

THE SKIPPER PARSON

meeting, I had to travel on the ice some four or five miles. I was fortunate in falling in with a skater, who aided me grandly. Having secured a sled for me, he skated behind, pushing me along at a great speed. This original and almost royal mode of travel I never enjoyed before or after. When we came near the island we found difficulty in effecting a landing, and even my skillful friend was puzzled. The ice along the shore was poor, and we heard that a number lately, in trying, like ourselves, to reach the shore, had been plunged into the chilly water. One of these was my friend Mr. Rex, who, having clambered on an ice pan, was compelled to dance a "Highland fling" to keep his limbs from freezing, and to keep it up until rescued. By dexterous skipping and jumping, in which my companion led the way and shouted directions, we reached the solid land.

We began our campaign here that night. The annual missionary meeting among Newfoundland Methodists, as intimated, was a great event. Then we had our largest crowds, best speaking and singing, and biggest collections. The laymen of the church played no small part in these gatherings. As speakers they strongly reinforced their clerical brethren; sometimes as many as six or eight would be on the platform at once, each willing and even eager to have his word. Neither were the honors of the occasion wholly with the preachers, for some of those laymen, though with little or no schooling, often spoke with a fire and force that were won-