

Contributions.

The Castaway.

"Lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

PETER ANDERSON.

Have to the ship, no sail of ours
Again shall court the breeze,
While he who rescued half the crew
Sinks in the sullen seas.
It fitter were that half the rest
Should in mid-ocean drown,
Than that our bravest and our best
Should thus, at last, go down.

He was the bravest mariner
That ever trod a deck;
The tenderest soul who ever saved
The ruined from a wreck.
It surely was some godlike vice
To virtue half akin,
That in a moment's thoughtlessness
Became a thing of sin.

O Master! must we leave him there,
Without the ark that saves—
He who has saved so many souls
From the relentless waves—
He who was ever brave and strong,
And still so good and kind?
To leave him thus for such a wrong
Leaves half our lives behind.

From thenceforth, sail what seas we
might,
To reach whatever marts,
We would be freighted, day and night,
With burdened, breaking hearts.

O Captain! that great loving heart
Must still be kind and true;
Despite some wave of passion wild,
Be loyal still to you.
He who could wish himself accursed
That others he might save,
Is not the man to leave, at last,
To the un pitying wave.

Heave to the ship: it shall not be;
Let every lifeboat down
There shone no purer gem than he
In all the Master's crown.
Throw out the life lines, every one—
Speak peace to this dark sea,
Dear Master, as thou once hast done
To that of Galilee.

Thou still art mighty as before,
And merciful to save,
O give the strength to walk, once more,
Upon the faithless wave.
As kindly lead as thou didst then
That sinking soul to thee,
Till glad hearts welcome back again
The saved one from the sea.

Tell It To Jesus.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

I have often tried to picture to my fancy that scene where the weary Christ lay asleep within the storm tossed boat. So worn was He, that He did not hear the wild dashing of the rain. All oblivious was He to the splashing spray, that beat upon His upturned brow. So tired was He that

the vivid lightning could not break His slumbers, nor could the angry crash of thunder cause him to awake. Even the sinking boat could not disturb Him, because He was so weary.

Sometimes, oh brother, sister, you and I do grow so weary, too weary for any other toil to be added to our portion, too weary to do anything except to lie down to rest. When I am weary, then this picture of the exhausted Christ grows very precious to me. It draws me very near my Saviour's side, for I can feel the comradeship of sympathy. Then it is very easy for me to believe that He is touched with the feeling for my infirmities, because then I know He understands.

But here is the sweetest part of the story for me:

The disciples, who had vainly tried to stem the current of the raging storm, now grow affrighted, and cry out to the sleeping Christ, "Lord save, or we perish." And He, who was too weary to hear the wildest voice of the angry elements, is awake and eager to aid at the very first cry of distress from those whom He loves.

Ah, the rich draughts of comfort to be drawn from this precious picture! I know that no danger can threaten me, but it will bring closer to me the sacred shield of my Saviour's guarding love. I know that evil cannot come to me, because He is watching all my steps. My faintest cry is heard by an ear ever open to hear the feeblest petition my heart can frame. And, whether the storms are wildly raging or whether the sky is bright with stars of promise, still always Jesus hears, still always understands, and always He will shield and save. Remembering this, I gladly join in the Psalmist's song of triumph, and shout with joy, "I fear no evil, for Thou art with me." How can I fear evil when He is so near? Of whom need I be afraid, since He is my shield.

Another precious thought is that whenever I know anxious fear, it is my privilege to cry unto Him. At the first hint of danger, I call to Him, who will always hear and who will always comfort give. I am weary of my journey. I whisper of my weariness to Him, and He answers, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I am tired from carrying the burdens that weight so heavily my aching shoulders. I cry aloud to Jesus, and the answer quickly comes, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." I feel that I must journey on, but the many winding paths confuse me, and soon I have lost my way. But

Jesus hears my earliest cry, and calls to me, "I am the way, child, follow me."

How precious is the love of Jesus! It comforts us in sorrow; it guides us in darkness; it shields us in danger; it saves us in death; and it holds us through all eternity. Wonderful love! And yet we, who have tasted of its sweetness, can often turn away to drink from the poisoned cup which Satan presses to our lips. No wonder the world is so slow to be won to a knowledge of how precious is this saving, redeeming, transforming love, when those who have feasted upon it so often turn away to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

But am I right? Is it those who have "feasted" upon the love of Jesus who ever grow weary of it. I cannot believe it. I cannot believe that one who had really "feasted" at this sumptuous table could ever be content with partaking of meaner food. I verily believe that it is only the disciple who has been following Jesus "afar off" who can ever be tempted to turn aside from following Him at all. To the soul to whom Christ is "all and in all," nothing but Christ will ever suffice. Yet, even if it should be possible for the one who had leaned his head upon the sacred breast, to ever wander, still the empty mockery of all other joys would weary him, and, very soon, he would cry aloud, "Master, save, or I perish." And Jesus, with a meaning, which only the penitent heart of the returned prodigal could properly translate, would whisper, as He rebuked the angry waves of discontent, "Why are ye fearful, oh, ye of little faith?"

Selections.

A Last Word on the School Question.

It seems necessary that we should have another word on this burning subject. *The Northwest Review*, the Catholic organ, congratulates us rather too freely on our article in the last issue of the *Northwest Baptist*. It must never be forgotten that Baptists have no use for separate schools, except such as are maintained wholly by the body, or bodies, in whose interests they are being conducted, and in such a way that national schools will not be impaired. For this reason we oppose the present School Act, because, in our judgment, it provides for separate schools while it professes to establish a purely national system.

It is being vigorously denied by many that our present public schools are sectarian, and in support of this are

quoted the words of the Privy Council, "The Legislature has declared in so many words that the public schools shall be entirely unsectarian, and that principle is carried out throughout the Act." It is quite true that the Act so declares, but it has to be asked, and honestly answered, What construction has the Advisory Board put upon this section of the Act? If, as the clause runs, "The public schools shall be entirely non-sectarian," why should provision be made for districts where Protestant or Catholic trustees are in the majority? A choice is given by the Advisory Board to Boards of Trustees between the Protestant and Catholic versions of the Scripture. If that does not constitute a sectarian differentiation in the so-called public schools of Manitoba, we know nothing about the subject we are dealing with. It is quite true that it is in the power of Trustees to make a school secular and truly national; but it is also in the power of the Trustees, by the decision of the Advisory Board which administers the Act in this respect to make the school *Protestant or Catholic*, to the oppression of the minority, be it Catholic or Protestant. That liberty is given to parents to withdraw their children when religious exercises begin is the most heinous farce perpetrated in the name of liberty, and containing possibilities of torture to a child's sensitive mind which the darkest days of persecution cannot outrival.

Manitoba cannot revert to the condition of things existing prior to 1890. The twenty years between 1870 and 1890 made it abundantly clear to everyone who loved the Province and had any hope for its future, that if Manitoba were to continue under a school system which was born of a rebellion in which French and Metis—vassals of Rome—had the temporary advantage of numbers to enforce their claims, we were out of the race of nations and even provinces, and must be content with taking a back seat and henceforth be regarded as a back number in the issues of civilization. Imagine Manitoba content with such a lot! Imagine Manitoba yielding to any human power in side or outside of her territory which might be foolish enough to suppose it could thus tie us down.

Nothing satisfactory can be born of the present situation. Politics with a vengeance have got a grip on the question. It matters not how the Dominion Cabinet decides; nothing can be settled thereby. If the intention of the constitutional clause, providing for a reference to the Governor-General-in-