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Some Young Men Were 'Held.'

(Asa Stanley Goodrich, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

It was only after much urging from the superintendent, and much prayer and thought, that I consented to take the class. I was warned that the field was about dead; that I had better put my energy on a younger class; that these were of 'graduating' age; some were gone, and the rest would likely soon follow. I think this last decided me.

It was a class of every-day wide-awake young men, whose ages ran from nineteen to twenty-four. They were somewhat demoralized by having had no regular teacher for some time, and no class-room, and teaching a class of young men in a crowded room is like—well, like nothing else on earth. They were high-school students, clerks, a doctor's assistant, a young man of leisure, and a farmer's son,—the last by no means least. Quite an assortment, and one to fully task all my weak powers,—for this is history, and not fiction.

I first called on each of the eleven whose names were on the class roll. Two had left town, and one, in a saloon, was apparently lost to us entirely. Only three of the remaining eight could be termed at all 'regular,'—but three was a host.

I next called for a class-room. No spot seemed available, but superintendent and school board had no peace until we found a corner unoccupied,—a small hall leading to the kitchen, and used for cutting cake, dishing cream, and storing valuables(?).

Here was my first chance for 'a gude grip o' them,' and the services of 'my boys' were enlisted, and, with soap and water, paint, kalsomine, and 'elbow grease,' we made a cozy den.

The school board gave us a carpet, one member of the class gave a fine copy of 'Gethsemane,' a friend gave (through a member) 'Christ before Pilate,' and another sent us a pretty Japanese screen.

I found that two things always please; namely, to give each one something to do, and to be dead in earnest. I said, to start with: 'If I can be used in helping you have a good time, I am yours. If anything I have or can get, anything I can do, if little dinner-parties or excursions or games or athletics, any or all of them, will help you, we will have them. But I want you to remember that I am here with one purpose,—to bring each one of you to know and love Jesus the Christ as your best friend and your Saviour. Whatever we have, or whatever we do, I never lose sight of my one purpose.'

And I think this was my stronghold,—for, after all, the young man wants love (and wants it shown while he is living), he wants earnestness, and he wants the frank, plain truth. I fear that many teachers try so hard to be 'harmless as doves' that they—well, they succeed.

The young farmer took us on a sleigh-ride and entertained us at his home, and we went up and helped him with his hay, and praised his mother and her cooking.



NEW YEAR'S DAY—PURITANS RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

—'Home Words.'

The young man of leisure was handy with tools (and money), and made us a table, that we might all use pens and ink. Our ink-wells were made by pushing two little bottles through a pasteboard box (for black and red inks). The drug clerk was given the result I desired, and asked to hunt up the chemicals for an experiment before the class. The schoolboys made the many maps and charts we used.

The embryo physician was asked to work out certain lessons from a physical or a scientific point of view, sometimes with objects. One good fellow made us a blackboard of carriage cloth, covered with liquid slating and mounted on a curtain roller. One was asked to look after the sick, and another followed up delinquents.

Personally I knew my boys. I knew their work, the books they read, the company they kept, their families and homes,

and their special temptations. If one was absent, I called with some flowers and regrets that he was ill, and hoped he would be out by next Sunday.

A birthday letter, with perhaps one rose, always pleased. I took tea with them, and had them at my bachelor room for an evening, and later in my home.

Sometimes a card to carry home would serve to keep the truth before them. I remember one written in black and red which said:

.....
: DO YOU BITE :
: ON A :
: BARE HOOK ? :
:

This was hung on a fish-hook, and, a yea-