

THE SKIPPER PARSON

a land blessed with sunny skies, enriched with many of nature's charms, and, better still, with many hearts kind and true, many faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. When at first I was cast on her shores a shipwrecked voyager, she like a mother received me as an adopted son, and bestowed upon me smiles and love, that more than compensated for earliest pain and loss.

Often have I heard my fishermen friends in prayer and testimony quote words of vivid significance to them, "Hard toiling to make the blest shore." Their lives were in many respects peculiarly hard, but frequently they were lives ennobled and elevated by the presence and blessing of the Master. They illustrated strikingly, those humble men and women, the truth that godliness compensates in a surprising way for the absence of much earthly good, and raises its possessors to a position of real happiness in spite of untoward circumstances. It was evident, that He who aforetime appeared to his disciples "distressed in rowing" had manifested himself to them also, the pledge that he would bring each, at the pleasure of the Father's will, beyond the fogs and mists of time to "their desired haven."

Now, after the lapse of years, the images of cherished friends come back at memory's call, the brave souls with whom we lived and labored: comes, too, the poignant thought, "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

We shall not again meet them all here, but yonder, across the bar, where from every land