

The Angel at the Sepulchre.

BY MRS. F. L. BALLARD.

BEHOLD those sorrowing women come
Grief-stricken to the Saviour's tomb,
Nor wait until the morning light
Dispels the shadows of the night.
Love lingers not for light,
Faith tarries not for sight.

And, hastening on their mournful way,
"Who shall roll back the stone?" they say,
"That we may come into the tomb,
Bearing our spices and perfume?"
Who shall the stone remove?
Death cannot bar out love.

But, lo! the stone is rolled away.
The night is gone. The dawning day
Shines brightly on the open tomb,
Despoiling it of all its gloom.
God's angel sits above
The grave of buried love.

But the dear body is not here.
They stand perplexed, and full of fear.
The angel speaks: "Be not afraid,
The Lord is risen as he said."
The Lord that came to save
Is stronger than the grave.

ADRIPT ON AN ICEBERG.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, EX-PRESIDENT
OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND
CONFERENCE.

TOM GRANT was an old weather-beaten salt, who, for many a year, had given up the sea, and was ending his days in a little white cottage just above one of those broad and curving beaches that slope so picturesquely down to the waters of Boston Bay. Many a summer's evening you would find him seated on an up-turned boat by the water's edge, and surrounded by a group of bright-faced boys, eagerly watching him, as his deft fingers carved out boats and clippers for their amusement, or listening, with great round eyes full of childhood's awe and wonder, as he told them stories of his past life—of the strange lands and peoples he had seen, or the stirring and startling adventures through which he had often passed. One lovely evening in the beginning of August, as the setting sun was lighting up the distant city and flashing upon the gilded dome of the State House, the old man's eye was fixed upon it with more than passing interest apparently, for a sigh escaped his lips, as he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked steadily at the sunlit dome.

"Come, Uncle Tom," exclaimed one of the boys, "do tell us a story to-night; we have an hour yet before we have to go indoors, and there's lots of time to tell us a good long story."

This appeal was warmly seconded by the rest of the little company, and the old man, glancing lovingly over the earnest faces, looked up once more at the brilliantly lighted dome, and, pointing towards it with his finger, said: "Well, my sonnies, I was thinkin', and that 'ere dome brought it to my mind, of somethin' that happened to me many long years ago—somethin' that changed my whole life; an' I'll just tell you about that, I think. You know, although I'm an Englishman, I

spent a good many years down there in Newfoundland, and you've heard me tell, lots o' times, about the seals and the codfish down in that country. Well, just forty-five years ago this very spring, I was shipped in a brig called the *Skipwith*, out of the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, for the sealing voyage—goin' to the Ice, as they call it down there. We left port somewhere about the first of March, and for a few days had fair winds and open waters, but the wind changing, we got jammed in the ice off the mouth of White Bay, an' there we stuck for three mortal weeks, without bein' able to move an inch. Day after day the wind pinned the ice dead on the land, blowin' almost a gale, an' the ice nipped up so tight, we was afeared the ship would be crushed. However, at last the wind veered, an' we got clear, an' began lookin' about for seals. It wasn't long before we saw signs of 'em, an' followin' up a lead of water we came upon 'em—great lots of 'em, too, an' in prime order. We worked hard, I tell 'ee; out all day, early an' late, killin' an' scalpin', an' haulin' 'em aboard; and they was that plenty that we soon had our vessel full, an' was thinkin' of bearin' up for home. We was loaded so deep that it was dangerous to be in any kind of a sea, for the skipper was that eager to make up for lost time that he piled 'em aboard until the decks was full, and there was hardly room to move about. So we bore up for home with a nice, light breeze behind us, and was rejoicin' at the thought of the fine load of pelts we'd managed to get, after being jammed up so long. 'Twas well on to the beginnin' of April when we got the seals, and the weather was gettin' mild and pleasant, so we bowled along nice and steady for two or three days, for there was enough ice about to keep the water smooth. We passed some terrible heavy ice—big islands of it, some of 'em bigger than the State House, and shinin' in the sun much 'like the dome was shinin' a few minutes ago, afore the sun went down. Everything went well until we were about sixty miles from St. John's, an' hopin' to be in next day, when, all of a sudden, the wind chopped round to the south'ard and blew a perfect gale. Well, we was that top-heavy and deep that there was no facin' the wind, an' all there was to do was to 'bout ship and try to run afore it. 'Twas early mornin' when the wind changed, an' we had a terrible day of it, I tell 'ee,—thick o' fog so you couldn't make out the men on the bow when you stood amidships, and we laborin' along so deep and unwieldy with our heavy load.

"We kept our eyes open that day, I tell 'ee. As evenin' came on, the skipper called us all up, and he says: 'Well, men, you can see as well as I do that things is pretty ugly lookin'. All we can do is trust in God, and keep as good a lookout as possible. There's one thing, though, we must do, and

that is to get rid of this top-hamper. Masters o' watch, get your men in order, to port and starboard, and pitch all the deck-load overboard. That'll lighten the ship a good bit, and give us more standin' room fore and aft.' 'Twasn't pleasant work, my boys, you may be sure, to throw into the sea what had cost us so much time and toil to get. 'There goes twenty shillin's,' says one fellow, as he flung a pelt over, 'and there goes thirty,' he says again, as he flung a bigger one overboard. 'Never mind your shillin's,' says another. 'Take care your own pelt don't go over. Better throw over the seals than lose your life. It's no use talkin' of what we're losin' when we don't know the minute we'll be gone ourselves.' Well, he hadn't more than got the words out, when there came a frightful crash that made us shiver from stem to stern, and then the ship seemed to be lifted up bodily and let down again. She keeled over on her side and came down with an awful noise, and then her bows pitched right up in the air, an' I heard a rush of water over her stern and knew she was goin' down immediate. There was no time to do anything; there was no time to think of doin' anything. Oh! the awful sounds of that minute. I'll never forget it to the day of my death; the crashing of timbers, the hoarse rote of the sea against the ice, the swirl of the waters as they sucked in our good ship, and, above all, the shrieks and cries of many poor fellows on her deck, as, in a moment, they was swept down to their death. I'll never forget it—never; and the old man's voice broke down, and the tears rolled over his cheeks, while the awe-stricken children looked at him, with solemn faces and quivering lips.

"Well, my dears," he continued, after a pause, drawing his sleeve across his eyes as he spoke, "I thought it was all up with me at that moment, and, indeed, I hardly had time to say, 'God have mercy on me,' when the water closed over me, and I felt myself going down, down, down, ever so far, with the suction of the sinking vessel. I must have lost myself somewhat, for the next thing I knew I was strikin' my head sharply against something, and I found myself afloat and close to a large piece of floating timber. I laid hold of it and climbed on top, and I found it was a bit of a broken yard, and that it would bear me up well. It was almost night, and I could scarcely see anything for the thick fog and growing darkness, as I peered anxiously round and listened, in hopes of seeing or hearing something of the other poor fellows. I shouted again and again, an' my voice seemed to come back to me from the big island of ice like the echo you boys often hear among the hills. Not a sound of a human voice but my own could I hear. Again and again I shouted, and had well-nigh given up, when I thought I heard a sound like an answering shout not far from me, and then, listening, I heard the sound

of rowing, and made out a punt, with three or four men in it, coming through the slob towards me. I gave one more shout, and then I must have fainted, for I remember no more till I found myself on board the punt with one o' the crew loosenin' my collar, and I heard the voice of old skipper Ned Smith, the master of my watch, sayin', 'Now, my boys, we can't keep the punt afloat much longer; there's nothing for it but to make for the island of ice, and see if we can haul her up and mend her.'

"By the time we reached the island of ice I was better again, and able to look around me. The punt we were in was sadly smashed and half-full of water, and, instead of oars, the men were using pieces of broken board. There were just five of us: the old skipper, Ned, and myself, aft; two of the crew, strangers to me, rowing, and a poor fellow lying all of a heap in the bow, and groanin' heavily, as if in terrible pain. 'Is this all?' I asked, wildly; 'where are the rest?' 'Gone, my son, gone down to bottom with the old *Skipwith*,' said the old man, sadly. 'We four had just time to cling on to this punt, as she went down under our feet, and poor Jack there got nearly killed by one of the yards falling partly on him just as she foundered. I don't believe there's another man saved, for the slob is so thick just where she went down that they'd hardly get to the surface when they rose.' Well, we hauled up our boat on the ice as far as we could, an' then, huddled together as close as we could get for to keep the life in us, we waited for the daylight. An awful night that was, my boys, I assure 'ee—a long, long, weary night. We had hard work to keep any warmth in us; if it hadn't been real mild we'd ha' frozen stiff long afore mornin'. Oh, my! it was an awful, awful night. However, at last it ended, and with the dawn the wind came round, and the fog cleared off. We could now make out the size and shape of the island of ice on which we had struck. It was very large; I suppose half a mile in length and as much in breadth, and part of it very high, and broken into great spires and towers, like some of the old churches I've seen up the Mediterranean; and at the foot of these was a kind of a plain or beach, with a great tongue running out, just under the water, for, I suppose, a hundred yards. It was on this tongue that our vessel had struck, and it being below water she had run a good way up on it with the force with which she struck. This accounted for the way she lurched and hung over before she went down. The upper part of this sloped like a beach, and was strewn with a lot of wreckage, broken spars and planks, and a quantity of other stuff. We soon got over to this place to see if we could find anything washed up that we could eat, and, to our great joy and relief, we found a box of hard bread. It was water