

## "THE MASTER HAS COME."

"THE Master has come over Jordan;"  
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;  
"He's leading the people who throng him,  
With a touch of his finger, they say;  
And now I shall carry the children  
Little Rachel, and Samuel and John,  
And dear little Esther, the baby,  
For the Master to look upon."

The father then looked at her kindly,  
And said, as he tenderly smiled,  
"Now who but a fond, loving mother  
Would think of a project so wild?  
If the children were tormented by demons,  
Or lay with fever, 'twere well,  
Or had they the taint of the leper,  
Like many around us who dwell."

"Nay, nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,  
I feel such a burden of care;  
And it to the Master I tell it  
That burden he'll help me to bear;  
If he lay but his hand on the children,  
My heart will be lighter, I know,  
For a blessing forever and ever  
Will follow them each as they go."

So, over the mountains of Judah,  
Along with the vines all so green,  
With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
And Rachel her brothers between;  
With the people who hung on his teaching,  
Or waited his touch, or his word;  
Thro' the row of proud Pharisees hastening,  
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"  
Said Peter, "with children like these?  
Thou knowest from morn until evening  
He is teaching, and healing disease."  
Said Jesus: "Forbid not the children,  
Permit them to come unto me!"  
Then he took in his arms little Esther,  
And Rachel he sa. on his knee.

The care-stricken heart of the mother  
Was lifted all sorrow above;  
His hands kindly laid on the children,  
He blest them with holiest love;  
And said of the babes on his bosom,  
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven;"  
Then strength for all duty and trial,  
That hour to her spirit was given.

## THE FRIENDS.

FAR away from home, and without  
a friend excepting her dog, the poor  
Italian lass is trying to earn a few  
pennies by street singing. What a  
lonely life, with no one to love but a  
faithful dog. We wonder if she knows  
anything about the loving God. Surely  
we ought to pity, and do something  
for such poor, unfortunate, homeless  
wanderers. Did not Jesus die for them  
as well as for us?

## WORK.

ALWAYS remember, boys, whatever  
your occupation may be, you have to  
work. Whether you handle a pick  
or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of  
books, digging ditches or editing a  
paper, you must work. If you look  
around in the world, you will see the  
men who are the best able to live the  
rest of their days without work are the  
men who work the hardest.

Work gives you an appetite for your  
meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers,  
it gives you a perfect and grateful appre-  
ciation of a holiday. There are young  
men who do no work, but the world  
is not proud of them. It does not  
know their names, even; it simply  
speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys.  
Nobody likes them; the great, busy  
world doesn't know that they are there.  
So find out what you want to be and do,  
and take off your coat and go at it.  
The busier you are, the less mischief  
you will be apt to get into, the sweeter  
will be your sleep, the brighter and  
happier your holidays, and the better  
satisfied will you be with the world and  
the world with you.

## WHAT TIM JENKINS CAME TO.

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## CHAPTER I.

TELLS WHEEL AND HOW TIM  
STARTED LIFE.

PULL-Y-GLO may seem a queer name,  
but to the Welsh it is quite natural.  
"Pull" means "pit" or "hole," "glo"  
means "coal," and the "y" stands for  
"the," so the name of the little village  
would be in English—The Coal Pit.  
Anyway, that is where Tim Jenkins  
was born and where he spent his youth,  
and a poor miserable little place it was  
—everything was black with coal and  
smoke—even the few trees that grow  
there, and the sparrows that hopped  
about the houses, looked smutty. The  
main thing in this little Welsh village  
was the large engine-house, with the  
tall chimney shaft, and from the engine-  
house went a strong rope or hawser  
that went over a wheel on the top of a  
big frame, and then down the coal mine  
over a hundred feet. There was  
another pit with the same kind of  
machinery, and up and down these  
two pits the engine in the engine-  
house kept winding the cages or small  
waggons with coal in them, and also  
the men and boys who worked in the  
coal mine. It was down these pits  
that Tim went at an early age to work;  
he was not eight years old when he  
was taken by his father to spend his  
days and often nights in the coal mine.  
You would see little boys in these  
days yoked to the small waggons, just  
as we see dogs tackled to a sled some-  
times, and dragging them through mud  
and water, to the mouth of the pit, to  
be wound up by the strong rope I  
have mentioned. That's where and  
how Tim started life, and many other  
boys like him. You cannot wonder  
that Tim was very small and funny for  
his age. The wonder is he ever lived  
to become a man, especially when we  
remember the ill-treatment he got  
from his drunken father, and the hard  
work and poor fare he had when only  
a child.

## CHAPTER II.

IS ABOUT TIM'S BAD FATHER AND AN  
OLD FRIEND.

I said Tim's father was a drunkard.  
So he was, and often spent his own  
earnings, and Tim's too, in liquor.  
Thus it was that Tim's home was a  
wretched hovel; his mother was a  
godly woman, but her poverty was  
great, owing to the drinking habits of  
her husband. She taught Tim to shun  
evil ways, and took him to the Sunday-  
school, and by going there Tim met  
with a good old friend. Davy Jones  
was an old man, and to look at him  
you would think he would never be  
able to get home—he was a cripple;  
years before an accident happened at  
the mine, and Davy came near losing  
his life; he now had some easy berth  
at the works, but his chief employment,  
and enjoyment, was training the boys  
in the Sunday-school, and acting as  
preacher for the miners, when the  
minister was not there. He saw Tim  
was going to be a bright lad, and by  
praying and teaching he led Tim to  
the Saviour, and it was a happy day  
for Tim's mother when she saw her lad  
starting to lead a new life, even the  
godless father spoke of it with pride.  
Shortly after he was converted, Tim  
commenced to work for Jesus, and old  
Davy did much to encourage his little  
convert. Oftentimes when he went to

one or two of the villages near by to  
lead prayer-meetings, or preach a  
sermon, he took Tim with him to read  
out the hymns and portions of the  
Scriptures. In the course of time, it  
was an understood thing that Davy  
would bring Tim with him wherever  
he went; folks used to say, by way of  
joke, Tim was Davy's curate. Well,  
it was that way Tim got his training,  
and soon began to preach himself, and  
though the people were proud of their  
"boy preacher," Tim did not let his  
popularity make him proud, but  
borrowed and bought books so that he  
might be the better able to expound the  
Word, and kept humble and faithful to  
Jesus, and grew in favour with God  
and man. Davy's and Tim's fame went  
abroad for miles around, and scores  
and hundreds of people would gather  
to hear "the old cripple and the boy  
preacher," as they used to call them.

## CHAPTER III.

TELLS HOW TIM WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE  
WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE WAS.

The coal mines are very dangerous  
to work in, and often when "fire  
damp," as it is called, collects and  
explodes, many lives are lost. Other  
times the water floods the mines, and,  
oftener still, the mine caves in, and men  
are buried alive. Well, one morning  
while Tim and a minor were working  
together in an out-of-the-way place,  
the roof fell in, and the two were  
buried alive. The noise was heard,  
and men and boys rushed to the spot  
to see what had happened, and who  
hurt. The news soon spread that it  
was little Tim Jenkins, and Jack  
Williams were buried alive. Men  
commenced to dig away. The big  
wheel over which the rope ran never  
moved quicker, because when the news  
got to the top, fresh gangs of men  
were sent down to work away at the  
heap of rubbish that covered poor Tim  
and his comrade. I need not tell you  
all hearts were sad, and above all Tim's  
mother, and "old cripple Davy." The  
first day and night passed and no sign  
of recovery. Sometimes the work  
would be stopped, and absolute silence  
prevail, excepting the dropping of the  
water from the sides and roof of the  
mine; then all would listen to hear if  
they might discern the cries of the lost  
ones, but no reply would come to the  
loud calls of the miners. The second,  
third, and fourth days passed, and no  
signs. Sabbath-day came and no Tim  
with his bright face in the little church.  
You will not wonder that every one  
broke down at the morning service,  
when the minister prayed for those  
who were buried in the mine, for  
nobody expected to see Tim and Jack  
again. There was no sermon that  
morning, and when the Sunday school  
met, it was only to weep—the children  
loved Tim. Oh what a Sunday that  
was in the little village, even the  
godless had no heart to go to the  
"Gross Keys" to drink. On the  
Monday a voice was heard. The men  
stopped—pick-axes and shovels were  
still, and, what do you think—why, the  
voices of Tim and Jack singing an old  
Welsh hymn, just as Paul and Silas  
sang when they were in jail. The men  
took up the tune and finished the  
hymn. The tears streamed down their  
cheeks, making white furrows, then  
they plied the tools with more  
vigour than ever. The news soon  
spread—the big wheel spun around  
faster than ever, hauling up men and

letting down fresh gangs to speed the  
rescue. About midnight a small hole  
was made, through which Tim and his  
comrade managed to crawl, and very  
weak they were, having lived all these  
days and nights on what water they  
could get as it dropped from the roof,  
and the two or three candles that they  
had for lights at their work. What  
joy there was in all Pull-y-glo. But  
the story was soon abroad. Jack  
Williams was led to the Saviour in  
that dark prison-house. Death stared  
them in the face, but Tim was happy,  
and all his care was to pray for his  
comrade and guide him to Jesus. Thus  
it was that Tim worked for his Master,  
while the ungodly was trembling with  
fear. When Tim's strength allowed  
him, he went to the little sanctuary—  
related his experience—his mother and  
father were there, Davy Jones was  
there, Jack Williams was there saying  
that the accident was the best thing  
that ever happened him.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TIM PREACHES A SERMON.

Ever afterwards Tim's fame went  
the country round, but his ability as a  
young preacher was confined to the  
immediate locality of Pull-y-glo. An  
event took place some time after that  
gave him a name that he never dreamt  
of. It was at one of those large  
preaching services which were, and  
are now, quite common in Wales. The  
people had gathered from all parts that  
Sunday; the greatest preachers in the  
district were expected, but in the  
afternoon services the two preachers,  
owing to the bad roads, failed to be  
there in time—in fact, did not arrive  
until after the service. In the dilemma  
it was decided to get Davy Jones to fill  
up the gap. The ministers who were  
there were reserved for the evening  
service. Davy was prevailed upon,  
but suggested that his Tim, for the old  
man always claimed the lad, would do  
good service. When the people saw  
the decrepit old man go into the pulpit,  
and little Tim—obeying him—follow,  
they knew that a good time was in  
store. The singing was just the kind  
you get from a people, who are  
expecting great things—they sang, only  
as the Welsh can sing, the hymns of  
their native tongue. Davy stood up  
and announced his text. It was this,  
"There is a loaf here that has five  
barley loaves and two small fishes."  
Everybody knew what that meant.  
Davy told them how they had been  
disappointed, and baffled, as the dis-  
ciples were, and now the Master was  
going to give them a feast. He told  
them how Jesus could bless even the  
words of an old man and a small boy.  
Before the old man had been long  
talking in his homely style everybody  
was in tears, and when Tim was called  
on to say a few words, "amens" and  
"hallelujahs" sounded through the  
church from all parts of it. Tim  
stood up, and having announced his  
text, went on with his discourse; he  
grew more fervid. It was soon ap-  
parent that "the lad" with the five  
barley loaves was there, and Jesus was  
making him a blessing to all. Tim  
told the simple story of the Cross; he  
told how he had found Jesus while  
Davy was praying with him; he told  
them how in the coal mine, buried  
there for days, he had Jesus to cheer  
him, and how that death had no terror.  
The Holy Spirit was there, and many  
were born of God that day.