

Easter Bells.

Swinging, swinging,
Hear the ringing,
Of the great bells in the steeple,
Listen, listen, O ye people,
For the earth is glad to-day!
Pealing, pealing,
Echoes stealing
Through the great clefts of the mountains
Past the merry-hearted fountains
To the valleys of decay;
Ring, O bells,
Ring in gladness,
Ring out sadness,
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!
Voices calling,
Visions falling,
Through the pearl-embattled portals,
From the Land of the Immortals,
On our blessed Easter Day;
And for Angel,
And Archangel,
This the message that they bring us,
This the challenge that they fling us,
Hail the Saviour, risen to-day!
Ring, O bells!
Ring out blindness,
Ring in kindness,
O ye bells of Easter Day!
Falling lowly,
Lord most holy,
By the Peace that thou hast lent us,
By the Spirit thou hast sent us,
Grant on this thine Easter Day:
Worthward wending,
Voices blending,
That with lips that do not falter,
We may sing beside thine altar,
Of that love that lives away;
Ring, O bells!
Ring out coldness,
Ring in boldness,
For the King of Easter Day!
Ring out again,
Bells ring again!
And the heart finds rest from malice
In the ruby-hearted Chalice
Of the Lord on Easter Day.
Christ is risen,
Christ is risen!
And sin's burden is uplifted,
And the sombre clouds are shifted,
From the shining upward way.
Ring, O bells!
Tell, tell the story,
Ring, ring the glory,
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG.

BY REV. GEORGE J. BOND, EDITOR OF
The Wesleyan.
II.

"An awful night that was, my boys, I assure 'ee—a long, long, weary night. We had hard work to keep any warmth in us; if it hadn't been real mild we'd ha' frozen stiff long afore mornin'. Oh, my! it was an awful, awful night. However, at last it ended, and with the dawn the wind came round, and the fog cleared off. We could now make out the size and shape of the island of ice on which we had struck. It was very large; I suppose half a mile in length and as much in breadth, and part of it very high, and brokea into great spires and towers, like some of the old churches I've seen up the Mediterranean; and at the foot of these was a kind of plain or beach, with a great tongue running out, just under the water, for, I suppose, a hundred yards. It was on this tongue that our vessel had struck, and it being below water she had run a good way up on it with the force with which she struck. This accounted for the way she lurched and hung over before she went down. The upper part of this sloped like a beach, and was strewn with a lot of wreckage, broken spars and planks, and a quantity of other stuff. We soon got over to this place to see if we could find anything washed up that we could eat, and, to our great joy and relief, we found a box of hard bread. It was water soaked, of course, but I tell you it tasted honey-sweet to us, after our long fast and exposure for nearly twelve hours. We found also another of our sealing-punts, or rather the half of one, and our main boom with the sail blew upon it; so we hauled the broken punt as high up as we could get it, in the shelter, and rigged up a sort of tent over it with part of the sail, using the rest to make a bed for the poor fellow who was sick. Then we got together some of the broken wood, and with the help of some dry splinters, shaved off by the use of a clasp knife, we managed to light a fire, making a bed for it on the larger drift-wood, and so we got our clothes dry a bit, and got more comfortable like. We did all we could for poor Jack Green.
"Ah, he was a Christian, if ever there was one, was poor Jack, and he showed it clear enough in that testin' time.

'Don't bother about me, boys,' he'd say. 'I know it won't be for long, and I'm goin' home. Go and mend the punt up, an' I'll try to get a nap o' sleep.' So we covered him up as snug as possible, and patched up our punt as well as we could with bits of the other broken stuff, an' we found four or five oars with the other wreckage, and secured 'em to her, an' hauled her up well on the ice, an' then we sat down and consulted as to what we should do. The old skipper thought we was well in the track of sealin' vessels, and that by taking our punt and rowin' towards the land we'd be likely to be picked up or to reach land before our bread was used up, an', with care, 'twould last near a week; so we decided to start at daylight next morning and to spend the night in our tent, gettin' a night's sleep if we could.

"We all slept soundly till about midnight, when we was woke up with a terrible crash, as if the whole of the ice was comin' to pieces, and we started up thinkin' it was all over with us. 'Twas pitch-dark an' we could make out nothing, but from the sound of the sea and the rollin' of the ice we guessed that there had been a founder, either of the piece we were on or of one near us—they call it founderin', you know, when an island of ice topples over or goes to pieces. Well, there was no use movin', so after awhile we dropped off asleep again, for we was very weary, and we slept till the dawn was in the sky. When we woke, we saw 'twas breezin' up smart, and after makin' a meal on our hard bread we started to get our boat launched, and be off while the wind

then again he sings out, 'Aye, aye, sir!' that loud that he woke up the rest, an' then he sank back, an' I heard no more. I took hold of his hand, and it was cold, and fell from my grasp like lead. He was gone. Sure enough, he had heard his Captain callin' and was gone.

"Well, we didn't sleep any more that night, you may be sure, and next mornin' we took poor Jack's body and put it away in a little cave in the ice, so that we might bring it home if we was rescued. Then we kept watch all day, but saw nothing. So the next day passed, and the next, and the next, until our bread was almost gone, and death seemed starin' us in the face. We was most givin' up, but still life was sweet, and we tried to cheer each other up and hope for the best. One mornin', I mind it well, I was watchin', an' all of a sudden the old skipper sings out: 'Look, look! a sail close to us.' We could hardly believe our eyes, but yet there it was, a schooner bearing down close upon us, but yet some distance to leeward. Could we make her hear? Oh, the anxiety of the next few minutes. Did she hear us, or as she goin' from us? How we shouted and prayed! At last we saw them lower a boat and row in our direction, and in a few minutes more we was safe aboard an' bein' tended and cared for as if we was brothers. And now, boys, my story is done. As I said at the beginnin', that was a changin' time with me, an' I bin' a sailin' ever since under Jack's Captain, and by his grace, I'll reach harbour by-and-bye. Good-night, my sonnies, and God bless you all."



JESUS, MARY AND MARTHA.

was fair. Old Skipper Ned was the first to leave the tent, an' I'll never forget the scared look on his face as he turned round to us just after goin' outside, and said: 'Why, our punt is gone! We're lost men! Our punt is gone!' We was that dumbfounded we could hardly speak, and when we got outside we seen what had happened. A great piece of our iceberg, as you call it, had foundered and had carried away our punt with it. We looked all about for her among the floating ice, but not a sign of her could we see, and it was clear she had drifted off.

"However, there was no help for it, and all we could do was to make the best of it; so we gathered all the wreckage together as high up an' near our shelter as we could. By allowin' each man one biscuit a day they would last a week. We rigged up a bit of the sail on an oar and fastened it up on a pinnacle of the ice, so that any passing ship might see it. Poor Jack had been very bad all day, eatin' nothing, and just drinkin' the melted ice, as though his inside was afire. He was in a burnin' fever, and out of his mind entirely, but even in his ravin's there was nothin' but prayin' and singin' and godly words. Somewhere about the middle of the night I heard him call out, 'Aye, aye, sir,' just as he might aboard ship to an order from the captain or mate. Then he says it again, louder like, 'Aye, aye, sir.' I thought he was dreamin' or wanderin', but in a minute he says, 'Is that you, Tom?' 'Yes, Jack,' I says; 'what can I do for you, boy?' 'Captain's callin' me,' he says. 'You've been dreamin', I think, Jack,' says I; 'can I do any more to make you comfortable?' 'Captain's callin' me, Tom,' he says again. 'He's callin' me. Don't you hear him?' and he rose on his elbow as he spoke, and

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 18. 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.—Luke 6. 37.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Forgiving, v. 21-27.
- 2. Unforgiving, v. 28-35.

Time.—Probably A.D. 29, before our Lord's visit to Jerusalem in the autumn of that year, perhaps six or eight months before the crucifixion.

Place.—Capernaum, in Galilee.

HOME READINGS.

- M. God's mercy.—Matt. 18. 1-14.
- Tu. Gaining a brother.—Matt. 18. 15-22.
- W. A lesson on forgiveness.—Matt. 18. 23-35.
- Th. As you are forgiven.—Eph. 4. 25-32.
- F. Forbearing and forgiving.—Col. 3. 8-15.
- S. Brotherly love.—Rom. 12. 10-21.
- Su. Be merciful.—Luke 6. 27-36.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

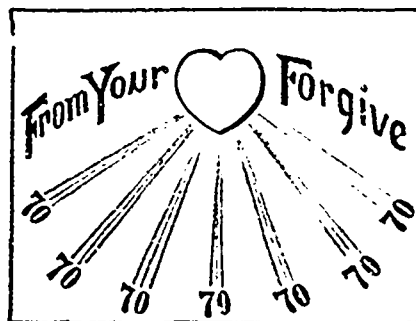
- 1. Forgiving, v. 21-27.
 - What question about forgiveness did Peter ask?
 - What answer did Jesus make?
 - To whom did he liken the kingdom of heaven?
 - What great debt to him did this king discover?
 - Why had not the servant paid the debt?

- What did his lord command to be done?
- What plea did the servant make?
- How was the master affected by the plea?
- What did he do about the debt?
- When only can we hope to be forgiven? Golden Text.
- 2. Unforgiving, v. 28-35.
 - Whom did the forgiven servant seek out?
 - What demand did he make?
 - What plea did his fellow-servant urge?
 - What did the creditor do?
 - Who saw what was done?
 - What did these fellow-servants do?
 - How did the lord address the unforgiving servant?
 - What ought he to have done to his fellow?
 - How was he punished for his unforgiving spirit?
 - Who will condemn us if we are unforgiving?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson may we learn—
 1. Why we ought to forgive?
 2. How we may be forgiven?
 3. Who will be unforgiven?

One day Peter, who was a disciple, which means a learner, asked Jesus a question. He said, "Lord, how often



shall I forgive? Seven times?" Peter thought that was a great many times to forgive, very likely! What do you think? Jesus said, "I say . . . seventy times seven." Did Jesus really mean that we are to keep right on forgiving without an end? Yes, he meant that we are never to have the unforgiving heart, but that we are to forgive our enemies even when they do not care to be forgiven! That is the lesson Peter and the other disciples learned, and that is the lesson we must learn if we are in the school of Christ.

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