

## A NURSE'S MINISTRY.

By Marianne Farningham.

He was the atheist of the village, and he was dying of consumption.

It was not an irreligious village, most of the residents attended either church or chapel. More or less, therefore, every person bore their one atheist in their hearts as a very real burden and care. He was known to be a very violent man, strong at calling names, and moved with hatred of religion and all who professed it. But this fact filled the good people with pitiful kindness and gentleness toward him. Poor fellow, since he would not have the comforts of Christ; they must see that he had all the smaller comforts possible. So they sent him delicacies and flowers, and water pillows, and the rest.

The doctor visited him regularly, and brought back bad reports. He was getting gradually worse, and nothing could really stay the progress of the disease. It made the people very sad. They could not let him die without hearing the message of mercy, but how was it to be delivered to him, and who was to do it?

The clergyman of the parish church believed it to be both his duty and right to declare to this poor man dying in their midst, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." So he duly made the attempt, but he came away appalled by the language that had been hurled at him. He had never been so sworn at in all his life. Everybody was disappointed. "All we can do is to pray for him," they said.

But there was a Methodist preacher who thought he would like to make an attempt. He was not afraid of rough words, he had heard them before; and he was so passionately in earnest for the soul of this man that he felt he could bear anything. He knew him, too, they had worked together when they were boys.

"Hello, old fellow; how are you? Sorry to find you so ill."

"Get out of this! I don't want any canting hypocrites here. Haven't I got enough to bear without a lot of you fellows snivelling around me?"

"All right, old boy; only I have something to tell you that will make your trouble easier to bear."

"Will you go, or shall I kick you out?"

"Oh, I say, let me stop a few minutes. Don't forget you and I went to Sunday school together."

The atheist became so violent that, lest he should do himself injury, the Methodist left.

The village was in great sorrow; and after a time it was proposed to try the effect of music. So the church choir one Sunday evening sang some of their sweetest hymns below the sick man's window, but the singing so excited him that they were begged to desist.

After that they left him alone. He lingered on for several weeks, growing weaker every day.

At last the doctor said to him, "You must have the district nurse in to see you. You require to be attended to. I will send her."

"No, I don't want her. She is one of those humbugs and hypocrites, as bad as the rest."

But the doctor spoke to the nurse, and she came. The man began to abuse her, as he had the others.

"I won't have any of you humbugs here. Do you think you are going to preach to me?"

"No, indeed, I don't want to preach; I want to make your bed. I am sure you will be more comfortable if you will let me."

The man continued to say all the stock things against religion that he had ever uttered or heard, and the nurse patiently waited. When he grew more quiet she said, "May I make your bed?"

"Yes, if you like."

With kind and skilful hands, and silent lips, the nurse made the invalid comfortable; and left without a word. She went the next day, with the same result, pec-

forming any little ministering she could think of, but saying nothing.

This went on for a fortnight, and then one day the nurse said, "Do you still say that I am a hypocrite?"

He hesitated a moment, and then replied, "No, you are not a hypocrite. I don't think you are. You have been very good to me."

"I am glad I have been able to make you more comfortable. Now I want you to listen to me."

"Please don't answer me; I am not going to argue with you, nor to preach at you, but to tell you a story. It is true, and you must not interrupt me; but tomorrow, if you want to answer me, I will listen while you talk. That will be fair."

Then, as if she had been talking to an infant class or to a little child, she told him the story of how and why the Saviour came, and what He did and does, and the ways in which He proved His love, and the wonderful words of compassion, and the strong words of salvation which He has spoken; and of people whom He has saved, and of people whom He has freed from sin. Then she said He could be reached by a thought; and He was waiting to be good to every man.

After which she went away without another word.

The next morning no reference was made by either nurse or patient to the talk, nor the next days either. But at halfpast twelve one night there was a rattle at the bell of the house in which the nurse lived.

"What is it, she called; a district nurse always sleeps lightly.

"Oh, please will you make haste. He says he wants nurse to pray for him."

She hurried to obey the call. A look at the man's face was enough. He had "seen the Lord." Only a few words were possible to him. "That story was all true," he said. "There is a Saviour; He has saved me. I hated Him, but He loved me all the while. Isn't it wonderful nurse? Tell everybody that the parish atheist died a Christian."

This message caused a sensation among those who did not own themselves unbelievers, but were.—The Baptist Commonwealth.

## HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

"I care for nobody,

And nobody cares for me,"

Sang Tommy at play in the sweet new hay.

Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire.

And searched for the old hen's nest.

While the sun from its place high overhead

Went sliding into the West.

She filled the water pail.

And picked the berries for tea.

And wondered down in her tender heart

Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn.

Tommy grew tired of play.

When the cows came home and the shadows fell

Over the new mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran.

With a noisy "Hi! yi! yi!"

His mother had made him a frosted cake;

She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—

"I will help next time," said he.

"I care for somebody,

And somebody cares for me."

—Boys and Girls.

It is the part of wisdom to spend little

of your time upon the things that vex and anger you, and much of your

time upon the things that bring you

quietness and confidence and good cheer.—Henry Van Dyke.

No man has any right to stay in the

church lady carriage when he might be

pushing its broad wagon.

## A SAD STORY.

By Florence Beitman Andrews.

Near the town where I live are many slate quarries, most of them being worked by Welsh people, but some of them are now being operated by New York capitalists, who have Italians to do the most of the work.

Some of the quarries have to be let standing idle as water gradually filled them.

Near one of the busy quarries is a quarry half filled with slimy water. Around the water's edge are pieces of slate rock on which many big frogs can be seen sunning themselves. At the top of the quarry was a big rock which jutted out over the water. William Baird, a twelve-year-old boy who worked at slate-splitting, at the busy quarry, used to take cruel pleasure, during the dinner hour, in standing on this rock and throwing stones at the frogs. He could knock a frog off a rock very easily as he was a good thrower.

One day while the men were eating their dinner, Harry stood on the rock throwing stones at the poor frogs, as usual. One of the men shouted, "Harry, come and eat your dinner and let the frogs alone." Harry shouted back: "I want to take one more whack at that big frog," and threw another stone. The rock he was standing on suddenly loosened and fell into the water, carrying Harry along down, down into the slimy water, among the dead frogs he had killed with his stones. As Harry fell he gave a terrified shriek. One of the men heard it and said: "Men, I would not let a dog die in such a hole," and he ran to the quarry's edge and leaped into the water to save Harry, but he struck a rock in the bottom of the quarry and was killed. There was nothing for Harry to hold to, and he could not swim, so he went down to the bottom the third time. The rest of the men had come up by this time, and they got the two bodies out. They tried to bring them to life again, but both man and boy were dead. The man who had tried to save Harry had a wife and ten little girls, and they are left to mourn the loss of husband and father. Harry Laird's mother also weeps and mourns for her poor boy.

All this trouble and sorrow was caused by a little boy being cruel to poor harmless frogs.

## THE SERMON STEVE PREACHED.

One Monday, Steve, who had been at church the day before, thought he would have a church of his own. He got his four sisters to be the congregation. He stood on a stool and spoke very loud. This is part of the sermon that he preached:

"This is to be a 'mind-mother' sermon. There are two ways in which you ought to mind everything she says.

"Mind her the very first time she speaks. When mother says, 'Mary, please bring me some coal or water,' or 'run to the store,' don't answer. 'In just a minute, mother.' Little folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the one the cook ticks off. When you say 'yes' with your lips, say 'yes' with your hands and feet. Don't say 'yes' and act 'no.' Saying 'Yes, in a minute,' is not obeying, but doing 'yes' is.

"Mind cheerfully. Don't scowl when you have to drop a book or shine because you can't go and play. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. A girl ought to mind a great deal better than a dog."

That was Steve's sermon. The congregation said: "Amen. That's so, and so ought a boy."—Exchange.

The first watches were said to be made in Nuremberg in 1477. They were of no practical use, however, until the invention of the spiral spring by Hooke in 1665.