

men looked at the waves, then at each other, and they saw that the boat could not float. As they stood silent, and wondering what to do, a great cry came from the ship, and looking round they saw that part of her stern had broken off and was sinking very fast.

Then those brave Orkney men ran for a boat; they could not bear to see the poor sailors die, and would rather risk their own lives than not try to save them. They pushed the boat into the water, and jumped into it. But a great wave lifted the boat up and then threw it down, down, down, and it was upset, flinging the men into the sea. With great difficulty they reached the shore. Twice again they tried to launch the boat, without success.

At last the sailors on board the ship managed, by means of a rocket, to throw a rope to the men on the beach, who made it fast; and the poor sailors crept along it, one by one, and so were saved, all but the captain, who went down by the stern of the ship, and one little boy, named Jack, who refused to venture on the rope. The poor little fellow was afraid to trust himself to such a frail-looking thing as the swinging cord, with nothing but the raging waves beneath. The kind sailors begged him to try, telling him if he did not he would certainly be drowned before morning; but he steadily refused. They all said, "Good-by," very sadly, and left little Jack to his fate.

Next morning, when the sailors and fishermen awoke, they saw part of the ship still above water, and, as the storm had abated, they took a boat and put off to the wreck, to see what they could save. Upon entering the cabin, what was their surprise and joy to see little Jack sleeping peacefully in his bunk; they roused him, and he sat up, exclaiming, "You have come to take me ashore! have you not? I knew you would be sent."

"But we were *not sent*," said the men. "What do you mean, Jack? Who sent us? And how did you know we would be sent?"

"Why! does not the Bible say, 'Ask and ye shall receive?' So, last night, I asked God to bring me safe to land, and I knew if I believed He would do what I asked. I *did* believe, and now He has sent you for me."

The sailors brought Jack ashore, also a poor little dog belonging to the captain.

On hearing the story of the wreck, I went to see the men, and offer what assistance I could. I asked Jack if he was not afraid to remain in the sinking ship alone.

"Oh, no, sir!" he said, simply; "I knew that God could take care of me there as well as in my own home."

And you see, my dear little folks, he did take care of the boy who loved and trusted Him; and will He not take care of you, if you love and trust Him too?

I took the poor captain's dog home with me. He is very clever, and does such funny things! I am getting quite proud of him.

THE ORPHAN.

An orphan, Lord, to Thee I come;
Be thou my Father, heaven my home.
No parent's hand to help is near,
But Thou an orphan's cry wilt hear.
Though weak and helpless, may I see
Father and Guardian, both in Thee.

THE WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

The Church calls us every day this week to meditate upon our Lord's sufferings. In the Lessons, Epistles, and Gospels are collected those portions of Holy Scripture which refer to this subject to the end that with penitent hearts and firm resolution of dying to sin we may attend our Saviour through the several stages of his bitter passion. In Germany and Denmark they call the week by the beautiful name of the *Still Week*, because expressive of the quiet hours given up to prayer and cessation (as far as possible) from labour. "Holy" and "still" should this week be to every working man who belongs to the Church of England. Before the day's work begins or when the day's work is ended, there may be found many quiet moments for prayer. Call the good wife and little ones round you; hear them sing

the beautiful hymns they will have learned at school; read with them; pray with them, using the collects in the Prayer Book. Above all, teach them by your example to spend Good Friday well. Don't be ashamed of being a Christian; don't spend in merry-making the "Good" day on which your Saviour Jesus Christ died for you. Have the courage to say "no" if you are asked to play cricket, or spend the day out; spend it in "still" "holy" fashion, go often to the Church invite your neighbours to go with you. You want a holiday? Well wait till Easter Monday. You will enjoy your holiday then all the more: you will enjoy it as a Christian man can and should. Easter thoughts of joy and gladness following on the "holy stillness" of the previous days will bring to you a peace and contentment unknown to those who live without God in the world.

WHERE CONVICTS COME FROM.

A short time since, a young man condemned to die for murder, lay in a prison-cell awaiting the day of execution. A kind lady who had heard of his condition, visited him several times and sought to lead him to penitence and faith in Jesus as his only hope. On one occasion the lady was accompanied by her little son, who spoke kindly to the poor prisoner, and offered him some fruit. The man seemed much affected by the grace and gentleness of the child, and drawing him towards him, said, as the tears ran freely down his cheeks, "My dear child, let me tell you what brought me here. It was disobeying my parents, then breaking God's holy day, drinking and gambling, and at last murder, that grew out of the other two. Never forget this, if you would not be where I now am, and tell all your playfellows to take warning by my sad fate. Always obey your parents, keep holy the Lord's day, and turn, as from the evil one himself, from any who would persuade you to enter a gambling-house or engage in a game of chance. These are the things that fill the prisons of earth, and crowd the gates of hell with victims."

THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A Sunbeam and zephyr were playing about
One spring, ere a blossom had peeped from the stem,
When they heard, underground, a faint, fairy-like shout—
'Twas the voice of a field-daisy calling to them

"Oh, tell me my friends has the winter gone by?
Is it time to come up? Is the crocus there yet?
I know you are sporting above and I sigh
To be with you and kiss you; 'tis long since we met.

"I've been ready this great while, all dressed for the show;

I've a gem on my bosom as pure as a star,
And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow,
And I mean to be greater than crocuses are"

—Cetywayo, the Zulu king, is of a fierce and bloody nature. The promises he made some time ago to rule more mercifully have not been kept, and he now denies having made them. In his recent reply to remonstrances from the representative of the Natal government he said:—"I do kill, but do not consider yet I have done anything in the way of killing. Why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun; I have yet to kill; It is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it. My people will not listen unless they are killed; and while wishing to be friends with the English, I do not agree to give over my people to be governed by laws sent to me by them. Go back and tell the white man this, and let him hear it well. The Governor of Natal and I are equal. He is governor of Natal and I am governor here." Evidently Cetywayo is a man of decided character. The remonstrance was sent in reference to some special cruelties practiced upon women, and other wanton barbarities.

—Children have more need of models than of critics.—*Joubert*.

At a recent public meeting, the Duke of Westminster said that in some cases great scandal and abuse still attached to the pew system. He knew a case where, even at the present time, nearly all the pews were let, and the poor were excluded; and practically there was no room for their poor in some of the parish churches. He said this was a monstrous state of things, but it was one they hoped soon to see remedied. There were many pew holders who held the best positions in the Church, who in grim selfishness refused to allow other people to come in, though it often happened there was plenty of room in those pews.

We should keep the treasure of God's Word carefully in our hearts. If we have it only in our houses, or in our hands, enemies may take it from us; if only in our heads, our memory may fail us, and we may lose it; but if it be in our hearts, its truths impressed on our souls, it is in a safe place and no man can take it away from us. God's word is never to be given up.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.

Let no man think or maintain that a man can search too far or be too well studied in the Book of God's Words, or in the Book of God's Works; but rather let men endeavor an endless progress or proficiency in both; only let men beware that they apply both to charity, and not to grovelling; to use, and not to ostentation.—*Bacon*.

—Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can. Leave your child a child just as long as you can—especially if you live in the city. Be not in haste to force your child into premature development by intelligence or by anything else. Let it be a child, and not a little ape of a man running about.

—It is the peculiar province and glory of Gospel grace to humble every believer in the dust and from gratitude and love to produce the best obedience.—*Venn*.

—If you think you can come to Christ or do any good thing without the Holy Ghost, you have never yet thought to know yourself; you are without strength.

—Leave company when you find you have lost by it, and see that you cannot improve it. Go not in the way of evil men.

—The virtue of patience bears such a preponderance in the things of God, that we can neither fulfil precept or do any acceptable work without it.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BIRTH.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., the wife of the Rev. Wm. Le B. McKiel, Rector of Douglas and Bright, of a son.

MARRIED.

St. Peter's Church, Barton, by Rev. G. A. Bull, M.A., Thomas Beckett and Miss Agnes Hannah Rymal, fourth daughter of John Rymal, Esq., all of Barton.

DEATH.

March 6th, Aldington Rectory, near Hythe, Kent, England; Isabella, wife of the Rev. G. J. Blomfield, aged 54, sister of C. J. Blomfield, Esq., of Toronto.

In Barton, on the 25th March, after a short illness, in a true faith, Alfred James Spicer, aged 22 1/2 years.

Entered into rest, in Glanford, February 20th, Mrs. Elizabeth (Huffman) Gage, widow of John Gage, in her 73rd year.