the South East, not in a blaze of splendour, but quietly doing their appointed work for God with all their might, happy in the doing of it, happier when they see fruits forthcoming, happiest of all in their acquaintanceship with God.