

A King's Messenger

By Wayfarer

IT was the first Sunday morning in spring; the air was tremulous with the movements of the unseen forces that were giving to it a vitality and a freshness that the winter had not known; in the bosom of the cold, grey earth the mineral liquids were gathering that they might make

of the choir opened and Rev. Mr. Speer, the pastor, was seen ushering in a lady dressed in the plain but neat garb of a Methodist deaconess.

Pastor and deaconess sitting side by side on the pulpit platform were a peculiar contrast and parallel. The keen, searching glance of Mr.



MISS SCOTT, SUPT. DEACONESS HOME

onslaught on grass and tree and shrub to send the juices of life coursing through their veins. It was a typical spring morning, with its waking mystery of life, heralding that Eastertide which typifies the coming of that "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." Such were the thoughts coursing through my mind as I sat in Broadway Tabernacle waiting for the morning service to begin. Presently the door to the left

Speer through the auditorium betrays the vigorous personality of the man. There are faces which convey only the idea of weak goodness, but his is a face full of animation and courage, which lights up with sympathy as his ideas clothe themselves in words. Seen in repose, there are lines of strength which cross it, witnessing to the mental conflicts that have been waged, and telling us that terrible destruction instead of noble