

The Coming King.

BY R. A. GERVIN.

Oh, what a mighty miracle of Jesus it will be,
When the rapture of the righteous shall set
God's children free,
When at the trumpet's sounding, in the
twinkling of an eye,
The followers of Jesus shall gather in the sky;
And with a joy ecstatic, far, far beyond
compare,
The Bride shall meet the Bridegroom, in the
angel-guarded air.

Then from their sleep of centuries, the buried
just shall awake,
And toward the upper atmosphere their joyous
journey take,
Exulting in the consciousness that Death has
lost his sting,
That now they bear the image of the resur-
rected King;
That thro' eternal ages with Messiah they shall
reign,
Ne'er more to feel the power of sorrow, sin
and pain.

In an instant all that's evil on the saints shall
lose its hold,
And their bodies gloriously changed, shall
nevermore grow old;
Immortal, incorruptible, in the likeness of
their King,
Not a vestige of the earthly shall to their
beings cling;
But crowned with holy beauty, they evermore
shall shine,
Like stars of fadeless glory in the firmament
divine.

My brothers, are we watching for the great,
impending hour,
When our Lord shall suddenly appear in
majesty and power?
In robes of spotless whiteness are we con-
stantly arrayed,
Lest the coming of the Bridegroom should no
longer be delayed?
God grant that when the midnight cry shall
by the saints be heard,
Our vessels and our lamps may hold the oil of
God's great Word.

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER I.—THE SETTING FORTH.

A VOYAGE across the Atlantic Ocean in the
year 1799 was not the every-day affair that it
has come to be in 1889. There were no
"ocean greyhounds" then. The passage was
a long and trying one in the clumsy craft of
those days, and people looked upon it as a
more serious affair than they do now on a
tour around the world.

In the year 1799 few thought of travel-
ing for mere pleasure. North, South, East and
West, the men went on missions of discovery,
of conquest, or of commerce; but the women
or children abode at home, save, of course,
when they ventured out to seek new homes in
that new world which was drawing so many
to its shores.

It was, therefore, not to be wondered at
that the notion of Eric Copeland going out to
his father in far-away Nova Scotia should
form the subject of more than one family
council at Oakdene Manor, the beautiful
country-seat of the Copeland family, situated
in one of the prettiest parts of Warwickshire,
England.

Eric was the only son of Dr. Copeland,
surgeon-in-chief of the Seventh Fusiliers, the
favourite regiment of the Duke of Kent, the
father of the present Queen of England. This
regiment formed part of the garrison at Hal-
ifax, then under the command of the Royal
Duke himself, and the Doctor had written to
say that if the squire, Eric's grandfather,
approved, he would like Eric to come
out to him, as his term of service had been
extended three years beyond what he had ex-
pected, and he wanted to have his boy with
him. At the same time, he left the matter
entirely in the squire's hands for him to
decide.

So far as the old gentleman was concerned,
he decided at once.
"Send the boy out there to that wild
place, and have him scaped by an Indian, or
gobbled by a bear before he's there a month!
Not a bit of it. I won't hear of it. He's a
hundred times better off here."

The squire, be it observed, held very vague
notions about Nova Scotia, and indeed the
American continent generally, in spite of his
son's endeavours to enlighten him. He
still firmly believed that there were as many

wigwags as houses in New York, and that
Indians in full war-paint and plumes were
every day seen on the streets of Philadelphia;
while as for poor little Nova Scotia, it was more
than his mind could take in how the Duke of
Kent could ever bring himself to spend a week
in such an outlandish place, not to speak of a
number of years.

So soon as Eric learned of his father's re-
quest he was not less quick in coming to a
conclusion, but it was of a precisely opposite
kind to the squire's. He was what the Irish
would call "a broth of a boy." Fifteen last
birthday, five feet six inches in height, broad
of shoulder and stout of limb, yet perfectly
proportioned, as nimble on his feet as a squir-
rel, and as quick of eye as a king-bird, en-
tirely free from any trace of nervousness or
timidity, good-looking in that sense of the
word which means more than merely hand-
some, courteous in his manners, and quite up
to the mark in his books, Eric represented
the best type of British boy as he looked
about him with his brave brown eyes, and
longed to be something more than simply a
school-boy, and to see a little of that great
world, up and down which his father had
been travelling ever since he could remember.

"Of course I want to go to father," said

phrasants were in plenty, or went on delight-
ful excursions to lovely places round about
the neighbourhood.

Dr. Copeland enjoyed his release from the
routine of military duty quite as much as Eric
did his freedom from school, and it would not
have been easy to say which of the two went
in more heartily for a good time.

It was just a year since the doctor had last
been home on leave, and a year seems a very long
time to a boy of fifteen, so that when a letter
came proposing that Eric should go out to his
father (it should have been told before that
his mother was dead, having been taken away
from him when he was a very little fellow),
and spend three long years with him without
a break, if the doctor had been in Kamchatka
or Terra del Fuego instead of simply in Nova
Scotia, Eric would not have hesitated a mo-
ment, but have jumped at the offer.

The old squire was very loth to part with
his grandson, and it was because he knew it
would be so that the doctor had not positively
asked for Eric to be sent out, but had left the
question to be decided by the squire.

Perhaps Eric might have failed to carry his
point but for the help given him by Major
Maunsell, a brother-officer of Doctor Cope-
land's, who had been home on leave, and in

no time to be lost in getting Eric ready for
distant colony. Many were the trunks of
clothing, books, and other things that had to
be packed with greatest care, and their num-
ber would have been doubled if the major had
not protested against taking the jams, jellies,
pickles, medicines and other domestic com-
forts that the loving old couple wanted Eric
to take with him, because they felt sure he
could get nothing so good out in Halifax.

All too quickly for them the day came
when they were to say "good-bye" to their
grandson, and the parting was a very tearful
and trying one. Full of joy as Eric felt, he
could not keep back the tears when his white-
haired grandmother hugged him again and
again to her heart, exclaiming fervently:

"God bless and keep my boy! May his
Almighty arms be underneath and round
about you, my darling! Put your trust in
him, Eric, no matter what may happen."

And the bluff old squire himself was sus-
piciously moist about the eyes as the carriage
drove away, and Eric was really off to Chatham
in charge of Major Maunsell, with whom
he had by this time got to be on the best of
terms.

At Chatham they found their ship in the
final stage of preparation for the voyage.

They were to sail in the *Francis*,—
a fine, fast gun-brig of about three
hundred tons,—which had in her hold
a very valuable cargo, consisting of
the Duke of Kent's library, together
with a quantity of very costly furni-
ture, precious wines and other lux-
uries intended to make as comfortable
as possible the lot of his royal high-
ness in the garrison at Halifax. The
major and Eric were assigned a roomy
cabin to themselves, in which they at
once proceeded to make themselves at
home.

During the few days that intervened
before sailing of the *Francis*, Eric's en-
joyment of the novel scenes around
him could hardly be put in to words.
All he knew about the sea was what
he had learned from a summer now and
then at a watering-place and the great
gathering of big ships at Chatham; the
unceasing bustle as some came in from
long voyages, and others went forth
to take their places upon the distant
stations; the countless sailors and
dock hands swarming like ants hither
and thither; the important-looking
officers strutting about in gold-laced
coats, and calling out their commands
in such hoarse tones that Eric felt
tempted to ask if they all had very
bad colds; the shrill sounds of the
boatswains' whistles that seemed to
have no particular meaning; the mar-
tial music of bands playing, apparently
for no other reason than just be-
cause they wanted to—all this made up a
wonderful world for Eric, in which he found
a great deal of delight.

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPIEST BOY.

Who is the happiest boy you know?
Who has "the best time?" Is it the one
who last winter had the biggest toboggan,
or who now has the most marbles, or who
wears the best clothes? Let us see.

Once there was a king who had a little
boy whom he loved.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in,
and pictures, and toys, and books. He
gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat
on a lake, and servants. He provided
teachers who were to give him knowledge
that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not
happy.

At length, one day, a magician came to
court. He saw the boy, and said to the
king, "I can make your son happy. But
you must pay me my own price for telling
the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask
I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a
private room. He wrote something with a
white substance on a piece of paper. Next
he gave the boy a candle, and told him to
light it and hold it under the paper, and
then see what he could read. Then he
went away, and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and
the white letters on the paper turned into
a beautiful blue. They formed these
words: "Do a kindness to some one every
day!"

The prince made use of the secret, and
became the happiest boy in the kingdom.



"NOW, GRANDFATHER," HE SAID, "PLEASE LISTEN TO ME."

he, promptly and decidedly. "I don't be-
lieve there are any bears or Indians at Hal-
ifax; and even if there should be, I don't care.
I'm not afraid of them."

He had not the look of a boy that could be
easily frightened, or turned aside from anything
upon which he had set his heart, and the old
squire felt as though he were seeing a youth-
ful reflection of himself in the sturdy spirit of
resolution shown by his grandson.

"But, Eric, lad," he began to argue,
"whether the Indians and bears are plentiful
or not, I don't see why you want to leave
Oakdene, and go away out to a wild place
that is only fit for soldiers. You're quite
happy with us here, aren't you?" And the
old gentleman's face took on rather a
reproachful expression as he put the ques-
tion.

Eric's face flushed crimson, and crossing
over to where the squire sat, he bent down
and kissed his wrinkled forehead tenderly.

"I am quite happy, grandpa. You and
grandma do so much for me that it would be
strange if I wasn't; but you know I have
been more with you than I have with my own
father, and now when he wants me to go out
to him, I want to go too. You can't blame
me, can you?"

What Eric said was true enough. The
doctor's regiment had somehow come on for
more than its share of foreign service. It had
carried its colours with credit over the burn-
ing plains of India, upon the battle-fields of
the Continent, and then, crossing to America
had taken its part, however ineffectually, in
the struggle which ended so happily in the
birth of a new nation. During all of his years
Eric had remained at Oakdene, seeing nothing
of his father, save when he came to them on
leave for a few months at a time.

These home-comings of the doctor were the
great events of Eric's life. Nothing was
allowed to interfere with his enjoyment of his
father's society. All studies were laid aside,
and one day of happiness followed another,
as together they rode to hounds, whipped the
trout-streams, shot over the covert where

whose charge Eric was to be placed if it was
decided to let him go.

The major had come to spend a day or two
at Oakdene a little while before taking his
leave of England, and of course the question
of Eric's returning to Nova Scotia with him
came up for discussion. Eric pleaded his
case very earnestly:

"Now please listen to me a moment," said
he, taking advantage of a pause in the con-
versation. "I love you, grandpa and grand-
ma, very dearly, and am very happy with you
here, but I love my father too, and I never
see him, except just for a little when he
comes home on leave, and it would be lovely
to be with him all the time for three whole
years. Besides that, I do want to see
America, and this is such a good chance! I
am nearly sixteen, now, and by the time
father gets back I'll have to be going to col-
lege, and then, you know, he says he's going
to leave the army and settle down here, so
that dear knows when I can ever get the
chance to go again. Oh! please let me go,
grandpa, won't you?"

Major Maunsell's eyes glistened as he
looked at Eric and listened to him. He was
an old bachelor himself, and he could not help
envying Doctor Copeland for his handsome,
manly son. At once he entered into full sym-
pathy with him in his great desire, and de-
termined to use all his influence in supporting
him.

"There's a great deal of sense in what the
boy says," he remarked. "It is such a
chance as he may not get again in a hurry.
There's nothing to harm him out in Halifax,
and his father is longing to have him, for he's
always talking to me about him, and reading
me bits out of his letters."

So the end of it was that the major and
Eric between them won the day, and after
taking the night to think over it, the good old
squire announced next morning at breakfast
that he would make no further objections,
and that Eric might go.

The troop-ship, on which Major Maunsell
was going, would sail in a week, so there was