



CANOE IN RAPIDS.

A PERILOUS SCENE.

OUR picture presents us with a romantic and perilous scene. See this torrent rushing madly down these rapids, between towering ledges and among huge boulders. How can these frail canoes pass without being dashed to atoms?

It is wonderful how experienced boatmen will navigate in safety amid such perils.

But there is another peril, more fearful than the cataract. There is a wily Indian with his bow bent, ready to send his unerring arrow to the heart of these boatmen. They may escape the perils of water, but how can they escape the Indian's deadly attack?

GRACE AT TABLE.

In the Hampton Institute, and other schools in the South connected with the American Missionary Association one of the ways of saying grace at table is in chanting the Lord's Prayer, or some sentiment like this:

Thou art great and thou art good;
Lord, we thank thee for this food.
By thy hand must all be fed:
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

Amen.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THEN Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands. Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate said unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him. The Jews answered him, we have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid; and went again into the judg-

ment-hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him, but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment-seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha. And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar. Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull,

which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. (John 19: 1-20.)

A SONG OF EASTER.

SING, children, sing!

The lilies white you bring

In the joyous Easter morn for hope are blossoming,

And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,

So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring;

So may we find relief at last from sorrow and from pain,

So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.

Sweet are your eyes, little ones, that look with smiling grace,

Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the Future's face!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell

That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well!

That bitter days shall cease

In warmth and light and peace,—

That winter yields to spring,—

Sing, little children, sing!

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about, it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in, and began to nibble away at the tempting morsel.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

The mouse never saw its poor father and mother again!

There are traps for children, and very tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember—the best side of these traps is the outside.—*Rev. Julius Brigg.*