

worked, of course, but I tell you it tasted honey-sweet to us, after our long fast and exposure for nearly twelve hours. We found also another of our sealing-punts, or rather the half of one, and our main boom with the sail clewed upon it; so we hauled the broken punt as high up as we could get it, in the shelter, and rigged up a sort of tent over it with part of the sail, using the rest to make a bed for the poor fellow who was sick. Then we got together some of the broken wood, and with the help of some dry splinters, shaved off by the use of a class-knife, we managed to light a fire, making a bed for it on the larger drift-wood, and so we got our clothes dry a bit, and got more comfortable like. We did all we could for poor Jack Green.

"Ah, he was a Christian, if ever there was one, was poor Jack, and he showed it clear enough in that testin' time. 'Don't bother about me, boys,' he'd say. 'I know it won't be for long, and I'm goin' home. Go and mend the punt up, an' I'll try to get a nap o' sleep.' So we covered him up as snug as possible, and patched up our punt as well as we could with bits of the other broken stuff, an' we found four or five oars with the other wreckage, and secured 'em in her, an' hauled her up well on the ice; an' then we sat down and consulted as to what we should do. The old skipper thought we was well in the track of sealin' vessels, and that by taking our punt and rowin' towards the land we'd be likely to be picked up or to reach land before our bread was used up, an', with care, 'twould last near a week; so we decided to start at daylight next mornin' and to spend the night in our tent, gettin' a night's sleep if we could.

"We all slept soundly till about midnight, when we was woke up with a terrible crash, as if the whole of the ice was comin' to pieces, and we started up thinkin' it was all over with us. 'Twas pitch-dark an' we could make out nothing, but from the sound of the sea and the rollin' of the ice we guessed that there had been a founder, either of the piece we were on or of one near us—they call it founderin', you know, when an island of ice topples over or goes to pieces. Well, there was no use movin', so after awhile we dropped off asleep again, for we was very weary, and we slept till the dawn was in the sky. When we woke, we saw 'twas breezin' up smart, and after makin' a meal on our hard bread we started to get our boat launched, and be off while the wind was fair. Old skipper Ned was the first to leave the tent, an' I'll never forget the scared look on his face as he turned round to us just after goin' outside, and said: 'Why, our punt is gone. We're lost men, our punt is gone!' We was that dumbfounded we could hardly speak, and when we got outside we seen what had happened. A great piece of

our iceberg, as you call it, had foundered and had carried away our punt with it. We looked all about for her among the floating ice, but not a sign of her could we see, and it was clear she had drifted off.

"However, there was no help for it, and all we could do was to make the best of it; so we gathered all the wreckage together as high up an' near our shelter as we could. By allowin' each man one biscuit a day they would last a week. We rigged up a bit of the sail on an oar and fastened it up on a pinnacle of the ice, so that any passing ship might see it. Poor Jack had been very bad all day, eatin' nothing, and just drinkin' the melted ice, as though his inside was afire. He was in a burnin' fever, and out of his mind entirely, but even in his ravin's there was nothin' but prayin' and singin' and godly words. Somewhere about the middle of the night I heard him call out, 'Aye, aye, sir,' just as he might aboard ship to an order from the captain or mate. Then he says it again, louder like, 'Aye, aye, sir.' I thought he was dreamin' or wanderin', but in a minute he says, 'Is that you, Tom?' 'Yes, Jack,' I says; 'what can I do for you, boy?' 'Captain's callin' me,' he says. 'You've been dreamin', I think, Jack,' says I; 'can I do any more to make you comfortable?' 'Captain's callin' me, Tom,' he says again. 'He's callin' me. Don't you hear him?' and he rose on his elbow as he spoke, and then again he sings out 'Aye, aye, sir!' that loud that he woke up the rest, an' then he sank back, an' I heard no more. I took hold of his hand, and it was cold, and fell from my grasp like lead. He was gone. Sure enough, he had heard his Captain callin' and was gone.

"Well, we didn't sleep any more that night, you may be sure; and next mornin' we took poor Jack's body and put it away in a little cave in the ice, so that we might bring it home if we was rescued. Then we kept watch all day, but saw nothing. So the next day passed, and the next, and the next, until our bread was almost gone, and death seemed starin' us in the face. We was most givin' up, but still life was sweet, and we tried to cheer each other up and hope for the best. One mornin', I mind it well, I was watchin', an' all of a sudden the old skipper sings out: 'Look, look! a sail close to us.' We could hardly believe our eyes, but yet there it was, a schooner bearing down close upon us, but yet some distance to leeward. Could we make her hear? Oh, the anxiety of the next few minutes. Did she hear us, or was she goin' from us? How we shouted and prayed! At last we saw them lower a boat and row in our direction, and in a few minutes more we was safe aboard an' bein' tended and cared for as if we was brothers. And now, boys, my story is done. As I said at the beginnin', that was a changin' time with me, an' I bin' a

sailin' ever since under Jack's Captain, and by his grace I'll reach harbour by-and-by. Good-night, my sonnies, and God bless you all."

EASTER IN BRAZIL.

A GOOD while ago I promised to write something for you, but my little folks have been sick so much that I have not had time. Now that they are better I will write at once.

I have written to you already about Brazil, so that at this time I am at a loss to know what to write about. I had thought of writing about how Holy Week is spent there, but as it is now nearly gone, it would hardly be in place. Of course all of you know that this week is celebrated in memory of the betrayal, crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. As to-day is Good Friday, I will tell you how it is spent. Our Lord is represented as being crucified, his body taken from the cross, and put into a coffin. About sunset this is carried out in front of a long procession, which returns in the course of an hour or two. The coffin is then placed in the organ recess of the church, and a box is put near to receive the offerings of the hundreds and thousands of worshippers who are there. At each end of the coffin are represented Roman soldiers, and near by are images of the Apostles and of the mother of our Lord. The eager worshippers deposit their money, kiss the cloth that covers the coffin, or the robes of the Virgin, and go away with their souls still hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of life. Not one word does the priest say to them, but he stands and eagerly watches the money as it falls into the box.

I went once to see this "festa," as they call it, and I did feel so very sad. These poor people do not know any better, children. They have very few teachers to show them the way to go. I am sure that my little friends will pray every day that God may send to them those who will teach them of Himself. Some of these days you, who are little folks now, will be men and women; and I do pray God that He may call some of you to go to these people, to show them the way to Jesus, whose name they know, but of whose love they are ignorant.—Mrs. S. F. Koger.

A GREAT SEA ON FIRE.

THE shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveller:—

"Hiring a steam-boat, we put out to sea, and after a lengthy search found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning flax into the sea, when floods of light dis-

pelled the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flame of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away; at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the scene.

"In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators our barge was steered toward the flames and passed right through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unwanted spectacle of a sea on fire."—Selected.

A Time of Gladness.

There never was such gladness

As comes with Easter-tide,
For everything seems living
That in the autumn died;
And we who feel within us
Death either far or near,
Can look along the future,
Forgetting pain and fear,
For Christ, with joy of Easterday,
Bids care and sorrow pass away.

Oh, merry is the singing
Of bird-songs new and old,
And merry is the playing
Of lambs about the fold;
And merry is the rushing
Of free sun-lighted rills,
And merry are the breezes
That sweep across the hills;
And everything is full of mirth
When Easter-blessing wakes the earth.

It is the resurrection
That follows after death,
Which moves the life below the sod,
And stirs spring's balmy breath;
And flowers arise in thousands
To answer to its call,
For everything is happy
That God is over all;
And Easter is his gift to men,
To teach them they shall live again.

'Mid primroses and violets,
The while they take their way,
They read the Father's promise,
And trust the coming day;
For shadows are but passing,
And transient is the night,
And the day that lasts forever
Is gloriously bright;
And death no heart shall enter in
When that glad Easter shall begin.

Accept our thanks, Lord Jesus,
For all thy mighty love,
And for thy great salvation,
And for our home above;
Oh, teach us how to serve thee,
And evermore to be
As faithful, loving servants,
Devoted unto thee;
Living, because our Lord has died,
In the full joy of Eastertide.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A LITTLE boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."