

that boat when he come along. I make b'leve that it was out on Streeter's Pond, an' I was settin' in the boat, fixin' my lan'ing' net, when I see him on the shore. I think mebbe I'm that James—for that's my given name, ye know, though they allers call me Jimmy—an' then I hear him callin' me 'James, James.' I can hear him jest's plain sometimes, when the wind's 's blowin' in the trees, an' I jest ache to up an' foller him. But says he, 'Ill make ye a fisher o' men,' an' he aint done it. I'm waitin'; mebbe He'll larn me some day."

He was fond of all living creatures, merciful to all. But his love for our dog Dash became a passion, for Dash was an angler. Who that ever saw him sitting in the boat beside his master, watching with eager eye, and whole body trembling with excitement, the line as it was cast, the flies as they touched the surface—who can forget old Dash? "I never knowed afore they could be Christians," he said, looking, with tears in his soft, keen eyes, at the every-day scene, and with no faintest thought of irreverence. "I never knowed it, but I'd give a stiffikit o' membership in the orthodoxest church goin' to that dog there."

It is almost needless to say that as years went on Jimmy came to know many "fishin' ministers," for there are many of that ilk who love our mountain country, and seek it yearly. All these knew and loved the old man. And there were others who had wandered by that sea of Galilee, and fished in the waters of the Holy Land, and with them Fishin' Jimmy dearly loved to talk. But his wonder was never-ending that in the scheme of evangelizing the world more use was not made of the "fishin' side" of the story. "Haint they ever tried it on them poor heathen?" he would ask earnestly of some clerical angler casting a fly upon the clear water of pond or brook. "I should think 'twould 'a' ben the fust thing they'd done. Fishin' fust, an' r'ligin's sure to foller. An' it's so easy; fur heath'n mostly r'sides on islands, don't they? So ther's plenty o'water, an' o' course ther's fishin'; and onc't gin 'em poles an' git 'em to work, an' they're out o' mischief fur that day. They'd like it the better'n cannib'lin', or cuttin' out idols, or scratchin' picters all over theirselves, an' bimeby—not too suddent, ye know, to scare 'em—ye could begin on that story, an' they couldn't stan' that, not a heath'n on 'em. Won't ye speak to the 'Merican Board about it, an' sen' out a few fishin' mishneries, with poles an' lines an' tackle gen'ally? I've tried it on dresse bad folks, an' it allers done 'em good. But"—so almost all his simple talk ended—"I wish I could begin to be a fisher o' men. I'm gettin' on now, I'm nigh seventy, an' I aint got much time, ye see."

One afternoon in July there came over Franconia Notch one of those strangely sudden tempests which sometimes visit that mountain country. It had been warm that day, unusually warm for that refreshingly cool spot; but suddenly the sky grew dark and darker, almost to blackness, there was roll of thunder and flash of lightning, and then poured down the rain—rain at first, but soon hail in large frozen bullets, which fiercely pelted any who ventured out-doors, rattled against the windows of the Profile House with sharp cracks like sounds of musketry, and lay upon the piazza in heaps like snow. And in the midst of the wild storm it was remembered that two boys, guests at our hotel, had gone up Mount Lafayette alone that day. They were young boys, unused to mountain climbing, and their friends were anxious. It was found that Dash had followed them; and just as some one was to be sent in search of them, a boy from the stables brought the information that Fishin' Jimmy had started up the mountain after them as the storm broke. "Said if he couldn't be a fisher o' men,

mebbe he knowed 'nuff to ketch boys," went on our informant, seeing nothing more in the speech, full of pathetic meaning to us who knew him, than the idle talk of one whom many considered "lackin'." Jimmy was old now, and had of late grown very feeble, and we did not like to think of him out in that wild storm. And now suddenly the lost boys themselves appeared through the opening in the woods opposite the house, and ran in through the hail, now falling more quietly. They were wet, but no worse apparently for their adventure, though full of contrition and distress at having lost sight of the dog. He had rushed off into the woods some hours before, after a rabbit or hedgehog, and had never returned. Nor had they seen Fishin' Jimmy.

As hours went by and the old man did not return, a search party was sent out, and guides familiar with all the mountain paths went up Lafayette to seek for him. It was nearly night when they at last found him, and the grand old mountains had put on those robes of royal purple which they so stimes assume at eventide. At the foot of a mass of rock, which looked like amethyst or wine-red agate in that marvellous evening light, the old man was lying, and Dash was with him. From the few faint words Jimmy could then gasp out, the truth was gathered. He had missed the boys, leaving the path by which they had returned, and while stumbling along in search of them, feeble and weary, he had heard far below a sound of distress. Looking down over a steep, rocky ledge, he had seen his friend and fishing comrade, old Dash in sore trouble. Jimmy saw him holding up one paw helplessly and looking at him with wistful, imploring brown eyes; heard his pitiful, whimpering cry for aid, and never doubted his great distress and peril. Was Dash not a fisherman? And fishermen, in Fishin' Jimmy's category, were always true and trusty. So the old man without a second's hesitation started down the steep, smooth decline to the rescue of his friend.

We do not know just how or where in that terrible descent he fell. To us who afterwards saw the spot, and thought of the weak old man, chilled by the storm, exhausted by his exertions, and yet clambering down that precipitous cliff, made more slippery and treacherous by the sleet and hail still falling, it seemed impossible that he could have kept a foothold for an instant. Nor am I sure that he expected to save himself, and Dash too. But he tried. He was sadly hurt. I will not tell you of that.

Looking out from the hotel windows through the gathering darkness, we who loved him—it was not a small group—saw a sorrowful sight. Flickering lights thrown by the lanterns of the guides came through the woods. Across the road, slowly, carefully, came strong men, bearing on a rough, hastily made litter of boards the dear old man. All that could have been done for the most distinguished guest, for the dearest, best-beloved friend, was done for the gentle fisherman. We, his friends, and proud to style ourselves thus, were of different, widely separated lands, greatly varying creeds. Some were nearly as old as the dying man, some in the prime of manhood. There were youths, and maidens, and little children. But through the night we watched together. The old Roman bishop, the Churchman, ascetic in faith, but with the kindest heart when one finds it; the gentle old Quakeress; Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist—we were all one that night. The old angler did not suffer—we were so glad of that! But he did not appear to know us, and his talk seemed strange. It rambled on quietly, softly, like one of his own mountain brooks, babbling of green fields, of sunny summer days, of his favourite sport, and ah, of other things.

But he was not speaking to us. A sudden, awed hush and thrill came over us as, bending to catch the low words, we all at once understood what only the bishop put into words as he said, 'If to himself, in a sudden, quickly broken whisper, "God bless the man, he's talking to his Master!"'

"Yes, Sir, that's so," went on the quiet voice, "twas on'y a dog sure 'nough; 'twan't even a boy, as ye say, an' ye ask me to 'a' fisher o' men. But I haint had no chance for 'hat, somehow; mebbe I wa'n't fit for't. I'm on'y jest a poor old fisherman, Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, Sir. Ye useter call me James—no one else ever done it. On'y a dog! But he wa'n't a common dog, Sir; he was a fishin' dog. I never seed a man love fishin' mor'n Dash." The voice faltered an instant, then went on: "Yes, Sir, I'm comin'—I'm glad, dresse glad to come. Don't mind 'bout my leavin' my fishin'; do ye think I care 'bout that? I'll jest lay down my pole abin the alders here, an' put my lan'in' net on the stuns with my flies an' tackle—the boys 'll like 'em, ye know—an' I'll be right along."

"I mos' knowed ye was on'y a tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. 'Twas a fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers dresse good to fisher men—dresse good to—everybody,—died for—'em, didn't ye?"

"Please wait—on—the—bank there, a minnit; I'm comin' 'crost. Water's pretty—cold this—spring—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can do it—don't ye mind—'bout—me, Sir. I'll—got—'crost." Once more the voice ceased, and we thought we should not hear it again this side that stream.

But suddenly a strange light came over the thin face, the soft gray eyes opened wide, and he cried out with a strong voice we had so often heard come ringing out to us across the mountain streams, above the sound of their rushing: "Here I be, Sir! It's Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, from Francony way; him ye useter call James when ye come 'long the shore o' the pond an' I was a fishin'. I heern ye agin, jest now—an' I—straightway—f'ook—my—nets—an'—follered—"

Had the voice ceased utterly? No, we could catch faint, low murmurs, and the lips still moved. But the words were not for us; and we did not know when he reached the other bank.

"GOD GIVE—I GIVE"

THERE is a very touching story of a poor little boy, who, when suffering from cold and hunger, was warmed and fed through a friend "sent by God," as he truly told the child. When the little fellow was warm, he thought of some other children as poor as himself, and wanted to carry them some of the wood God sent. "Because," said he, "God give—I give."

That is just the reason why we should give. This poor little boy who had been at a mission Sunday-school two or three times, and heard the story of God's great gift to the world, had learned the secret of real giving. He would pass on to others God's good gift to him. That was real love and gratitude.

Perhaps some one says: "What can I give?" Like everything else, giving should be thought about, prayed about, and planned for. Perhaps you can earn money to give to Christ's cause by doing some self-denying work, or going without something you want very much. If you begin to look out for a way to give, you will certainly find it! Be sure of that.

Think about this, boys and girls, and when you think of it, repeat the words of the poor child: "God give—I give."

EXALT ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.