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cubs, seals, plover and swans, and brought on board two beautiful cygnets alive, besides wild fowl which had fallen to their guns. Amongst their "finds" were some not quite so pleasant, namely, mosquitoes and other winged tormentors. One of the men had picked up a piece of ore, to our uneducated eyes resembling silver, and another had put, one in each pocket, the skulls of two little Esquimaux children, which he had found protruding from what was apparently a grave once covered by stones.

I need hardly say that it had not been without longing, nay, with almost envious eyes, we younger ones had watched the boats conveying the exploring parties ashore. It seemed cruel to be so near "Robinson Crusoe Land" and yet to be forbidden to enter therein. The limitations of sex were hard to bear, but had to be borne nevertheless, for even in the Arctic seas what "can't be cured must be endured." The North Bluff was the rendezvous of the sister ships, and a pleasant break it was when the boat of the Prince Albert brought the commodore and some of the passengers on board the Prince of Wales as our guests, before we came to the parting of the ways, when the former must head for Moose, whilst the latter would make for York Factory, the haven where we would be.

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

### "When Lubin is Away."

"I cannot mind my wheel, mother, when Lubin is away!" And what about Lubin, and what about the sheep upon the hills which Lubin is or should be minding? If he, like his bonnie sweetheart, has for awhile lost himself in the land of dreams and forgotten his shepherd's crook and his wandering flock, we may find some excuse for Lubin in the sweet face of his sweetheart. It is a good and intelligent as well as a bonnie one, and we may safely predict a happy home presently for the dear old mother, whose patiently quizzical look the artist has so cleverly caught, for she knows (who better?) that when the maiden's day dreams end in their blessed reality there will be no wheel less neglected and nothing left undone which can make the cottage Lubin is preparing for his bride the brightest and sunniest upon the hill-side.

H. A. B.

### Be Happy.

"Tis better to laugh than to cry, dear—  
A proverb you'll grant me is true;  
Tis best to forget to be sad, dear;  
The heart's ease is better than rue.

"Tis best to be glad for what is, dear,  
Than to sigh for the things which are  
not;  
Tis braver to reckon the joys, dear,  
Than the trouble that falls to your  
lot.

"Tis more to be good than be great,  
dear;  
To be happy is better than wise;  
You'll find if you smile at the world,  
dear,  
The world will smile back in your  
eyes."

"Give me my work to do,  
And peace of the task well done;  
Youth of the spring and its blossom-  
ing,  
And the light of the moon and sun.

"Pleasure of little things  
That never may pall or end,  
And fast in my hold no lesser gold  
Than the honest hand of a friend."

A priest asked, when examining a class in the south of Ireland, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" "It's a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "That," said the curate, is purgatory; put her down to the bottom of the class. "Leave her alone," said the parish priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."



### The Attraction of Christ.

"Whatsoever spark  
Of pure and true in any human heart  
Flickered and lived—it burned itself to-  
wards Him  
In an electric current, through all bonds  
Of intervening race and creed and time—  
And flamed up to a heat of living faith  
And love, and love's communion, and the  
joy  
And inspiration of self-sacrifice!  
And drew together in a central coil  
Magnetic, all the noblest of all hearts,  
And made them one with Him, in a live  
flame."

A few days ago I attended a missionary convention in Toronto, and, as I joined with more than a thousand fellow Christians in eating the Lord's Supper, I could not help thinking how grand must be the sum total of that great multitude which no man can number, gathered from all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, which is drawn by a mysterious but irresistible attraction after Christ. Talk about the age of miracles being over! This divine spell is a continual miracle, in every century since the first two disciples left John the Baptist to follow One who had not even spoken to them. Think of those words which seemed so impossible of fulfilment: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," and then think how wonderfully this Man has drawn to Himself the hearts of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Napoleon once said that he had inspired men so that they were willing to die for him; but they must see and hear him before the fire of enthusiasm could be kindled, and even then it soon died out, for he complained sadly, "My army has forgotten me while I am still living." He said he was sure Christ must be more than man, for at this hour millions of men would die for Him—millions who had never seen His face nor heard His voice.

The attraction of Christ is still as

enough to deny that there is some real, though invisible, influence attracting it. Though every needle may not feel this attraction, every magnetized needle does, and it could not possibly be accidental that for hundreds of years every magnetized needle that is free to move should always point unerringly in the same direction. Neither can it possibly be accidental, that for so many centuries millions of men, differing in everything else, have felt and acknowledged the mighty force which draws them to Christ. This fact stands without the faintest shadow of a parallel in history. No other man has ever won the passionate devotion of multitudes who have never seen him nor heard his voice.

Once when a surgeon was probing for a ball in the breast of a member of Napoleon's body-guard, the wounded soldier said, "Go a little deeper and you'll find the emperor." But only Christ Himself knows in how many hearts He dwells supreme. How many burdened souls can say:

"Over the narrow footpath  
That led from my lowly door,  
I went with a thought of the Master,  
As oft I had walked before.  
My heart was heavily laden,  
And with tears my eyes were dim;  
But I knew I should lose the burden  
Could I get a glimpse of Him."

Then think how wonderful it is that this attraction of Christ should be personal and individual. He does not win men in the mass, but attracts them one by one. "Draw me, we will run after Thee!" the King hath brought me into His chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in Thee, we will remember Thy love more than wine: the upright love Thee." Solomon seems to mix up his singular and plural pronouns in this sentence, and yet how exactly they express the truth. Each one can say to Christ—Draw "me." Each can say—The King hath brought "me" into the secret place of His dwelling—for He



When Lubin is Away.

(G. G. Kilburne.)

powerful as ever. Every day new disciples are drawn into the mysterious current of love to Him which has carried away with a glorious enthusiasm men, women and children for nearly two thousand years. This is a fact which no sceptic can deny. You may twist and turn a compass how you will, but as soon as it is left to itself the needle turns toward the north. We cannot see any force drawing it always in that one direction, but no one would be foolish

has a special attraction and a special message for each soul, "which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." On the other hand, in spite of our many disputes and points of difference, we can join together in saying—"We" will run after Thee, "we" will be glad and rejoice in Thee, "we" will remember Thy love. When I first began to write for the "Advocate," I was warned not to air my pet prejudices any more than I could help, as they might clash

with the prejudices of many of our readers. The truth is that instead of showing a united front against unbelief, we spend a great deal of time and energy in quarreling with other Christians. But surely all true Christians—of every denomination—are one in their love of the Master. "The spell of Christ—hast thou felt its fascination? Little children seek Him, young men and maidens in life's early promise are drawn by Him, men and women in the strength of their maturity, with all their heart and soul and mind and strength, mastered by this fascination are following Him."

"Not the pearly gates attract us,  
Not the streets of shining gold;  
'Tis the 'Altogether Lovely'  
Whom we languish to behold:  
Object of supreme affection,  
Central source of Heaven's perfec-  
tion."

I will only mention one example, out of many that might be given, to illustrate the mighty strength of the secret, invisible spell by which the Master draws men after Him. Many hundreds of years ago an order was sent out that every soldier in the Roman army must offer sacrifice to the emperor or die. Of course every Christian considered such sacrifice to be idolatry, and there were many soldiers of Christ in the Roman legions. One centurion found that forty men in his band were ready to die for Christ, but quite determined not to offer sacrifice to any other man. He ordered them out to the center of a frozen lake, with the choice of staying there and freezing to death, or returning to the warmth of the camp-fire and renouncing their Master. Boldly those brave men marched forth to die, clothed only in the robe of righteousness. The centurion watched them as they fell on their knees on the ice, and he wondered to hear their victorious shout: "Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ, claim for Thee the victory, and from Thee the crown."

Hour after hour crept slowly on, and the night grew colder and colder, but still the shout went up: "Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ!" But as the centurion watched, he saw one half-frozen man creep away from the rest and crawl towards the camp. One had given in, but the others did not know that their number was incomplete, and still the song arose to heaven: "Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ!" Then was shown the wonderful power of the attraction by which men are drawn, in spite of themselves, to the feet of Christ. The iron will of the Roman officer was conquered by that silent influence which he was powerless to resist. He threw aside his cloak and joined the band of martyrs, raising his voice with theirs in the triumphant shout: "Forty wrestlers wrestling for Thee, O Christ!" One had deserted from the ranks, but the gap had been quickly filled and the number made up.

Who can read this inspiring record without feeling stirring within him something of the matchless spell which has drawn men in all ages to be ready at any moment to yield their bodies that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own God.

The great army which follows the greatest Leader the world has ever known, is growing larger every day—are you a loyal member of it?

"Our fellow-travellers still  
Are gathering on the journey! the bright  
electric thrill  
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent  
and more sweet,  
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in  
true and tender beat.  
And closer yet, and closer, the golden  
bonds shall be,  
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure  
sincerity;  
And wider yet, and wider, shall the cir-  
cling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God,  
that mighty love to know."

HOPE.