

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;  
 A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER XI.—THE REVIVAL.

He is here! His loving voice  
 Hath reached thee, though so far away!  
 He is waiting to rejoice,  
 O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.  
 Waiting, waiting to bestow  
 His perfect pardon full and free;  
 Waiting, waiting till thou know  
 His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

—*F. R. Havergal.*

ON the Sunday morning following the startling episode related in the last chapters, the little church at Caplin Bight was filled to overflowing. It was known that Mr. Fairbairn was going to make special allusion to the incident, for the service had been announced at the Friday evening prayer-meeting preceding, as a thanksgiving service, and this had helped to swell the congregation. As the groups of men gathered about the doors outside before the service—an outport custom far from conducive to spirituality of thought or converse—there was a quietness about their demeanour, and an earnestness in their tones as they talked of the rescue and the rescued which showed them to be deeply touched by the events of the week. When Mr. Fairbairn arose to give out the opening hymn he was struck at once with this quiet and intense feeling in the congregation. There sat Skipper George on the right side under the gallery, and Mrs. Netman with her rescued boys, one on each side of her. In the middle row of pews, not far from the pulpit, the snowy head of Uncle Tommy met his eye, with his stalwart son safe and sound beside him; and in the next pew, Henry Burton and his sister Mary. There was a sympathetic moisture in the minister's eyes, and a tremor of emotion in his voice as he gave out the hymn beginning:

“God of my life, whose gracious power  
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
 Or lifted up my sinking head;”