

**A Time of Gladness.**

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

There never was such gladness,  
As comes with Easter-tide,  
For everything seems living  
That in the autumn died;  
And we who feel within us  
Death either far or near,  
Can look along the future,  
Forgetting pain and fear,  
For Christ, with joy of Easter Day,  
Bids care and sorrow pass away.

Oh, merry is the singing,  
Of bird-songs new and old,  
And merry is the playing  
Of lumps about the fold;  
And merry is the rushing  
Of free sun-lighted rills,  
And merry are the breezes  
That sweep across the hills;  
And everything is full of mirth  
When Easter-blessing wakes the earth.

It is the resurrection  
That follows after death,  
Which moves the life below the sod,  
And stirs spring's balmy breath;  
And flowers arise in thousands  
To answer to its call,  
For everything is happy  
That God is over all;  
And Easter is his gift to men,  
To teach them they shall live again.

Mild primroses and violets,  
The while they take their way,  
They read the Father's promise,  
And trust the coming day;  
For shadows are but passing,  
And transient is the night,  
And the day that lasts forever  
Is gloriously bright;  
And death no heart shall enter in  
When that glad Easter shall begin.

Accept our thanks, Lord Jesus,  
For all thy mighty love,  
And for thy great salvation,  
And for our home above;  
Oh, teach us how to serve thee,  
And evermore to be  
As faithful, loving servants,  
Devoted unto thee;  
Living, because our Lord has died,  
In the full joy of Eastertide.

**ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG.**

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

**I.**

Tom Grant was an old weather-beaten salt, who, for many a year, had given up the sea, and was ending his days in a little white cottage just above one of those broad and curving beaches that slope so picturesquely down to the waters of Boston Bay. Many a summer's evening you would find him seated on an upturned boat by the water's edge, and surrounded by a group of bright-faced boys, eagerly watching him, as his deft fingers carved out boats and clippers for their amusement, or listening, with great round eyes full of childhood's awe and wonder, as he told them stories of his past life—of the strange lands and peoples he had seen, or the stirring and startling adventures through which he had calmly passed. One lovely evening in the beginning of August, as the setting sun was lighting up the distant city and flashing upon the gilded dome of the State House, the old man's eyes were fixed upon it with more than passing interest apparently, for a sigh escaped his lips, as he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked steadily at the sunlit dome.

"Come, Uncle Tom," exclaimed one of the boys, "do tell us a story to-night, we have an hour yet before we have to go indoors, and there's lots of time to tell us a good long story."

This appeal was warmly seconded by the rest of the little company, and the old man, glancing lovingly over the earnest faces, looked up once more at the brilliantly lighted dome, and, pointing towards it with his finger, said: "Well, my sonnies, I was thinkin', and that 'ere dome brought it to my mind, of somethin' that happened to me many long years ago—somethin' that changed my whole life; an' I'll just tell you about that, I think. You know, although I'm an Englishman, I spent a good many years down there in Newfoundland, and you've heard me tell, lots o' times, about the seals and the codfish down in that country. Well, just forty-five years ago this very spring, I was shipped in a brig called the Skipwith, out of the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, for the sealing voyage—goin' to the ice, as they called it down there. We left port somewhere about the first of March, and for a few days had fair winds and open waters, but the wind changing, we got jammed in the ice off the mouth of White Bay, an' there we stuck for three

mortal weeks, without bein' able to move an inch. Day after day the wind plinned the ice dead on the land, blowin' almost a gale, an' the ice nipped up so tight, we was afeared the ship would be crushed. However, at last the wind veered, an' we got clear, an' began lookin' about for seals. It wasn't long before we saw signs of 'em, an' followin' up a lead of water we came upon 'em—great lots of 'em, too, an' in prime order.

"We worked hard, I tell 'ee; out all day, early an' late, killin' and sculpin' an' haulin' 'em aboard; and they was that plenty that we soon had our vessel full, an' was thinkin' of bearin' up for home. We was loaded so deep that it was dangerous to be in any kind of a sea, for the skipper was that eager to make up for lost time that he piled 'em aboard until the decks was full, and there was hardly room to move about. So we bore up for home with a nice, light breeze behind us, and was rejoicin' at the thought of the fine load of pelts we'd managed to get, after being jammed up so long. 'Twas well on to the beginnin' of April when we got the seals, and the weather was gettin' mild and pleasant, so we bowled along nice and steady for two or three days, for there was enough ice about to keep the water smooth.

"We passed some terrible heavy ice—big islands of it, some of 'em bigger than the State House, and shinin' in the sun much like the dome was shinin' a few minutes ago, afore the sun went down. Everything went well until we were about sixty miles from St. John's, an' hopin' to be in next day, when, all of a sudden, the wind chopped round to

and knew she was goin' down immediate. There was no time to do anything, there was no time to think of doin' anything. Oh! the awful sounds of that minute. I'll never forget it to the day of my death; the crashing of timbers, the hoarse 'oto of the sea against the ice, the swirl of the waters as they sucked in our good ship, and, above all, the shrieks and cries of many poor fellows on her deck, as, in a moment, they was swept down to their death. I'll never forget it—never," and the old man's voice broke down, and the tears rolled over his cheeks, while the awe-stricken children looked at him, with solemn faces and quivering lips.

"Well, my dears," he continued, after a pause, drawing his sleeve across his eyes as he spoke, "I thought it was all up with me at that moment, and, indeed, I hardly had time to say, 'God have mercy on me,' when the water closed over me, and I felt myself going down, down, down, ever so far, with the section of the sinking vessel. I must have lost myself somewhat, for the next thing I know I was strikin' my head sharply against something, and I found myself afloat and close to a large piece of floating timber. I laid hold of it and climbed on top, and I found it was a bit of a broken yard, and that it would bear me up well. It was almost night, and I could scarcely see anything for the thick fog and growing darkness, as I peered anxiously round and listened, in hopes of seeing or hearing something of the other poor fellows. I shouted again and again, an' my voice seemed to come back to me from the big island of ice like the echo you boys often hear among



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

the south'ard and blew a perfect gale. Well, we was that top-heavy and deep that there was no facin' the wind, an' all there was to do was to 'bout ship and try to run afore it. 'Twas early mornin' when the wind changed, an' we had a terrible day of it, I tell 'ee—think o' fog so you couldn't make out the men on the bow when you stood amidships, and we labourin' along so deep and unwieldy with our heavy load.

"We kept our eyes open that day, I tell 'ee. As evenin' came on, the skipper called us all up, and he says, 'Well, men, you can see as well as I do that things is pretty ugly lookin'. All we can do is trust in God, and keep as good a lookout as possible. There's one thing, though, we must do, and that is to get rid of this top-hammer. Masters o' watch, get your men in order, to port and starboard, and pitch all the deck-load overboard. That'll lighten the ship a good bit, and give us more standin' room fore and aft.' 'Twasn't pleasant work, my boys, you may be sure, to throw into the sea what had cost us so much time and toll to get. 'There goes twenty shillin's,' says one fellow, as he flung a pelt over, 'and there goes thirty,' he says again, as he flung a bigger one overboard. 'Never mind your shillin's,' says another. 'Take care your own pelt don't go over. Better throw over the seals than lose your life. It's no use talkin' of what we're losin' when we don't know the minute we'll be gone ourselves.'

"Well, he hadn't more than got the words out, when there came a frightful crash that made us shiver from stem to stern, and then the ship seemed to be lifted up bodily and let down again. She keeled over on her side and came down with an awful noise, and then her bows pitched right up in the air, an' I heard a rush of water over her stern

the hills. Not a sound of a human voice but my own could I hear. Again and again I shouted, and had well-nigh given up, when I thought I heard a sound like an answering shout not far from me, and then, listening, I heard the sound of rowing, and made out a punt, with three or four men in it, coming through the slob towards me. I gave one more shout, and then I must have fainted, for I remember no more till I found myself on board the punt with one o' the crew loosenin' my collar, and I heard the voice of old Skipper Ned Smith, the master of my watch, sayin', 'Now, my boys, we can't keep the punt afloat much longer, there's nothing for it but to make for the island of ice, and see if we can haul her up and mend her.'

"By the time we reached the island of ice I was better again, and able to look around me. The punt we were in was sadly smashed and half-full of water, and, instead of oars, the men were using pieces of broken board. There were just five of us: the old skipper, Ned, and myself, aft, two of the crew, strangers to me, rowing, and a poor fellow lying all of a heap in the bow, and groanin' heavily, as if in terrible pain. 'Is this all?' I asked, wildly; 'where are the rest?' 'Gone, my son, gone down to the bottom with the old Skipwith,' said the old man, sadly. 'We four had just time to cling on to this punt, as she went down under our feet, and poor Jack there got nearly killed by one of the yards falling partly on him just as she foundered. I don't believe there's another man saved, for the slob is so thick just where she went down that they'd hardly get to the surface when they rose.' Well, we hauled up our boat on the ice as far as we could, an' then, huddled together as close as we could get to keep the life in us, we waited for the daylight.

**Easter Lilies.**

O where are the tall, white lilies,  
That grew by the garden wall?  
We wanted them for Easter—  
And here is not one at all!

Down in the bare, brown garden,  
Their roots lie hidden deep,  
And the life is pulsing through them,  
Although they seem to sleep:

And the gardener's eye can see them  
Those germs that hidden lie—  
Shine in the stately beauty  
That shall clothe them by-and-bye.

Even so, in our hearts are growing  
The lilies the Lord loves best,  
The faith and the trust and the patience  
He planteth in the breast.

Not yet is their full, sweet blossom,  
But he sees their coming prime,  
As they will smile to meet him  
In earth's glad Easter-time!

The love that striveth toward him,  
Through earthly gloom and chill,  
The humble, sweet obedience,  
Through darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,  
Precious and fair and sweet,  
We may bring to our risen Saviour,  
And lay at his blessed feet.

—Wide Awake.



**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON III.—APRIL 17.**

**THE TRANSFIGURATION.**

Matt. 17. 1-9. Memory verses, 1-3.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.—John 1. 14.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Glorious Saviour, v. 1, 2.
  2. The Heavenly Voice, v. 3-5.
  3. The Fearful Disciples, v. 6-9.
- Time.—Probably in A.D. 29.  
Place.—Probably on one of the peaks of Mount Hermon.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The transfiguration.—Matt. 17. 1-9.
- Tu. The beloved Son.—Mark 1. 1-11.
- W. The Father's testimony. John 5. 19-32.
- Th. Peter's remembrance.—2 Peter 1. 15-21.
- F. Glory of Christ.—Heb. 1.
- S. The heavenly glory. Rev. 1. 9-18.
- Su. God manifested.—John 1. 1-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY**

1. The Glorious Saviour, v. 1, 2.  
What three disciples did Jesus take with him to a mountain?  
What there occurred to Jesus?  
What about his face, and what about his raiment?  
What did John afterward say? Golden Text.  
What did Peter afterward say? 2 Peter 1. 17, 18.
2. The Heavenly Voice, v. 3-5.  
What two saints did the disciples see?  
What were they talking about? Luke 9. 31.  
What did Peter say about being in such company?  
What did he propose to make?  
While Peter spoke what did the disciples see?  
What did they hear?
3. The Fearful Disciples, v. 6-9  
What effect had the voice on them?  
Was this strange?  
Who next spoke to them?  
What did Jesus say?  
When they arose whom did they see?  
What did Jesus charge them not to do?  
Can you guess why?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That death does not end all?
  2. That we shall know each other in heaven?
  3. That Jesus is our only Saviour?