

What Young Folk Can Do

BY REV. W. G. LANE.

IT is several years since it was my good fortune to be appointed "Home Missionary" for the Circuit, with fourteen preaching appointments, which were well superintended by a Scotchman with a keen eye and deep theology, the "second" being a Cornishman, with a heart no tape-line could measure, and who was responsible for my appointment and the money to carry out my three dollars a week and board myself was not very luxurious, but it meant "entering the ministry."

From the "second" I received orders to give special attention to a fishing town about three or four thousand people, near the entrance to the harbor, where fishermen from Stornoway in the North, along the East Coast, and even from the

A Keynote for Life

To-day, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy;
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of winged things on their flight;
The joy of noonday, and the tried,
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.
Whatever there be of Sorrow,
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes, why then
T'will be To-day and Joy again!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Land's End, landed the silvery herrings on the Quay, to be sold and turned into bladders for the London market, or into "black herrings," for sunny Italy.

There was a neat Methodist Church, seating about one hundred and fifty, attended by a devout few who had a hard struggle for existence, amid a population which adhered to the established church, and the teachings of Bradlaugh and Tom Paine, or who went to church to hear famous prima donna's sing selections at the close of "evening prayer," or went to play cricket and football on church grounds on Sunday afternoon, joined by the Vicar himself, who made himself notorious the world over by his erratic conduct.

How to do something for Christ was the question. The few who met in class were eager, but wanted a leader. And here was I, without experience, up against the hardest problem of my life. The first thing to do was to establish a Sunday School, to get in the young people. And when this was fairly started, to organize a "League for Service," the C. E. and E. L. were not known then, and ten or twelve signed the roll, adding to their numbers as time went by.

Their duties were to deliver tracts and books, from door to door; changing them weekly, in districts assigned to them; to report all sick and needy persons; the names of newcomers, and those who attended no church; anything, in fact, which would help the work along. How they worked! That was the best bureau of information I have ever known. Through them the church was packed to the doors in less than six months, and later a new and beautiful edifice, with five times the seating capacity, replaced the old one. But that was after my day.

One morning, "Annie," ten years old, came hurriedly and said, "Oh, Mr. Lane, there's an old chap sick and we think he's dyin', he do live the third house on that side (right) Nelson Road, second terrace—and he do say awful things; when we went in, 'cause ther's no one there, he swore at us, and said, 'Scat, out o' this you ugly brats.' We did run out quick, but we stayed outside and said a little pray' for 'im." Thus it was I visited him; not meeting any response to my knock, I walked upstairs, and found him sick in bed, and recognized him as one of the infidel club, which met in a boat house down by the pier, from which you could watch the boats coming and going with their quaint lug sails, or being towed out to the fishing grounds, where too often the flag hung half mast for some boys who found a watery grave, or the boat went down with all on board.

He seemed to be angry at my going in, and said: "I don't want you pratin' round 'ere, church is a humbug, and preachers ain't no better, religion is a farce," but he was now out of breath, and all I could say as he turned his face away, was, "I heard you were sick, and I came in to see if I could do anything for you." His reply faintly uttered was: "You can't do nothin', I don't want to be bothered," after which he pulled the quilt over his head, a signal for me to leave.

During the day I learned that he was very fond of his wife and child, but that through that dread disease, consumption, they had both died, his heart getting hard as he blamed God for being "cruel," and wept as they slipped away from him. The day he buried his wife he walked away from the cemetery without a tear, his fists clenched and his teeth set in sullen defiance, returning home to idolize Dora, who, before three months had gone, slept with her mother in the churchyard.

This knowledge enabled me to draw him into conversation, but any reference to the illness of wife or child invariably led to an abrupt termination of my visit. Yet he loved to speak of rambles through the lanes in the spring and summer, when they gathered flowers in the sunny days now gone.

On my next visit, his case seemed to be hopeless, he said angrily, "You tow yourself out, and tie a 'arf 'itch on your finger, so you won't forget not to come back," but I knew that down in his heart he was not as severe as he seemed. I laid the matter before my "League for Service," which met a hearty response, and a visiting committee was immediately appointed.

Annie was on that committee; she had a sweet voice, and was willing to use it. It was a beautiful spring morning, the boat had come in with the nets full of herring, and women as well as men were picking them from the nets and counting them into the "swills" (large wicker baskets), among them the woman who had been attending the sick one, so without waiting, we went in, to find him morose and sullen, till Annie sang the new song, "Shall We Gather at the River," her voice touched with pity and full of pathos.

He turned toward her and watched intently, with a mingled look of surprise and pain, and at last, as tears began to flow, he said, "You had better go. Dora used to sing that." But just then his eyes caught sight of a bunch of primroses, gathered from the hedges, where their bright, yellow blossoms seemed like angels among the flowers, which Annie had put into a glass of water on the stand at his bedside. Many a bunch, fresh and fragrant, had Dora put for her mother on that same stand. As we rose to go he said, "Thank you," and we left, thinking they were possibly the last words he would ever utter into a human ear.

Next day he was still living, and as Annie approached his bedside, he took her hand and said, "Sing, 'Shall We Gather.' I had a orful time last night. I dreamed I was lost, and I was sinking down into a dark pit, it was terrible, Dora came—and lots of angels flying round her, and she wanted me to go with her; she said, 'Come, papa,' and I couldn't. Oh, it was orful, what shall I do?"

Without entering too much into details, we continued our visits, the young folk taking flowers, smoothing his pillows, washing his hands, till he said they were his "ministering spirits." One day he completely broke down, while they sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." After a fit of sobbing, he became calm and said, "Get down and pray for me." While on our

A Royal Heart

Ragged, uncomely, and old and gray.

A woman walked in a Northern town;
And through the crowd, as she wound her way,
One saw her loiter and then stoop down,
Putting something away in her old, torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel!" the watcher said—
Ah, that was her heart, had the truth been read.
"What have you stolen?" he asked again;
Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain,

And under the flickering light of the gas
She showed him her heart gleaming, "It's broken glass,"
She said, "I have lifted it up frae the street
To be oot o' the rood o' the bairnies' feet!"

Under the fluttering rags astr

That was a royal heart that beat!
Would that the world had more like her,
Smoothing the road for its bairnies' feet!

W. H. Ogilvie.

knees he suddenly shouted, "Glory! glory! my sins are all forgiven. I shall see mamma and Dora and—Jesus." That hour is too sacred to unfold, but he rejoiced continually, till he passed peacefully away, blessing God for the "League for Service," whose members had brought him to faith and heaven. We add nothing, except to say that, through the instrumentality of young workers, a soul was born for the kingdom, and turned from darkness to light, "Truly a little child shall lead them."

Yarmouth, N.S.