

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Life's Sunshine.

O, never shut within your life  
The all of good you know,  
But send it forth that other lives  
That good may see and know.

The light that sends its rays abroad,  
Some one may help to cheer;  
The light that's 'neath a bushel hid  
Is smothered, wasted here.

Then let a little sunshine in,  
Is not the only way;  
But let a little sunshine out,  
That all may catch a ray.

—Exchange.

## Strangely Tested.

(Maud A. Simpson, in 'Toilers of the Deep'.)

It was the end of June in Labrador. The earth had grown tired of her wintry robe of snowy white, and had donned a cheerier garment of bronze and green. Even the grass had been aroused from its long sleep by the kiss of the sunshine, and the gentle whispers of the dew; while Nature, with her silent skill, had touched their faded blades with her emerald-dipped brush. The stern grey rocks would be grey to the end of the ages, but not stern enough to prevent the climbing mosses and quaint lichen from softening their outward aspect. The beautiful blue of the sky seemed only intensified by the brilliant sunshine, and the soft warm wind carried on its wings the scent of the distant woods, as if to remind the bare bleak coast that the earth had still some leafy trees and flowering dells. There were no trees there, no flowers, no song of birds or droning of bees; only the wild, weird howl of the Esquimaux dogs now and again broke the stillness of the air.

Although it was June, ice was all round. Huge icebergs, with their blue caverns and fringing icicles dazzling in whiteness and glittering in the sunlight, moving majestically, and drifting with the current, sometimes diving down slowly into the sea like some living monster, and rising again, with water falling from every side. But the fisherman sees in the iceberg an instrument of misfortune, and often death, rather than a thing of majesty and beauty. It has robbed him of much-needed dollars many a time, aye, and robbed him of the dearest, sometimes. Is it any wonder then that to him the ice is often a dread enemy?

The mail boat had just landed her passengers on the wharf as two men strolled down the steep path from the store, with their hands in their pockets, and a most despondent expression on their faces. They were speaking in an undertone, but were evidently none the less in earnest.

'I tell you what it amounts to, George,' one of them was saying, 'it just amounts to this; we can't do nothing with the nets, so it's no good to try. There's plenty o' fish on the ground, but there's too much ice on the top for me. I feels bad about the fishing this year, somehow, don't you?'

'I does so,' replied the other man, at the same time refilling his old brown pipe; 'all the same, they's had a sign o' fish along shore. Jim Harris got five quintals on Friday, he did so.'

'Ah, maybe,' answered the first speaker somewhat testily, 'and I could get my five quintals, and fifty more, if the ice would only clear off. I tell you, we'd have another song

to sing if we'd got the nets outside the South-ard Tickle, round the point, there.'

George Bussey blew out several rings of smoke before he took any notice of his companion, then he looked him straight in the face and spoke.

'It strikes me, Henry, we none on us does as much singin' as we might do; we does plenty o' complainin', or, as ye might say, singin' out o' tune most o' the time, but I think that we's precious slow bein' thankful when things does go right; least, that's my way o' thinkin', and as he spoke he took his pipe from his mouth, tapped it three or four times on the palm of his hand, and proceeded to fill it for the third time that evening.

'I suppose you sets yourself up for a preacher, George Bussey,' was the reply, and a nasty sneer lurked in the faint smile. 'It's all very fine preachin', but I always says to myself when a chap likes you takes to it, he's either lucky or soft, one or t'other.'

'That's a new idea,' George responded, with a hearty laugh, as he took off his cap and rubbed his hand over his head, 'pon my word it is. Lucky or soft,' he repeated, 'which is I, Henry? or, maybe, I'm both. Eh, that's good now to be sure.'

Henry Dawe and George Bussey had been chums for many years, and since the latter had become converted he had been unmercifully taunted by his old friend, who, somehow, always failed to trip him up, or make him lose his temper. That night the very way in which his sarcastic remark had been received only served to irritate him in the extreme.

'Well, to tell you the truth, George, I thinks you're both. You most always gets a lucky berth for your trap, and good money for the fish, somehow; and you never gets down with no sickness; and if that isn't luck, I'd like to have your name for it. And, like most religious folk, you're a bit soft inclined. Now, I says, we can all be good Christians when all goes straight with us; but I likes to see a man who keeps up his religion when he's struck down.'

Again his listener laughed. 'That's as good as sayin' you wants to see me in the hospital yonder, Henry,' pointing with his finger towards the long white building halfway up the hill.

'Not I, boy, I ain't quite so mean as that; all the same, I'd be more inclined to listen to a sermon from you after.'

George took a few steps forward before he replied to this, then said quietly, as his voice softened, 'Well, we all has as much trouble as is good for us; and we never knows who'll be the next to be smitten down.'

And then the conversation turned to other channels, and the difference of opinion was forgotten in new interests.

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Indian Harbor Hospital was in full swing, for it had been open over a month for the season's work, and only one bed remained vacant in the men's ward, when orders were given for another man's admission. The Sister met him just as he reached the ward door, and welcomed him in.

'Good morning, Skipper,' she said, with a friendly smile (for she had learnt how to please the men by this title of honor); then added cheerily, 'you're only just in time to get a bed; we're full up, as you see. Now there's a cosy corner for you, right by the window. It won't do for me to say it's the best bed in the ward, or I shall have the others jealous, but it's one of the best.'

He had come in with his hand in a sling, and evidently it was only one of the many 'bad

fingers' or 'poisoned hands' that the fishermen on the coast suffer from; indeed, that fishermen all over the world know only too well.

An hour after, the Doctor had left the ward, the patient's finger had been carefully dressed, and he was lying back as comfortable as he could be under the circumstances. The Sister was sitting by his side, with note book and pencil in hand intending to take down the usual particulars of the new admission.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'Beggin' your pardon, mam, I didn't catch just what you asked. Oh,' as the question was repeated, 'oh, yes, mam, my name is George Bussey, that's my name.'

'And how old are you, George?'

'Well, now,' he answered slowly, 'I don't know as I can tell you how old I is, for I doesn't know myself. How old should you take me for, mam?'

The Sister looked at him for a moment; it was not the first time she had been asked this question by a long way.

'I should think you might be somewhere about 58 or 60 years of age; do you remember the year you were born?'

His face brightened wonderfully as he replied, 'Aye, yes, mam, I can tell you that easy; I was borned two years afore my brother John, as works at the whale factory, he's my youngest brother; an' Will, that's the oldest, he were three years ahead o' me. That'll tell you how old I is.'

But the Sister had forgotten how to work problems of this sort, and not wishing to display her ignorance, wrote down 58 and a query in her book, and proceeded to question him.

'Where do you come from?'

'Salvage, Bonavista Bay, mam, is my home when I'm there.'

'And are you a Catholic or a Protestant?'

'I ain't neither, mam, I'm Church of England.'

She smiled as she closed her book, and put it in the back of her wallet.

'Now, tell me, how did you manage to get such a bad hand?' she asked, settling down for five minutes' chat.

'Well, mam, to be honest with you, I'll tell you the truth. Me and Henry, that's my chum, one of our crew, was out in a boat jiggin' a few fish; you see, we couldn't do nothin' with the nets, there bein' so much ice, so we was out seein' what we could do with hook and line. We'd got a nice few in the boat; in fact, the bottom was pretty thick with 'em, when Henry he wants a extra jigger as he'd brought with him. He couldn't lay his hand on it, so I begins to hunt for it among the fish at the bottom of the boat, and, to make a long story short, mam, I was jiggered myself before I knowed it. It's awful painful, mam, almost as much as I can stand; it's like a knife up my arm, sometimes.'

'Yes, I expect it is very sharp,' said the Sister, kindly; 'but you must be as patient as you can, and if it gets really more than you can bear, just tell me, and Doctor will give you something to relieve it.'

A few days passed by, and although the hand was very painful, scarcely anything but gratitude was heard from his lips. He was a model patient. There were constant changes in the ward, and a week after his admission two more beds were empty. Dinner had just been cleared away when a loud knock came at the back door. There had been an accident on a schooner close by, and the stretcher was wanted at once.

If sounds were anything to judge by, it was a bad case, for the man's groans could be heard