



DIVING SUIT.

Abide With Me.

BY REV. J. LAYCOOK.

ABIDE with me—the shadows deepen on the shore,
The sea of death rolls near, my day is o'er;
Hark, now I hear the waves dash on the strand,
O for a light—O for a guiding hand.
Whilst fleck and foam freeze on my aching brow,
Footsteps fall on the beach—Jesus, 'tis thou.

Life's day fades out—the coming darkness of that night,
With leaden clouds would feign my soul affright;
Barren of stars is death, it has no eastern sky,
O for a lamp, O for a guiding eye.
Whilst icy dews distil to cool my brow,
A star shines forth—Jesus, 'tis thou.

The night comes down,—my trembling feet sink in the sand,
Dead and good engulfs—O for a strong right hand;
Voices of angry winds at war with husky waves,
I sink, an arm surrounds, lo Jesus saves!
A voice rebukes the tempest, Jordan's roar,
The calm that follows gives me Canaan's shore.
Waterford, Ont.

Under the Sea.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, now a great and graceful writer of books, was once bent on becoming a civil engineer, a profession in which more than one of his Scottish family have won renown. In his engineering days occurred this experience, of which he has lately written:

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skippers' daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead under each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen under-clothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men, standing there in the midst, but quite divorced from intercourse, a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal-rope was thrust into my unresisting hand, and, setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponder-

ously to descend. Some twenty rounds below the platform twilight fell. Looking up I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, some what opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower I stopped off on the stones of the foundation; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each in his own little world of air stood incommunicably separate.

As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging; overhead a flat roof of green; a little in front the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone. I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of no impact; only swayed idly like a weed, and was now borne helplessly abroad, and now swiftly—and yet with dream-like gentleness—impelled against my guide.—*Methodist Magazine for May.*

Thanksgiving and Praise.

BRIDGE STREET METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATES ITS
HAVING REACHED A MEMBERSHIP OF 817.

"Let us all sing one of the grandest anthems of the Church on earth as the keynote to our feelings to day, as we recall all God's goodness to us as a School," said the superintendent of Bridge Street Methodist Sunday-school, Belleville, at the opening of the school, and then with a volume of voice that had an inspiration in it, the little ones of four and five years old, up to those of seventy and eighty years, joined in singing twice over the doxology, commencing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Then followed the repetition of the Lord's prayer by all, and then hymn and prayer and hymn and prayer, all expressive of gratitude and praise to God, with special thanks for having enabled them to reach a membership of over eight hundred. On entering the school the eye was at once attracted to a large white sheet over the platform, on which, in blue letters, in the form of a pyramid was the following condensed history of the school:

1822, Organized.
1829, Kept open all year after the Hon. B. Flint became Superintendent.
1830, Membership 200

1831, Methodist Episcopal School formed.	
1840, Membership	230
1847, John St. Presbyterian School formed.	
1850, Membership	200
1853, Bleeker St. Methodist School formed.	
1860, Membership	314
1870, "	460
1875, Holloway St. Methodist School formed. School organized into Primary, Intermediate and Senior departments.	
1880, Membership	483
Sunday School Rooms remodeled to present plan.	
1885, Membership	497
1890, "	526
1897, "	654
1898, "	755
1899, "	774
1890, "	817
The classification of this membership is:	
Officers and Teachers	47
Primary Department	105
Intermediate "	254
Senior "	411
Total	817

The large platform was filled with representatives of the Trustee Board and Quarterly Official Board of the church, who had come to rejoice with the school in having a membership of over 800, amongst whom we notice the pastor, Rev. J. M. Hodson, Rev. G. J. Dingman, Rev. Wm. Bird, and Messrs. J. H. Meacham, R. Richardson, John Brenton, G. S. Tickell, W. Flint Jones, D. N. Domill, W. Jeffers Diamond, J. M. Chislett, James Coulson and R. D. Conger. Mayor Tickell was the only speaker and he briefly but appropriately expressed on behalf of all the visitors his pleasure at being again in the school of which he was at one time a teacher, and to note the progress and development of the school.

One of the most interesting features of the gathering was the presence of our esteemed Postmaster Mr. J. H. Meacham, who was one of the first scholars in the school, sixty eight years ago, when then a lad of twelve years old, and who during all the years since has been connected with the school in some way.

The Superintendent, in the few remarks which he made, said that in the history of the school for the past sixty years there were two persons to whom, by common consent, the school owed more to for its enthusiasm, position and character than to any others—the Hon. B. Flint and Mrs. N. Jones. They were thankful for all the evidences they had of God's presence with them, but five years ago they adopted as their motto, "The Sunday-school for every one in the congregation and every one in the congregation in the Sunday-school," and so as yet were but half way to the realization of that ideal, this gathering would be an incentive to that and in closing they would sing as their motto the hymn commencing,

To the work! To the work! We are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod,
With the balm of his counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

—*Daily Intelligencer*, April 14th.

A Cry that Brought Salvation.

AN Evangelist said: "I was once addressing a Gospel meeting, and at the close of it a little girl came to me and earnestly said, 'Please, sir, I want to come to Jesus.' 'Then come in here and just kneel, and ask him to take you,' I replied, pointing to the ante-room. We went in together, and the child knelt and prayed this short, effective, and most personal prayer, 'Jesus Christ save me.' As she pleaded, the tears flowed freely; but at length, as on an April day, the sun shone forth in the midst of the shower. And, rising from her knees with a most radiant face, she joyously exclaimed, 'Jesus has heard me; Jesus has saved me.' And she left the hall 'a new creature' in him. For a long time I could not forget that prayer, the pointlessness of it; there was no going round about, but simply 'Jesus—me.'"