

only ruffled his feathers before. Have at him!"

The shot struck the bear, but not mortally, and with a tremendous growl he came forth to do battle with his foes. "Steady, men! steady!" called out Fyfe, as the enraged creature sprang forward towards the nearest of the party, and, met by the fire of the muskets, his huge claws grazed down the sleeve of Mike's pea-jacket as he received the fatal shot from Fyfe's steady hand.

"It's my old friend, that it is, and he took his aim very fairly," said Mike, little moved by the near encounter. "He'll make a fine blanket for some of us, he will."

Stripping the huge carcass of its skin, they hastened on, and the cheers of the whole ship's company greeted their safe return.

It was to find little change in the position of affairs, save that each day now increased the pressure of the ice on the after-half of the vessel, and this was now so great that the beams lashed alongside were deeply indented.

"That shows the strain on our ship," said the captain, pointing it out to Arthur. "You see, being nearly a full cargo she lies deep in the water, and it will go badly with that if we get much more pressure, for some of our casks are started already and begin to leak."

"That looks serious, indeed," said the young man gravely; "and I think now we may justly conclude that without some wonderful interposition here we shall have to remain until spring comes round again."

"A bad look-out that, doctor. You can hardly imagine all it stands for in this climate. We have had nothing to call cold yet, compared to it." And the bluff old captain looked anxious as he spoke.

The truth was, that the long watching and exposure of the last few weeks were telling upon that sturdy frame, which had hitherto resisted so many years of Arctic hardship. The fate of the Hesperus, too, and the easy possibility of its being that of his own ship before the perils of another whale season were over, evidently had possession of his mind. His paternal regard for the young doctor had naturally given rise to the same feelings in return, and the latter felt truly sorry for the fine old man.

"Well, captain, you have sometimes laid your commands upon me, and now, in virtue of my office, I shall do the same by you, and prescribe more rest than you have had lately. My sick men are doing well, and some of them will soon be about again, so I think we must hearten up, in spite of all, and be like the old king who 'encouraged himself in his God,' when all seemed going against him."

"Ay, ay, doctor; I can come along with you there right gladly," and the old veteran seemed to take heart at once in the recollection of David's God.

"What have we got here, now?" said Mike, a few days after this, when adjusting his glass to view some moving objects in the distance. He was wary as to prophesying any more "half-dozen" of grizzly visitors. "Men this time, sure enough. Hope they're bringing good news, that's all."

And it was good news. "We couldn't do no less than bring post ourselves, and let you hear of them as you've done so well to, sir," said the mate of the Hesperus, addressing Arthur, "and great thanks to your good captain an' all for settin' you forwards in it."

"And what of your ship, my man?" inquired the captain. "Any change in her?"

"Well, sir, we've got two hawsers out, grappling them old giants that stand as safe as churches; so she can't topple over all at once, if the ice should change. And if it don't why, we must just pack off to the Orion when our sick are better. She's sittin' in a nice pool, safe as can be, sir."

The very sound of safety and open water seemed to present a fair picture of hope to the captain's eye.

Once more the little evening assembly met, right glad to have the doctor among them again. The long-trying patience of the men had seemed rather flagging, but it was to receive fresh impetus again that evening. The hymn,—

"Awake our souls, away our fears,
Bid every trembling thought begone,"

was sung with heart and soul. Then followed for the evening portion the account of Peter "shut up in prison," and of prayer being made without ceasing for his deliverance. It seemed a word for each one, and many were the responses. "Ay, ay, an' he's just the same! A grand Deliverer when his 'me's come!" Tears of joy coursed down with a furrowed face as these

appropriate verses were sung at the close,—

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with their Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death."

"The voyage of life at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last."

They seemed to have got a step or two up "Jacob's ladder" among the angels, and to be looking down on things of earth, and especially on the ice-barriers that held them fast. Yes, the blessedness of Christian communion was no mortal thing, but like a springing fountain of hope and joy amid the desert, refreshing weary souls. Each one retired that night to spread their case afresh before God, and to ask his almighty interference on their behalf. "Prayer was made without ceasing." Yes, that thought rang through their minds continually.

The stirring of a breeze through the tackling of the ship roused the captain from his light slumbers, for he was snatching some rest while the first mate watched.

"I believe there's some change nigh, captain. That blast just now smelt almost warm. It came from due south."

"You think so, Fyfe?"

The captain consulted his barometer, and found it rapidly falling. Again the gust came over the vessel, and there could be no mistake this time. It was like the mild breath of spring, compared with anything they had known for months past.

The captain was satisfied that this sudden current of warm air betokened some decided change in the position of the ice. And so it proved. The eager

men toiled incessantly—the young doctor taking a share in the work also. No one thought of rest with so much at stake.

"Now, my hearties, we'll try her, for this breath of wind favours us."

And a cheer went up, such as is not often heard in ice-solitudes, when the Walrus moved off, defended by the booms round her bows and stem, and slowly forcing her way down the half-open passage.

"It is something like the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea," said the praying men on board.

After many an attempt they reached the open water, and then thanksgivings indeed went up from every heart. But there were days of anxious sailing yet to be encountered in the Straits, with drift-ice floating, and not until they turned the vessel's head eastward across the broad ocean did they breathe freely.

"This is something to remember for life," remarked the young doctor, as he once more paced the deck with the captain, the vessel making head for her port.

Favoured in their voyage they had many an opportunity for assembling as before, and thanksgiving formed a prominent feature in these little assemblies.

The stay at Lerwick was as short as possible. Anxiously indeed had the Walrus been looked for, and her brave harpooners had a warm greeting awaiting them.

Loosing from thence, mercy still followed them until their destined port was reached.

"Now, run up all her colours, my hearties," sang out the captain. "Thank God, we don't come empty-handed neither, though we are late in."

Once more the ship's company assembled for prayer and praise that last evening on board. As they recalled the perils and deliverances of the past they

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BATTERED AND BEATEN BY THE LITTLE ENGLISH FLEET.

"The Spanish Armada" is the subject of an article in the June Century, written by William Frederic Tilton, with an introduction by Captain Alfred T. Mahan. Mr. Tilton says of the defeat of the "Invincible Armada":

In Spain the progress and fortunes of the Armada had naturally been the one all-absorbing theme of boasting of conjecture, in palace and monastery, in street and shop. From every altar of the land fervent prayers for its success were rising. The king himself passed hours of every day upon his knees before the sacrament; and those in waiting on him declared that he often rose in the night, sighing to heaven for victory.

And now came Mendoza's good news. Yet the king, feverish as was his longing for success, was too old a player to put absolute trust in his ambassador's report; for the sanguine, magnificent Mendoza had a reputation for "deceiving himself." So Philip, in an agony of conflicting doubt and hope, shut himself up in the Escorial, and would give no one audience until he should receive more certain tidings.

While Mendoza's ridiculous rumours were circulating through the courts of the continent, the Armada was in reality flying, crippled and miserable, into the fogs and gales of the German Ocean. For Philip's fleet, if not actually conquered, had been terribly shattered by the incessant, deadly fire of the English gunners in the great fight off Gravelines. When the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, counted over his ships after the battle, several were missing, among them those of the two heroes of the day on the Spanish side, the dashing, irresistible soldier-sailors Toledo and Pimentel, who, having fought till, in the words of a Spanish officer present, their crack galleons were knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly all dead or wounded, drifted in the black night, helpless, or rather unhelped, away from their consorts toward the Low-Country coast.

Yet the Armada had not been utterly routed, and Elizabeth's captains knew this full well. In the evening, just after the fighting had ceased, Howard wrote home that he had "distressed them much," and, though he doubted not, "by God's good assistance, to oppress them," yet he would not "write unto her Majesty till more be done." And even jubilant Drake, who, with the insight of the great sea-captain, had at once appreciated almost to its full extent the success achieved at Gravelines; still expected to "wrestle a pull" with the Spaniards, and was keeping a sharp eye upon them night and day.

In spite of their exhaustion, the Spaniards had scarce closed their eyes during the night after Gravelines, fearing every moment to hear their ships strike on the treacherous banks which skirt the Low-Country coast. Soon after day broke their fears were all but realized. The wind had gradually edged to the northward, and was now blowing hard from the north-west. This must have been a fair enough wind for Calais, but Sidonia had no stomach for another fight, and, owing to their crippled state, his ships, bad sailors at best, were now falling off to leeward toward the low line of shoals. With terror the Spaniards saw in front of them the great waves breaking into gray foam on the smooth sands, and close behind them the pursuing English fleet. Sidonia was lagging behind, with his stout-hearted lieutenants, Recalde and Leyva. The pilots declared that the fleet was doomed unless the wind shifted, and that speedily. Chicken-hearted officers begged Sidonia to strike his colours, and at least save ships and lives; but the admiral confessed himself, and resolved to die, if die he must, like a brave knight of the cross. The English, however, did not attack, believing, as the Spaniards afterwards concluded, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. Suddenly, by a miracle, as the Spaniards pliously thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada, rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the deep North Sea, closely followed by the English.



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

watchers saw, as they thought, some movement in the floe outside their haven, not accompanied as before by the din and uproar of ice-artillery, which are heard when floe meets floe with tremendous force, for it appeared to be moving off as if it were commissioned to depart.

One loud explosive sound was heard when the mighty mass was swayed by the force of the current from the south. It parted, and the imprisoned voyagers hailed their first hope of freedom!

There was, however, much yet to be done on their part before liberation could be effected, for they must apparently hew themselves a passage down to the open water; but this was work with hope in it.

The ice-gangs were doubled, and their dock was enlarged. Every hand worked with a will, and even the sick roused themselves up to sudden energy. Happily the strength of the current was bearing away much of the ice at the mouth of the haven, and every mass that floated off seemed like one more fetter knocked away.

"If we can but get her bows round, she'll force her way presently against the yielding ice," said the captain cheerily.

Oh, how these men toiled for their liberation! The breath of warm wind that continued to reach them loosened also the icy bands on the sails and tackling of the ship.

"We'll crowd gall with the booms under her bows before long," again remarked the captain; and the long-furled sails began to flutter out.

"I say, our old ship looks like a bird shaking out her feathers for a flight," said Mike, now exultant at the thought of getting away.

The captain stood to his post, and the

were deeply moved, and the language of the Psalm which was read, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" was that of every heart.

We need hardly attempt to describe the joy of all on board the Walrus on meeting with friends beloved. They were received almost as those from the dead, for rumours of disasters among the whalers had come to hand, and the Walrus being so far behind her usual time, there were grave fears for her safety.

We must not omit to tell that Mike, true to his intention, undertook to be the bearer himself of news to poor McIven's widow.

To the young doctor's family his arrival was indeed a jubilee.

"I shall never regret the voyage; it has been a fine school of experience and discipline," he remarked, when speaking of it to his friends.

To others it had proved a harvest of good, for there was scarcely a man on board the Walrus who did not rejoice that he had ever sailed with such a doctor. Some of his old patients on shipboard he met with some years after, and found them walking in the good way, the influences of that voyage having "stuck by them," as they expressed it.

The brave old captain has now joined the "ship's company" above, and others of his crew are, we doubt not, "sailing with their Saviour beneath," and living in the blessed hope of joining their comrades who have arrived in the "happy harbour of the saints."

The End.

He who runs from God in the morning will scarcely find him the rest of the day.