

## Easter.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

THAT day, when Christ, our Lord, was slain,  
I wonder if the children hid, and wept in  
grief and pain:

Dear little ones, on whose fair brows his  
tender touch had been,  
Whose infant forms had nestled close his  
loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful  
little feet

When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in  
Joseph's garden sweet,  
And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dim-  
pled cheeks grew white,  
When he who suffered babes to come was  
prisoned from the light.

But haply, ere the sleeping world on Easter  
dawn had stirred,

Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked  
the earliest bird,

Some little child whom Jesus loved in slum-  
ber may have smiled,

By fanning of an angel's wing to happy  
dreams beguiled.

For, hastening down from heaven above while  
still the east was gray,

The joyful Easter angels came to pause  
where Jesus lay:

So shining, strong, and beautiful they swept  
along the skies,

But veiled their faces in the hour that saw  
our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and scarce  
for tears can see,

The angels of the Easter time are sent our  
help to be:

And doubtless he whose task it is to roll the  
stone away

Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a  
presence sweet to day.

With beaming looks and eager words the  
glad surprise he gave

To those who sought their buried Lord, and  
found an empty grave;

For truly Christ had conquered death, him-  
self the Prince of Life,

And none of all his followers shall fail in any  
strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter  
garlands twine,

And bring your precious Easter gifts to  
many a sacred shrine,

And chant with voices fresh and clear—the  
seraphs singing too—

In homage to the Mighty One who died and  
rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to  
mounds of green and low,

Your hands o'erbrimmed with snowy flowers,  
in blithe processions go:

And, better still, let offerings of pure young  
hearts be given

On Easter day to him who reigns the king  
of earth and heaven.

## Easter Emblems.

This butterfly, with gold and azure wings,  
Floating above its shattered silken cell;  
The bulb in the Lily, that, rejoicing, swings  
The snowy censer of its perfumed bell;  
The happy-hearted bird that soars and sings  
From the curved cradle of its tinted shell;  
And every early wild-wood flower that  
springs

For joy, to feel the earth's warm bosom  
swell:

All, all, are Easter emblems, Heavenly  
things

That to the grieving heart this message  
tell.

"Lo' Christ is risen! from the grave he  
brings

That sweet soul whom thou lovest. All  
is well!"

MRS. L. G. McVEAN.

CAPTAIN SAM'S TWO EASTER  
SUNDAYS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND.

"YES, SIR. Yes, sir. Bin goin' to  
sea, boy an' man, for five an' forty  
year. Seen a power o' knockin' about,  
 afore the mast, and behind it, too, for  
that matter. Not all smooth sailin',  
 or fair winds, I tell 'ee. No 'n-deed,  
 no 'n-deed. Bin shipwrecked a matter  
 o' five times; knocked overboard twice;  
 had yellow Jack down in the Brazils  
 an' fever an' agur up the Mediter-  
 ranean; six weeks in hospital at Cadiz  
 wi' a broken leg—fell down the hold  
 when we was loadin' salt there—an'  
 over two months in Gibraltar hospital  
 'nother time wi' broken ribs an' broken  
 arm from the stroke of a sea. Bin under  
 the weather. I tell 'ee, in my time, aye,  
 I have sure. Five an' forty year is a  
 long time to be goin' to sea, 'twas I  
 may say, constant;—goin' foreign  
 voyages you know, summer an' fall,  
 an' goin' to th' Ice every spring, every  
 single spring but one, and then God  
 kep' me from goin' if ever He kep' any  
 one. It was this 'ore sir. Ye see"  
—but here I must stop the story, until  
 I have introduced the narrator to my  
 readers.

Samuel Barter, Master mariner—or,  
 to give a more widely known title,  
 Captain Sam Barter,—or, better still,  
 one which was familiar as a household  
 word for miles and miles around, Cap-  
 tain Sam,—was a bluff, hearty, hardy  
 old seaman, a splendid specimen of a  
 class now nearly passed away—the old  
 Conception Bay sea captains—men  
 who were wont to bring home from  
 the Newfoundland seal fishery huge  
 loads of "fat," in those palmy days  
 before the substitution of steamships  
 for sailing vessels utterly changed and  
 well-nigh spoilt that once prolific  
 source of wide-spread labour and wage;  
 and then to take these same stalwart  
 ships over many a league of ocean, to  
 many a quaint port of old world or  
 now, in many a varying temperate or  
 tropic clime—laden with one or other  
 of the country's staples—sealskins and  
 seal-oil to London or Liverpool or  
 Bristol; codfish in bulk to Mediter-  
 ranean ports—ports of sunny Spain, or  
 polished Portugal, or classic Italy;  
 codfish in casks or "drums" to the  
 West Indian Islands, or the palm-  
 shaded ports of far Brazil.

A notable-looking man was Captain  
 Sam. His broad shoulders stooped but  
 little under the five and sixty years  
 which had whitened his curly hair and  
 whiskers; his face, weather-beaten and  
 rugged though it was, yet was open as  
 a boy's, and ruddy as a winter apple,  
 while underneath the shaggy brows  
 shone eyes keen yet soft, deep blue as  
 that Mediterranean he had so often  
 crossed, and lit up, ever and anon,  
 with a gleam of almost boyish fun.  
 Still hale and strong, and with an  
 amount of energy, mental and physical,  
 that would put to shame many a  
 younger man. Captain Sam had for  
 five years past, as he phrased it,

"knocked off goin' to sea, and settled  
 down quiet wi' the Missus,"—the said  
 Missus being very much the counter-  
 part of her husband for heartiness of  
 manner and kindness of disposition.  
 In a picturesque little cottage over-  
 looking the bay and on the outskirts  
 of the quaint little town of Brig Cove,  
 the old couple, so often sundered dur-  
 ing their thirty-five years of married  
 life, weré contentedly enjoying each  
 other's company, till death should sum-  
 mon the one or the other to the last,  
 inevitable voyage.

"Thought I'd stay ashore and let  
 the boys try their hand," was Captain  
 Sam's way of putting it. "I'd had  
 enough o' knockin' about, and my tim-  
 bers was gettin' shaky. Can't last  
 forever, y' know, ayther man or ship.  
 I held out A1 a good many years, but  
 I felt I was on the second letter a  
 goodish bit afore I give up. Ah, well  
 it's all right. By an' by, I'll get a new  
 hull an' new riggin'—all knew from  
 keel to truck—an' then I'll be on the  
 first letter forever. Praise the Lord!"

Captain Sam was a Methodist and had  
 been for many years leading a sincere  
 and useful Christian life. He was  
 proud of his Church, too, and never  
 thought he need apologize for his adher-  
 ence to it.

"The Lord-Jesus Christ is my Cap-  
 tain," he would say, "an' the Methodist  
 Church is the ship I sails in. I likes  
 her, I do. She sails well, is a good  
 carrier, an' can be depended on in a  
 breeze o' wind. A fine stur'craft she  
 is, well built and well found. Some  
 don't like the colour o' her, an' some  
 finds fault wi' the cut of her jib, an'  
 some likes a more stylish kind of  
 craft; but I likes a craft as 'll carry  
 well an' sail well, an' Methodism is the  
 craft for me."

When he settled ashore, in his  
 characteristic style he said to the  
 minister, "This here little church is  
 my ship now, sir, an' you're the skip-  
 per. I've come to go to work. I can't  
 do much, so I won't ship as A.B., but  
 if you take me on as a greenhorn an'  
 put me to some work afore the mast,  
 I'll try to please you, an' the great  
 Owner above."

This was the spirit of the man, and  
 so well did he work, so humbly, so  
 faithfully, so earnestly, that, in a short  
 time, his influence was felt as a blessing  
 all around and beyond the circuit.  
 His time was almost all given up to  
 the work of the church in some way  
 or other; and his cheery face, and  
 hearty manner and open hand, and  
 generous purse, and loving, sympa-  
 thetic heart, were at the service of the  
 poor, the sick and the sorrowing, wher-  
 ever he could find them. It was to a  
 newly settled minister that the words  
 were addressed with which the story  
 opens. Captain Sam had had the  
 "new minister" up to tea, and had  
 taken him up a few yards higher than  
 his cottage, to what he called his "look-  
 out." Here he had built a seat and a  
 shelter, and here it was his wont to  
 sit in leisure hours looking out over

the waters of the beautiful Conception  
 Bay. Here you would see him, often,  
 on fine mornings or afternoons, with  
 his big spyglass, long and strong and  
 leather-bound, and beaten by many a  
 storm like its owner—"give me a  
 good spyglass, an' none o' them 'ere  
 now-fangled gimcracks they calls bino-  
 culars," he used to say)—and here he  
 would watch the ships in the bay, or  
 turn his glass to one or other point of  
 the wide and ever-varying panorama  
 stretched out before him. Here, too,  
 it was his delight to bring strangers,  
 and show them, with enthusiasm, the  
 points of beauty and interest in the  
 scene.

"There's a prospec' for 'ee," the old  
 man would say, "there's a prospec' for  
 'ee. Talk of goin' out o' Newfound-  
 land for scenery! Needn't do it, I  
 tell 'ee. If them gaffers at St. John's  
 knew what they was talkin' about  
 they'd know that you'd go a long way  
 afore you'd get a finer bit o' coast scene  
 than this 'ere. I knows what I'm  
 talkin' about too; I bin to Naples  
 an' through the Golden Horn, an' I  
 seen many a fine bit o' sea an' shore  
 in my time, so I have, but give me  
 old Consumption Bay, I says, wi' an  
 August sun shinin' an' a place like  
 this to look from!"

It was, indeed, a charming view.  
 The sun was getting low in the west,  
 and his almost level beams were light-  
 ing up the distant highlands, that  
 away the right, curved in continu-  
 ous undulations towards Cape St.  
 Francis; while, far to the left, swept  
 the long hilly outline of the North  
 shore, deepening into shadow till lost  
 in the purple haze of distance. Out  
 in the Bay lay Great Bell Isle, and its  
 sister islets, suspended, seemingly, be-  
 tween air and ocean, while the white  
 sails of passing vessels and boats  
 gleamed here and there in the offing  
 as the sun's rays touched them into  
 silver.

"Ye see, sir," continued Captain  
 Sam, in the conversation I interrupted  
 to introduce him to my readers, "ye  
 see, sir, it was—let me see—aye, it was  
 thirty-five year ago. I'd been master  
 of a vessel then over three years, an'  
 had got a name wi' my owners for  
 bein' a hardworkin' successful sort o'  
 fellow, bringin' in good trips from the  
 Ice, an' makin' quick 'y'ges foreign.  
 I was a wild chap, though, in them  
 days; I hardly knew I had a soul, I  
 was that thoughtless, an' careless, an'  
 a ter'ble hand to swear when I was in  
 a passion. I s'pose I was a good-  
 natured sort o' chap, in the main, but  
 I couldn't bear to be crossed, I was  
 that proud an' stiff in my own opinions.  
 However, that spring, early, the mer-  
 chant writes me, an' he says, 'You  
 done so well these three springs in the  
 little *Jane*, I'm goin' to give you charge  
 of our new vessel, the *Sea-Gull*, an'  
 you must come around to St. John's  
 to once, an' take charge.' I tell you  
 that made me hold my head higher  
 than ever, for the *Sea-Gull* was a  
 crack ship, an' everybody thought that