

He Saved Others.

(Luke 23. 35.)

When scorn, and hate, and bitter, envious pride,
Hurled all their darts against the crucified,
Found they no fault but this in him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou canst not raise them from thy thorn-crowned brow;
Nor on them thy parched lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead had stirred;
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it has a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all thou hadst deep tones of sympathy;
Hast thou no word for this thine agony?
Thou pitied'st all: Doth no man pity thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and thy wounds unstaunched must bleed;
Hast thou no balm for this thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from thee could rend the sky;
One word from thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And saved us!

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER VI.

DARKENING PROSPECTS.

Not wishing to lose time by regaining his former anchorage, the captain put into a narrow inlet, hoping to bring their fishing speedily to an end. Signs of approaching change had been observed, but it was yet too early in the season to leave the fishing-ground, and all hands were desirous of winding up as successfully as they had begun.

"Another cruise or two, and then, please God, we'll turn our faces southwards," said the captain, as he talked with his first mate and the harpooners—all shrewd men.

They seemed likely to have speedy fulfilment, for the capture of a fine sperm whale left but little to be desired; but one of those sudden changes, which sometimes surprise the most experienced navigators, was at hand, and they were astonished to find by morning light the entrance of the inlet barred by large masses of drift-ice, rapidly accumulating. The captain's first intention was to "crowd sail," and force his way through to the open water beyond; but the man "aloft" soon put an end to this plan, by reporting "field-ice"—"ice everywhere"—as he swept the horizon with his glass.

The captain, hardly crediting the announcement, himself went aloft to survey, and there sure enough was the ice, one vast floe stretching away beyond the mouth of the inlet, into which the drift-ice, in vast quantities, was forcing its way, impelled by the mighty pressure beyond. Even if the evidence of sight had been wanting, the crashing of the masses as they met in tremendous collision would have told what was taking place.

The entrance to the inlet was about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and its length of open water extended double that distance up to the great fields of ice, which are only disturbed, if at all, at the breaking up of the Arctic winter. The inlet was thus, for the present, "a haven of refuge" from the wild clashing of force against force going on beyond. How long would this continue to be?

This was the question; for the ice was rapidly lessening the small area in which the vessel was sheltered. The captain's long experience told him that this state of things was most unusual so

early in the season, and that unless an early winter was setting in with such severity as he had never yet known, the threatened danger of imprisonment would pass away.

But day by day it seemed only to increase, and as the drift-ice poured in, it began to form in hummocks and rocky masses, shelving and piling up, and encircling the navigators within its iron boundary until their vessel had a mere dock to float in.

"Well, doctor, we're caught for the present, but this caps all that ever I've known before in Arctic seas," said the captain, as he descended from a survey at the masthead, and saw no hope of exit for the present. "But don't take it to heart, doctor, for all that, for, please God, it won't last. Here's but early August, and we've never turned our backs on the North before September, and many a one has to stay until October is nearly out. At any rate, this cove has been to us a 'city of refuge,' for if we'd been outside, and caught by any floe in its travels, I won't say what would have happened; and the sound wouldn't have been much better, for some great floe will likely enough sweep in, and anchor there until the next season."

Such was the good captain's resume of the untoward position in which he found his ship, a position in which, with all its dangers, he did not fail to recognize the preserving mercy of the Most High.

The young doctor had, as he predicted, been braced and invigorated by the moderate cold (for Arctic regions) which they had hitherto encountered, and now, so far from quailing before threatened danger, he was nerved to meet any emergency.

Day by day the ice narrowed round them, and as it began to form close to the vessel, the captain ordered out his men to hew away some portion of the blocks, and so keep their "dock" clear.

"My post is only a sinecure, captain, so you had better let me join your gang," remarked Arthur, as he watched the party at work.

"Ay, ay, doctor, but we don't know what we may want with you yet. If we're not loosed soon, we shall have frozen limbs likely enough, and more besides; and there's no break yet."

It was quite true; for this monster floe, instead of passing on into the sound, seemed anchored outside the inlet, while drift-ice still poured in, jamming itself all round the narrowing space.

To keep open water round the vessel was the one thing to be done until the floe shifted; and so long as frost did not set in with all its Arctic force this might be accomplished. But still the circle narrowed round them; enforced inaction began to tell unfavourably upon some of the ship's company, and scurvy—that dreaded scourge of seamen—appeared among them.

Still they were hopeful and cheerful, and as Arthur went in and out among his patients, he heard expressions of hope and trust in God from lips that had not been accustomed to speak of such things.

"It's early to be shut up here," said one of the sick men; "but mind you, sir, I don't take it to heart as I once should. Him as is above won't forget us, I'm thinkin', and sure enough he can loosen us out and set us on our way again right enough, if it pleases him."

This hope was now shared by many another on board the hemmed-in vessel, and as far as the vigorous watches and ice gangs permitted, the men crowded to their little daily services, which were kept up as regularly as circumstances rendered possible.

It was a light amid unexpected darkness which seemed now to grow darker every day, for the frost-fog began to shroud them with its icy veil, and the iron king to strengthen the barrier that shut them in.

Closer and closer came the foe, and a relief-party to lessen the toils of the "ice-gang" became necessary, so incessant and exhausting was the work of hewing day by day. Still, Captain Mcnaghten did not relinquish the hope that even now their bonds might be loosed, so as not to have to winter in the ice; but all pointed to this as the probable issue.

"If I don't see old grizzly out there, my name is not Mike!" said one of the sailors, who thought he saw the outline of a bear looming through the fog.

"Well, he brings us the worst piece of news we've had yet, and if I've the chance, he shall have a piece of my mind about it," added the man, running off for a fowling-piece.

It was indeed no favourable prognostic for a bear to venture to near them while yet the so-called summer months lasted.

"The old rogue, I would have forgiven him for coming so near if he'd been hard up after a long winter, but it's summer now, the rascal!" said the man, levelling his piece.

The shot hardly penetrated the coat

of the shaggy monster, and, with a growl of rage, he retreated; but the apparition did not tend to raise the spirits of the men.

"I say it's like signing a treaty with the old ice king for the winter to have seen that old fellow prowling about so near," remarked Arthur's informant of two previous occasions.

"Well, my man, but happily there's One stronger than the ice king, and I would advise you to make a treaty of peace with him, and then all will go well with you whichever way it is," was the reply.

That evening, the young doctor chose for their reading the scene in the life of Elisha, where the city was encompassed with hostile armies, and his servant in despair cried out, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" With wonderful force and power to all hearts came Elisha's rejoinder, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be against us."

A murmur of response ran round the little assembly, and—"Ay, ay—that's it, sir"—"He's for us"—"bless his name!" broke forth from several voices in the company.

If the young doctor's post had hitherto been a sinecure, it was so no longer, for sickness increased on board, although not yet to any alarming extent; but the limbs of several men were disabled with the frost, and the dreaded scorbutic malady continued to show itself among others.

The vigour of youth, and the strength and buoyancy of Arthur's temperament now came into full play. "Cheerfully he went on looking after his patients' "relief"—watch on deck for an hour, or a short turn with the ice-gang, just to inspirit the men a little, now that sickness was increasing. Against the last-named service the captain never failed to remonstrate, although the sight of the new hand among them did unquestionably inspirit the men.

"I tell you what, our doctor's a brick, and no mistake; for he's as gentle as a woman when a fellow's sick, an' he works like the best of us besides."

"An' if he's not as good as any parson among us—I've done," put in the mate to the first spokesman, Ned Chambers.

The captain's chief ground of hope as to their liberation now rested upon the absence or intermission of severe frost. Of this they had had some sharp touches, and as a consequence ice had formed rapidly in the small space of open water left. He was an able hand at expedients, and two or three men were told off to keep up a sharp cruise round the vessel, and so break up the formation ere it attained much thickness. In this service the young doctor often claimed a share, and his slight frame withstood the cold and exposure most surprisingly, as the crew all thought.

"It iss wonder how he do bear it, and he iss the ferra light of us all," said a Western Islander, one of Arthur's patients.

"Strength for the day, such as God gives, and the hope of eternal life through Christ—that's the secret of holding out in times like these," was his own explanation of the matter, as he talked with the men and sought to cheer some among them who were getting rather down-hearted.

"He hasn't forgot us noways, however," put in the second mate; "for look you here, our poor ship would have been squeezed as thin as a lath, between them great floes, if there hadn't been a good hand upon us that led us into this cove; so mates, I take it as a proof that he can lead us out again when his time is come."

"May hiss time come soon, if it be hiss will, or I shall not see 'sday again," said the poor Western Islander, who was growing weaker every day, in spite of all the young doctor could do. The rigour of the Arctic climate had stuck to the poor fellow's vitals, and swift decline was hurrying him to the grave. It must indeed be a speedy release that would ever bring him to his home again, as Arthur well knew, and he laboured as earnestly for the poor fellow's spiritual enlightenment as for his bodily relief. Nor were his labours in vain, for this soul was given to him as the reward of faithful effort and prayer.

(To be continued.)

A fine ostrich is calculated to yield \$2,000 worth of feathers.

It is estimated that over eighty tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African fields during the last eighteen years. These represent a total value of \$280,000,000.

The most northern lighthouse in Great Britain—the north-west tower on the coast of Shetland—is built on a rock 200 feet high, the summit of which barely affords room for the necessary buildings.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

The Egyptians, from time immemorial, have regarded the cat with superstitious reverence; the Turk leaves the dog at liberty to roam wild in his cities; the Arab almost worships the horse. Each nation has its favourite animal, either loved for the good luck it is supposed to bring, or feared for the evil fortune that may follow its ill-treatment.

The Hollander loves the stork, and holds the superstition that should this good bird be grieved and fly away all good luck would go with him. The householders in Holland do all they can to make their feathered guest comfortable, even going so far as to erect a sort of false chimney to their houses in order that the bird may have somewhere to build comfortably without interfering with the regular chimney.

This bird seems also to have become domesticated with the Turks, storks' nests upon the roofs of the houses in Constantinople seeming to be rather the rule than the exception. How curious it must be to see these great nests upon the roofs of all the houses! They are described as looking like Turkish turbans of preposterous size. As the food of this animal consists mainly of rats, mice, frogs, vermin, etc., his company is assiduously cultivated by the resident of the East, who is very glad to have such a scavenger near to relieve him from the consequences of his own neglect, to clear away any offal or other debris that may collect around his dwelling and attract small animals and vermin.

It is quite a common thing to confound the stork with the crane, whereas they are two very different birds, and in fact do not belong to the same family. The family name of the crane is Gruidae, while that of the stork is Ciconiidae.

A LEGEND OF BRITANNY.

In Brittany, among the peasants, they have this beautiful legend of the robin. They say that when the Saviour moved toward Calvary, bearing his cross, with enemies all about him, a robin hovered near. And reckless of the tumult, the bird flew down and snatched a cruel thorn from the Christ's bleeding forehead. Then over the robin's bosom flowed the sacred blood, tinting with its ruby stream the bird's brown plumage. This, the peasants say, was the origin of the red spot on the robin's breast.

"And evermore the sweet bird bore upon its tender breast

The warm hue of the Saviour's blood, a shining seal impressed.

Hence, dearest to the peasant's heart, 'mid birds of grove and plain,

They hold the robin, which essayed to soothe the Saviour's pain."

PUMPING FAILED THIS TIME.

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making disturbances in the streets. Said the ballie to him:

"Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, an' let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?"

"I do, laddie," replied his worship.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—"

"Yes, yes," said the ballie, encouragingly.

"And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up into High Street, and keep on up High Street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship; "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

NO SMOKER NEED APPLY.

I was sitting in the office of a mechanic, not long since, when a lad of about sixteen entered, with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman: "I would like to get a situation in your shop, to learn the trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir, nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice, and if you have not money your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."—Children's Paper.

New Zealand contains at present 43,000 natives (Maoris) and 625,000 whites.