dividedour numbers. Some took charge of the wheel and remaining sails; others set about clearing off the ice which lay in masses on the decks.

We perceived the boat tossing in the swell off our port beam, and apparently endeavouring to regain the ship. We shouted to the men in her to come alongside, that the ship was tight, but in the roaring of wind and waves could scarcely hear their reply, except for help. This we did all in our power to render by throwing ropes and life-buoys, but all fell short; and we suppose they had lost their oars, and we could see the seas washing over their boat, and that she was full of water. The back swell from the ice threw her to windward from us, and we lost sight of her in the fog. She was never heard of afterward; so that there can be no doubt that she and her faithless crew went to the bottom, although had they stuck manfully to their posts every soul of them would have been saved. The ship now demanded all our attention. We found she was drifting to leeward past the iceberg, the crossjack kept aback assisting; and we had the relief soon after to see her drop clear of it, and into smoother water to leeward.

"Day now began to break, and an awful state our ship appeared to us in. She rolled like a log, and, with spar and wreck hanging over the sides, and ice and water washing about, we thought we must meet the fate of those who had taken to the boat. By the mercy of God we found she was not stove below the water line, and kept tight. We commenced clearing away the wreck, and succeeded in cutting away the mainyard and wreck from the mainmast, when the cry, 'Ice to leeward!' was raised, and we saw a huge berg looming out of the mist. We braced up the crossjack and set the spanker, and trimmed the foresail as well as we could, then anxiously watched the ice. The good ship forged ahead with the wreck hanging to her, and cleared the ice about a hundred yards. Scarcely had she done so than the foremast fell, crushing the long-boat—the other boats were previously stove by falling spars.

"On mustering, we found that, besides Captain Brewer and Mr. Jones, the mate, fifteen sailors were gone. The ladies behaved most admirably, never losing their presence of mind or their faith in heaven—an example which excited a powerful influence over the remainder of the passengers and crew."

DRINK BILL.

In the London *Times* of February 17 there is an editorial on "The National Drink Bill," in which we are told that the amount spent in the United Kingdom for intoxicat drinks during 1891 was over seven hundred million dollars. This is an increase of $8,750,000 over 1890, and the editorial argues that, as there has been a decrease in the more expensive drinks, "we may assume with melancholy confidence that working-class drinking has increased." It means, says the *Times*, that "down the national throat there floats enough to provide the country with two navies or two armies, with the civil service thrown in—or very nearly so. It means that the beer drank in one year would pay the interests on the national debt for three; or that, if funded for nine years, it would pay the whole debt and leave us no more interest or annuities to pay. Or, from another point of view, it amounts to a probable fifteenth part of the whole national income; that is, everybody in England may be considered to spend six or seven per cent. of his revenue on beer, wine, and spirits taken together." The *Times* admits that there are "but very few people, except those directly interested in public houses and breweries," who do not regard this as an appalling showing; but then "there is the revenue to be considered; and we have to remember that of the money spent on drink a sum of nearly twenty-five million pounds goes back to the national coffers." The *Times* adds: "Nobody forgets this, least of all the trade, especially when it calls its friends around it, as it did at Shoreditch on Monday," to denounce the opposition which had been made by the vicar as "immoral, un-English, and an unnecessary interference with respectable tradesmen, who are licensed by the state, and contribute largely to imperial and local taxation."

Useless.

BY IRENE PRIOR.

A life without a motive
Is a useless thing at best,
When so many acts want doing
Which would bring us peace and rest.
It brings us pain and worry,
It brings us discontent;
It makes the world seem empty,
And all effort poorly spent.

A life without a motive,
Like a plant without a flower,
Surely ends in disappointment
At the wasting of its power.
Each life is sent for something;
That something each must find;
We know that ere we grasp it
We must work among our kind.

A life without a motive
Is a thing that can't exist,
When we try to do our duty
And bring light down through the mist
Of the lives of weary toilers,
Though discouraged, sick, and poor,
Who hopelessly seem waiting
For worse evils at their door.

A life without a motive
We will gladly cast aside
When we catch the inspiration
Of those busy lives, beside
Which all others will seem nothing
On that day when we return
Our talents, bright or rusty,
To the Master, for his own.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1893.

STANDING TREAT.

One of the most absurb of all foolish customs, is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers to walk up to the bar and "take something at my expense."

Men do not buy other things, either useful or ornamental in this way;—why should they make an exception in favour of this poisonous draught, which is the cause of most of the crimes which curse the land and which fill the community with poverty, mourning and woe.

Some one has sensibly said:—"Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose as you go by the post office, you remark: 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps!' These stamps will cost no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's, and say: 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say: 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's, and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round.'"

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship, but would it not be better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite? Would it be a sensible thing for a man to invite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth our while to turn our friends into brutes, maniacs, and murderers, and their homes into hells of trouble and distress by giving them "something to drink at my expense?" "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

In a beautiful New England village, a boy about ten years old lay very sick, drawing near to death and very sad. He was a joint heir, with an only brother, to a great estate, and the inheritance was just about coming into his possession; but it was not the loss of this that made him sad. He was a dying boy, and his heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the Western mines.

He was very dear to the one who writes about him now, and during the last week of his life I was with him in the house of his guardian where he died. One day I came into his room, the windows of which overlooked a beautiful meadow, over which the noon wind was gently playing, but the sight of which seemed to have no charm for the pale boy on the bed. I sat down by him, took his hand, and looked into his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed: "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large hazel eyes opened on me and his cheek flushed as he slowly said:

"Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "God wants us to trust him; that is what the Lord Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and he knows that as soon as we trust him, we shall begin to love him. This is the way to love God, to put your trust in him, first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that we might believe in him, and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all. He drank in the truth, simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour, and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to him whom, not having seen, he had loved.

THE KING OF BIRDS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

This is the name by which the eagle is everywhere known: not only its large size, but its great strength and fierce and savage nature give it an undisputed sway over all the other birds of the air. The "Bird of Washington," as our American eagle is sometimes called, is the largest of several varieties; and the sea-eagle, a famous fisher, is also a very formidable-looking bird.

As an eagle will fly over a hundred miles in an hour, and its body is as large as that of a goose, it needs immense wings to support it, and these pinions, when spread, measure from seven to ten feet across. A single blow of these great wings will often kill its prey at once.

But the most dreadful thing about the eagle is its strong, hooked beak, which has a very cruel expression, as it well may have; for, with its beak, as well as with its terrible talons, the fierce bird destroys almost every living thing that it attacks. Lambs and wild goats and deer are its favourite prey, and when too large to carry off, they are killed and devoured on the spot. After circling in the air over its victim, the eagle will descend with a sudden swoop and bury its claws in the animal's back. In catching the deer, the great bird pounces down and fixes its talons in the poor animal's flesh, flapping at the same time with its terrible wings.

The eagle has even been known to carry off small children—which is very terrible—and take them to its nest to be devoured by its young. Hence that dreadful warning to disobedient children in the book of Proverbs which says: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

An eagle's nest is usually perched up on some mountain-crag or in a very high tree, and it seems a very rough home for tender young birds. It is very large, however, and is made of great sticks covered with a layer of rushes and a layer of heath, then more rushes, and sometimes only one eaglet. But there is always plenty to eat, and this is why the nest is made so large, although a large stone near by is sometimes used as a storehouse, too.

A gentleman visiting in Scotland was taken to see one of these nest-larders, where several kinds of birds, kids, fawns, lambs, rats and mice were often to be found together. The owner of the estate said that when he had unexpected company he sent his servants so see what the eagles could spare, just as if they had been human neighbours, but with this difference, that it was taken without the asking. However, as the fierce birds would certainly have shown their objections if they had any, perhaps it was all right. When the things were taken away from the stone shelf or table—for no one dared to go to the nest itself—the eagles just got another supply.

Our North American Indians have always venerated the eagle because of his possessing those qualities which they esteem above all others: "unwearied perseverance, activity, watchfulness, undaunted courage, and, lastly, patience in suffering privations." May not we, too, learn something from this "Bird of Washington?"

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

It is undoubtedly true, that occasionally "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The New York *World* gives an instance that illustrates the truth of the proverb. A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue elevated cars at Park Place, and sliding into one of the cross seats fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women entered the car, and took the seats opposite the lad.

The boy's feet were bare, and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat who had seen the kind act smiled, and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy.

The girl understood what he meant, hesitated a moment, blushed a little, and then reached for it.

The next man who had seen the act and enjoyed it, just as silently offered the girl a dime, to be used for the same purpose. A moment later a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, was offered money from every passenger in that end of the car, each smiling and enjoying the little episode.

The young girl quietly slid the amount into the sleeping boy's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without arousing him, and soon after rose to leave the car at Twenty-third street. As she did this, she included all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head, that seemed full of thanks, and the possession of a common secret. It was a very pretty little incident, and will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it.