

## THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

(Ellice Hopkins, in Sunday Magazine.)

(Concluded.)

As the cutter struck the ice, Lieutenant Colwell jumped off and went up to him. He was a ghastly sight. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. As he spoke his utterance was thick and mumbling, and in his agitation his jaws worked in convulsive twitches. As the two met the man, with a sudden impulse, took off his glove and shook Colwell's hand.

"Where are they?" said Colwell, briefly.

"In the tent," said the man, pointing over his shoulder, "over the hill—the tent is down."

"Is Mr. Greeley alive?"

"Yes, Greeley's alive."

"Any other officers?"

"No." Then he repeated absently, "The tent is down."

"Who are you?"

"Long."

Hastily bidding the coxswain take Long to the cutter, the others rushed up the rocky slope in the direction the man had pointed. Reaching the brow of the hill, there on a little elevation directly in front stood the tent. Hurrying across the intervening hollow, they were met by Brainerd just outside the tent, while a feeble cry was heard from within: "Who's there?"

"It's Norman," replied one of the men, who had been with them on their voyage out.

This was followed by cries of "Oh, it's Norman," and a sound like a faint husky little cheer.

Meanwhile one of the relief party, sobbing like a child, was down on his hands and knees trying to move the stones that held down the flapping tent cloth, the proper ingress having been blown down. Lieutenant Colwell solved the difficulty by calling for a knife and cutting a slit in the tent cover and looking in.

It was a sight of horror. Close to the opening, with his head facing it, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw was dropped, his eyes were open, but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side was a poor fellow, alive, to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others seated on the ground in the middle had just got hold of a rubber bottle. They were engaged in giving their last drop of rum to their apparently lifeless comrade, mindful of the last of the one most in need. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man, with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, and brilliant staring eyes.

"Who are you?" asked Colwell.

The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly.

"Who are you?" again.

One of the men spoke up: "That's the Lieutenant, Lieutenant Greeley."

Colwell crawled in, and took him by the hand, saying to him, "Greeley, is this you?"

"Yes," said Greeley in a faint, hollow voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words, "Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record."

Then he fell back exhausted.

Life was all but extinct. Colwell fed them at once with a little biscuit and pemmican, which they munched deliberately. All hunger had ceased. But with the first few mouthfuls of food it revived with all the force of a drunkard's craving for rum, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Lieutenant Colwell could control their frantic entreaties for more than in their exhausted condition was safe for them to take. The surgeons were signalled for and were soon on shore. Warm beef-tea and milk punch was administered every ten minutes; and at last the spark of life left was fanned into a faint flickering flame, and it was thought safe to remove them to the comfortable ship cabins. This could only be accomplished with danger and difficulty, the gale having now increased to a hurricane. Major Greeley's clothes were cut off, and heavy flannels carefully warmed were substituted, and he was comfortably installed in Norman's berth and seemed none the worse.

For some time Major Greeley's life hung in the balance, but at length he was brought round. Perhaps the photograph of his

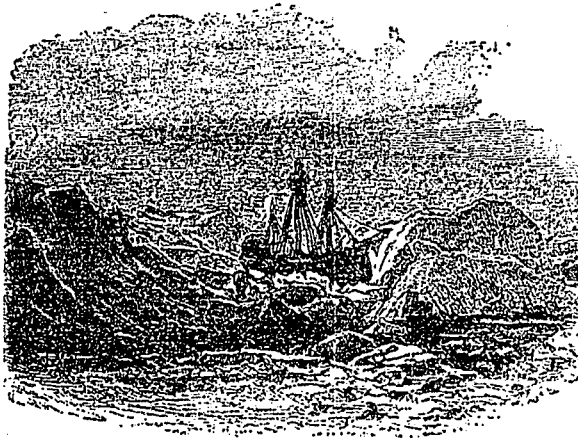
wife and children, which his rescuers with thoughtful tenderness had brought with them, helped to restore him as much as the warmth and the good nourishment. Connell, the man who seemed to be dead, also recovered. But the poor crippled Ellison's state from the first was felt to be almost hopeless, though owing to his comrades' tender consideration for him he was the least exhausted of the party. With the good nourishment, came inflammation in the injured parts. Everything that human skill

and care could do for him was done. An operation was tried as a forlorn hope, but the poor fellow sank, and on July 6th he passed painlessly and quietly away having survived his terrible injuries 8 months. Without hands and without feet, during those eight months he had probably done a

greater work than they all; for his helplessness had brought out the great truth that all true manhood thinks first of the weak, and sacrifices itself and not others; that the fiercest appetites and passions of our nature can be subordinated to the service of those who are placed helpless in our power; and that under the most maddening temptations, we can be true to the great trusts of our manhood.

The reception the relief squadron met, when at length it reached the great American port, named from the English Portsmouth, defies description. At two o'clock, on a beautiful August afternoon, the "Thetis," the "Bear," and the "Alert," bearing their sacred freight of the living and the dead, steamed into the harbor

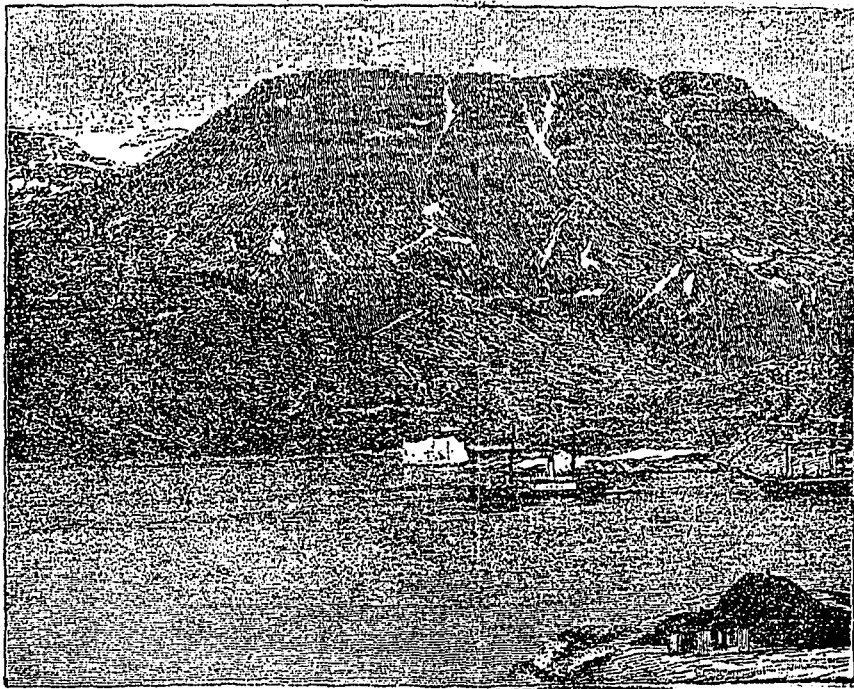
A sadder ceremony yet remained to be performed. On the morning of the 5th the relief ships reached New York, and gave up the bodies of the dead who had laid down their lives in their country's service, and whose remains had been brought home to find their last resting-place in their native land. The batteries of the 4th and 5th Artillery were drawn up on the wharf at Government Island to receive them, and pay them military honors. The bodies were placed on military caissons and taken to the



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chapel, the long line of troops drawn up presenting arms to each as they passed, in token that they had died as true soldiers, slain but not conquered. At the chapel they were given up to their friends. All, but one whom no loving hands received; but he lies in his dishonored grave apart, the man who made the strength of his appetites an excuse for sacrificing others to save himself, and who let the beast within him slay the man.

I feel as if any poor words of mine would only weaken the force of this pathetic narrative. Only let us remember that this is the stuff of which our race is made, and let us "go and do likewise." Thinking what this life of ours is, how many poor hungry souls there are all round us; how many a soul waiting a rescue party that never comes; how little light and warmth there is for us all in a world like this, where thousands of men and women are ground down by misery and shame; we at least will not plunder the little light and warmth there is, to squander it on our own ease and



DISCO ISLAND, WHERE ONE OF THE SURVIVORS DIED ON THE VOYAGE HOME.

headed by the flagship "Alliance." The shores of the river on both sides were lined with people wildly cheering and waving their hats. The harbor was filled with steamers, sail boats, and small craft of every description, all of them dressed with flags and streamers. The crews of the great ships of war swarmed in the rigging to greet them as they sailed past. As the relief ships came one by one to anchor, the band of the flagship played "Home again," and the crews in the rigging gave them cheer on cheer, which was caught up and carried along the shore. At the same moment the barge of the Secretary of the Navy, who had come down to give them an official welcome, left the flagship with Mrs. Greeley, who was the first person to come on board the "Thetis." She met her hero alone in the little cabin.

gratification; we will not get our pleasures out of other people's tears, cramming our own lusts, not caring who goes hungry and desolate so we be filled. Nay, but thinking on such men as Gordon and Greeley, as the men of Camp Clay and the men on the "Birkenhead," we too will determine to do our best, and in the strength of our God, in the name of Jesus Christ who loved us and gave Himself for us, we will live and die, not like brutes, but like men.

FOR ONE, I read little in vacation. It is my experience that fallow ground is not foolish ground. To let the mind lie fallow is to be astonished, later on, at the wealth of material that it has unconsciously accumulated.—Emory I. Haynes.

## HOW ROSIE HELPED.

Her name was Rosalie, but she was such a little creature that it seemed more natural to call her Rosie.

Besides, she was always among the roses. On this morning while her father talked with Dick, she hovered between the study and the flower garden, now gathering her flowers, now peeping her head into the study to see if papa was not almost through and ready to talk to her. She was shy of Dick; he was a new boy, had only been with them a few days, and papa more than suspected he was not a good boy; so Rosie had strict orders not to visit him in the stable, or have any talk with him unless papa or some one else was within hearing. Only this morning papa had heard Dick use language which made him feel afraid that he ought not to keep him in his employ. Yet how sorry he was for poor orphan Dick, that nobody seemed to care for!

He tried to make him feel that he was his friend; tried to rouse him to want to be a man, and to overcome his grave faults. "You are just the age of my boy Harris," Rosie heard her father say, "and he is just about your size. Harris is a grand boy; he never gave his mother an hour of anxiety, and I can trust him anywhere. I have such faith in his word that when he says a thing, I do not have to inquire into it, I know it is true. Isn't it worth while for a boy to have such a character as that? Don't you think you would enjoy hearing people say: 'That thing is so, you may depend on it, for Dick Sanders told me, and he is to be trusted, you know.'"

Dick shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and his face seemed to be growing red over some feeling. Rosie's papa was not sure what. At last he said, "It is all very well for a boy like yours to be honest, and all that; why shouldn't he be? Look what chances he has had; and then look what chances I've had! Kicked and cuffed about the world all my life; nobody cares what becomes of me. I heard you pray for Harris this morning, and I thought of it then. There never was a person in this world who cared enough for me to make a prayer about me!"

What a strange boy Dick was! For a moment Rosie's father did not know what to say. Just then Rosie, her head framed in the window, where she had been standing for a few minutes, her hands full of flowers, her face sweetly grave, spoke her troubled thought: "Didn't Jesus pray for you when he lived here? That time when he said, 'Now I pray for all who shall believe on me?'"

Dick started so suddenly as to nearly overturn the little table on which he leaned, turned to the window, and looking steadily at Rosie, said hoarsely: "What do you mean?"

"Why, that time, don't you know? When he prayed for his disciples; then he said, 'neither pray I for these alone,' and after that he prayed for everybody who should ever live, who would love him and mind him. If you mean to mind him, he prayed for you, too, mamma told me. Don't you mean to mind him? Because it isn't nice to leave yourself out of his prayer."

Wise little Rosie! Papa said not another word. He thought Dick had gotten his sermon, text and all. Neither did Rosie say any more; she did not know she had preached a sermon.

She went away, humming,

I am so glad that our Father in heaven,  
Tells of His love in the book He has given.

Years and years after that, when Rosie was nineteen, one day she went to church in a city five hundred miles away from her childhood home, and she heard a man preach on these words: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them which shall believe on me through your words." It was a grand sermon; Rosalie Pierson thought she had never heard one more wonderful. At the close of service the minister came straight to her seat, held out his hand and said: "It was a blessed text, Miss Pierson; I never forgot the sermon you preached from it. I know now that the Lord Jesus prayed for me that day. And I know that I believe on him through your words."

"Why?" said Rosalie, in astonishment, "I don't understand, this surely cannot be—"

"Yes," said the minister, "I am Dick." —Pansy.