

Weekly

THE

Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

{ PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR,
P. B. NEWBURY. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c

{ OFFICE—41 YORK ST., TORONTO.
NO. 500 P. O. }

No. 6.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1865.

Four Cents per copy.

THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY LIFE IS SAVED BY AN ENEMY

'HIGHER up, higher; 'tis the only chance we've got; give me your hand, my man, there that's hearty.'

We were in the rigging—Ned and I, for horror-struck with the scene I have just described, as well as driven to seek a respite, if even only of a few minutes, from what appeared to be certain destruction, we had left the deck and ascended the fore-shrouds, and my companion had reached the cross-trees.

'Higher up'—and Ned gave me a hand and plucked me beside him. On the rigging of the main-mast we could dimly see three others of the crew; the sea had swallowed up the rest.

'We must lash ourselves to the sticks somehow,' said Ned, when we had secured our footing, 'if we don't, we shan't be able to hold on; and he set to work, first securing me, and then himself, so that while our arms were at liberty it was impossible we could be dislodged from our refuge except by the entire breaking up of the ill-fated vessel.

Astonishment kept me silent; the man who, of all the crew, had had the cruellest designs towards me, seemed now to be as solicitous for my safety as for his own, and spoke to me with a tremulous kindness which contrasted strangely with his former brutal manner. Per-

haps the death of the captain, vile as he was, had cowed him. I supposed it might be so.

When securely tied, as I have described, I cast my eyes around and below, but no comfort or hope of escape could be obtained from the prospect. All around, as well as I could judge, was a raging, boiling sea, beneath us was the hull of the vessel, now completely submerged, and still, as Ned told me in a hoarse whisper, sinking, sinking deeper and deeper into the treacherous sand-bank—'sucked in, as the Good'n Sands always does—'a'ways,' he said.

It was something in our favour, he also told me, that in the way we had struck, the vessel was nearly in an upright position and was sinking so, there was not much danger of her heeling over, therefore, and if we could live through the night, and keep above water, we might be taken off in the morning. But he spoke as though there was not much hope. We should be froze to death long before daylight, he said. And he said it with reason. In a quarter of an hour, thus exposed to the bitter wind and the snow-storm, which had again set in with increased violence, I felt as though life was fast ebbing.

And let me say, though not boastingly, that I felt at that time no strong desire for life. Perhaps the troubles and hard struggles through which I had already passed in my short existence, and the small prospect I had of any softening of my condition in life, might have reconciled me to the thought of an early death. But was there not something else which at that time, calmed my mind, and enabled me to say, 'Into thy hand I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth?' Yes, there was.

I was roused from these thoughts by the voice of my poor fellow sufferer, speaking low and quivering, and calling me by name.

'Roley, you are not gone off yet?'

'No, Ned.'

'Don't ye tumble to sleep, whatever ye do; if you do, you won't wake agin.'

'I'll try to keep awake,' I said. In truth, however, I found it would require an effort to do this. The cold had already numbed me and I had begun to feel drowsy.

'Roley, what was that you said to the skipper just now?' he asked, shuddering as he spoke, evidently at the recollection of the dreadful scene, and what did you mean?

What did I say, Ned? I asked, trying to rouse myself to speak.

'Don't you know? About Jesus Christ saving—'

Oh yes, Ned, I'll tell you what I said, Ned, because it is for you and me and everybody, and you ought to know it if you don't. He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. That was just it, Ned, word for word.'

'Yes, that was it,' said he eagerly, 'but what does it mean?'

Mean! Didn't he know what it meant? I asked. Didn't he know the Lord Jesus Christ had come from heaven to die for sinners, and that he rose again from the dead and went to heaven to carry on there the work of salvation which he had begun on earth? All this and more, I said to Ned.

Well, to be sure, he had heard of Jesus Christ, there was once a man whom he had sailed with who had had something to say about Jesus Christ, but he (Ned) hadn't heeded.

'Tell me about it, Roley,' he went on.