

The Narrow Neck.

(The Rev. Charles Williams, in 'The Young Woman.')

Standing at the Land's End, Cornwall, the visitor looks west and notes the Longships Lighthouse. It is built on a rock called the Great Carn, which stands about seventy feet out of the sea above low-water mark. The lighthouse, which towers fifty feet in height, has two strong watertight doors; is divided into three stories; and as soon as the sun sets, its lamps are lighted to warn of dangers. Three men are always in the lighthouse. Though the distance from shore is not great—less than a mile, I should think—for eight weeks and more there has been, in seasons of bad weather, no communication between the land and the lighthouse. At such times, the volume and weight of the Atlantic billows literally roll over and break upon the lantern of the lighthouse, more than a hundred and twenty feet above low water mark, the spray gathering about it as though a snowstorm raged. The guide tells

the poet-preacher as he gazed on the scene, exclaimed—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

O God! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

There may be some exaggeration in associating the end of the land and the beginning of the great sea with the end of time and the beginning (if the phrase be allowable) of eternity, and yet I don't suppose that Charles Wesley was conscious of it. The outlook from that 'narrow neck of land,' with threatening rocks and angry waves to

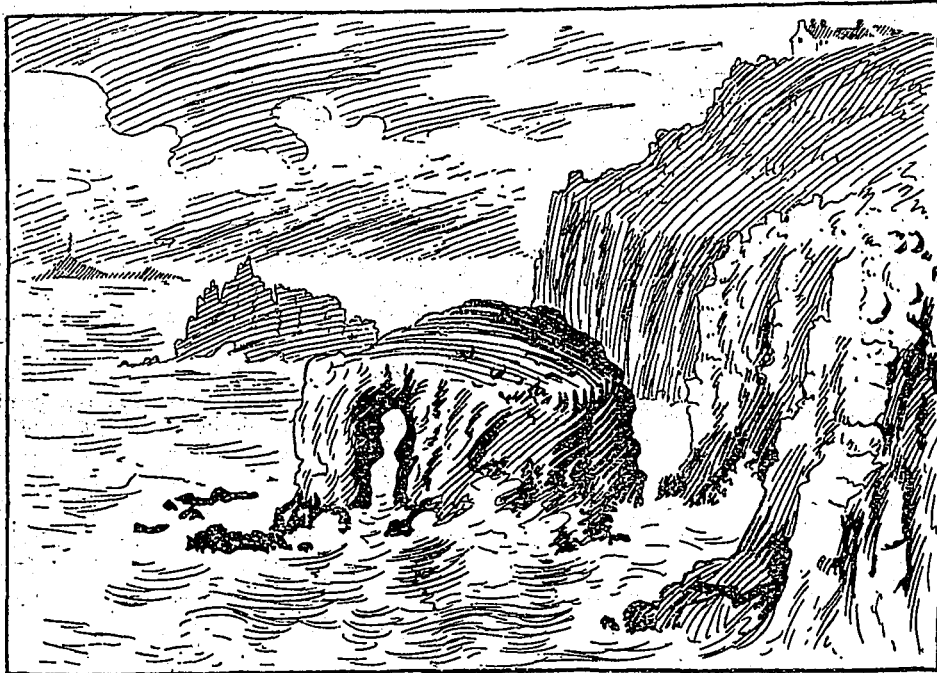
of age, and an only son, has seldom gone away from home by himself, and as the first part of the journey was to be made in the steamcars, you can imagine the interest all felt in getting him ready and seeing him safely off. His papa selected a pleasant seat for him, handed him his ticket, said good-by and the train was soon gone. Presently the conductor came along, took his ticket and told him the next stopping place was his station. As he rode along he wondered whether he would be met with a carriage or would have to walk the three miles from the depot, and if he had to walk, how he would manage to carry his valise containing a number of eatables and lots of things which he thought the country boy would enjoy. Taking it altogether, in Willing's estimation, it was a grand event in his life, and he realized the full import of it. He pictured to himself the good time he would have, and how swiftly the time would fly until he should return.

As soon as the cars stopped, he picked up his valise and made his way out on the platform. Looking round, he could see no carriage, and wondered how long he should have to wait. He was, however, soon accosted by a big boy, who said:

'My name is Burly Strong, and I am come to take you to our home; father wanted some more lumber for the new barn, and I have come with the big team and have brought some boys along, and we'll have plenty of fun.'

Willing looked toward the waggon and saw three rough-looking fellows about the size of Burly holding the horses and having a jolly time over something. As he neared them he saw they were smoking cigarettes, and had papers of peanuts which they had purchased at the store, expecting to share them with the city visitor. Willing, never willing to pollute his mouth with such filthy stuff as tobacco in any form, was taken aback. However, when everything was ready to start Burly took the reins, and his three companions, with Willing and his valise, piled themselves on the lumber as best they could. The three boys puffed away at their cigarettes, and now and then champing some peanuts as a relief to a sickly feeling that was evidently annoying them, and in the meantime indulged in vulgar talk, interspersed with profanity. Willing studied the situation thoroughly, wondering how he could endure the ride of three miles to the farm-house, and what he should do if these boys were to be his playmates while there. As they rode along matters grew worse and worse, until he concluded to let them know that he was not used to such company, and insisted that either they must give up their attempt at smoking and stop their dreadful swearing, or he should leave their company. This bold stand only made them more noisy, profane and bitter.

Finally he determined to endure it no longer, and asked Burly to hold up the horses and let him out. But the bad boys jerked the reins and whipped up the horses so that he could not get out. It was plain to him that there was only one way for him to get rid of his undesirable company, and that was to work himself to the back part of the waggon, slide out with his valise, and make his way back to the depot and go home. But the boys discovered his intentions and did their best to hold him in and to make the horses go so fast that it would be dangerous for him to jump. Willing was too smart for their movements, and slipping out, hallooed a good-by and was off. Burly succeeded in stopping the team, and tried



LAND'S END.

the story of one of the men in charge whose hair changed from black to white in a single night, while thus the Atlantic Ocean rose in its fury and might, and threatened the safety of the lighthouse, which, however, stood and withstood, 'for it was (and is) founded upon the rock.'

I experienced no difficulty in sympathizing with Charles Wesley, in the thoughts which filled his mind as he stood upon the promontory and looked at the sea on either side of him. The scene is extraordinarily awe-inspiring, lends itself readily to solemn sentiments, has about it many of the aspects of death and doom. Before visiting Land's End, I confess I could not understand why the outlook suggested to the great hymn-writer the Judgment Day. But while there the suggestion seemed to me appropriate and natural. It is not simply that the visitor is between two seas. These seas wear a threatening form, are awfully majestic; and it requires little effort of the imagination to see in them the destroyer. A false step, and what can save the unwary blunderer from the abyss below? If boat dare venture, with wind blowing and waves roaring, upon the angry waters that beat against the base of the promontory, how could it escape being dashed and broken on the rocks? And so

the north and to the south and outward toward the west, might well suggest, the

dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day.

of which the early Methodists thought so much, and to which they looked forward with mingled fear and hope.

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Brave Boy.

I have a little friend living not far from here whom I will call Willing Reynolds—Willing, because he is so 'willing' to do what he believes is right; and Reynolds, because he not only knows how to hold the 'reins' of his papa's two beautiful greys when the family go riding in the sleigh or carriage, but also because he reins himself so well against his natural tendency to go astray from parental training. A young woman who has been a member of the family for several years, and whose parents live about twelve miles out in the country, having a brother about the same age as Willing, had given repeated invitations to him to spend a few days in the country with her brother. Finally it was accepted and a day fixed upon for him to go. Willing is about ten years