

## Our Story.

## FISHIN' JIMMY.

BY ANNIE TOLPINE HUNSON.

He had never heard of entomology. Guénée, Hubner and Fabricius were unknown names; but he could have told these worthies many new things. Did they know just at what hour the trout ceased leaping at dark fly or moth, and could see only in the dim light the ghostly white miller? Did they know the comparative merits, as a tempting bait, of grasshopper, cricket, spider or wasp; and could they, with bits of wood, tinsel and feather, copy the real dipterous, hymenopterous, or orthopterous insect? And the birds he knew them as do few ornithologists, by sight, by sound, by little ways and tricks of their own, known only to themselves and him. The white-throat sparrow with its sweet, far-reaching chant, the hermit-thrush with its chime of bells in the calm summer twilight; the vesper-sparrow that ran before him as he crossed the meadow, or sang for hours, as he fished the stream, its unvarying, but scarcely monotonous little strain; the cedar-bird, with its smooth brown coat of Quaker simplicity, and speech as brief and simple as Quaker yea or nay, the winter-wren sending out his strange, lovely, liquid warble from the high, rocky side of Cannon Mountain, the bluebird of that early spring, so welcome to the winter-weary dwellers in that land of ice and snow, as he

"from the blue deeps  
Leaves a quick, prophetic strain."

of summer, of streams freed and flowing again, of waking, darting, eager fish—all these were friends, familiar, tried and true to Fishin' Jimmy. The cluck and coo of the cuckoo, the bubbling song of bobolink in buff and black, the watery trill of the stream-loving swamp-sparrow, the whispered whistle of the stealthy, darkness hunting whippoorwill, the gurgle and gargle of the cow-bunting—he knew each and all, better than did Audubon, Nuttall or Wilson. But he never dreamed that even the tiniest of his little favourites bore, in the scientific world, far away from that quiet mountain nest, such names as *Troglodytes hycalis* or *Melospiza palustris*. He could tell you, too, of strange, shy creatures rarely seen except by the early-rising, late-fishing angler, in quiet, lonesome places—the otter, muskrat and mink of ponds and lakes—rival fishers, who bore off prey sometimes from under his very eyes—field mice in meadow and pasture, blind, burrowing moles, prickly hedge-hogs, brown hares and social curious squirrels.

Sometimes he saw deer, in the early morning or in the dusk of the evening, as they came to drink at the lake shore and looked at him with big, soft eyes not unlike his own. Sometimes a shaggy bear trotted across his path and hid himself in the forest, or a sharp-eared fox ran barking through the bushes. He loved to tell of these things to us who cared to listen, and I still seem to hear his voice saying in hushed tones, after a story of woodland sight or sound: "Nobody don't see 'em but fishermen. Nobody don't hear 'em but fishermen."

But it was of another kind of knowledge he often spoke, and of which I shall try to tell you, in his own words as nearly as possible.

First let me say that if there should seem to be the faintest tinge of irreverence in aught I write, I tell my story badly. There was no irreverence in Fishin' Jimmy. He possessed a deep and profound veneration for all things spiritual and heavenly, but it was the veneration of a little child, mingled as is that child's with perfect confidence and utter frankness. And he used the dialect of the country in which he lived.

"As I was tellin' ye," he said, "I allers loved fishin' an' knowed 'twas the best thing in the hull airth. I knowed it larnt ye more about creeters an' yarbs an' stuns an' water than books could tell ye. I knowed it made folks patienter an' commoser an' weather-wiser an' cuter gen'ally; an' 'em more fac'ly than all the school learnin' in creation. I knowed it was more fillin' than vittles, more rousin' than whiskey, more sootherin' than ledlum. I knowed it cooled ye off when ye was het, an' het ye when ye was cold. I knowed all that, of course—an' any fool knows it. But—will ye b'lieve it?—I was more'n twenty-one year old, a man growed, 'fore I foun' out why 'twas that away. Father and mother was Christian folks, good out-an'-out Calv'nist baptists from over East'n way. They fetched me up right, made me go to meetin' an' read a chapter every Sunday; an' say a hymn Sa'day night at'er washin'; an' I useter say my prayers mo' nights. I wa'n't a bad boy as boys go. But nobody thought o' tellin' me the one thing, just the one single thing, that'd ha' made all the diff'rence. I knowed about God, an' how He made me an' made the airth, an' everythin', an' once I got thinkin' about that, an' I asked my father if God made the fishes. He said 'course He did, the sea an' all that in 'em is; but somehow that didn't seem to mean nothin' much to me, an' I lost my in'trist agin. An' I read the Scrip'ter account o' Jonah an' the big fish, and all that in Job about pullin' out levin' thing with a hook and a stickin' fish spears in his head, an' some parts in them queer books nigh the end o' the old Test'ment about fish-ponds an' fish-gates an' fish-pools, and how the fishes

shall 'fment—everything I could pick out about fishin' an' sech; but it didn't come home to me; 'twas n't my kind o' fishin' an' I didn't seem ter sense it. "But one day—it's more'n forty year ago now, but I rec'lect it same's 'twas yest'day, and I shall rec'lect it forty thousand year from now, if I'm 'round, an' I guess I shall be—I heard—uh—in' diff'rent. I was down in the village one Sunday; it wa'n't very good fishin'—the streams was too full, an' I thought I'd jest look into the metin' house 's I went by. 'Twas the ole union meetin'-house, ye know, an' they hadn't got no reg'lar s'pply, an' ye never knowed what kind ye'd hear, so 'twas kind o' excitin'.

"'Twas late, 'most 'leven o'clock, an' the sarnin' had begun. There was a strange man a preachin', some one from over to the hotel. I never heard his name, I never seed him from that day to this, but I knowed his face. Queer enough I'd seed him a-fishin'. I never knowed he was a min'ster; he didn't look like one. He went about like a real fisherman, with ole clo'es an' an ole hat with hooks stuck in it an' big rubber boots, an' he fished, really fished, I mean—ketched 'em. I guess 'twas that made me liss'n a leetle sharper 'n us'al, for I never seed a fishin' min'ster afore. Elder Jack'n, he said 'twas a sin'ful waste o' time, an' ole Parson Lyomais, he'd an idee it was cruel an' omertiful; so I thought I'd jest see what this man'd preach about, an' I settled down to liss'n to the sarnin'.

"But there wa'n't no sarnin'; not what I'd been raised to think was the on'y true kind. There wa'n't no heads, no lusty nor see'n'dly, nor fly'n' bruthers, but the first thing I knowed I was hearin' a story, an' 'twas a fishin' story. 'Twas about Some One—I hadn't the least idee then who 'twas, an' how much it all meant—Some One that was dres'd fond o' fishin' an' fishermen, Some One that sot everythin' by the water, and useter go along by the lakes an' ponds an' 's'il on 'em, and talk with the men that was fishin'. An' how the fishermen all liked Him, an' asked Him 'dvice, an' done jest 's He telled 'em about the likeliest places to fish; an' how they allers ketched more for mindin' Him; an' how when He was a preachin' He wouldn't go into a big meetin' house an' talk to rich folks all slicked up, but He'd jest go out in a fishin' boat, an' ask the men to shove out a mite, an' He'd talk to the folks on shore, the fishin' folks an' their wives an' the boys an' gals playin' on the shore. An' then, best o' everythin', he telled how when He was a-choosin' the men to go about with Him an' help Him an' larn His ways so 's to come af'er Him, He fust o' all picked out the men He'd seen every day fishin', an' mebbe fished with Hisself; for He knowed 'em an' knowed He could trust 'em.

"An' then he telled us about the day when this preacher come along by the lake—a dres'd slightly place, this min'ster said, he'd seed it hisself when he was trav'lin' in them 'countries—an' come across two men He knowed well; they was brothers, an' they was a-fishin'. An' He jest asked 'em in His pleasant-spoken, frien'ly way—there wa'n't never sech a drawin', takin', lovin' way with any one afore as this man had, the min'ster said—He jest asked 'em to come along with Him; an' they lay down their poles an' their lines an' everythin', and lined Him. An' then He come along a spell further, an' He sees two boys out with their ole father, an' they was settin' in a boat an' fixin' up their tackle, an' He asked 'em if they'd line him, too, an' they jest dropped all their things, an' left the ole man with the boat an' the fish and the bait an' the follerer the preacher. I don't tell it very good. I've read it an' read it sense that; but I want to make ye see how it sounded to me, how I took it, as the min'ster telled it that summer day in Francony meetin'. Ye see I'd no idee who the story was about, the man put it so plain, in common kind o' talk, without any come-to-passes and whuffers an' thuffers, an' I never conceited 'twas a Bible nar'tive.

(To be continued.)

## Sabbath School Work.

## SALMOND'S SHORTER CATECHISM PART II. EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

(Specially prepared for THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.)

129. "THE Decalogue passes at once from life itself to that which is essential to the highest good of life, namely—"

Supply the ellipsis.

130. What is the foundation of the Seventh Commandment?

131. What was the penalty attached in the Mosaic economy for offences against the law of marriage? What other sins were in the same category?

132. Derive and define the words "preservation," "chastity," "behaviour."

133. Comment on the words, "in speech, heart, and behaviour" in the Answer to the Question, "What is required in the Seventh Commandment?"

134. "Words and Actions." Give the substance of Salmond's remarks on this passage.

135. "From the chief—good of life, namely, purity, the Decalogue passes next to the—good of life, which we term—" Supply the ellipsis.

136. Derive and define the word "property."

137. "Scripture shows us that [the

right to property] has its foundations in the will of God." Comment on this statement.

138. Write out the answer to the Question, "What is required in the Eighth Commandment?"

139. Quote proof texts to show that the Bible counsels us to diligence in our several callings.

140. "If the Bible regards property as a right, it represents it also as a trust." Comment on this, directing particular attention to (Acts iv. 34-37) "community of goods."

## LESSON HELPS.

LESSON XI.—June 15th.

THE RICH MAN'S FOLLY.—Luke xii. 13-21.

Commit verses 19-21.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—Take heed and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke xii. 15.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**—It is folly to lay up treasures on earth at the expense of treasures in heaven.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Luke xi. 13-36.

Tu. Luke xi. 37-54.

W. Luke xii. 1-12.

Th. Luke xii. 13-21.

F. 1 Tim. vi. 6-19.

Sa. Ps. lxxiii. 1-28.

Su. Acts v. 1-11.

**TIME.**—November and December, A.D. 29, immediately following the last lesson.

**PLACE.**—Perea, beyond Jordan.

**JESUS.**—About thirty-three years old, on His last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem.

**INTRODUCTION.**—Jesus had been dining with a Pharisee (xi. 37) and discoursing to the guests there. Coming out of the house He found great multitudes awaiting Him. He then began to address His disciples in the hearing of the crowd when He was interrupted by the man referred to at the beginning of the lesson.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—13. One of the company: of the crowd not a disciple. *Speak to my brother:* he thought that one who preached so against sin would be the one to right his wrong. 14. *Who made me a judge:* Christ refused (1) because it was not His business to interfere with personal quarrels, but to declare great principles; (2) because His was a spiritual Kingdom, and to decide the quarrel would have made neither party better, but to draw them to settle it in brotherly love would be great gain, (3) because He was the friend of both. 15. *Covetousness:* greed of more, desire to get more at the expense of others, too great love of money. *It will be his life:* i.e., the happiness, usefulness, value of life. *After the abundance:* what a man is, not what he has, makes him happy and useful. 16. *A certain rich man:* he seems to have been honestly rich, as it came from the fruitfulness of his lands; but even honest riches may be a curse. 17. *Horns:* usually holes in the ground, walled up, with an opening at the top. *All my fruits and my goods:* He would hoard, not use; for the first element in the rich fool's folly. For rot, and rust, and vermin, and decay, in innumerable forms, begin their work with nimble and busy fingers on unused property. 18. *Thou hast with goods laid up for many years:* he counted on a long life; the second element in his folly. We may rightly forecast; but in all our forecasting should consider the uncertainty of life as one of the contingencies to be estimated and allowed for in our plans. This man was such a fool that he did not even know that he must die. *Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry:* he thought to satisfy his soul with granaries and their contents; the third element in his folly. He expected to satisfy that which is immortal, with mortal things; that which was made in the divine image, with the food of beasts. 21. *Rich towards God:* rich in the things God loves; rich in the usefulness and character which makes us children of God, and are treasure in heaven.

**SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER STUDY AND SPECIAL REPORTS.**—Covetousness.—Why Jesus would not interfere.—In what life consists.—Why covetousness is so great an evil.—The sin of the rich man.—His folly.—Treasures for ourselves.—Rich towards God.

## QUESTIONS.

**REVIEW.**—What great truth did Jesus teach in our last lesson? In what period of Christ's ministry was this?

**INTRODUCTION.**—Whom was Jesus instructing at this time? (xii. 1.) What is said of the crowds? About what was Jesus speaking?

**SUBJECT.**—A WARNING AGAINST COVETOUSNESS.

I. AN EXAMPLE OF COVETOUSNESS (vs. 13, 14).—Who interrupted Jesus while He was talking? What shows that the man was covetous and worldly? What did he want of Jesus? What was Jesus' reply? What reasons can you give for Jesus refusing to interfere? How does Christianity treat the great questions that are continually arising between men?

II. A WARNING AGAINST COVETOUSNESS (v. 15).—What is covetousness? What is the evil of it? How is it contrary to the heavenly life? What is the special need of beware of it? Need one be rich in order to be covetous? Meaning of "a man's life." In what does it not consist? In what does it

consist? Why are not the rich so much happier than others?

**SCRIPTURE WARNINGS.**—Look up and read the following warnings against covetousness: Mark vii. 21, 22; Eph. v. 3; Col. iii. 2, 5, 1 Tim. vi. 9, 11, 1 John ii. 15.

III. THE FOLLY OF COVETOUSNESS ILLUSTRATED (vs. 16-20).—About whom was a parable spoken? Why did He speak of a rich covetous man, rather than a poor covetous one? What was the source of this rich man's wealth? Was it honest riches? Can one be covetous and yet be honest? What might he and should he have done with his abundance? (Luke iii. 11; 1 Tim. vi. 18.) What did he do? What did he say to himself? What was wrong in this? Why was he foolish?

IV. THE CURE OF COVETOUSNESS (v. 21).—Who are like this man? How do we lay up treasure for ourselves? Is it wrong to enjoy what God gives us? What is the effect of covetousness on the soul? on the future? (Mal. iii. 9; 2 Cor. ix. 6; Luke xvi. 25.) What is it to be rich toward God? How may we lay up treasure in heaven? (1 Tim. vi. 17-19; Luke xii. 33; Luke xvi. 9.) What is the effect of liberal giving on the character? What promises are made to those who are rich toward God? (Ps. xxxvii. 3, xli. 1, 3, Prov. xix. 17.) How will being rich toward God help us to overcome covetousness?

V. OLD TESTAMENT EXAMPLES.—Lot, Gen. xiii. 10-13; Achan, Josh. vii. 21, Ahab, 1 Kings xxi. 2, 16, Gehazi, 2 Kings v. 20-27.

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. There is danger to the soul, even from things right in themselves.

II. Christ as the friend of all cannot be the champion of a class.

III. The chief sources of happiness are open to poor and rich alike.

IV. The great question of life is not what we have but what we are.

V. God has given us large room in which to store our abundance, the poor, the suffering, the heathen.

VI. Treasures in heaven are the only perfect and lasting riches.

VII. Covetousness turns God's blessings into a curse.—*Ploutet.*

## A GUIDING VOICE.

A TOUCHING story came to us last winter from Minnesota. A farmer, living on the edge of one of the lakes of that State, started to cross it in a small sail-boat one evening after dark.

The wind changed, and a gust overturned the boat when it was in the middle of the lake. The surface of the water was covered with large masses of floating ice.

The farmer was an expert swimmer, and struck out boldly toward that part of the shore where he thought his house stood; but he grew confused in the darkness; and the ice formed rapidly over the whole lake.

He was in a small, quickly narrowing circle, in which he beat about wildly, the chill of death creeping over his body. He gave up at last, and was sinking in the freezing water, when he heard a sound.

It was the voice of his little girl calling him, "Father! Father!"

He listened. The sound of her voice would tell him which way home lay. It put fresh life into him. He thought: "If she would only call once more! But she will be frightened at the dark and cold. She will go in and shut the door."

But just then came the cry, loud and clear: "Father!"

"I turned," said the man afterward, in telling the story, "out in the opposite direction. I had been going away from home. I fought my way; the ice broke before me. I reached the shore at last. But if my dear little girl had not persisted in calling me, though hearing no reply, I should have died there alone under the ice."

The story of many a man's life is like that of this voyage. He sets out happy and eager in the sunshine, to make a passage to his heavenly home, and presently, in the storms and chills of the world, he loses his way and sinks. He is vicious or a drunkard or maddened by money-making; he has lost the faith in God, the love for his neighbour, the hearty fellowship which other men have; he has lost the guiding which the conscience gives; he is sinking down to death in freezing depths.

But there is always one spot warm for him while he lives; there is always one voice calling to him, which, if he will hear and heed, will bring him home. It may be his child, with most men it is the remembrance of their mother. It may be the love of music, or of green growing things, or a hidden reverence for the long neglected Bible. It is often a single, noble, fine trait in himself which gives the lie to his coarser nature.

But whatever it be, when we see the sign of it in any man, however criminal he may have been, we may know that the ice is not yet closed over his soul, and that home still waits for him yonder, and that God has sent His messenger to summon him to come to it.—*E.A.*

MAHMA—"Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday school to-day?"

NELLIE—"That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give twenty cents to buy a present for the superintendent and—that Noah built the ark."

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