

"Brier"—Good Friday.

BECAUSE, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now:
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.
E. PAULINE JOHNSON. (Tekahionwake)

The Selkirk Settlers in P. E. Island—V.

(Continuation of G. F. Owen's "*Voyage of the Polly*."')

"AMONG all those on board the Polly, next to the Captain, the most important was Sandy, the Earl's Agent. He had fought the King's battles in Ireland, had been wounded in actual warfare, and now received the King's pay. He had twice crossed the great ocean on which they were afloat; had spent some years in the unknown country to which they were bound; and above all, he was believed to stand high in the good graces of the landlord they left behind, to whom they were accustomed all their lives to pay deference due only to superior beings. Besides all this, he was known to be a man of reading; he had studied the great books of the common law; he had read the Scriptures, if not for the purpose of regulating his life by